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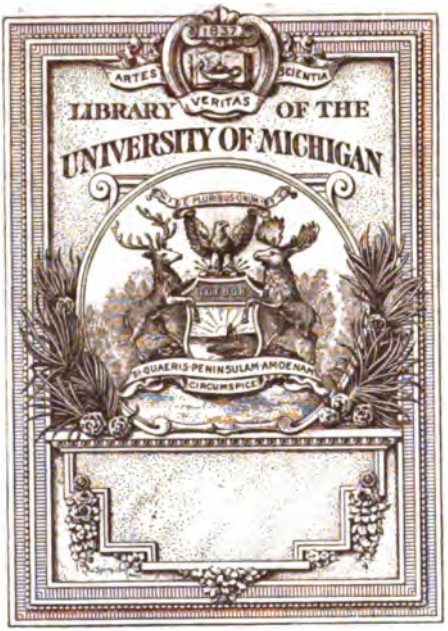
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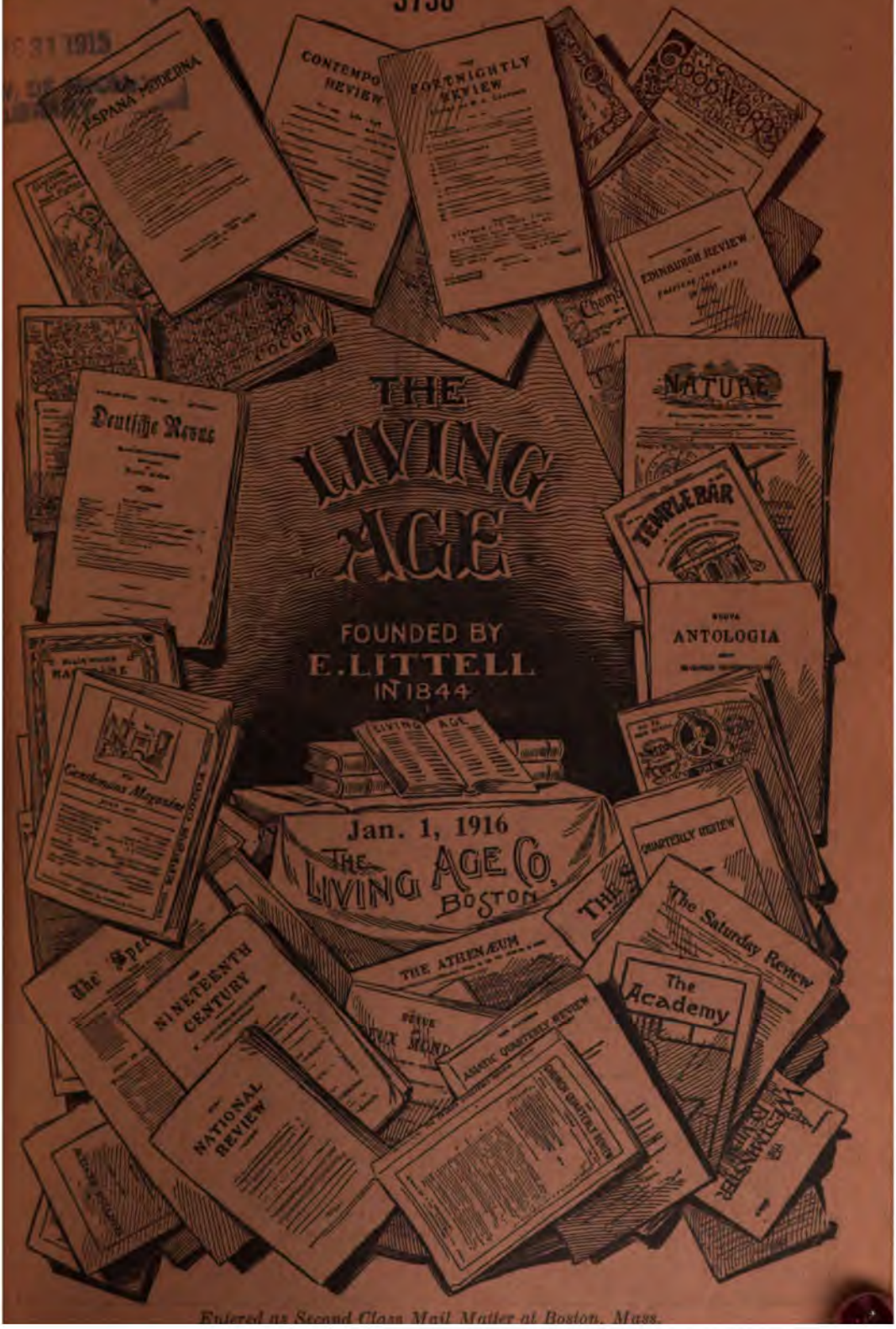

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TO ITALY

I.

As once you strove for Freedom now you strive
For righteousness, for judgment, and the high
Pure purposes of outraged liberty.
Nations have souls which soar and are alive
With passionate hope which brooks nor scorn nor gyve:
But Empires, too, can fall and fail and die
As she has failed who scorned humanity,
Yea thrust Christ forth, out from her busy hive.

You had to choose 'twixt liberty and guilt;
There is no halfway house for human kind
If human kind is still to breathe God's air.
And so you placed your lips upon the hilt
Of Freedom's sword, devoted soul with mind
To this great task which frees sad Europe from despair.

II.

Hence we who loved and love you, Italy,
Thrice-radiant daughter of Imperial Rome,
Inheritress of hope, across the foam
That folds our Western isles once kin with thee,
Send winged words of greeting. Thou art free,
Sun-smitten the cloud that hid the soaring dome
Of Liberty, thy Palace and thy Home.
We who are free greet thee from sea to sea.

What foes are in the field that now shall stand,
What doubters now who shall not turn to faith?
Black night is melting fast. There is no land
That will not greet the dawn and draw new breath.
Twilight at last is twilight of the morn:
They who were slaves so long will be as men new born.

III.

Mazzini, Garibaldi, great Cavour
Watch now and greet you from their timeless place
Whence they behold the growth of your great race
Which so they knit that long it should endure
Spectators of eternity whose pure,
Untarnished brows recall their ancient grace,
Behold them once again and in them trace
The soul of freedom, splendid, patient, sure!

Clear bugles of the dawn ring through the night;
North through the plains of Lombardy they thrill,
Alp after Alp the echoing sound takes up.
Hell cannot reign for ever: light and right
Shall rid the central races from the ill
That makes them slaves, shall give them Freedom's broadening hope.

J. E. G. de Montmorency.

The Contemporary Review

FLANDERS 1915

The men go out to Flanders
As to a promised land;
The men come back from Flanders
With eyes that understand.

They've drunk their fill of blood and wrath,
Of sleeplessness and pain,
Yet silently to Flanders
They hasten back again.

In the Low-lands of Flanders
A patient watch they keep;
The living and the dead watch there
Whilst we are sound asleep.

Margaret Sackville.

The Outlook

THE WAR AND THE POETS*

Tennyson handsomely excused the poet in war time. But indeed the most harshly practical mind would scarcely need to excuse "the song that nerves a nation's heart." It would not be unreasonable, however, before that line of argument was admitted, to ask to be shown such a song. Actually to "nerve a nation's heart" must always be a quite extraordinary accomplishment for poetry. When the present war began it was expected, among other wonders, that a great outburst of patriotic poetry would accompany it. We certainly had the outburst; but history will scarcely find that the English temper owed much to the verses which the newspapers lavished on us. It was not altogether the fault of the verses. As the first bewilderment—a state not favorable to poetic influence—passed off, there followed a mood which did not at all require poetic influence; the tragic gravity of the time was sufficient in itself. What Mr. Kipling said, with his trenchant symbolism:

> There is nothing left today
> But steel and fire and stone,

the nation already knew to be mere truth; and, in its heightened sense of itself, had already felt the thrill of his conclusion:

> Who stands if freedom fall?
> Who dies if England live?

*1. *The Cliffs. The Clouds.* By Charles M. Doughty. London: Duckworth, 1909, 1912.
2. *Singsongs of the War.* By Maurice Hewlett. London: Poetry Bookshop, 1914.
3. *War Harvest:* 1914. By Arthur K. Sabin. East Sheen: Temple Sheen Press, 1914.
4. *Philip the King and other Poems.* By John Masefield. London: Heinemann, 1914.
5. *Battle.* By Wilfrid W. Gibson. London: Elkin Mathews, 1915.
6. *Swords and Ploughshares.* By John Drinkwater. London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1915.
7. *1914 and other Poems.* By Rupert Brooke. London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1915.
And other works.

Mr. Kipling had once more spoken for his country. The gain was not encouragement, but expression. Thus it turned out that the very state of things which at first seemed likely to realize the ideal of Tennyson's phrase, made that realization unnecessary. It seems to have been otherwise in Germany. There a nation, in a state not far off mesmerism, found itself profoundly responding, like an hypnotic patient, to extravagant and ignoble suggestion, to Herr Lissauer's fiery rhapsody—a hymn which we may easily allow to be perhaps as good as poetry essentially insane can be. But indeed the occurrence in war-time of the electrifying song, the song that nerves a nation's heart, always depends, probably, less on the quality of the poetry than on the momentary psychology of the nation. If the nation needs electrifying, it will certainly find the song to do it; a sort of communal whimsy will decide on it. And it will probably not be a very good song; "Lillibullero," which is said to have been remarkably electrifying, may perhaps stand as typical. "Tipperary" is about level with "Lillibullero," but is hardly a case in point, as its warlike significance is entirely accidental; it came from the ruck of music-hall sentimentality, and had but the vaguest suitability in rhythm and feeling—the irresistible word Tipperary is doubtless the real secret of its success.

In short, this greatest of wars has not revealed to us any really Tyrtæan singer; and even Signor D'Annunzio, who evidently did wonders in Italy, found prose eloquence more to his purpose than poetry. No doubt we have had poems which accomplished some-

thing less than wholesale encouragement; and a poem which improves understanding or determination in the smallest fraction of the nation is not to be despised. But there is no reason why war-poetry, any more than other poetry, should be required to perform a specific function like encouragement; it may very well be merely expression. Patriotic poetry is, of course, a form of expression; it is expression polarized, so to speak, by a pre-determined purpose of morality; in fact, it is a kind—the highest kind—of didactic poetry. But it is convenient for criticism, and the intention is sufficiently clear, if we assume a distinction between patriotic poetry and poetry which merely expresses the fact of the war in one of its aspects.

There is something very valuable in the latter sort of poetry. Poetic expression implies not merely intense apprehension of a thing; it implies also an apprehension which is by its very nature measured and firmly outlined. Limit and order and coherence are from the first the essential qualities of the thought which, by flowering into appropriate outward shape, becomes poetry. And precisely here is the value in poetic expression of the events and emotions that fill such a time as this. It is terribly likely that these events and emotions, when we are most conscious of them, are least submissive to mental control. Certainly it is most necessary that they should have power over our thoughts; but it is most necessary, too, that they should not abuse their power, by refusing their proper limits in thought, by throwing thought into disorder and incoherence. And, when poetry expresses them to us, they come to us not only in an intense realization; it is a realization that is by its very nature, orderly and coherent; the essential *manner* of the realization is shapely and continent and strictly outlined.

There has been an obvious assumption underlying this preface; namely, that poetry, to be worth discussion at all, must be good poetry. Our brief apologetics for war-poetry would not apply to a very considerable proportion of what has been printed as such. It would, indeed, be a futile industry to review the whole mass of versification for which the war has been responsible. Perhaps some German will do that for us when the war is well over, and deduce from it something wonderful and comprehensive. Here, however, the intention is only to review as much of the English war-poetry as seems likely to survive the tumult of its origin, with some slight mention of a few eminent failures. The review will not pretend to be exhaustive of our poetic successes; in sifting such an accumulation of verses, some successes may have been forgotten, and there may be some concealed. And among the compositions which are here ignored, there are certainly some which are not merely excusable, but laudable, in their spirit; it is only as poetry that they will not do. Mr. Harold Begbie's energetic recruiting verses, for instance, very well served their immediate purpose; and having done that, there they end. Some exceptionally indefatigable historian may read them in the future; but it will hardly be in the cause of literary history. It is on what promises to be the concern of literary history that we are now employed.

It will be for the convenience of this review if we adopt the rough distinction already described. There is, first, the decisively patriotic poetry — poetry which directly stimulates patriotism, or which celebrates, by occasion of the

war, the idea of England, its claims and its glories; and secondly there is poetry which is content merely to express the fact of the war in one of its innumerable aspects. Anyone who has had the industry to read at all extensively in our war-poetry must have soon come to the conclusion that a certain measure of success is more easily obtained in the second than in the first of these two classes. A good deal of the merely expressive verse has been on a quite respectable level of accomplishment; though not much has gone beyond this. On the other hand there has been little patriotic poetry that has not been mere mouthing or sentimentality; but, when it has been successful, it has been of far more conspicuous artistic merit than the other kind. After all, when war-poetry is the business in hand, the frankly patriotic poet is only taking the line of least resistance, or at any rate the line along which natural passion flows strongest. He who takes advantage of that current will, with good steering, have a greater course than he who keeps in slack water; but there the steering is easier. It is as risky for a poet as for a boatman, to venture into an especially vehement rush of his element; whether it be passion or water, to yield one's direction to it may always become to abandon oneself to it.

But before reviewing in some detail the English poetry prompted by the war, the odd fact should be mentioned that the most complete and, until Rupert Brooke's sonnets appeared, the most remarkable translation into poetry of the war's horror and splendor, was made some years before the war started. Mr. Charles M. Doughty published "The Cliffs" in 1909 and "The Clouds" in 1912. These poems were not warnings of the probability of war with Germany; they were impassioned prophetic realizations of the war that was, in Mr. Doughty's mind, as certain to come as the seasons themselves. They were laughed at; the present writer gladly takes this opportunity of confessing himself ashamed at having joined in the laughter. But literary history, surely, has nothing stranger than the fulfillment of Mr. Doughty's extraordinary prophetic dramas; what should we think if the "Persæ" turned out to be composed as an anticipation of Salamis? Mr. Doughty, to be sure, was out in some of his prophecy. His war, for instance, in both books is a German invasion of England; but then *our* war is not yet done; he may prove more right in this matter than we care to think. Certainly he has proved entirely right in another matter, where most of his readers must have thought him entirely wrong. We can see now that a very little knowledge of history, from Waterloo down to the Boxer Expedition and the Herrero rebellion, ought to have prepared us for Prussian "frightfulness"; but, when "The Cliffs" and "The Clouds" were first published, Mr. Doughty's clear-sighted pictures of German war-policy were mostly considered a decidedly malicious eccentricity. Similarly, few would have agreed with his version of modern German psychology, of which "frightfulness" is only a very partial expression; but Mr. Doughty in 1909 and 1912, saw through all the genial appearances to the exact formidable truth. In one respect, however, his prophecy was very fortunately wrong. The politicians have not done near so badly as he expected; the populace of London has not found it necessary to hang them on the lamp-posts. But he foresaw the unification into a single purpose of all the jarring elements of

English life, which is, at last, beginning to come about; and he made his Germans realize what this would mean:

> Were their sands
> Knit by some frost to granite, they in War
> Should be invincible.

The Germans, let us hope, will some time perceive the truth of that.

But the main thing is that, apart from detail, these dramas are, in essential fact and essential feeling, a profoundly truthful rendering of the war as it has actually come to pass. If any one wishes to uphold the poet as *vates*, let him refer to these dramas, composed in piping times of peace. Mr. Doughty projected himself into what he so certainly foresaw, and reacted to the things he found in his speculation as deeply and as vividly as the most sensitive and clairvoyant spirit can react to the reality that has come upon us; and it was speculation in the sense of vision, not of fantasy. And not merely the vision which could describe aerial and submarine warfare, but the far more subtle vision which could see, in 1909, just what it would be like to be alive in England in 1915. No one can read these dramas of yesterday without feeling himself immersed in the truth of today—the horror of Germanized warfare, with its punitive burnings and slaughters and deliberately wanton destruction, brooding over all; the prodigious ends Germany has set herself to reach, and the colossal, heartrending necessity for civilization to immolate itself to prevent those ends; the revivifying of English spirit, and, above all, the tragically kindled consciousness of what England is and means.

The *sense of England*, when all is said, is the burning thing in these two dramas; the sense of England, incandescent as only war-time can make it, which glows, for instance, through all the magnificent monologue of the old shepherd-patriot with which "The Cliffs" opens, or which brightens into most exquisite flame in the "Valley of the Dove" section of "The Clouds." Why did these dramas so fail of their effect when they were published? Partly, no doubt, because we did not, fast in our pacific prejudices as we were, at all want to be affected by them; but partly also, surely, because even now, when they have so strangely justified themselves as prophecies, they have not justified the terrible things they do to the English language. For all their noble sense of England, they are not happy reading to any one who respects the genius of England's tongue. But that is an old quarrel with Mr. Doughty. The man who can write "Become is occupied England" is, out of doubt, incorrigible, the marvelously modulated vitality of English, for which, through centuries of obscure adjustment, of tireless empiric experiment with niceties of order and syntax, our speech has gradually and beautifully organized itself—all this means just nothing at all to Mr. Doughty. But let us be grateful for what he has given us. We must, it seems, simply accept as different expressions of the same intellectual oddity, his belief that the English language must be massacred in order to achieve poetry, and equally his belief that English politicians must be similarly entertained in order to get the nation's business done.

Turning now to the voluble versification for which the war is immediately responsible, it must be confessed that we are faced with a state of affairs to

make the hardiest critic blanch a little. If we leave out for the present the poems which are specifically pointed to be the goads of patriotism, and confine ourselves to those which merely express some aspect of the war, and if of those we drop out the obviously futile and frivolous and ignoble (there is not so much of this as we might suppose), we find ourselves faced by a quite prodigious welter of tolerable mediocrity. The mind, after wading any considerable way through this, becomes rather stupefied and negligent, a trifle sceptical of its own powers of discrimination. Fortunately we soon meet with one decided encouragement; there is one poet who stands out in this tract in a manner that is not to be mistaken. Mr. Wilfred Gibson's "Battle" poems are not only in intention the exact type of this kind of poetry, but they carry the intention into a decidedly conspicuous success. They are extremely objective; a series of short dramatic lyrics, written with the simplicity and directness which Mr. Gibson chiefly studies in his exceptional art expressing, without any implied comment, but with profoundly implied emotion, the feelings, thoughts, sensations of soldiers in the midst of the actual experiences of modern warfare. The emotion they imply is not patriotic, but simply and broadly human; this is what war means, we feel; these exquisite bodies insulted by agony and death, these incalculable spirits devastated. What all this destruction is for, is taken for granted. Modern warfare is not beautiful, and Mr. Gibson does not try to gloss it in the usual way, by underlining the heroism and endurance it evokes. All that is simply assumed in these poems, just as the common soldier himself assumes it. An almost appalling heroism is unemphatically revealed in them as the fundamental fact of usual human nature. This is the ground-bass; and above its constancy plays the ever-varying truth of what fighting means to some individual piece of human nature. The poems are moments isolated and fixed, out of the infinite changing flux of human reaction to the terrible galvanism of war. But that thrilling galvanism does not alter human kind; and sometimes Mr. Gibson forces us to realize the vast unreason of war by bringing into withering contact with its current a mind still preoccupied with the habits of peace. It may be a soldier drowsing, and seeing in a sudden clear-colored picture

Black lambs that frolic in the snow
  Among the daffodils,
In a far orchard that I know
  Beneath the Malvern hills;

or it may be soldiers betting on football teams at home; or the man who kept telling his company the wonders

His little son
Had said and done;
Till, as he told
The fiftieth time
Without a change
How three-year-old
Prattled a rhyme,
They got the range
And cut him short.

Or dawn comes on one in the trenches —"such a morning for cubbing!" Or it may be something as convincingly incongruous as this:

I quite forgot to put the spigot in.
  It's just come over me. . . . And it is queer
To think he'll not care if we lose or win
  And yet be jumping mad about that beer.

I left it running full. He must have said
A thing or two. I'd give my stripes to hear
What he will say if I'm reported dead
Before he gets me told about that beer!

But Mr. Gibson gives us more terrible and more memorable glimpses than these—of the lives through which the torturing galvanism of war has passed and left them living. There is the man who seems to have come out of hallucination, haunted by the terror that what he has "done and seen" there may, after all, be real. And it would be hard to imagine words creating such dreadful, unforgettable effect with so little effort as in "His Mate":

"Hi-diddle-diddle
The cat and the fiddle." . . .

I raised my head,
And saw him seated on a heap of dead,
Yelling the nursery-tune,
Grimacing at the moon. . . .

"And the cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

And, as he stopt to snigger,
I struggled to my knees and pulled the trigger.

Against this horror we may put this strange and beautiful poem—beautiful with the inevitable ease we call magical—in which the delirium of a wounded soldier becomes a vision of himself, blissfully uninjured, lying naked in the sunshine after bathing, tingling with the salt and so drenched with the golden radiance that his flesh seems turning "to lucent amber in a world of blue."

This particular view of poetic realism has not tempted many to explore it. Indeed Mr. Gibson is perhaps the only one of our poets who had ready in his hands the technique which could make any adequate work of it. The few who have attempted to follow Mr. Gibson have usually tried to lighten the business with some slight whimsy or comedy. Mr. J. A. Nicklin, in a pamphlet of dramatic lyrics called "And they went to the War,"—"characters" of the new armies—has some good verses of this kind. There is a touch of humorous truth here ("The City Clerk"):

When the air with hurtling shapnel's all a-quiver
And the smoke of battle through the valley swirls,
It's better than our Sundays up the river,
And the rifle's hug is closer than a girl's.

Here, too, is an act of a comedy that must have been repeated pretty often in the new armies:

THE POACHER.

In Codsall Wood no snares are laid,
Its coverts I have bid farewell,
Nor sneak through moonlight-dappled shade
In the old chase of Boscobel.

Last Fall I knocked the keeper out,
And did six months in Shrewsbury jail;
Today I order him about;
I've got my stripe; that turned him pale.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett, too, has effectively used whimsy, though in a more generalized form, in some of his ballads ("Singsongs of the War"); especially in "Brave words from Kiel," where the typical sailor answers the

Teuton brag just as you would think an English sailor would answer it. Some of his whimsy has a fiercer note than this; but Mr. Hewlett's more serious ballads are the best. "Tye Street" is a fine, tragic, all-too-appropriate version of "The girl I left behind me"; and there is the right ballad tune in "Soldier, soldier," a simple, hearty, skillful thing, as these two verses may show:

"Soldier, soldier, whatever shall I do
If the cruel Germans take my sweetheart O?
They'll pen him in the jail
And starve him thin and pale,
With never a kind word from his sweetheart O?"

"Fair maid of London, is that all you see
Of the lad you've taken for your sweetheart O?
He'll make his prison ring
With his God save the King,
And his God bless the blue eyes of my sweetheart O!"

Whimsy is a very natural safety-valve for such emotions as this war provokes; and of all the whimsical expressions of the European tragedy we like best Mr. Walter de la Mare's "True Blue Broadside of '14." It is a fine piece of style, let alone the keenness of its matter; it has a taking easy rhythm, and conventionalizes common speech as only a delicate mastery of words can do:

"And what's the news, Mr. Sergeant, what news, my soldier-man?"
"We're away and a-ship to Bel-gi-um as softly as ship can;
The Kaiser and his Lords of War have shook a mailed fist,
And a hundred thousand Englishmen are off to keep the tryst.

"The Kaiser he's a gentleman, and eager for to dance
Across the floor of half the world from Petersburg to France;
'In gay Paree, we'll sup,' says he, 'so, Moltke, call the page,
His name is little Bel-gi-um, and my pumps are in Liege.'"

Expression of the war as we feel it here in the quiet of England has been, on the whole, the usual task of our versifiers; and a few of them, at this work, have proved themselves poets, if only momentarily. There must be many who can recognize the complex of emotions in Mr. Arthur K. Sabin's dignified, moving sonnet "Harvest moon at midnight," which is dated September 1914:

The Harvest Moon swings clear above the trees,
Which stand with ragged outlines, grey and still:
Her glory floods the glimmering landscape till
Night's ways grow tremulous with mysteries.
There is no sound of any whispering breeze:
All's silent. I, upon a little hill,
Watch the suffusing vapors move and fill
The valleys, while they slumber on in peace.
Ah, underneath this Moon, in fields of France,
How many of our old companionship
Snatch hurried rest, with hearts that burn and glow,
Longing to hear the bugles sound *Advance*,
To seize their weapons with unfaltering grip,

And for old England strike another
blow!

Mr. John Drinkwater comes off well in this portion of our review; his patriotic poetry is a little overloaded, but he has been more successful than most of our poets in expressing the rest of the graver emotions of wartime. To instance only one of his poems—his imagination has struck the right symbol for the mood which, to some such supernal spectator as one of Mr. Hardy's Chorus of the Pities, would seem to characterize the England of today:

On seas where every pilot fails
A thousand thousand ships today
Ride with a moaning in their sails,
Through winds grey and waters grey.

They are the ships of grief. They go
As fleets are derelict and driven,
Estranged from every port they know,
Scarce asking fortitude of heaven.

No, do not hail them. Let them ride
Lonely as they would lonely be. . . .
There is an hour will prove the tide,
There is a sun will strike the sea.

Not much remains worth noting of the multitudinous attempts to give poetic outline to the spiritual and mental life of England these days. Mr. Binyon had some grave verses on the sad part which war assigns to women; but it would hardly be to these or to his other war verses that one would recommend a reader to turn in order to appreciate Mr. Binyon's fine talent. One curious piece of confidence with which we entered on the war, a confidence rather less flourishing nowadays—the belief that this was to be the Final War—engaged the attention of several poets, as it well might. Mr. William Watson's verses, in spite of their set formality, their rather worn solemnity, are perhaps the only relic of this confidence not destined to immediate decay. Mr. R. E. Vernede, the only new name which our poetic "war-rage" has brought forward, well expressed another of the emotions which moved us at the beginning of the war—our bewilderment that an apparently kindly people like the Germans should be so studiously vile as conquerors:

In that green land behind you
The happy homesteads stand
Peaceful as when you left them
To spoil a little land;
And still your busy housewives
Sit knitting unafraid,
And still your children play as once
The Flemish children played.

Leaving the poetry which merely *expresses* the war for that which is specifically a declaration of patriotism, we pass over a tract which lies between. This is battle-poetry, poetry of the class of Drayton's "Agincourt," and Tennyson's "Revenge," and Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." Such poetry is very seldom contemporary; indeed, the imaginative excitement of a battle-subject, intensified by the deliberate intention to arouse patriotic ardor, must especially require prolonged digestion; and probably the best will be made of it only when it has been predigested by tradition. Certainly, the battle-poetry we have had during this war has been crude and worthless—very imperfectly digested. Mr. William Watson may give us something considerable when the war is over; but at present his most conspicuous effort in this direction is "The Battle of the Bight," which attained the wrong kind of sublimity when "each rejoicing gun"

Opened its mouth outright
And bit them in the Bight.

That is one of the things we must try to forget; but it is not very forgettable. We have had two poetic war-plays, too, which join on here: Mr. Alfred Noyes's "Rada" and Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Armageddon." But these also we must try to forget. And we shall not mention any of the poetry of invective, though in a census of war-poems it would make an important class. There is an ignoble variety of everything. The poetry of invective is the ignoble variety of patriotic poetry.

Most people know the story of the flag-wagger in Mr. Kipling's "Stalky and Co.," and will remember how an injudicious display of the Union Jack caused a devastating sense of shame. Patriotic emotion, in fact, is most powerful when it is most reticent—in England, at any rate. And it is most easily approached under some flag or other; it is a wayward thing to appeal to directly. The business of patriotic poetry is, one may say, to fit patriotism in to some particular occasion. Even in these days, when patriotism is ready to give some response in everybody's mind, verses only spoil it unless they particularize it. But of course there is every temptation, fortunately, to particularize it nowadays; for not much is needed—just enough to fix it out of the windy vague of generality. Any realization of the characteristic nature and needs of this war would be enough for that. We have poets who are well practised in the rituals prescribed for patriotic poetry. Perhaps they were too well practised. Sir Henry Newbolt's and Mr. Kipling's verses, at least, are not among those which we can confidently suppose will survive this hurlyburly. Yet they are certainly, in the best sense, *ad hoc;* they are not windy, they do particularize. It is possible that neither poet found a sufficiently tonic difficulty in his task; and it is dangerous for patriotic poetry to be too "slick," as painters say. There are excellent lines in Sir Henry Newbolt's "The Vigil"; but the poem as a whole is ineffective compared with the craftily constructed "Drake's drum." Mr. Kipling's "For all we have and are" has been already mentioned; here, too, there are excellent lines, but the poem of Mr. Kipling's which most moves us in connection with the war is the nobly elaborate address to France which he wrote in the years of peace. If there is anything to be learned from these two cases, it would be that, for poetry to be effectively patriotic, the patriotic motive is not enough; it must coexist with a purely artistic motive. Drake's love of England could not so move us if it were not combined with the purely artistic use of his drum. Mr. Kipling's lines were written quite as much to forge a superb chain of imagery as to praise France. But now "The Vigil" and "For all we have and are" both seem to have been written because there was a clear call for patriotic poetry; and these two poets knew the knack of it. A purely artistic motive for writing was not present; and the patriotic motive, for all its sincerity and force, has its effect thereby conspicuously impaired.

All this is no more than to say, that even so potent a thing as patriotism must, like everything else, not so much inspire poetry, as itself turn into the nature of poetry, before it can be successfully explicit in poetic form. The patriotic impulse must change its original quality, and translate itself into terms of poetic impulse—into a desire to create certain definite rhythms and images and so on. The urgency of patriotism is so strong that the poet is apt to forget this, and to let his motive speak while it is still its original self.

Anything else seems chilling; whereas it is when this is ignored that patriotism becomes chilled in poetry. This was forgotten even by such a master of poetics as Mr. Bridges, whose "Wake Up, England" had little but its sincerity and punctuality to recommend it. It is scarcely surprising, then, that three fine patriotic poems are as many as we can collect out of the mass of the war's versified utterance. Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Ghosts at Boulogne" rises clearly above the average; an effective sonnet celebrating love of England and friendship with France together, in the figure of a dreamer who saw certain "war-gaunt shadows" watch the English troops land on "the welcoming fields of France":

Saw Churchill's smile, and Wellington's curt nod,
Saw Harry with his Crispins, Chandos' lance,
And the Edwards on whose breasts the leopards dance:
Then heard a gust of ghostly thanks to God
That the most famous quarrel of all time
In the most famous friendship ends at last.

But this is scarcely on a level with the other three. They are Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Song of the Soldiers," Mr. John Masefield's "August, 1914," and Rupert Brooke's '1914.'

Mr. Hardy's poem differs markedly from the other two. Of the kind of patriotic expression which takes the form of a marching song as naturally as love goes into a *canzone a ballo*, this poem is as good a specimen, as strong, as hearty, as self-controlled, as any that can be found in our literature. To the reader who has in mind the grandest of all recent English compositions, "The Dynasts," this "Song of the Soldiers" must come as a sort of small finial, or, should we say, as a rider, to that magnificent structure of tragic imagination:

What of the faith and fire within us
  Men who march away
  Ere the barn-cocks say
  Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
  Men who march away?

* * * *

In our heart of hearts believing
  Victory crowns the just,
  And that braggarts must
  Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving:
In our heart of hearts believing
  Victory crowns the just.

The ringing formality of that, its persistent pattern, is very much in Mr. Hardy's best and most characteristic manner; and it has what his verse has not always, the incalculable quality of fine poetry. In rhythm and thought and language it answers superbly to the loftiest confidence we can have; and at the same time has the plain downright vigor of patriotism the most elemental and unanalyzing. But what is specially interesting is, that the second of the verses we quote seems to contradict directly the stark sceptical conclusion of "The Dynasts," a work, and so a conclusion, to which the whole of Mr. Hardy's other work leads up. After all, it was only natural that Mr. Hardy, whose genius derives so deeply from the spirit of England, should have added, on the occasion of our war, this particular rider of "faith and fire" to the more general verdict of his profound scepticism.

The rarest kind of patriotic poetry is that which distils, out of turbulent and even agonized emotion, the serene quintessence of patriotism; it captures into

the form of art the unperturbed, presiding spirit of our race, the steadily impassioned *sense of England.* We all know this spirit; but we look to the poets to make it clear to us, to bring it, irresistibly beautiful, so close as to be with us like "the affable Archangel" with Adam, "as with his friend, familiar used to sit indulgent." But the poet who is to do this for us must, as we have said, possess his inspiration not merely as an exceptional intensification of patriotic feeling, but very decidedly also as a strictly artistic impulse; and it is an emotion so vehement that it does not easily give implicit obedience to the spirit of art. But to the small list of poets who have managed to combine good patriotism with good poetry, this war will add the names of two others; and one of them, Rupert Brooke, will stand as high perhaps as any name in that restricted class.

When we first found ourselves at war, few can have failed to contrast this prodigious fact with the quiet and exceptional beauty of the season. The beauty of English landscape must always be a chief stimulus to the spiritual and, so to speak, supersensuous sense of England which is the essential patriotism. Nature so had it that, in August of 1914, this stimulus came with unusual force into the confused feelings of those first weeks of wartime. These feelings, not disguising their deep anxiety, their sad realization of all the waste and pain to come, but penetrated, as by a shaft of keenest light, by the physical beauty of England carrying with it that spiritual sense of England which must once more express itself in a national war—this, roughly, is the subject of Mr. Masefield's fine poem, "August 1914." It begins with a gradual evocation of the exquisite peace of an English summer evening; but not merely as the landscape of a picture, rather as the beloved condition of Englishmen's lives—Englishmen who must now willingly determine to lose their lives:

These homes, this valley spread below me here,
  The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,
Have been the heartfelt things, past-speaking dear
  To unknown generations of dead men,

Who, century after century, held these farms,
  And, looking out to watch the changing sky,
Heard, as we hear, the rumors and alarms
  Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh.

And knew, as we know, that the message meant
  The breaking off of ties, the loss of friends,
Death, like a miser getting in his rent,
  And no new stones laid where the trackway ends.

And so, sadly and voluntarily, they left every good thing their life held, were shipped far away from England, endured the miseries of foreign warfare,

And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands
  For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands
  Which love of England prompted and made good.

The spirit of these forgotten English peasant soldiers—"All the unspoken worship of those lives"—is the spirit of England, the spirit that is pressing down to reinterpret itself in our lives today; not, so Mr. Masefield feels it, bragging or arrogant or light-heartedly

warlike, but knowing well enough that peace is better than war if peace is permitted—if not, then summoning all the quiet profound passion concealed in the idea of England to make its war effective,

This is patriotism in elegiac mood. It is a noble poem, of assured vitality; the impassioned sense of England is not less but more impressive for the solemnity of the surrounding emotions. But it is in the nature of things that poetry of triumphant mood, like Rupert Brooke's sonnets, should take our minds on a more thrilling flight than the noblest elegiacs. Other things being equal (and perhaps they are not quite equal; Rupert Brooke's technique is cleaner and harder and more alert than Mr. Masefield's), the radiant exaltation of "1914" must be more to us than the sober passion of "August 1914." But it will do no good to compare the two poems; they have only this in common, that they both add something to the poetry of English patriotism.

The five sonnets, together called "1914," make a single poem; it encloses in firm and exquisitely modulated form the emotions of one who, at the first call, instantly gave up everything to fight for England, with the clear expectation that that would mean to die for England. There is no regret here. The poet exults to welcome, as the highest imaginable privilege, the chance of dying for his country. It is as if his life had leapt into a new element, brighter and finer and nearer to spirit:

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

And in the clairvoyance of this privileged state—the state of being allowed to offer himself absolutely to his country—he attains to, and expresses in words that seem to shine, such a perfect sense of immortal England as has seldom indeed found utterance in our poetry. Patriotic poetry, in fact, could not go higher than in these sonnets. Rupert Brooke had a decided advantage over other patriotic poets; when he celebrated the faultless beauty of sacrificing oneself for England, they were his own immediate emotions that he expressed. He knew that beauty of self-sacrifice not by any effort of imagination, but simply because it was the thing that entirely governed his life from the beginning of the war. And in five sonnets he set forth the whole of it, with a beauty of music and imagery perfectly answering to the spiritual beauty. Between the opening of the first sonnet—

Now God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,—

and the last line of the fifth—

In hearts at peace, under an English heaven—

the whole splendor and tenderness of English patriotism lies, set forth with the assurance of an intensely personal experience; the joy that he may give this sacrifice for England, the serene sense of immortal England accepting it. After the cry of exultation in the first sonnet comes, in the second, an expression of mystical safety in fighting for England; there is no other safety comparable with this:

Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

The third sonnet realizes what the dead have given us who gave their everything to England:

> gave up the years to be
> Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
> That men call age; and those who would have been,
> Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

They gave us honor and nobleness and love, to use for England's sake; but what of the dead themselves? The extraordinarily beautiful fourth sonnet answers that; death is perceived in it as a sort of ecstasy, the final beauty crowning and perfecting all the myriad beauties of life:

> There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
> And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
> Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
> And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
> Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
> A width, a shining peace, under the night.

And the fifth sonnet is the conclusion of the whole matter. It is already well known; it will be one of the most famous sonnets in the language. It is the quintessence of "the thoughts by England given"; such a perfect passion for England has perhaps never been so completely uttered in so few lines. So the whole tragically exultant sequence ends, in English peace—in the death of a noble Englishman. Rupert Brooke lies buried under the olives of Skyros. His spirit is part of the light which is England.

Those who think that a great war automatically produces great poetry may be disappointed at our poetic output. But it is not a very reasonable disappointment. It is quite true that the enormous majority of our war-poems have been very bad. Why not? They served their turn, their momentary turn; they need do no more. Poetry does not come about automatically; it is the most unlikely thing in the world, that a great war should be simultaneously celebrated in great poetry. How many of the famous poems about war have been concerned with contemporary war? How many great poets have not lived through famous wars and so far as their art was concerned, ignored them? We have, however—to make a final selection—verses from Mr. Gibson, Mr. Masefield, and Mr. Hardy, which are certainly immediate poetic commentary on the war as good as we would reasonably look for. And with Rupert Brooke's sonnets, we may say that no other war in our whole history has been instantly transmuted into poetry of purer gold.

Lascelles Abercrombie.

The Quarterly Review.

THE NATIONAL TEMPER AND THE PRESS

We have heard a good deal of late as to the attitude and tone best befitting newspapers in time of war; and the problem is far from easy. One source of difficulty lies in the widely different classes of persons who read the newspapers. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. To take a single obvious instance. When there are signs of apathy among Englishmen it may

seem beneficial at the moment to strike a pessimistic note in order to administer a wholesome shock. Yet the newspaper writer who has this desirable end in mind may convey to foreign readers —both friendly and hostile—the impression of a nation in a panic, and this may have very unfortunate results. Again, articles designed to shock the apathetic by a touch of exaggeration may actually create a panic among those who do not detect and allow for this commendable motive in the writer.

On the whole we cannot but think that the best rule is that the newspapers should in statements of fact be scrupulously exact and should in their tone represent truly the national temper. There is a good deal to be proud of in John Bull's character and temper. He has little imagination; he indulges in a certain quiet boasting, and is as certain that one Englishman could beat four Germans as he was in 1815 that he could beat four Frenchmen. But he is not at all disposed to ignore in practice the difficulties he has to overcome. His very lack of imagination is a great safeguard not only against panic but against the approaches of panic in time of trial; and Napoleon's generals complained that he did not know when he was beaten. He is before all things confident and persevering. He is a good fellow and he is thoroughly angry when he is out against a bully or a tyrant. His temper of mind is largely the inherent self-confidence of a strong man; but for the rank and file such an attitude of confidence needs some support in clearly recognized grounds for hope. Therefore to keep before the nation the real grounds for a certain fundamental optimism as to the general prospect is desirable; but it is of the utmost importance to distinguish this from undue optimism as to the details of the daily struggle. This difference should surely be borne in mind in the newspapers. It is by no means desirable to picture things as going well when they are going ill; there should be no optimistic garbling of facts. So far we may make a concession to the pessimists. But the publication of facts is one thing; the eager dissemination of alarming rumors and disheartening suggestions is another. Sober statement of causes for grave anxiety is one thing; sensational shrieks are a different thing. The publication of rumors, and the habit of shrieking, may be carried so far as to obscure those fundamental reasons for confidence which are the great support of a nation at war. Moreover, pessimistic remarks should have a practical object; they should tend to enlighten and to stimulate and not to confuse and dishearten.

Perhaps this is the sum and substance of the matter—that hysterics, whether optimistic or pessimistic, should be eschewed. The sensationalism which gives effective headlines to newspapers may prove a real danger. No one in the world is less hysterical than John Bull, and the papers which ought to be the mouthpiece of John Bull should not be so false to his character as to indulge in them.

It cannot be said that our newspapers have universally conformed to these principles; indeed in noteworthy cases they have betrayed not the sturdy temper of John Bull but the peculiar inconsistency of querulous and timid natures. Early shrieks of optimism have been succeeded by shrieks of pessimism. Those who boasted at the outset that we were ready for three years of war, and that our great asset was English calmness and fortitude, appeared to lose their heads because after only eleven months victory was not in sight. The result was that they found fault with everybody and everything.

Every success of the enemy was magnified. Our own achievements were belittled. The same want of the confidence befitting a great nation appeared in their treatment of persons. There were shrieks against Lord Haldane. Some of the charges against him were so flimsy that they can hardly be stated coherently at all. There were shrieks against Lord Kitchener, and here it is noteworthy that those who wanted to discredit him as incompetent were just those who had shrieked a little earlier because he was not at once placed at the head of our military operations. He was at first supposed to be not only competent but infallible. When he was found not to be infallible it was inferred at once that he was incompetent. It was said that he had failed to supply enough high explosive shells for our army. There was no evidence to show that he had not acted simply on the report of the best military experts; there was no evidence even that he had withheld these shells after they were asked for by those in command at the front; but there was abundant evidence that before these shrieks began the mistake had been recognized and that everything was being done to put an adequate supply in hand. No possible practical object could be served by virulent attacks on the man to whom the military responsibilities of the campaign had been committed, and who needed before all things the continued confidence of the nation. Then in some quarters there have been shrieks about conscription, and here again the outcry has been of the same unpractical nature. We ourselves are in favor of national service; but it is fairly obvious that if we cannot equip nearly all those who have already enlisted, there is no present urgency as to getting more men to enlist. As Lord Hugh Cecil pointed out in *The Times* of August 26, the distribution of work for the war is a highly complicated matter and depends on facts of which the hysterical advocates of conscription are blissfully ignorant. A register giving facilities for conscription if it should become necessary was the real desideratum, and that has been given us.

Much is said by these critics of the grievance which the Allies have against us in this matter. If there were even real grounds for a grievance on this head what strange patriotism it is for the Englishman to foul his own nest and to put into the heads of foreigners what might endanger the common cause by breeding dissension! But there are no such grounds whatever. Even if we were one of the invaded nations and our obligations were in every respect equal to theirs, the absence of adequate equipment would prevent the question of conscription from being immediately practical. In point of fact, however, we have voluntarily come forward to assist our neighbors by sending an expeditionary force to defend their territory. We promised them thousands; we are equipping millions. Our action should presumably call for gratitude for our doing so much rather than arouse a sense of grievance for our not doing more. It is an old proverb that you "must not look a gift horse in the mouth." But in this instance scrutiny should increase and not diminish thankfulness for the gift.

What *is* needed in the rank and file of the nation is an attitude of firm resolve and confidence in our leaders. Our *morale* should be maintained and the enemy be inspired with respect. The nation as a whole has shown this attitude conspicuously. There has been on the whole a very remarkable spirit of hard work—each man and woman lending a hand—and of courageous confidence. But the Press which should

mirror this attitude for the public at home and abroad has in many cases pictured quite an opposite attitude. It has presented for the public gaze a picture of querulous panic which is a libel on the character of John Bull. The picture has rejoiced our enemies, it has made many of us feel ashamed of the figure we cut in public. The disproportion between the extent of the shriekings and the real facts of the case has at times been so great that the suggestion was inevitable of a nation in a panic. We have a hard task before us which calls for all our courage and common sense; such displays savor on the contrary of timorousness and crankiness.

For this reason numbers of Englishmen read with a keen sense of satisfaction Mr. Balfour's great speech at the London Opera House, in which the attitude of the nation was truly mirrored. Whether in a poet or in a statesman to voice the national mind and character at a moment of crisis is a great deed, and Mr. Balfour has done it.

Mr. Balfour gave in broad outline the indisputable facts on which that confidence so necessary to victory rests—which certain buzzing flies in the Press had obscured by giving gigantic proportion to each unwelcome event in the ever-changing details of the struggle. Mr. Balfour took as the norm of optimism and pessimism the comparison of what has happened, not with momentary sanguine dreams on this or that point, but with the broad probabilities before the war began.

Why then, I ask, do I feel so confident about the issue of this struggle? In the first place if I had been speaking to such an audience as this twelve months ago, what could I have expressed except hopes that the German calculations, notorious throughout the world, were, nevertheless, mistaken? What could I have said to you except that organization is not everything; that truth and justice will mean something; that the most elaborate system of manufacturing confidence, of manufacturing falsehoods, the manufacturing of great armies admirably equipped—these arts, great as they are, do not necessarily rule the world—and that I had a firm belief in the eternal trend in the direction of justice, of righteousness, and of ultimate peace? That is all I could have said a year ago.

But what can we say now? We can say with confidence that with all their painstaking ability—and there has never been ability more painstaking than that of our enemy—there has been no miscalculation in the war they have not made, except as to the value of munitions and great guns. There they were right more than their opponents. Were they right in anything else? Were they right in their diplomacy? Were they right in their calculation of the force that would be opposed to them? Were they right in their calculations of the results of their first month's struggle? Everything was based, remember, on the immediate knockout blow they were prepared to deal with a relatively unequipped force of an unprepared enemy.

I do not say the calculation was a stupid calculation. I do not say that with a little variation and in certain circumstances it might not have been accomplished. All I say is it was not accomplished. It was not nearly accomplished. On the West front, as on the East front, all the carefully prepared plans, all the prophecies so elaborately worked out by the German General Staff, have one and all completely failed, and without a doubt we may all say this with an absolute conviction of its truth—those who now in protestations, perjured and profaned, assure an incredulous world that they never meant to go to war, had they foreseen how the war would go, would have confined themselves to possessing a more complete control over events than they

now seem to think was possible, and not a man would have been moved, not a single soldier would have been mobilized, not a life would have been lost between the Ural Mountains and the Bay of Biscay. Unfortunately for them, and unfortunately also for the world, they did not foresee. They wholly miscalculated, and they have plunged us and civilization in a war which for its character, for the utter destruction of life and property which it has already produced, and which before it closes it will yet produce, has no parallel in the annals of mankind. That is my first ground for confidence. An enemy which has miscalculated for a year may perhaps miscalculate until the end of the war.

No less impressive than the above was the passage in which Mr. Balfour emphasized the epoch-making character of our decision to join in the struggle—a decision which he boldly and convincingly maintained to have "saved civilization," for had the German Navy dominated the seas the whole German ideal of world conquest would have been in a fair way to being realized.

Of Mr. Balfour's tributes to English courage—that great asset in the struggle—none was more effective than his words on the splendid spirit shown by our mercantile marine.

One of the miscalculations of our opponents was that by a system of piracy they would not merely destroy but that they would frighten. They have not destroyed as much as they hoped, and they have not frightened at all. But the fact that they have not frightened is not due to any forbearance on their part; it is due to the inherent spirit of gallantry and endurance which makes our mercantile marine go out upon its daily avocations as indifferent to the chances of life and death as if they belonged to one of the great military services of the country.

Mr. Balfour's striking record of what has been actually accomplished hitherto—of the degree in which our performances have surpassed our own promises and the general expectation a year ago, is in the memory of our readers; and we may be sure that much more is yet to come, for as he impressively reminded us "we have not yet shot our bolt."

There was no hysterical optimism in the speech, no challengeable statement. The strength of the enemy was fully recognized. There was no sanguine forecast of immediate victory. But the speech justified and expressed that underlying confidence which marks the true John Bull, and which should never be absent from public utterances which deal with the war as a whole; for confidence is one of the main conditions of victory.

That confidence also includes a measure of generous trust in our responsible leaders. Constant public criticism of their every action by onlookers in the Press is alien to the fine temper which Mr. Balfour both inculcates and exhibits.

Government by popular discussion is notoriously unsuitable to a time of war. So good a democrat as Mr. Chamberlain once expressed his opinion that a dictatorship is the most suitable government in such crises, but it is not easy to find a single man equal to the position. Much might be said in favor of the government by a few strong men. Obviously it is a case where "too many cooks spoil the broth." Yet some of the papers have been attempting the absurd task of conducting the war under a leadership of a huge debating society in the Press of which the *personnel* not only does not consist of experts, but is, in spite of conspicuous exceptions, distinctly below the average Englishman in that good sense and practical courage on which so much de-

pends. Such a system is wholly unworkable. Downright blunders among the authorities are preferable to any such machinery for averting them. Imperfect function is better than general paralysis. Better that the machine should work with hitches than that it should not work at all, and that is the result if you paralyze the executive by confusing and largely illogical arguments, or discredit it by virulent criticism.

"Do not speak to the man at the wheel" we are warned. But if you not only speak to him but keep distracting his attention and urging reasons for changing his course, when your own knowledge is simply that of a landsman, it is hard to say whether your action is more ridiculous or more mischievous. In nine cases out of ten the lay critic's suggestions are based on half-knowledge. The long odds are that the first-rate expert—who holds office in virtue of tried reputation—is right, and such a critic is wrong. At all events the expert is pretty sure to be acting on a definite plan, and to hamper him by agitation on behalf of another plan is probably to get neither carried out effectively. It is only when it is clear that important necessities in the actual plan of operations have been overlooked or neglected, and that nothing short of a public outcry will set this right, that such an outcry is warranted, and then it really voices public opinion and the critics will be generally recognized as patriots, and not as wanton pessimists. On the whole, English public opinion is uncommonly sound and sensible—with a keen eye for the practical. It rightly detected a want of practical patriotism in criticisms published not long ago in certain newspapers, and rebuked it by boycotting those papers. The excuse of patriotism can easily be pleaded by the journals themselves where an irresponsible love of sensational journalism or the indulgence of petty jealousy are really the chief and inspiring motives. Public criticism of the authorities that is hostile in its tone should be the very last resource in wartime. Suggestions can very easily be made through the Press in a form which will not tend to discredit our responsible leaders, whom no one supposes to be infallible. Such suggestions will be welcomed by the authorities if they express the opinion of really competent experts. The point at which really virulent personal criticism is allowable in the Press is the point at which the official criticised is so clearly incompetent that he ought to be superseded; and even then this necessary consummation is better secured if possible by other means than by newspaper outcry, which should be a last resource. As long as an official ought to remain at his post he must have the public confidence. To muzzle the Press would indeed be unfortunate, but adequate reason for doing so is not likely to occur if newspapers show as much practical common-sense and patriotism as the general public has shown.

Again, a constant and exclusive harping on reasons for dissatisfaction with our prospects and our situation is hardly consistent with fortitude. We do not want an optimism that ignores unwelcome facts. But men's imaginations are limited in what they can take in. And if you fill them with reasons—real or imaginary—for despondency, you leave no room for the permanent groundwork of hopeful considerations on which steady work is based. The optimism we call for is that which is necessarily allied with courage and invincible determination. A nation is buoyed up in a long struggle by the indisputable reasons for self-confidence which are to be found in its great na-

tional qualities and its achievements in the past. A certain degree of Jingoism in the nation is parallel to the consciousness of strength in a strong man. The antithesis to this form of optimism is not the recognition of the obstacles to be overcome, and of the means necessary for overcoming them—which is most desirable—but the habit of dwelling almost exclusively on reasons for anxiety, and forming a picture of the situation which is calculated to shake public confidence both in our leaders and in our armies. I do not deny that occasionally a shock may be desirable when the public is inert or apathetic. But such a shock must be proportioned to the need: and should not degenerate into the extravagance of sentimental pessimism. We are all familiar with the man whose impressionable temperament is by turns extravagantly optimistic and extravagantly pessimistic. In private these men amuse us as often as they irritate us. They tend to unlimited boasting at the outset of a struggle, and they talk big of the national power of endurance. But they really count on everything going right. They are enthusiastic about everybody and everything until endurance is real y called for. Then they very soon pass from irrational optimism to irrational pessimism. Having themselves entertained quite undue dreams of universal success, when these are not fulfilled they regard the falsification of their own dreams as the falsification of legitimate expectations. John Bull is not that kind of man at all. He is not imaginative, but determined and dogged and confident. Yet when the psychological freaks I have described are exhibited in the public newspapers they cannot but give to foreigners the impression that John Bull is as wanting in virility and fortitude as these most unrepresentative writers. In point of fact both the initial dreams and the succeeding panic are utterly alien to the essentially practical English temper, which is so faithfully reflected in the fortitude of our soldiers and our sailors.

Mr. Balfour's calm review of the situation was then before all things a true reflection of the country's temper. He refrained from any touch of extravagant optimism; he fully recognized the difficulties we have to overcome. But he pointed out the indisputable grounds which should give us heart and confidence for the struggle. He simply outlined our achievements—of which the nation may well be proud— and pointed to the past mistakes of the enemy. It was a case where genius detected those simple thoughts the placing of which in bold relief was all-important. His words expressed the patriotism and common-sense and fortitude which come as a simple instinct to the true Englishman. He showed that greatness of heart which while it recognizes the difficulties is not overcome by them. *Pour un grand coeur tout est petit* says the French proverb; the newspaper critics whom we are criticising verify the other half of the proverb, *pour un petit coeur tout est grand.*

Mr. Balfour's speech was really a model for our Press, recognizing and strengthening as it did what is best in the public temper at this moment. The Press ought to confirm the fortitude of a nation instead of seeming to hold it to be the part of patriotism to shake it. The temper of a nation in time of war should in some degree resemble that of its army. An army does not ignore—on the contrary its first object is to find out—the strong points of its enemy; but it does not go into hysterics over them or exaggerate them as tokens of something like invincibility. It notes obstacles, but with unabated courage and confidence in its power of over-

coming them. A certain proper pride is a necessary condition of victory. Soldiers do not fill their imaginations with visions calculated to rouse fear and despondency; if they did the army would not last a day. In some degree the same applies to the nation at large.

As we write these lines there comes the suggestion in certain journals that the conduct of the war should be entrusted to a small committee of the Cabinet. Such a proposal certainly comes under the head of what we have in this article called "friendly suggestions" from the Press which a Government may welcome. Of the same character was the suggestion made at the beginning of the war that Lord Kitchener should go to the War Office. Both proposals express a view widely held among the public. But we hope that if this fresh suggestion is adopted the newspapers will not proceed to hamper the newly formed committee's efficiency by carping criticism, and to discredit it as far as possible with the nation. This is what some writers, who had urged Lord Kitchener's appointment most eagerly proceeded to do a little later in his regard. These two stages mark the difference between friendly suggestion on the part of the Press, which strengthens and helps authority, and that constant detailed criticism, often based on little knowledge, which weakens it and which, if it engenders a popular outcry, may lead to something like paralysis.

The Dublin Review

BARBARA LYNN

By Emily Jenkinson

PART I

CHAPTER I

The Lonely Steading in the Dale

Barbara Lynn looked up the dale.

Thundergay glimmered through the green twilight with his hoary head under the Pole star, and his feet in the wan waters of a tarn. His breath was the North wind.

Barbara put up the shutters and turned to an old woman, who was propped against the pillows of a four-post bed. It stood in the full light of a turf fire, and looked like a ship with its sails furled.

"I'll bid you good-night and good rest, great-granny," said the girl.

The old woman was watching her with keen eyes—eyes so bright that they glittered under her shaggy brows.

"Do you ever waken o' nights?" she asked.

Barbara laughed and shook her head.

"Nay, I sleep from dark to dawn. But I'd hear you, great-granny, if you called. I've ears like a mountain hare."

"Aye, aye, rest's for the young, restlessness for the old. I lie awake thinking o' the days gone by. But you've no memories worth minding yet, my lass. Wait till you're my age—ninety-six come Michaelmas."

Barbara placed a lighted candle on the bridewain close to the bed, and stood for a moment looking down at the eagle-eyed old woman.

The Potter had made the new vessel after the pattern of the old, but the spirit of life which each held was different. The girl and her great-grandmother had the same wide brows, the same well-chiseled nose, and their eyes were blue. Barbara was tall beyond the usual height of her sex, and she carried her body with the grace of one accustomed to stand on giddy heights

and climb perilous places. Her head was finely moulded, and in proportion to her form. Peter Fleming, the miller's son, studying classics at Oxford, called her Athene, and said that a glance into her blue eyes gave strength to his shoulders and courage to his heart. So had the old woman in the four-poster looked eighty years ago.

But though the eyes of both were blue, Barbara's were as mild and meditative as Mistress Annas Lynn's were hard. They scanned each other narrowly. The marked difference as well as resemblance between them seemed to strike the old woman, for she suddenly said:

"You take after me in looks, lass, though your father and his father were the spitten picture of your great-grandfather, and Lucy favors them. But you are no more like me in temper than the beck in spate is like the same beck on a calm summer's morning. At your age I had kenned the bride-bed, and the birth-bed, and o' but kenned the death-bed. But you're still a bairn, puzzling over your letters."

There was pride and scorn in her voice.

"It's true, great-granny," replied Barbara, who was slow of tongue. "I's mazed-like at the world."

"Hoots-toots," said the old woman testily. "There's nowt to maze thee. Take what's sent and make the best of it. Life was made to be lived, not questioned. And it's worth living. I tell thee so, Barbara, and thee can take my word for it—I's that old. Whiles it turns your mouth awry, but the sweet and the sour are fairly mixed. Lucy's learnt that much—I know by the light in her eye. She'll get more of real life out of one night, larking with the lads in Cringel Forest, than you out of a hundred nights star-gazing on Thundergay."

"M'appen you're right," answered the girl, "but who would see to the farm, the sheep, and the lambs, and the kye, if I spent my time larking with the lads?"

Mistress Lynn's expression changed quickly. A crafty look displaced the open scorn of her eyes.

"Aye, aye, keep to the sheep-paths, Barbara. Keep to the sheep-paths and your star-gazing. See thou keep in the sheep-paths, great-granddaughter. They're safer for a young lass than Cringel Forest. Get thee gone now. It's time you were in bed. The dawn comes earlier every day."

"Earlier still I'll have to be up," replied Barbara, giving the old woman good-night.

"God bless thee, Barbara, thee's a good lass, although I do get my knife into thee whiles. Sleep well."

The girl drew the blue and white homespun curtains round the bed, put out the candle and went away. The wooden soles of her clogs rang with a measured sound upon the stone stairs and then across the rafters overhead. After that there was silence save for the chatter of the beck, running by the door. Its voice had an insistent, familiar tone, as though it were talking to someone within. No movement came from old Mistress Lynn. Either she was asleep, or she busied her mind with thoughts of other days. For a long time the room was in darkness. Then the turf on the fire slipped, the light leaped forth, and the four-poster glided out of shadow like a ship in full sail. The curtains were noiselessly drawn back, and a long, lean hand relit the candle.

Mistress Lynn looked slowly and searchingly about her. She left no dim corner unscanned, and there were many dim corners in the great kitchen, for it ran the length of the front part of the house.

It was a low room with a flagged and sanded floor. The walls were white-washed, making a fine contrast to the beams overhead, and the doors of the carved oak cupboards, all alike, black with age. Along one side ran three windows. The hearth was a slab of blue slate, and as the chimney flue descended no further into the room than the ceiling, the fire made a great show on occasions, with its flames and smoke; as though one end of the house were burning from floor to rafters. A bar of wood, called the rannel-balk, spanned the fireplace, and from it depended the rattan-crook, a long hook on which the kettle hung. There was a carved oak settle in the ingle, and near it a spinning wheel; and under the windows a narrow but heavy table with all its corners sharp but one, which was rounded off in a curious manner following the shape of the solid tree trunk from which it had been made. Against the opposite wall stood a dresser, holding a varied array of wooden and pewter platters, piggins for drinking out of, and two or three china cups. Next to it came the bridewain, and then the great bed. Between the windows was the door, bound with iron, studded with large nails, and bolted by two massive iron bolts. Another door at the far end led into a little passage, which gave access to the wool-barn, cow-house and dairy, all at the back of the building. In the chimney, curing in the smoke, hung flitches of bacon and a sheep by the heels. Upon the shelves along the walls were hammers and lanterns, pattens for horses to wear in snowy weather, sticks and staves and an old gun. An oak cupboard, with Mistress Lynn's initials carved upon it, held the oat-cake, and a kist, near the fire, held meal.

But the principal feature of the place was the four-post bed, with its curtains of blue and white homespun, so placed that it commanded a full view of the room. Nothing could happen there unseen by the old woman.

Shadows shot up and sank with the flickering light. The clock peered down like a white-faced watcher, the dresser and the high-backed chairs were endowed with movement if not with life. Mistress Lynn laid her fingers upon the bridewain, as though she would reassure herself that it, too, was not a fantastic creation of firelight and shadow, but the solid piece of oak which she had brought with her to this house of Greystones, when she married David Lynn four generations ago.

She listened for any sound in the sleeping house. But all was quiet. No stealthy steps crossed the rafters overhead, where Barbara and Lucy slept. The windows were shuttered and the doors were closed. Jan Straw, the shepherd, grown old and blind and deaf in her service, had a bed along with the hind above the cow-house. There was none to spy upon her, save the shadows and the firelight, and the bob-tailed sheep-dog, lying with his nose between his paws, dreaming of the flocks upon Thundergay.

Mistress Lynn moved the candle nearer to her, and, taking from its hiding-place in the bed a large iron key, she leaned over and unlocked the middle cupboard of the bridewain.

The light was full upon her face, revealing the fine network of lines about mouth and eyes, the parchment-like texture of the skin, and the whiteness of the hair, that escaped from under her frilled nightcap. Hers was a face bearing the imprint of age in every lineament, and of an abiding craftiness, which all the greatness of her nature had not managed to efface.

The bridewain was apparently stocked with carded wool. This she pushed aside, however, and drawing

out a bundle of silver spoons and a gold locket, she laid them on the bed. She counted the spoons one by one, and fingered the locket absently, as though the thoughts which it roused carried her mind back to some experience long past. The expression of her face changed from grim satisfaction to great weariness. Her lips moved, but the words were lost in the chatter of the beck.

When Mistress Lynn was a girl, over three-quarters of a century ago, she had loved Joel Hart, a young gentleman of quality, whose home was not far off, and the locket had been a gift from him. But he married Mary Priestly, the heiress of Forest Hall, in Cringel Forest, and she married David Lynn, of Greystones. Neither marriage was very happy. Joel took part in the rebellion of 1745, and was shot, losing all his lands save the old house of Forest Hall, which his descendant owned and lived in at this time. But between the rebel's outlawry and his capture, what memories were crowded for the village girl he had once made love to! She had hidden him from pursuit among the wool-sacks, unknown to her dour, loyal husband. The tale had once been a favorite one for a winter night's telling. But now it had ceased to rouse enthusiasm in the dale. Only to this old woman was it a vital memory.

She turned the locket over, then she dropped it, putting such melancholy thoughts as it drew forth resolutely away. She searched in the back of the bridewain and brought out some bags of blue linen, each one tied with a leather thong. They were full of money.

It was for the winking yellow coins which she poured into her lap, that Annas Lynn, at ninety-five, still found life worth living. She, the relic of a past age, with son and grandsons dead, and only two young girls left of all her kindred, whose heart had shriveled with the death of Joel Hart long ago, still hoped that many years would pass before she was laid to sleep by the mouldering bones of her husband in the kirk-garth. She was proud of her age, proud of her right to be called great-grandmother, proud of her keen wits. She ruled the steading and the flocks, and the ploughed lands, and the pastures with regal authority from her bed in the kitchen. No one disputed her sway. Lucy, younger than Barbara by a year, had been known to defy her; but she rued her rashness in tears for many days afterwards. Neither her son, nor her grandsons, middle-aged men when they died, had ever opposed her will. She broke if she could not bend.

Mistress Lynn stooped over her money-bags. She counted the coins, letting them fall into her hand with a merry tinkle. She counted them below her breath, as though she were afraid to utter the toll of her wealth openly. She was a rich woman. The toil of years lay in her lap; and Barbara's care of the lambs, Lucy's light hand with the butter, the faithful service of old Jan Straw still added many a sovereign to the pile. Gold! gold! it warmed the life blood that otherwise would have run cold at the fountain. To get richer was the ambition of this old woman. She set about compassing it with all the craft of a daughter of Jacob.

The sheep-dog heard the faint jingle, and, getting up, came sniffing to the bed-side. He buried his nose in the quilt, causing a coin to slip unnoticed upon the floor. Like all his kind he owed a willing obedience to a strong hand, and though he slunk in terror from his mistress's anger, he returned trustfully to eat the crumbs which she sometimes gave him.

She patted his head.

"There's no cream-cakes hid among the blankets, Toss, my lad," she said. "Get awa back, and take thy sleep."

The dog returned to his bed by the fire, but the coin lay shining upon the sheepskin beside the four-poster. She did not miss it.

Midnight; and the hour of twelve rang out, overcoming for a brief while the ceaseless chattering of the beck. Mistress Lynn put away her money-bags, and relocked the bridewain. She bent her head, listening intently, but to a clock striking twelve far back in her memory. On such a night as this, at the same hour, she had hidden Joel Hart among the wool-sacks, while David Lynn, goodman, slept peacefully in his bed. That night summed up for Annas all the sweetness and bitterness of life. She had lived then to the utmost fibre of her being.

She drew the curtains and lay down. The four-poster once more took on its likeness to a ship in full sail.

But there was no rest for the old woman. She spent the night-time, as she had foretold to her great-granddaughter, thinking of the days gone by. During those cold, early hours, that drag so wearily for the wakeful, she lived again through many a wild scene. Yet she longed for sleep, and vainly tried to put the memories from her, which she would rather cast into oblivion forever. Hers had been an eventful life.

She had been born and bred in this land of the dales and fells, under the shadow of Thundergay. Her looks and actions showed the blood from whence she came. She was a true descendant of those wild Northmen, who had once swooped down upon that countryside, and built their homesteads there. Tall, blue-eyed, and yellow-haired in her youth, she might have been Unn, the Deep-minded, come to life again out of her saga. About her breathed an air of mystery, for she was, in truth, no common woman, either in body or in mind.

She had married early, and made this farm of Greystones the very center of her own personality. Husband and children had feared rather than loved her, and no one knew what depths of affection her nature held, save Joel Hart, dead seventy years ago. There was a Joel Hart now living at Forest Hall, the old house about a mile away down the dale, and upon him had fallen a pale reflection of her love. He and Barbara were the only beings for whom she felt any real regard, and this not for their own sakes, but because the one bore so striking a resemblance to his ill-fated ancestor and the other to herself. They were a reincarnation, in appearance, of the past.

As Mistress Lynn lay awake, she became acutely conscious of those other days. They lived again. At one moment she was helping to bar the doors against the last raid of the moss-troopers, while her husband shot at them with a flint-lock from an upper window. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, she was standing among the wool-sacks, her lantern making a round moon of light upon the wall opposite. Even yet she could not see a lantern's glow without the blood quickening through her veins.

Sleep would not come to her. She tried to draw her mind away from such scenes, and think of the quiet hills. She listened to the beck, singing under the windows. Its voice was so clear that it seemed to be running across the kitchen floor by her bed. But it would only sing of the past, like a bard telling tales of the strenuous days of old. It was a lullaby for heroes, not for a weary old woman who could not sleep.

She lay, shut in by her curtains, with her eyes fixed wide, seeing faces and hearing voices long since gone into the spirit-world.

Outside, the moon was shining like a new silver crown. The fells lay white under its rays, for the snow had not yet melted from the uplands, though primroses were beginning to peep along sheltered spots of the beck-side. There was a touch of frost in the air, which gave a shimmer to the sky. The roof of Greystones glistened, and the five great sycamores, standing about the house, flung barred, black shadows across the sheep-pens that lay at the back of the farm, surrounded with one great wall ten feet high, built when robbers were frequent visitors. No other steading stood in the dale. The little village of High Fold lay two miles away, hidden by the trees of Cringel Forest. Behind Greystones the fell-side ran up at a steep angle to Mickle Crags. It was not a cheerful place. The fell-folk said that a curse had been laid upon it, but when, and by whom, and for what offence, no one had ever heard. Yet many believed that the house would one day fall, or the beetling black crags come down upon it, and then would end the family of the Lynns, who had lived there for three hundred years. Lucy laid crossed straws on the threshold, as her mother had done, and her mother's mother, and hung horse-shoes over the doors, but the house still kept its melancholy air. The lonely situation of the place had much to do with this impression, for Boar-Dale was deep and wild and barren, surrounded by a mountain rampart, up which the sun must climb before it could send its kindly beams to dispel the mists that made it their home.

Barbara and Lucy, aided by the village folk, had tried to persuade Mistress Lynn to leave the house and have another built in a more cheerful spot, but she would not listen to them. Had she not lived there for more than seventy years? Nothing had ever happened. There had been landslips, to be sure, upon the fells behind, but they had never fallen anywhere near the house. The beck was flooded every winter, but never got higher than the bottom step of the garden. What was there to fear? No; when she left Greystones, abandoned it to the bats and the owls, it would be when she was carried out with her feet up. Then Barbara and Lucy could do as they liked.

Mistress Lynn had been bedridden for several years. She had slipped in the yard one muddy day and injured her ankle. It had recovered sufficiently for her to have hobbled about with the help of a stick, but the proud old woman could not brook such an idea. She would not be seen hirpling like a sheep with the louping-ill, and so she preferred to remain in bed and keep her dignity. She was quite happy and fully occupied in holding her iron sceptre over her little family, and never gave a thought to the curse. But Barbara and Lucy sometimes awoke at night and shuddered, for they knew that the scarred and broken face of Mickle Crags was peering down upon the roof with a malignant grin.

The moon set, and, in the gray dawn the old woman fell asleep. It was then that the birds began to twitter in the copse hard by, through which the beck babbled when it had run by the door. At the first low whistle of a blackbird, Barbara awoke.

(*To be continued*)

THE POWERS THAT BE

By Cecil Battine

It was foreseen by all students of history that Britain would labor under a great handicap in a Continental war by reason of her form of government. The supremacy of Parliament is concentrated in a Cabinet at present consisting of twenty-two members, which has been invested with almost unchecked authority, but which labors under the disadvantage of being too unwieldy in size, besides lacking expert guidance when it deliberates on military problems. There is no clear-cut definition of the limit of its interference in the War, and the most lucid explanations or the clearest memorandums from the Secretary of State for War and his assistants can have but little value in this miniature Parliament, both by reason of its size and of its lack of education.

In the French Republic the Cabinet is both smaller and better informed, yet the limit of its prerogative in military matters is absolutely defined by law and cannot be overstepped. The military chiefs enjoy practically unfettered power within their own sphere of authority, so that the military policy of the State is in no risk of amateur interference, while the War lasts at any rate. The appointment of Lord Kitchener to the post of Secretary of State for War, together with the enthusiastic popular confidence which compelled that appointment, was the precaution of the British democracy to attain the same end. But even if Lord Kitchener had possessed all the talents of Carnot and Napoleon combined, the task which awaited him of organizing a "New Army" out of almost nothing, of fitting in the political duties of a Cabinet Minister which could not be escaped under the party system, and of conducting the War, was beyond the power of any one man. The direction of military operations on the scale now waged by our armies in Flanders and the Mediterranean constitutes a more complex task even than the command of the French armies, and needs a special machinery which should be absolutely independent of civilian and amateur control.

General Zurlinden, a French General of high rank, published a pamphlet ten years ago in which he drew attention to the formidable instrument possessed by the German Empire in its Great General Staff. He quoted Moltke himself as having boasted that although France would succeed in imitating the organization, numbers, armament, and courage of the Germans, yet she would never succeed in producing an equally efficient system of higher command. In the last ten years the French Staff and higher command has worked very hard to surpass the German, but the events of the War have proved the excellence of the German scheme of military command, which is simple, logical, and direct. Before the outbreak of this War our politicians scouted the notion that we should ever have to undertake land war on an important scale and confided our safety entirely to our naval supremacy. When therefore the cataclysm befell them they had no idea how to save the situation nor how to create a suitable scheme of Army command. To impose responsibility for everything on Lord Kitchener seemed the simplest way out of the difficulty, though the Parliamentarians disliked him personally and suspected him of "militarist" tendencies.

Since the late Sir Charles Dilke first drew serious attention to the relative weakness of our land forces with those of our neighbors, and advocated reform in the early nineties, several statesmen, such as Lord Lansdowne, Lord Midleton, the late Mr. Arnold-Forster, Viscount Haldane, and Colonel J. Seely, have been Secretaries of State for War. Each one of them has taken credit either for creating or for developing a 'real General Staff." Some of these, Ministers advanced both claims, and all left it to be inferred that no such thing existed until they turned the light of their genius upon the dark corners of the War Office.

Now it stands to reason that no army could have won the victories of Marlborough and of Wellington without the services of an extremely competent executive staff, but it is also true that neither at those glorious epochs of our history, nor yet at any time since, not even now has the country possessed any body of officers who resemble the German General Staff in their functions training or authority and it is not too much to aver that we labor under a great disadvantage from this cause, a disadvantage which is felt in the Council Chamber as well as in the fie'd. The essence of the Prussian plan as developed by Moltke lay in selecting about three hundred of the most capable and most intellectual officers of the army for a special career and special promotion. These officers are chosen with sole regard to their military fitness, and the duties which are entrusted to them have been carefully calculated to develop their talents and widen their experiences with the single object of training them to be the skilled assistants of the executive command. The executive command in the general's rank is subsequently filled in most cases by officers of the General Staff.

In great measure this system has been imitated in France, though some of the essential ingredients of the Prussian system have not been adopted for French reasons. Every European army has attempted in a greater or less degree to approach the model, but so far the British Army has preferred to select its commanders and their chief assistants for pre-eminence at administrative rather than executive work. The executive command in the field and at headquarters is still cumbered with more administrative duties than are the corresponding officers in the enemy's camp, and though our plan has the advantage of imposing the practical test of business upon our chosen officers at every turn, yet it has the drawback of asking too much of each individual. This defect was seen *in excelsis* when Lord Kitchener was required to create a national Army out of a nucleus of oversea garrisons, and at the same time to direct the policy and strategy, and to some extent supervise the personnel of the biggest military operations in our history; he was required to perform the impossible.

To take the two questions of military policy which must have preoccupied the Government during the last month—viz., the question of Conscription and the decision as to our strategy in the Mediterranean. So far as the rulers of the Empire had any official expert advice it came from their colleague, the Secretary of State for War, who had not only to give them his opinion but to educate them all to the point of being able to appreciate his reasons. But the Minister for War himself, though doubtless competent to advise upon most of the issues concerned with the question of Conscription, has not had the time to undertake the strategy of the combined operations of all our land forces. He could not guarantee to win the War

by this or that system, as some seem to expect, and in both questions the authority of a purely military officer directing the operations of all our land orces, and co-ordinating their efforts from London, would be of supreme value to the War Minister and the Cabinet, and to the generals commanding in the field.

While we are wanting this all-important organ to complete the machinery of control for the gigantic military enterprise which we have undertaken. w have on the other hand a political organization in England which is daily increasing in power, which does not hesitate on occasion to upset the decisions of the judicature, and which is able to dictate its pleasure to the Cabinet itself. The power of trades unions in the national government is all the more remarkable because they have no responsibility and, at present at any rate, are not able to undertake the onus of replacing the present Ministers of the Crown when they dissent from their policy. Questionable as such an excrescence on the constitution may be in peace, it is doubly dangerous in war, as we have already found out. In particular these associations disapprove of any military system which enables the Government to defeat their favorite weapon of a strike that paralyzes the vital national industries; and in the worst crisis of the present War the leaders of the movement and elsewhere have not stuck at threatening to aid the enemy by such paralyzing strike.

According to the theory of a democracy such action is as unnecessary as it is treacherous and criminal, because the votes of the majority should regulate any question which may cause a deadlock. Unfortunately democracy in practice works out very differently from democracy in theory, so that, although political power is principally vested in the classes which constitute the trades unions, the associated workmen, led by rash and inexperienced representatives, constantly refuse to accept the decisions of their own deputies in Parliament. The same deadlock came about in France in the last great railway strike in that country. The Prime Minister was at that time M. Aristide Briand, who had formerly professed extreme views, but whose experience of office had modified his notions as to what was possible or desirable in the way of industrial and social revolution. This statesman, in view of the extreme peril to which a railway strike exposed the State with the German menace on the frontier, settled the question by calling up the strikers as reservists, and compelling them to do their work as military duty with or without wages until the trouble was settled. This energetic action by M. Briand enlightened the English trades union leaders as to the disciplinary power of conscription, and made them resolve to oppose any such law in England, even while the fate of the War trembled in the balance.

It will probably not surpass the wit of the Parliamentary politicians to invent some compromise by which the ranks can be kept supplied with recruits while the anxiety that the new law shall not become an instrument of tyranny in case of industrial disputes may be allayed. It would seem, however, that those industries which cannot be permitted to break down even for a few days while employers and employed are haggling and disputing over wages and profits should as soon as possible be taken over by the State and worked for the profit of the State alone, like the Post Office. First and foremost in the category should come the collieries which produce the fuel required for the Fleet, and also the

railways of the United Kingdom. Moreover, it should not be too great a demand on the wisdom of Parliament to devise an enactment for the settlement of all industrial disputes by courts of law or arbitration instead of the wasteful and foolish extremity of cut-throat strikes. The conditions of international rivalry decree that only the most strenuous shall prosper and perhaps survive at all. Not only in war but also after the War we shall have to learn to compose our differences and close our ranks if we intend to maintain our national predominance; and perhaps it may even be a question of our national existence, since matters seem likely to go to extreme issues when nation challenges nation in these days, either in the struggle for economic supremacy, or its logical result, the final struggle on the battlefield.

A cynic might be tempted to make merry at the aspect of a nation which is never tired of proclaiming itself the champion of liberty enthralled as no modern State has ever been. Its government is absolutely despotic. In the public interest it is able to refuse all information as to its proceedings in the most vital matters of policy, and is able to prevent all criticism in Parliament of its methods and motives. In theory this suspension of constitutional liberty is only to be tolerated during the continuance of a perilous crisis, but this crisis has already lasted fifteen months, and bids fair to last a good deal longer. It is, at any rate, plain that in war-time democratic government is synonymous with absolute government in the sphere of civilian control, but even in peace the working of the Parliamentary system has tended to produce this result. In the field of diplomacy and supervision of our military and naval expenditure, and in the general aim of our policy as a nation, the arguments which have been found convincing for transferring absolute power to the Cabinet had already been found of such weight that the democracy had little or nothing to say to the measures which settled its fate. The question, consequently, arises as to whether democracy does, in fact, protect the liberty of the people, or enable it to control its Government even in times of peace. In times of war it has been proved to demonstration that the democratic system has failed completely and disastrously.

While our complicated system of Parliamentary elections has thus resulted in the setting up of a species of bureaucracy with almost unlimited powers, recruited entirely from Parliamentary politicians and political lawyers, yet on the other hand the State still lacks the machinery for electing military chiefs of undoubted competency—a machinery, in short, which is called in Germany the Great General Staff, and which is habitually consulted by the chief of the Government not only in giving effect to his military measures, but also in framing the policy which ultimately depends upon the success of military measures. But whereas this essential implement of a contemporary Empire is wanting in the British Empire, another power has grown up within it which overshadows the law, which dictates to the executive, which declines responsibility for national policy and yet interferes with the action of the Government at every important turn—the power of the trades union leaders. I reiterate this with some persistence because of the gravity of the situation.

To take the crucial question of Conscription as the test of the statesmanship of the trades union leaders. These gentlemen apparently approve of the War which is being waged against Ger-

many, or at any rate they do not deny that now we are in the midst of it we must exert ourselves to the utmost in order to bring it to a successful conclusion. Nevertheless they have taken upon themselves to oppose one essential measure which every modern State, whether insular or continental, has found indispensable to protect its independence. The liability to render military service in the State, be it noted, is only the foundation of military power without which the necessary numbers for a national war cannot possibly be trained in peace. Many other things are necessary to be done before the nation can have confidence in its defensive organization, but the very fact of the obligation to bear arms resting impartially upon all supplies the steam without which it would seem to be impossible to make the other things which are required, the most important of which is a machinery for selecting the most suitable and capable leaders of all ranks from the Chief of the Staff down to the lance corporal. The trade unionists, it is true, have not as a body opposed recruiting. On the contrary their members have volunteered in large numbers, and they are even now making great efforts to enroll large numbers of men without the application of a conscription law. They have, however, presumed to oppose their opinion to the advice of the military authorities and their motive would seem to be that they arrogate to themselves the right to exempt whom they please from conscriptive law. Having regard to the methods which of necessity have been employed in bringing moral and material suasion to bear upon prospective recruits, the farce can hardly be maintained any longer of denominating such a system voluntary. A new word, in fact, has had to be coined to designate the conscription of the trades unionists. It is *voluntaryism*, and this *voluntaryism* includes the right of the trades union leaders to exempt such of their partisans as they please from the duty of military service.

It is extremely probable that if the executive authority were thrust upon these gentlemen who sway the executive from the outside they would take a perfectly different view of the whole situation. They would realize, for example, that however successful their form of conscription may be at a given moment and under a given stress of national danger, yet in order to maintain the security of the State the Government must be able to count on the support of its manhood permanently, and not fitfully; the necessity to train and prepare against the emergency of war is just as great and sometimes greater when that necessity is least apparent to the man in the street. Further, the only eligible and even practical corollary of permitting the existence and far-reaching authority of the trades unionists consists in their ability to replace the lawyer politicians in the chief posts of the executive whenever they differ from them, and whenever they can compel them to yield as they have been able to do in the recruiting question and in the crisis of the South Wales mining strike. Under any other conditions their interference with the executive and their threat to paralyze national industry in the crisis of war must be regarded as treacherous and criminal, and a danger to the State hardly less imminent than the hostility of a foreign Power.

A nation which indulges in the luxury of a lawyer bureaucracy, some of whose posts costs 25,000*l.* a year or thereabouts, which occasionally confides to this bureaucracy despotic power, but yet tolerates its subjection in vital matters of policy to industrial associations

is hopelessly handicapped in a life and death struggle with such a political organization as the German Empire, nor can anyone be surprised that the executive machinery fails in competition with its rivals in such difficult matters as Balkan diplomacy and in the organization of the hierarchy of the Army. It is not alt gether certain that the political mentors of the working classes, whose votes have entrusted the executive power to Mr. Asquith and his colleagues for the last ten years, would have approved the policy which brought about war with Germany in August, 1914; in fact, there is very good reason to believe they differed fundamentally with this policy, and would have preferred to have let things on the Continent take their course without British interference and without alliance with any group of Continental States. It is therefore to their credit that notwithstanding they have in the main, according to their lights, responded to the appeal of their countrymen to sustain the effort of the nation in arms. Nor must it be supposed that the work of the trades unions in the past has been mischievous or unnecessary, though it may be asserted that the state of things which gave them birth was both mischievous and unnecessary. The political movement which undermined the ascendancy of the landed gentry in the middle of last century, and which established the predominance of Liberalism, certainly induced many necessary reforms, and infused new energy into the political life of the country in many respects. It was, however, tainted with mean jealousy of the old landed aristocracy and with callous disregard of the interests of the working classes, upon whose sweated labor it constructed its bourgeois prosperity. It was primarily to protect these ill-treated workmen who slaved in vile slums under unhealthy conditions, while captains of industry, financiers, and retail tradesmen became fat and prosperous, that the trades unions came into existence, and while no one can deny that they have served a useful and even essential purpose, it is a lasting shame to the Parliamentary politicians of both parties, but particularly of the Liberal party, that the necessity should ever have arisen; for it was the duty of Parliament, above all things and before all things, to protect the interests of the Commons, and to see that no such tyranny or sweating existed as rendered these associations necessary.

Trades unions are very sensitive to criticism, and as a Minister of the Crown naively stated in Parliament a few days ago, they are very powerful organizations—so powerful in fact, that in official circles it is considered a most outrageous indiscretion and want of tact to utter a word in their disparagement! It is not even considered well-bred among the best people to mention their existence. Probably the exalted right honorables are secretly ashamed of the way they are compelled to cringe to Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, the delegates of some plebeian trade, in order that they may retain their high offices and their high-sounding titles but a more high-minded class of ruler would reject with scorn an official position subject to such limitations. Such is the pass to which the British Constitution has come; while the legitimate authority of men versed in public service is curtailed, and while the elected representatives of the nation in Parliament are unable to criticise, and still less to control the executive, yet this same executive is blackmailed by an authority unknown to the law, which quite frankly snaps its fingers at the law, just as the robber barons of the Middle Ages used to do when it suited their purpose.

The trades unions have now traveled far beyond the purpose for which they originally existed. They have become a political power within the State, of which it may be said, as the Liberal party of the day said of George the Third, "This power has increased, is increasing, ought to be diminished." Even where their spokesmen have no intention to interfere, their power is indirectly felt. For example, had it not been notorious that they would oppose the establishment of conscription by law, no one doubts but that recruiting would have been fixed on a compulsory basis twelve months ago. The result of this measure would have been of incalculable value to the Allied cause. All Europe would have believed that the British people meant to win the War from that time onward, and the actual forces at our disposal at the present moment would not only be more numerous, but the military authorities would know that they had the wherewithal to maintain the fighting strength of our divisions in the field, and could have laid their plans accordingly.

While the German General Staff spent the first winter of the War in duplicating the immense forces which they had already disposed of and in amassing munitions of all sorts, and devoted the summer months to the reconquest of Galicia, the overrunning of Poland, and the subjugation of all the strongholds of Western Russia, the British Government has been debating whether a crisis sufficiently important has yet arisen to justify the demand of our whole fighting strength. As a necessary consequence the relative position of Britain and her allies as against Germany and her allies is much less favorable than it was twelve months ago. Our object in going to war was not so much to establish a blockade of the German ports, which was only a means to the end, as to defend our Continental allies from the overlordship of Germany. So far the Allies have failed to compel the aggressor to relax his grip on Northern France or Belgium, and on the other hand have not been able to prevent his victorious hosts from overrunning the ancient Kingdom of Poland, and connecting up with his Turkish ally by the accession of Bulgaria to his confederacy. It is not too early to admit to ourselves that if we fail to defeat our enemy's armies in the field we can only hope to frustrate German designs by exhausting his resources and by bleeding him to death. This process must inevitably impose the direst sufferings upon our allies on whose territory the long struggle is being waged. It must likewise prove very bitter and costly to ourselves, from sacrifice of trade, money, and life. Moreover, it is not at all likely to achieve its purpose unless our resources of all sorts are carefully husbanded and expended with the utmost regard for economy in the trial of endurance. It is not necessary to reiterate the accusations which have been made against our war administration of wasteful expenditure and of extravagant methods, nor is it only the administration of the War which has been extravagant. Both civil and municipal authorities continue to expend very large sums which ought to be saved at the present juncture, so that their action has lent some color to the accusation of bribing the working classes to acquiesce in the Continental War. Whatever conclusion the impartial historian may come to in these matters, nothing is more certain than that the most rigid economy should henceforth be required of the Government, an economy which is all the more necessary on account of the load of taxation we are compelled to bear, and the steadily rising cost of the necessaries of life.

Whenever any reforms are required in our system of government, it is always asserted that the time is unsuitable. To reform the military laws in war-time is said to be "swapping horses in the middle of the stream." To propose any such reform in peace-time is condemned as futile on account of the lack of public interest Economy is always unpopular, but it is somewhat premature to conclude that war is a rare episode in our history—so rare, in fact, that it should be dealt with as an emergency, and preparation for waging it successfully condemned in peace. Fifteen months of warfare, if judged by national expenditure alone, constitute a very important epoch in the nation's history, and the trend of international politics by no means encourages the hope that the present War will be our last, or that the intervals of peace between wars will see any notable slackening in the energetic preparations of some rival State for competing with us in every respect. It would indeed be shortsighted to ignore the mighty political questions which ere long must arise by reason of the development of new empires and new alliances. The population and power of Japan will not stand still during the next two decades. The United States has built a navy, and is about to raise an army. South America is becoming the home of rich and expanding national ties and, whatever may be the outcome of the present War, it is highly unlikely to remove all causes of quarrel in the European States.

Although there are some disadvantages in changing forms of government in the midst of a struggle, yet there are also great opportuniti s for reform while the whole nation is compelled to feel he stress of warfare and the necessity for sinking partisan strife. Many patriotic sacrifices can be demanded which will never be accorded when the danger is over Nor is it too much to say that certain reforms can only be effected when a dangerous enemy is thundering at the gate. If Parliamentary Government is a failure in war-time, if it is unable to carry out its functions, and both to control and assist the executive, then a powerful case exists for its radical modification, whatever virtues it may possess in peace-time. The government of the war by a coalition of all parties should produce the very best results of which our Parliamentary system is capable, and if, therefore, such a coalition fails to enforce its authority and to remedy the abuses of our administrative services, the nation should not hesitate to make important changes in the constitution.

Since destructive criticism is of little value unless an alternative course is suggested, it may be worth while briefly to sketch an alternative to the present Cabinet system. No one denies that a committee of twenty-two members is unsuitable for waging a war, or that the supreme direction of affairs should be vested in a board of six or seven at most. This fact has tacitly been admitted by the Cabinet itself by its creation of a committee of the Cabinet for the waging of the War. Unfortunately this committee does not include the elements which are necessary for its purpose, and does include several members who are extremely unsuitable for its task. It is essential that besides the War Minister a military officer with supreme responsibility for the conduct of the whole of our land forces, and vested with the necessary authority, should be a member of such a board. The Navy should be similarly represented. Three other members of proved business ability should suffice to represent the other great Departments of State, and this Board, under

the presidency of the Prime Minister, should exis for the prosecution of the War as a Committee of National Defense. The consultation of the heads of departments for other purposes and for subordinate action need not be interfered with, though probably the existence of a big Cabinet as such would cease to be necessary, and some important reductions might be made in the ever-increasing list of political appointments.

Since the House of Commons has for practical purposes divested itself of the power to control the executive, no revolutionary change would be en'ailed by the creation of a Board with well-defined powers, and with the obligation clearly to announce its policy from time to time, and also to state the measure of success which its diplomacy and military performances have achieved. The selection of such a Boa d presents no insuperable difficulty. Indeed, the names of the members who should constitute it are on everybody's lips with the exception of a single post, *i. e.*, the Commander-in-Chief of the whole of the land forces of the Crown. If the present Secretary of State for War were to undertake the task, an equally capable Minister would have to be found to execute his present office. On whomsoever the selection fell would devolve the most arduous and responsible post held by a British subject since the defeat of Napoleon. To defeat the vast military confederacy controlled by Marshal von Falkenhayn a leader of equal skill, equal statesmanship, and equal organizing power must be found. It may even be necessary to find one who is superior. Whatever recruiting laws are adopted, they should be framed with the utmost foresight and care. From among the young leaders who have distinguished themselves on the stricken fields of France and Gallipoli a selection should be made of the most intellectual, the most capable, and the most energetic—the nucleus of a General Staff which may now and n the future be able successfully to compete with the German Staff, which may enjoy an equal authority and reputation with their own count ymen, and which may be able to purge the military profession of those vices and shortcomings which have given any reasonable ground to the anti-militarist and pacificist party when they denounce the tendencies and characteristics of our code and military laws and customs.

It is high time to have done with cant and hypocrisy, and to face the truth. The British Empire was obtained by the sword, and can only be held by the sword. Whether we like it or no, the British Isles lie, a huge breakwater, right across the waterways which connect Northern Europe with the rest of the world. It is an article of national faith with us that naval supremacy is vital to our national existence. The Germans and others complain that this supremacy is intolerable to them. The two claims are irreconcilable, and must ever be subject to the challenge of war. When war broke out the logic of facts instantly swept away al the favorite theories of defense by sea-power alone, and compelled us to embark on a land struggle with gigantic forces. On the issue of this land struggle the victory in the present War admittedly depends, so that the selection of a single military authority to control all our land forces is of the most vital importance. Second only to the gravity of this choice is a readjustment of the supreme executive so that the military chief may be supported to the utmost by his civilian colleagues, and so that the whole resources of the State may really be at the back of the men who are fighting its battles.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

CHARLES DICKENS AND LOVE.

Dante beheld in his vision the Lovers, guilty but immortal through the very strength of their love, and he envisioned them as still embraced whirling through the dim spaces of Inferno. Only by reason of the passion that united them, do the names of Paolo and Francesca of Rimini come down the centuries. Again in Rimini, Sigismondo Malatesta has rendered well-nigh imperishable his "divine Isotta"; her face, her name, her initials entwined with his, and her roses, are cut and emblazoned throughout the church he built. Père la Chaise holds the life-long divided lovers, Abélard and Héloïse, reunited in their graves. Antony and Cleopatra, Petrarch and Laura, Hero and Leander; the names of great lovers are as well remembered as the names of conquerors. In life as in fiction love is a conqueror. The most poignant description in literature, even at this date, is the death of Manon Lescaut and her burial in the sand by her wonderful lover. Now among all the hundred portraits, throughout his crowded gallery of characters, the genius of Charles Dickens evolved not one great lover. He who has justly taken so large a share of our delight and interest, gives us a murderer more than once, a miser more than once, a true-hearted, open-handed man more than once; good men, good women, vicious, idle, good-intentioned, benevolent, madmen, cranks, victims, but never once, either in man or woman, a great Lover. In Ham Peggotty love is too unselfish, too devoid of all jealous passion to be ranked as a man's strong love. When the girl's flight becomes known, Ham's first thought is for his uncle, then for Copperfield, then it melts into pity for "Little Em'ly"; it is a beautiful sentiment in a brave unselfish heart, but it is no more. Not thus does overwhelming love takes its course.

Mary, in *Martin Chuzzlewit,* is too nebulous; she is also as tiresomely clear-witted as Agnes Wickfield, and both see the faults and foibles of their respective lovers all too plainly. They appear to desire to fill the combined positions of "Mentor-Sister-Mother-Helpmeet-Beacon-Refuge-Angel and Guiding Star" which is altogether too much for the winged Eros. Héloïse only took the title of "sister" on compulsion; she would never have chosen it, she gloried in her attitude as lover, as every man and woman has gloried if they have loved greatly. Bella Wilfer is charming until she becomes the typical Dickensian little fluttering thing in her John's arms. Esther Summerson divined no more of the stirrings of love than a jelly-fish knows of poking a fire. One has a desire and a hope that Lady Leicester has daringly loved, but Dickens will not even hint at it; there is a gay young man and a lovely young woman one would trust that she was less stony than she appears later), and an infant; but all that you can glean from the book is the woman's shame and love for her little-seen child, and always the shame is uppermost. That at last she drags herself to die at the gates of that foul burial place where her pauper lover lies, is merely the accustomed touch of the novelist, and a not very true touch for so sure a hand as that of Charles Dickens.

Little Dorrit is so earnest and tender a character that one hesitates to sit in judgment on her power of love lest one should actually scare the dear little creature. But the truth is that our only conception of her is as "Little Dorrit." We can project no vision of her as Wife, Mother and Mistress of a household, unless we imagine a Lilliputian dwelling with dolls for children. It would appear that in drawing the

morally strong character of this daughter and sister of Futility and Vanity, Dickens could not refrain from endowing her with some of his favorite attributes. She must be very low in height and slender in figure, and she must prove herself to be the most shrinking and timid of all his heroines. Therefore she goes dwarfed and shadowy down the paths of our imagination.

In *Barnaby Rudge* there is no love to speak of; through all the *Pickwick Papers* love is a mere matter for mirthful situations, strange when Sam's attachment to his gaitered little master is touchingly rendered. In almost every one of his books Dickens depicts the spider-and-the-fly business of some designing woman with a gullible male. These poisonous females and their confidential friends make rather dreary reading; perhaps the point of the Victorian joke in such affairs has worn a little blunt with over use. In Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, both being deceived, a more masterly picture is attained, and the situation is on a higher plane.

I suppose there are readers who will bring forward Sidney Carton's character to prove that Dickens could present us with a g eat lover. But Sidney Carton is an educated Ham Peggotty fallen into bad ways. His love hardly seems to weigh so heavily on his mind as his wasted talents and in the mind of his creator the culminating sacrifice is the mainspring of the book, not the love. Dickens has made the sacrifice overweigh too glaringly the victim's life; the evidence o so tremendous a love is passed over so lightly that the eader hardly suspects its existence any more than Dr. Manette or Mr. Lorry did; neither is Lucille's character strongly enough depicted to warrant the final picture. She is another typical Dickensian young woman, she seems almost callous to the magnificence and the pity of Carton's immolation. In her small and chaste position of Wife and Mother she probably deemed that she repaid the poor, besotted, lovable fellow by calling one of her infan's by his name, and during her placid after-life by an occasional "gentle tear" and "tender prayer." The whole story is melodramatic, the actions being insufficiently led up to, and the prosaic Charles Darney is the strangest product to come from the profligate fami y of St. Evrémonde. In shee· revolt from the discrepancies one i; tempted to wish that Carton had escaped and married Miss Pross; she would have afforded him vastly more amusement and variety than Lucille.

If in drawing a sanctified love Dickens's hand seems to falter, in any picture of unlawful or unauthorized passion, he shows even less understanding of the quality. Carker is thinking more of his spite against Dombey than of his passion for Edith and Carker's gleaming teeth are brought into greater prominence than his love. And yet when this fawning, white-fanged fellow possessed the power of bringing two sisters to listen to his lure, he must have been something more than the transparent humbug he is represented to be.

It is noticeable that Dicken; could only see in unlawful passion the vice and cunning of the seducer and the remorse and misery of the victim. The unctuous morality of the mid-Victorian age bears a certain responsibility for this, but we look to a genius to soar above the predominant qualities of his age. All transcendent minds have done so, but Dickens, far-sighted as he shows himself to be in treating such sub ects as the cruelties and humbugs of the then existing Poor-Laws, cannot perceive love except in the nicely controlled embraces of the wedded pair. It is the modest little home that is ever apparent to his mind, the little expectant wife, the glowing fireside, the

work-basket with its indications of the advent of the cherubic infant. In that long procession of his inimitable creations—whose acquaintance we renew again and again with the same delight as at the first—we miss the supremely tragic figure of a great lover. It follows, of course, that we miss also the complete adorable woman. Helen of Troy (or our conception of that Helen) would have been as astonishing in an assembly of Dickensian women, as Venus of Milo in her statue's bulk would be at a modern tea party. She would have towered above and have scared all the timid, tender or roguish little girls whom Dickens loved. Shy, modest, with downcast eyes, prone to easy tears, such are the qualities of most of his young females; one cannot well find extreme fault in these characteristics of a maiden, except on the grounds of possible boredom, to which state the young lovers whom Dickens drew never seemed liable. Their love towards these pretty, shrinking creatures is mainly protective; when they offer marriage (and never till then) the damsel succumbs to the enveloping embrace and tears. Most of these damsels have loved first, but hidden their love in somewhat the same manner as the ostrich hides, which fancies it conceals itself by burying its head, quite its smallest part, in the sand; Ruth Pinch, Agnes Wickfield, Lizzie Hexam, and other maidens, play this kind of game, deceiving, one would imagine, no one who was blessed with commonsense. This is due partly to the early Victorian tradition concerning young women; and when in Dickens's pages they are not of this soft, yielding disposition, they are fierce, proud, bad-tempered (indeed they are bad-tempered and ill-mannered to a really surprising degree); they are addicted to holding forth on their unhappy fate, or their errors in life and the awful results. "Look at me!" mutters Alice, and her half-sister Edith echoes it, only more emphatically, "Look at me! no honest heart! no love!" "Look at me," remarks Estella (whose manners are truly shocking), "Look at me!" weeps Martha, and "Look at me!" cries the enigmatical Miss Wade, and (quite crescendo), "Look at me!" screams that most unpleasant Rosa Dartle. They all say in effect: "Take warning from us, never be anything but timid, gentle, moist-eyed, never so much as flutter towards the male embrace unless absolutely assured that the male intentions are towards the wedding-ring." As a mere observer I should have thought if they had been less stony in manner and considerably less hornety, it might have been more comfortable for all concerned, quite apart from their shady or unfortunate pasts.

Beautiful, blind Madame Recamier holding the hand of her dead lover, who was not her husband, was a type incomprehensible to Charles Dickens. Neither would he have portrayed Emma (erstwhile Amy Lyon) and her still religious Nelson in their love, although he would have had great satisfaction in sketching her in her downfall, in her passion for gambling, her consequent miserable poverty and lonely end. "Here," he might have said, "is the very lesson that I have always pointed out. To be bold, to outrage the modest nunnery of home-life is to end infallibly like this—in poverty—in squalor;" only in his hands she always would have exclaimed on all possible occasions, "Don't touch me. I am not fit for you to soil your gentle hands with; I thank you for your sweet pity, but I must go my own way, for such as I am there is nothing but despair" (here she would strike her bosom and

toss back the long untidy locks of hair), "Here, here, is nothing but torture and remorse." Now in reality Lady Hamilton would have been the very last to talk in such fashion. I do not say she would not feel remorse, all of us must feel that unless we are Pecksniffs, but she would not proclaim it, she would not, as Dickens's frail ladies do, make of herself a moral signpost at life's parting of the ways. If Byron drew pictures of a hollow immorality, it must be conceded that Charles Dickens put before us in the matter of love, a somewhat shallow morality. It is observable also that he has no portraits of beautiful women of middle age, to him beauty and love were the attendants only of extreme youth. Except in the case of Harriet Carker, and she is so worn with care that she cannot be included, his women who are past youth are either foolish and fussy like Mrs. Nickleby, or wooden and unreal like Mrs. Gowan and Mrs. Merdle; horrible like Mrs. Pipchin, or queer like Betsy Trotwood, and all of them nearing the frowsy hideous old age which was all he could see left for "lovely woman" no longer young. For him there existed no Victoria Colonna, he never, as Shakespeare did, drew a heroine who was well past youth: Hermione, Cleopatra, Anne. There is no conception in Charles Dickens's works of the woman whom "age cannot wither." Thackeray dared to draw a mother as more harming if not so brilliant as her own daughter, and his Madame de Florac must have passed at least fifty years in age, but how tender a portrait her character is of a good and beautiful woman. Dickens seemed to realize nothing more profound than the pairing of youth. Was he himself capable of a stupendous passion? Did he, in youth, or middle age, ever feel more deeply for a woman than his own Herbert Pocket, or John Rokesmith, or John Westlock? The opportunity might have been lacking, and it is not necessary for the man who depicts a murder to have committed it, nor for the author of Juliet and Romeo to have slain himself for love, but it is from the inward vision of such possibilities that an artist alone can draw. The insight, like the gift of prophecy, must be in the man, And of love I think Charles Dickens found no echo in his own breast. Affection, tenderness, constancy, these handmaidens of the mistress were his familiars, but to the tremendous divinity herself he never approached. And because he has only drawn budding husbands and wives, and not lovers, he is going out of favor with the younger generations, his readers are even now the young, who have as yet no thought of love, or the old, who have lost sight of the passionate moments of their past. And women naturally resent his limited view of their existence. To be no more than the pale beacon to some adventuring jolly male is not their fullest idea of all that life holds for them, and certainly his pictures of advancing years can only repel them. It is noticeable that the mothers, who would probably prove kind, personable, and reasonable die in his pages, generally in giving birth to an unfortunate child. One might have imagined that Lucille's mother would be a woman growing old without frightfulness, but she is put away in the tomb before we can catch sight of her; so is little Dorrit's mother, and small Dombey's also; they do not exist, only foolish, tender-hearted Mamma Meagles and drooping ineffectual Mrs. Murdstone and their like.

I do not find within the volumes of Charles Dickens any great lovers, nor any noble, enduring wedded love. I cannot accept Mr. and Mrs. Boffin as

exceptions, their simplicity is the chief link in their affection for each other, the strongest quality they share is their beautiful attachment to John Harmon. Then the Doctor and his weeping kneeling young wife (with her mother as Devil's Advocate in the background) love each other, but they are less lifelike than any persons Dickens ever presented to us. She does not cry "Look at me!" or harshly strike her bosom, because she is very meek and downcast, but she is quite as tiresome with her reiterated "Hear me, Husband," and her hand laid pret ily over her correctly-beating heart. In conclusion, it remains a matter of amazement that an artist with a mind nimble to catch pictorial impressions, as he was, so that London is more Dickensian to us than Londonian; so keen to dart on characteristics, so intolerant of all that he deemed humbug, so aglow with all that he judged to be sincere, noble, christian—that he could pour out for us these numerous pages of his quick imagination, and yet, at the same time, that he should have a myopic vision of that passion which, rightly or wrongly, has determined the joy or misery of this old world ever since the first man endured seven laborious years for the sake of love. One can rest assured that the "Song of Solomon" was a book that Charles Dickens did not read without feeling moral discomfort and puritanic disapproval, He is like a dexterous watchmaker who puts together to his own satisfaction a watch of exquisite workmanship, but who (with a dim dislike of such things) refuses to complete it with the mainspring. We admire the watch, we take it out again and again to look at it, we point out its values to our friends —but we do not count our heart beats by it, it will not record the throbbings of our pulse when we are in love's fever. The great Victorian moralist could not comprehend or describe the Passion of Love, but the fierce inexorable Florentine moralist could and did do so. The giant had the larger vision.

Arthur Hood.

The Dickensian.

THE RED BOX

[*Author's Note.*—Though written in a humorous vein, this story is founded on fact.]

His Excellency was on tour. His Excellency was in a hurry. He was traveling by hammock, and his presence at his capital on a certain date was imperative. His movements should have corresponded with a carefully drawn up time-table; but they did not. Consequently his progress was one continual rush and scamper in the endeavor to make up for lost time.

His staff, which included three white officials besides his Private Secretary, were thoroughly sick of the tour. They were tired of the continued hurry; they would have liked a little rest, and a little shooting at the out-of-the-way places they arrived at. But His Excellency's meteoric career gave them no chance of either.

In a land where there are few or no railways, no roads, and where the tsetse fly forbids vehicular traffic, such a tour provides the kings and the chiefs of the country with their one chance of seeing the man who rules them. They make dashes upon him as he goes, in the hope

of being able to cut him off and inflict their grievances upon him. The midday halt beneath the bough, the cup of tea beside a shady stream, is interrupted by a shrieking of horns, a banging of drums, a terrific fusillade of flint-locks, as some monarch, breathless but noisy, approaches, anxious to show his loyalty and prefer his complaints, the latter in nine cases out of ten involving the conduct of a neighboring potentate. West African kings are dotted thickly all over the map, and they are always at odds; indeed, more often than not, before the monarch has settled matters with the Governor, the drums and horns of the brother king are heard in the distance, as he too hurries up hot-foot to put forward *his* complaint against the man, who now holds the Governor's ear.

All this means loss of time when you are tied to schedule, and loss of time means still further hurry. On the present tour the complaints and squabbles had been unending, and had turned what ought to have been a pleasant and leisurely journey into one of continuous rush, with every chance of not reaching the coast in time to catch the steamer which was to take them back to headquarters.

Late one evening, on camping near a little native town pleasantly situated at the foot of some hills, the Private Secretary was bathing his aching feet in his india-rubber bath and congratulating himself that the next march would be in the direction of the coast, and that a few more days would see them on board ship, when he was imperatively summoned to the Governor's presence. He found His Excellency in deep converse with a smart conceited-looking young native, the king of the town, who carried a showy green silk umbrella, of which he was evidently extremely proud.

To his very great surprise, instead of being ordered to prepare for an early march in the morning, as soon as the jaded hammock men could travel, the Secretary was informed that the Governor meant to stay where he was all the next day. To his strong remonstrances that they were far behind their itinerary, and that only forced marches could get them to the sea in time for the boat, His Excellency turned a deaf ear, and the puzzled Secretary went away to inform the other members of the staff, who received the news with bewilderment, being quite at sea as to why they were to suffer this further inconvenience.

But after a dinner, not very appetizing, for the Governor's cook was hard put to it to keep pace with his master's movements, and many loads were in the rear, His Excellency explained.

"I do not know, gentlemen," he said, "if you are aware that we are now on hallowed ground? Many years ago the king of this village, in conjunction with the king of an adjoining town a couple of miles away on the other side of the hill, inflicted upon the Ashanti people one of the few defeats they ever suffered at the hands of the coast tribes, a defeat which was on that account of the first importance. The Ashantis, who had come to raid them, retreated, and the situation was for the moment, at any rate, saved. There is a statement to that effect in the archives of Government House, though no particulars are given."

"What's the name of this king, sir?" put in the Private Secretary.

"Sackey. King Sackey," said the Governor. "The name of the other king is Mensah. King Sackey has informed me that tomorrow is the anniversary of the victory, and that it is the custom on that day to make a pilgrimage to the spot on which the

victory was won. Directly he heard that I had arrived, he approached me with the request which has made me postpone my start tomorrow. I have promised him," went on the Governor in the flowing periods that he loved, "that to show our appreciation of the tribe's bravery in the past, and of our confidence in their prowess in the future, I and my staff will attend the ceremony in person. I am aware that we are so pressed for time that nothing should delay us, but it is of the utmost importance to show sympathy with the people over whom we rule. We start, gentlemen, at nine o'clock."

"Is not the other king, King Mensah, coming, sir?' said the Chief Medical Officer.

"He is," said the Governor, "but I am informed that he will meet us at the place. He is a much older man than King Sackey, and, I understand, not so advanced. I was much struck with the intelligence of this young man."

"I suppose the old thing hadn't got a green silk umbrella," said the Secretary, taking care that the Governor should not hear him. "Very well, sir," he said with a sigh, "I will order the hammocks for nine o'clock."

"Oh, no!" said the Governor," the carriers and hammock bearers must rest, and we shall resume our travels tomorrow evening. I must take *my* hammock, and King Sackey is providing me with bearers. But gentle exercise is good for you younger men. You must walk. It is but a couple of miles to the spot."

His bearers managed to suppress the chagrin they felt. But the Secretary remonstrated. "And two miles back, sir, don't forget that," he said, "and the weather is blazing."

"Never mind. A little walking will do you good," said the Governor firmly. "We start at nine, gentlemen."

The next day the Private Secretary, the Chief Medical Officer, and the Inspector of Police mustered accordingly; but the fourth white official, the Treasurer, did not appear. His boy brought a message that his master had a little fever, and hoped His Excellency would excuse him. This the Private Secretary, who wished that he had thought of the excuse himself, explained to the Governor, who merely remarked that the Treasurer must be ready to travel that night at all events. Indeed, the arrival of the king and his subjects cut short any further discussion. They halted a couple of hundred yards away, and the king, accompanied by a stout, smiling, coal-black little native, approached the Governor, and bowed.

"The king says, sah, all is ready," said the stout little man. "If you are willing, we will go."

"Are we all here, Mr. Secretary?" called the Governor from his hammock.

"All except the Government Interpreter, sir, I can't find him. Oh, here he is!"

The Interpreter came up limping, and stated he had been stung the previous evening by a scorpion, but that he would endeavor to accompany His Excellency. But the Governor impatiently refused the offer.

"You would only incapacitate yourself for the evening's march," he said, looking at the swollen foot. "Go and rest. This man here can interpret. What is your name?" he asked the smiling little man.

"Daddy. Mr. Daddy, sir," said the man, bowing low. "I will inform the king that you have attached me to your person. I speak English well."

"Very good. Tell the king that we are now quite ready."

The king bowed and smiled, and walked back to where his litter awaited him. "That is right," said His Excellency, watching his movements, "we can proceed at once."

"And get it over," muttered the Secretary, wiping the sweat from his face.

"That's not the proper spirit," said the Governor, who overheard the remark. "We are here to do honor to a great feat of arms. Ah! the king is starting. That is well."

The king in his litter, lifted high above the heads of his people, led the van; the chiefs and elders followed. Then came the fighting men armed with flint guns; then the people of the town. Then the Governor in his hammock supported by a dozen smart Hausas; then the three white members of his staff. In front of all marched the town band, composed of drums and jingles and small horns made of elephants' teeth. Native fashion, the procession marched in single file. Thus stretched out it looked most imposing. So long was the line that the strains of the band but faintly reached the ears of the Governor and his party.

The day was very calm, and the heat terrific. The procession raised a cloud of dust through which the white men had to tramp.

"This is going to be a hot job, a very hot job," complained the Secretary to the Inspector of Police. "I hope the celebration will be worth it! The whole thing seems to me out of the common."

"Just look at the heat over the plain," interposed the Chief Medical Officer, a stout man, and nervous about his health. "And it's barely nine o'clock. The strain on one's vital organs becomes excessive, and it is dangerous to march in such heat."

"The king is not marching," said the Inspector of Police sourly. "It is a bit thick that he should ride while we have to walk. If it weren't for the Governor I'd turn him out of his litter, and get into it myself."

"I don't like that young man," said the Secretary. "I asked for some hammock men for *us* three, and he said there were none. He's too smart altogether to my taste! But I have done the best I could. See that box with a bit of red cloth round it, so that it can catch the eye? It has drinks in it! The carrier has special orders not to leave me. Where that box goes, I go. Keep your eye on the red box!"

Barely visible in the distance through the gauzy heat-haze on the sun-scorched plain was a line of bushes, and dimly showing beyond them was a small range of forest clad hills. It was as uninviting a prospect as could be, and so the three white men remarked as they trudged along. West Africa does not lend itself to such expeditions, and when a mile had been traversed, they had but one idea—to return to the village and wash. All, that is, with the exception of the Governor, and he, hammock-borne, and determined to pay his compliments to a valiant if ancient feat of arms, was carried along covered with dust and perspiration.

At length the Chief Medical Officer took off his light coat and sat down upon it. "Tell the Governor," he said hoarsely, "I've stopped. I can't go on. My heart is by no means in a satisfactory state. If I am alive when you come back, you can help me home."

"You'll be better in a minute," said the Private Secretary. "You can't stay here, you'll get sunstroke. Carry on. Here, have a drink. Hi! boy! bring that red box. Soda-water and a *little* whiskey," he went on, opening the box. "I knew it would be useful. Where is the policeman? Oh, here he comes!"

"I missed the box," said the Inspect-

or as he arrived breathless, "and guessed you were opening it. And luckily the Governor told me just then to hurry you two fellows up. The place of the celebrations is where those bushes are. There is a river and plenty of water there."

"*Hurry* us, indeed," said the Chief Medical Officer, indignantly. "I can go on, I can *just* go on after that stimulant, but I will not hurry for anyone. The celebrations can be over before I get there for all I care."

"By Jove! that's delicious!" said the Inspector; "but you had better hide the box from the Governor, as he is so captious about drinking anything in the daytime. But let's get on, the old man is waiting. We aren't far off now."

Much refreshed they joined His Excellency, who, unaware of what had happened, and wearied and sun-scorched himself, though still sustained by a sense of duty, was rather surprised at their cheerfulness. They proceeded without another check, but the day was so exhausting to black as well as white, that it was noon before the river was reached, and the king, descending from his hammock, approached the dusty Governor.

"If you please, sah," said the fat little interpreter with a smile which showed two magnificent rows of teeth, "the king says that this is the place. Here at the water the enemy met defeat. Here were they overcome. And here is the ceremony performed. If you are ready, sah, the king is ready."

"But, Mr. Daddy—if that is your name—I understood that we were to be met here by the other king. I do not see him. Where is he?" said the Governor.

"King Sackey bids me say, sah, that he has just heard that King Mensah is sick and cannot come," said Mr. Daddy, whose smile grew still more broad, if indeed that were possible. "But it is King Sackey who cares most about the brave deeds which have gone by—not King Mensah who is old and silly—and has asked Your Excellency to give this ceremony the light of your countenance."

The Governor looked annoyed. "That may be so," he said. "But King Mensah ought to have come, unless he is very ill. Has no one come from him?"

"He has sent one man, sah," said Mr. Daddy, and he pointed to an elderly, dignified man dressed in a white robe, who stood a little apart from the others.

"I shall have a message to send to King Mensah by him!" said the Governor. "Now, where am I and my party to sit?"

"A place is put for you here, sah," said Mr. Daddy, and with great politeness, he ushered the Governor to where half a dozen large native stools had been placed under the shade of some bushes.

The white men seated themselves and looked round them. A pretty, cheerful brook, fringed with bushes, ran past their feet, to enter again the forest from which it had emerged, many miles away. Where they were sitting it had formed a largish pool through which the current ran gently; elsewhere the brook was never more than eight feet wide. Though the plain was drab and dusty, the parti-colored clothes of the natives and the white helmets and red fezzes of the Hausas furnished plenty of color. To the somewhat sentimental Governor it seemed a not unappropriate setting for the ceremony.

With a bow the king, followed by his people, crossed the stream and clustered on the further side of the pool. Each chief and elder had brought his stool, and they sat in a long semicircle facing the Governor. To the extreme

right, and a dozen yards apart, sat the emissary sent by the old king.

When everybody had settled himself, and there was quiet, a signal was given, and Mr. Daddy announced that the first item of the proceedings would be a display of gun-fire.

It was quite evident that on the present occasion the rite performed was to serve as a test of manhood, as well as to make the greatest possible amount of noise. Man after man came forward into the cleared space which lay between the king and the water's edge, and there fired off his huge flint-lock gun. Though only loaded with powder the feat was not unattended with danger both to the celebrant and the spectator, for he who fired off the biggest charge and therefore made the most noise, even at the risk of bursting his weapon, was held to have done best, and was applauded. The white men watched with interest and alarm as the excitement and emulation caused the charges, already dangerous, to be increased, and congratulated themselves that the pool divided them from the warriors.

At last one young man advanced holding a giant flint-lock that might have served as a weapon for a Goliath. It was evidently charged to the muzzle, for the youth betrayed great trepidation, as indeed he well might; he advanced to the edge of the stream, followed by female relatives who fanned him and sprinkled him with water. The Governor's party watched him anxiously. For long he hesitated, and then, shamed by the reproaches of his friends, he shut both eyes tight and pulled the trigger, firing from his hip, for he could not lift the great weapon to his shoulder. The gun hung fire, the powder fizzled in the pan; the young man's nerve gave way, he shrieked and dropped the gun. The Governor gave a hurried exclamation and rose to flee, when the flint-lock went off with a roar like a howitzer, jumping a yard in the air. But the man who made that gas-pipe barrel had known his work. It did not burst, and the Governor resumed his seat, mopping his forehead and remarking upon the dangers of promiscuous gun-fire; while the young man hid from the reproaches of his friends among the crowd.

"That, Your Excellency," said Mr. Daddy, who had stationed himself behind the Governor, "concludes the show of gun-fire. Now comes the king's speech, then comes a dance. The finish will be by all the guns firing together."

"I shall not be able to wait for that," said the Governor, hurriedly, "but I will reply to the speech. Tell him to proceed."

"I thought it was all over with us," remarked the Inspector of Police, "when that gun dropped. A burst would have done as much damage as a shell."

"No wonder they managed to kill all the Ashantis," said the Private Secretary. "I should think those were the very guns they used!"

'Pray, gentlemen, be quiet!" said the Governor. "The king is beginning his speech. Be careful of the translation, Mr. Daddy."

The king spoke in a low voice, and fluently. His words were shouted aloud by his linguist and translated into English by Mr. Daddy for the Governor's benefit. They were received by the crouching people in dead silence, uninterrupted save by an occasional, deep-toned "Yo" of assent.

He reminded his hearers of what had happened in the past, of how they had defied the great Ashanti power; how a force had been sent against them. Then he went into metaphor, as is customary among the peoples of the coast.

"As the bees in the tree, as the ants in their habitation, the locusts in the field, so were they beyond number. As the leaves upon a dead tree, so were we," declaimed the linguist. "As the leopard leaps from the forest on his prey, so did they. As the porcupine sharpens his spears and defies him, so did we. Lo! to the water they came, and no further. There did our fathers meet them, there were they left along the banks of the river. They came no further. On the plain there were none."

The Governor leant back on his stool, and closed his eyes. He could picture the scene. The Ashantis issuing by night from the glades of the forest, the quiet brook on its way to the sea, the men few but desperate, crouched among the bushes. The roaring of the great Dane guns as the ambush opened fire; then the battle and the bewildered enemy fleeing. The triumphant return of the victors, doubtless bearing with them their dead, in the heavy dawn. The first of the despised coast tribes to defeat the lords of the forest.

With a burst of eloquence the king finished amidst a low hum of approval from his subjects. The Governor roused himself, rose from his chair, and lifted his hand for silence; the speech had been imposing and his enthusiasm was genuine.

Mr. Daddy touched him on the a m. "There is one thing more, sah," he said, "before this part is finished."

The representative of the absent king, who had sat unmoved through the king's speech, now stepped forward into the cleared space. Then he drew from beneath his cloak a white cock, and with one stroke of a sharp knife decapitated it. Then he sprinkled the blood on the ground near the pool. And then, amidst universal silence, he resumed his seat.

"That man's a fetish priest," said the Secretary under his breath. "I wonder what he did that for."

"Now, sah," said the interpreter to the Governor, "the people would like to hear your speech."

The Governor possessed a deep flowing style, and was enthusiastic. The people listened and applauded his periods as rendered into the vernacular by Mr. Daddy. They hummed approval at his references to the might of Britain, which he pointed out was upheld by such deeds as the one they were now celebrating; they hummed approval of his full-blooded appreciation of those now since long dead who dared to withstand the great Ashanti power; they hummed approval louder and deeper when he adjured them to be no less valiant in case of need than were their forefathers. And then, after twenty minutes fiery speech, he too reached his peroration.

"As ye did before, so will ye do again. See that ye prove yourselves not unworthy of your ancestors. If the occasion arise, let the deeds of the past make strong your arms. So shall ye conquer, even as your fathers conquered, and let not the remembrance of that great deed be ever forgotten amongst you." So declaimed His Excellency and the smiling little Mr. Daddy followed him *ore rotundo*.

The Governor ceased speaking, wiped his glasses, and waited for the applause, which came in a great clapping of hands and a universal humming. He felt greatly pleased: there was no doubt that his little speech had been most successful. He felt that the delay to his progress had been justified.

"And now," he said, smiling and bowing to the king, "I and my staff must go. I trust the people will not forget what I have said."

"If you please, sah," said Mr. Daddy, "there is now a dance, and after

that all the guns will fire together. But as you are in a hurry the king will order all the guns to fire first, so that you may hear them before you go."

"On no account! On no account whatever!" said His Excellency. "I am quite satisfied with what I have seen. I will leave the people to finish their rejoicings. Come, gentlemen!" he said, turning to his staff, "if you are ready, we will be off. The heat is great, and we shall have to go back to our camp very slowly."

He was right. It was one o'clock, and the hottest part of the day. He already looked quite exhausted, and the Secretary, who shuddered as he surveyed the baking plain, approached him.

"Would you not like a small whiskey and soda, sir?" he said diffidently. "I know you object to taking anything in the daytime, but, seeing how exhausting the day was likely to be, I thought it wiser to bring something in case of need. It is in that box. It was fortunate I brought it, for the Chief Medical Officer nearly collapsed."

"Thank you," said His Excellency after a slight hesitation; "this is an exceptional occasion, and perhaps I——"

"Tell that carrier to bring that box here, Mr. Daddy, will you?" said the Secretary, "and be careful how he puts it down."

The man approached and lifted the box from his head gingerly, making a remark as he did so.

"This carrier says," explained Mr. Daddy genially, "that he is frightened. The box has twice shot at him, and each time it has poured water on his head."

"Bottles burst," said the Secretary, "and I don't wonder! I hope, sir, there are some left, and I haven't offered you something that I can't supply."

There was only one bottle of soda intact, which of course was quite hot. But after dipping it in the pool, the resultant mixture was enough to refresh His Excellency greatly, who, thanking his Secretary, walked towards his hammock, a short distance away.

"There is enough for a drink for each of us if we get some water from the river," said the Secretary. "Come on quickly! And there is one over. Here, Mr. Daddy, you've been doing all the work, would you like a drink, or are you a teetotaler?"

Mr. Daddy, who by reason of the heat and geniality shone as though he had been varnished, stretched out his hand, took the glass and swallowed the contents straight off without waiting to add any water to it.

"Mr. Daddy's not a teetotaler!" remarked the Inspector. "That was a stiff nip on a day like this!"

"I thank you, sah," said Mr. Daddy, handing back the glass. "That was salubrious."

"Come on, you two!" said the Chief Medical Officer. The Governor is saying good-bye to the king. He'll be off in a minute."

They joined His Excellency, who, having shaken the king warmly by the hand, was in the act of climbing into his hammock, when he suddenly stopped short.

"I wish to speak with the man who was sent by King Mensah," he said, "Mr. Daddy, kindly fetch him."

The interpreters ran cheerfully away, and quickly returned with the man in question. He was a grave and taciturn person, and took no notice of the people round him, but bowed low to the Governor.

"Be good enough to ask him, Mr. Daddy," said the Governor, "if his master is *very* ill that he was unable to attend this interesting ceremony to which I myself have come at a great personal inconvenience."

Mr. Daddy spoke volubly to the man, who replied at some length. Before he could translate, the king laid his hand on his shoulder, and checked him. There was a jabber of voices; then some of the elders came up and joined in what soon became a fierce dispute.

The Governor waited for a few minutes, and then lost his temper. "What is all this about?" he said angrily. "Do you hear me speaking, Mr. Daddy?"

"There is something wrong, sir," said the Secretary. "I don't believe the king will allow Mr. Daddy to interpret the man's answer."

The dispute grew louder and more angry. The Police Inspector called up the Governor's Hausa escort, and ordered them to keep an eye on the hammock-men. Then, entering the throng, he pulled Mr. Daddy out, and led him up to the Governor, who was now white with anger.

"Push the people back," said the Inspector to a couple of the Hausas, "and bring King Mensah's emissary here."

At length peace was restored, and the Governor and his party found themselves the center of a ring of curious faces.

"Now then, Mr. Daddy!" said the Governor, controlling his temper with an effort, "perhaps you will have the goodness to inform me what that man said in answer to my question."

Instead of replying, Mr. Daddy burst into a foolish and unseemly laugh. The whiskey he had just drunk had been more powerful than the liquor to which he was accustomed; his natural bonhomie was doubled, his awe of the Governor had faded. He laughed heartily.

"Ho! ho!" he chuckled, "this man's a fool. And the old king is a fool too. It does not matter what he says."

"Did you give this unfortunate man anything to drink?" said the Governor sharply, turning on the Secretary.

"There was just a little in the bottom of the bottle, sir," stammered the Secretary. "I had no idea it would affect him in this way. I—I——"

The Governor checked him with a gesture. "If you don't interpret properly," he said to Mr. Daddy, who was smiling amiably at him, "I shall take you with me to the coast, and you shall answer my questions there. What does this man say?"

Mr. Daddy was momentarily awed by the Governor's manner. "This man says, sah," he answered, "that his master is not ill at all."

"Not ill?" repeated His Excellency. "What do you mean?"

"Shall I tell you all about it?" remarked Mr. Daddy in a confidential tone. "It be this way. King Mensah, he never come to this custom. That makes this young king angry, for he likes to make a noise and have a big palaver."

"Go on!" said the Governor curtly. "What else?"

"That's all," said Mr. Daddy, suddenly checking himself.

"That is *not* all," said the Governor. "Ask the man why it is that his master does not attend the ceremony; unless you are able to tell me yourself. And be careful what you say."

"It's a great pity we did not bring our own interpreter," remarked the Chief Medical Officer.

"The fact is," said Mr. Daddy, dropping his hat, "the old King Mensah does not approve of killing the Ashantis. He is a silly old man."

The Governor stared at Mr. Daddy. "Not approve! What do you mean? Would he rather that the Ashantis had killed his own people? No doubt a great many of them *were* killed."

"Oh, no, sah. None of these people get killed," said Mr. Daddy.

An inspiration came to the Inspector.

"How did the people kill the Ashantis?" he asked suddenly.

Mr. Daddy looked at the Governor, then at the king, and then at the envoy who was still standing undisturbed and aloof. Then in a cheerful voice he said, "Poisoned 'em!"

For a moment there was a dead and awful silence. The Governor's eyebrows and beard positively bristled as he glared at the smiling little black man. The Police Inspector pulled his moustache, and the Chief Medical Officer looked steadily at the ground. The tension was broken by a chuckle from the Secretary, which he vainly tried to turn into a cough. But before the Governor could give vent to his feelings, Mr. Daddy, on whose bemused mind it dawned that His Excellency was not quite as appreciative of the humor of the business as he could have wished, began hurriedly to explain.

"It be this way, sah. When the Ashantis come against the people who live here and in King Mensah's town, a long time ago, the people know they get no chance. So they go to the river, and make that wide place so that the water stop there, and not run away, and put strong poison in. Then they all go home again, and go to sleep. When the Ashantis come along, they be very thirsty, and they drink and drink. Then they swell and run up and down, and go pop, and——"

"That's enough!" snapped His Excellency. "Be good enough to leave out the details of this ghastly affair."

"Ho! yes," said Mr. Daddy. "It was strong poison! When the people from the villages go back, they find the Ashantis lying all about. All swollen like——"

"*Will* you be quiet?" interrupted the infuriated Governor.

"Ho! yes, strong poison," chuckled Mr. Daddy. "Everything went off very well, sah. *Very* well! None of this people get hurt. Oh, dear me, no! Not one!"

"Even now," said the Governor in a suppressed voice, "I do not understand how it is that King Mensah will not attend this er—er—ceremony. I am glad you can treat this matter as a joke, Mr. Secretary," he said, turning a cold eye on the Secretary, who was trying to stifle his mirth.

"King Mensah not come because he be a silly old man," said Mr. Daddy loudly. "He say it not right to poison the water. It not fair fight. And so he won't come. And he send this man," and he pointed derisively at the envoy, "to make sacrifice to appease the ghosts of the people who were poisoned. Your Excellency see him cut the head off the cock? It all silly rubbish! But the old king will *have* to come now. He will be ashamed of himself, and all the people will laugh at him, and that will please this young king, who hate him. He can't stop away any more. Ho! no."

"And why not?" demanded the Governor.

Mr. Daddy, whom the hospitality of the Secretary, combined with the heat and excitement, had rendered reckless, laughed cheerfully. "Because this man will go back to his master and tell him that the Governor has been to the ceremony, and made fine speech, and say it is all right, a fine thing to have done, and we must do it again if we can. Ho! no, he can't stop away no more." And Mr. Daddy stopped and smiled affably.

The expression on the Governor's face was so alarming that the king and chiefs who had been watching and listening uneasily instinctively drew away. They had not understood what was being said, but it was clear that all was not well.

"And do you mean to tell me," said the Governor slowly, "that I, the Gov-

ernor of the Colony, the representative of the King of England, have been brought here at great personal inconvenience to give my sanction to an act of dastardly treachery? It is incredible! *Utterly* incredible!"

"That old king be an old fool," said Mr. Daddy confidentially. "This young king be right. I——"

"How dare you speak to me in that manner!" burst out the Governor, unable any longer to contain his wrath. "Bring King Mensah's envoy here, and don't you dare to interpret one word more or less than I say!"

Cowed for the moment, Mr. Daddy beckoned to the envoy, who approached and stood before the Governor.

"Now tell him, Mr. Daddy," said His Excellency, "that I, the Governor of the Colony, have a message to send his king."

Mr. Daddy spoke to the man, who bowed low. "I have told him that, sah," he said.

"Say to him, that he is to tell his master, that I, the Governor, have been brought here under entirely false pretences. Had I known the facts of the case, I should have taken the same attitude as he has done. And speak louder, that all may hear what I am saying."

That Mr. Daddy was translating truly was evident from the look of satisfaction on the face of the envoy, and dismay on the faces of the young king and his followers.

"I have told him, sah."

"Tell him that there are certain deeds that are not honorable and the use of poison is one of them. I am glad that King Mensah realizes that no decent man would be capable of resorting to such methods. That is all I have to say to him, but tell him to be careful to deliver my message truly. He may go now."

"The messenger thanks you, sah, and says he will take your words to his master," said Mr. Daddy, "and he will go at once."

"Let him go before any distorted version of this affair can get about," ordered the Governor. And with a bow the envoy departed.

"And now," said His Excellency, when the man had pushed through the throng and disappeared, "I have a few words to say to the young man who has put me in this position. Tell King Sackey to come here, Mr. Daddy."

"I am much struck with the intelligence of this man," murmured the Secretary to the Inspector of Police. The Governor fortunately did not hear him.

The king, still grasping his green silk umbrella, approached delicately. When within a few yards of the Governor, he met the cold gray eye, and saw the bristling white beard, his face blanched to a muddy yellow. He stopped short, shivered, and then throwing aside his green umbrella, turned and sped across the plain.

There was a pause of bewilderment, and then his people followed him hot-foot. Gun-men, townsfolk, band, all streamed after him. For one moment Mr. Daddy hesitated, then followed too. His Excellency was left alone with his own party and the four hammock-men, whom the foresight of the Inspector had prevented from fleeing.

"The king has the lead," cried the Secretary, peering from under his hand, "but the next man's running him pretty close. There's one down! Mr. Daddy, of course."

"Rather a turning of the tables," said the Chief Medical Officer. "Our arrival on the eve of this celebration gave that young king a chance of scoring off the old one. An opportunity his audacity took full advantage of. But

I fancy before long, he'll be sorry for himself."

"I disliked that young man at first sight," said the Secretary, "but his little scheme is blown upon. Thanks to the red box. Had it not been for that, Mr. Daddy would not have given the business away."

"No discussion, if you please, gentlemen!" said the Governor sharply. "I do not wish to hear any further remarks on the subject. We return at once to the camp. At six o'clock we shall begin our journey to the sea."

W. H. Adams.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE IRISH SOLDIER

People in this country have grown so accustomed to the part played by the Irish regiments in the modern history of the British Army that they have not quite realized the amazing fact that this is the first war in history in which the Irish soldier has fought as an Irishman on the same side as England. If one were writing the military history of the Irish people, one would have to describe a great many more battles in which the Irish fought against the English than those in which they have fought side by side with them. First, they fought for the independence of their country in Ireland itself: when this was no longer possible, after the triumph of King William III, they continued to fight against England in any country which would accept their services. The Wild Geese, as they were called, who sailed away with Sarsfield from the ruins of Limerick were perhaps the most noted and the most romantic soldiers of fortune who ever fought over the European battlefields of the eighteenth century. They distinguished themselves in France, in Spain, in Italy, and in Austria, and their fame is the best, if the most barren, part of their country's history during that time. If the Irish in Ireland thrilled in those days at the names of Blenheim, Ramillies, Cremona, Landen, and Fontenoy, it was because of the deeds accomplished there by Irishmen in the armies of European monarchs. Not that all Irishmen fought on the same side. After the Williamites had taken Limerick at the close of a resistance of splendid memories—Limerick, which James's French allies assured him could not withstand a bombardment with roasted apples—the Irish regiments were marched up to a banner with the instruction that those who were willing to enter the English army should at that point wheel to the right, while those who preferred to sail away into exile should wheel in the opposite direction. The great majority of the soldiers preferred exile to submission, but a number of them went under the English colors, with the result that practically every war in which England was engaged through the eighteenth century was a civil war so far as the Irish were concerned. But the soldiers who fought for France and other European countries felt that they were fighting for Ireland as the soldiers in the service of England did not. The latter were the real soldiers of fortune. The others were conscious, at least, of a sort of second-best patriotism. Sarsfield, when he was lying fatally wounded on the field of Landen, cried: "Oh, that this were for Ireland!"—a cry which has remained in the Irish

imagination as the dying words, real or supposed, of Nelson and Pitt have remained in the English imagination. But none the less, it was not without bitterness that the Irish soldiers in the service of France found themselves fighting again and again against their countrymen in the English ranks. Thus at Fontenoy, where the Irish soldiers turned the day against the English in such a way as to draw from George II (unless the story is only a myth) the exclamation: "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!" some of the soldiers in the Irish Brigade were found in tears after the battle. When they were asked why, having fought so nobly, they were now melancholy, they replied that what they had done they would do again, but "it was hard they should have to fight against their own countrymen, some of them even relatives." "To divert attention, therefore, from this sad episode," said the Irishman who described it, "the band were ordered to play up 'Patrick's Day,' when the men instantly started, shouted a 'Hurrah for old Ireland!' and were as alert and ready for a row as ever."

Nor does the broader-minded type of Englishman in those days seem to have resented the Irish practice of enlisting in the European armies. The Irish of the days of William and James were, as Macaulay says, detested as foreigners, but they were regarded apparently by many Englishmen as having, at least, the rights of foreigners. An Anglo-Irishman like Swift wrote to the Chevalier Wog an, famousfor his squiring of the Princess Maria Clementina; "I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves, by their valor and conduct, in so many parts of Europe I think, above all other nations." So true-blue an English Tory as Dr. Johnson enjoyed dining with Colonel Dromgold in Paris—"a very high man, sir, head of L'Ecole Militaire, a most complete character, for he had been first Professor of Rhetoric, and then became a soldier." This vindicator of the Irish at Fontenoy was also a friend of Burke, and he was praised by Lord Lyttelton in lines including this couplet:

Tho' now thy valor, to thy country lost,
Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's
host.

These Irish exiles, indeed, fought with courtesy as well as with courage—like Colonel O'Mahony, as he tried at Cremona to save the life of the Baron de Freiberg, who had sworn to "perish or crush the Irish." Freiberg, in the impetuosity of the charge, arrived in the ranks of the Irish, when O'Mahony, anxious to save the life of a brave enemy, rushed forward and caught his bridle, crying, "Good quarter for M. de Freiberg!" But we are told that the Austrian cried out in answer: "This is no day for clemency, only do your duty and I'll do mine!" and fought his way forward till he was shot. Thus the present war is by no means the first in which Irish soldiers have faced Germans, and we are told that an Irish air survives to commemorate that day, called *The Day We Beat the Germans at Cremona.* And so the record goes on till the days of the French Revolution and Napoleon, under whose banner Wolfe Tone and Miles Byrne, and many another famous Irishman, enlisted themselves. It was the Duke of Wellington who said of Wolfe Tone that he had come near being as fatal an enemy to England as Hannibal had been to Rome.

It is important that this background of Irish history should be remembered

by all who want to understand the spirit of the Irish soldier in the present war. We do not wish unduly to romanticise him. We may admit that he has entered the British Army in many cases through hunger, in many as the cheapest form of emigration and adventure, and for a host of other muddled reasons. But, so far as the present war is concerned, Irish soldiers are fighting as Irish patriots in a way in which they never fought before. They do not echo Sarsfield's cry, "Oh, that this were for Ireland!" Apparently, they take the view that, in defeating the Germans as at Cremona, they actually are fighting for Ireland. The chaplain of an Irish regiment, writing after the first battle of Ypres, described a dying soldier whom he attended. "His side was torn with shrapnel, and he lay in a pool of blood. After being attended to spiritually, he raised his hand and exclaimed, 'My life for old Ireland!'" Nor is this an isolated example of conscious Irish patriotism—patriotism which is always so much more self-conscious in tragic than in successful countries. It was not many weeks before the outbreak of the war that the Irish Guards were reprimanded for singing *God Save Ireland* as Mr. Redmond passed the barracks in Birdcage Walk. But they sang the same song—a song celebrating the three Fenians who were hanged at Manchester in 1867—as they charged the Germans at Mons. No doubt, they varied their music with "Early doors, this way" and the other comic audacities of the battlefield. But the evidence of the National spirit of the Irish troops in crisis after crisis of the present war, in addition to their gaiety, fidelity, and daring is overwhelming. One oddly rhetorical letter from the front from a Corporal in the Irish Guards shows how a flamboyant national spirit can coexist in the breast of an Irish soldier alongside an equally flamboyant Imperialism:

We are British soldiers, and proud of the name and proud to belong to the great British Empire, but in doing our duty for the glory and honor of the Empire we have always also in our minds to add, if we can, more lustre to the fair name of Erin. Our flag of green with the harp and shamrock and the words "Erin Go Bragh" is now faded and torn, but still loved and cherished. Talking about that dear old flag, I shall endeavor to describe how, at——, when the fate of the day seemed to waver in the balance, when the ruthless enemy by sheer weight of numbers was pressing onward at every point of vantage, that faded flag turned a threatened defeat into decisive victory. On our left were the Munsters, on our right the Leinsters and Connaught Rangers. All were hard pressed, and were about to retire, when suddenly from the firing line one of our comrades rushed out flourishing the old green flag and shouting "Erin Go Bragh." With the blood coursing fast through my veins, I watched with pride and admiration the marvellous effect produced by these simple words. With a mighty cheer that seemed to rend the heavens, and that rose and swelled even above the din of battle, those hard-pressed sons of Erin charged down on the advancing enemy with fixed bayonets. The Germans were completely staggered by this unexpected turn of events when victory seemed just within their grasp, but they were given little time for hesitation, for, to slightly alter the words of a well-known Irish ballad:

Like lions leaping at a fold,
When mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the German lines
Those Irish heroes sprang.

The Germans turned and fled in all directions, completely routed and wholly disorganized. Such was the

effect on the Irish Guards of the sight of their old green flag and the cry of "Erin Go Bragh":

This letter which we quote from Mr. James Milne's admirable compilation, *The War Stories of Private Thomas Atkins*, is exactly on a level with a letter recently published from an Irish Sergeant, a prisoner in Germany, describing the failure of the German attempt to persuade the Irish prisoners to enlist in a special Irish brigade. He said that his men in reply sang first "God Save the King," and then "A Nation Once Again"—another national song recalling the Sarsfields and the heroes of the Irish.

Of the courage of the Irish troops both in Gallipoli and in Flanders, though Mr. Redmond has complained that it has been insufficiently recognized at headquarters, it is almost superfluous to speak. Not that it is more wonderful than English or French or Scottish or German courage. But the courage of the various nations is probably different in kind. Mr. Valentine Williams, in his new book, *With Our Army in Flanders*, writes: "The British soldiers' indifference to danger, while it is one of his finest qualities, is often the despair of his officers. The Irish regiments are the worst. Their recklessness is proverbial." And the daring of the Irish (10th) Division at Gallipoli has been as notable. Captain Thornhill, of the New Zealand forces, has borne witness to it in a letter to an Irishman:

Your Irish fellows are the talk of the whole army. To me the last few weeks have been one long nightmare. . . But I must make you wise in regard to the doings of the Irish. Most of them, I believe, are "freshies." The Empire can do with a heap more "freshies" of the Irish brand. Their landing at Suvla Bay was the greatest thing that you will ever read of in books by highbrows. Those who witnessed the advance will never forget it. Bullets and shrapnel rained on 'em, yet they never wavered. Officers got it here, there, everywhere, but the men never wavered. . . . God! the men were splendid. The way they took the hill (now called Dublin Hill) was the kind of thing that would make you pinch yourself to prove it wasn't a cheap wine aftermath. How they got there heaven only knows. As the land lay, climbing into hell on an aeroplane seemed an easier proposition than taking that hill.

And, if the legend of Irish daredevilry has not been destroyed by the war, neither has the legend of the Irish bull. Irishmen, as is well known, make bulls as a rule not unconsciously, but deliberately, and a soldier's letter quoted by Mr. Milne contains an amusing specimen:

Pat Ryan, of the Connaught Rangers, thought he ought to do something to celebrate his birthday, which fell on Friday week. Without telling a soul he went out of the trenches in the afternoon, and came back after dusk with two big Germans in tow. How or where he got them nobody knows. The captain asked how he managed to catch the two. "Sure and I surrounded them, sorr," was the answer.

But this side of the human nature of the Irishman is never in danger of being overlooked. Perhaps, even the human nature of the Irishman as a patriot—which used to be derisively written "pathriot"—is in less danger of being overlooked now than at any time in history. Still, Mr. Redmond's last speech in the House of Commons contained a warning against this happening. We hope it will be heeded.

THE INGRATITUDE OF PRIVATE WILLOCKS

SCENE.—*Behind the firing line somewhere near "Wipers." Various Tommies scattered about in picturesque attitudes.*

Enter Private Bert Willocks, *late wounded, now returned to the front.*

Chorus. "Ooray!" "'Ere we are again!" "Our Bertie!" "Room for the wounded 'ero!" etc., etc.

Private Greens. An' w'ere 'ave you bin, eh?

Private Willocks (*a trifle embarrassed*). Oh, well, tell ye the truth, I bin down at the Countess's for a bit.

[*Derisive and profane chorus.*]

Private Greens (*truculently*). Wot Countess?

Private Willocks. Countess o' Sandown. Nice place down Sa'sbury way.

Private Greens (*struggling to cram a patent tobacco cartridge into an undersized clay pipe*). Wot was you doin' there?

Private Willocks (*with an attempt at bravado*). Wot would I be doin', Vegetable? Con-vale-escin'.

Private Greens (*objectionably*). Convalescin', was you? Strike me pink, an' what had yer folks done, eh?

Private Mule (*Company humorist*). Oh, come orf it, Cabbage: you're be-'ind the times, you are. Ain't you never 'eard o' our Bert's family, eh? Long-lost heir maskyradin' as a privit . . . romance of the trenches. Wot?

Private Willocks (*uneasily*). Cheese it, Moke. It wasn't none o' my doin'. (*Darkly*) They come for me—to th' 'orspital.

Private Greens. They must 'a' bin 'ard up. Wasn't there no orf'cers 'andy?

Private Mule. They thought as 'e *was* a orf'cer. W'en they sees 'is moustache they says—

Private Willocks (*roused by sore subject*). 'Ere, that'll do. Wot d'ye all want to start on a chap for? I can't 'elp 'avin bin at a bloomin Countess's, can I?

Corporal Jebb. Well, never mind about the Countess. 'Ow did ye find old Ginger an' the girls?

Private Willocks. Well, tell ye the truth, didn't 'appen t' see Ginger, some'ow.

Corporal Jebb, Private Greens and Mule, ensemble. Wot!

Private Willocks. Well, wot abaht it, eh?

Private Greens. Nor yet the girls neither, I suppose?

Private Willocks (*still trying to carry it off*). Neither I did. Leastways—(*gives way*). Look 'ere, boys, don't be 'ard on a chap. I'll tell ye 'ow it was—strite. We was goin' along in the motor (*attempted interruption by* Private Mule *suppressed*), bein' taken from th' 'orspital like, an' I looks up sudden like, an' there was Liza standin' on the pavement wavin' 'er 'and. "'I, Bert," says she, "arf a mo'." An' Lady Eva Blessingham, she was at the wheel, an' she turns an' says, "That an admirer o' yours?" an' I couldn't say nothin' for a 'alf-mile or so, seein' Liza suddenlike like that. An' at last I says, "Yes, Miss," says I, "that's a fair peach, that is—that's a bit o' all right"; an' next minute I could ha' bitten my tongue orf. "Oh, re-ally," says she like that, nice and agreeable. Rotten it was o' me givin' things away.

Private Greens (*after a brief silence*). Then I don't suppose ye saw Mrs. 'Ookey, neither?

Private Willocks (*irritably*). Course I didn't. I tell ye I saw none o' 'em. 'Ow could I see Mrs. 'Ookey, me bein' at Sa'sbury?

Private Greens. 'Ookey'll love yer. Wot abaht them messages 'e gives yer? "You give 'er them words exact," sez 'e, "or I'll show yer whether I'm a sergeant or not."

Private Mule (*with humorous intonation*). And 'e will.

Corporal Jebb. Willix not bein' a married man, 'e don't understand them things. Wot's on at the 'alls, anyway, Bert;

Private Willocks (*gloomily*). Didn't see no 'alls.

Corporal Jebb. My 'at. Pore beggar! Wot did ye do, then?

Private Mule. 'E goes out motorin' with Lady Eva, an' 'e says—

Private Willocks. You're askin' for trouble, you are. (*Impressively*) We 'ad Greeshyan dances.

[*The derisive and profane chorus is repeated.*]

Private Willocks. You can laugh if yer like. You don't know nothin'. Very pretty it was.

Corporal Jebb. Did the Countess do 'em, Bert?

Private Willocks. Not the Countess—she didn't. But the Lady Eva an' all 'er lot.

Private Greens. Rather see Mah-ree Lloyd meself. But there's no accountin'.

Private Willocks. An' there was a little kid come there. Only five she was. The 'Ighgate Wonder, they called 'er. She sang "Tipperary" dressed up in the Union Jack.

Corporal Jebb (*shuddering slightly*). Should ha' thought ye'd 'ave liked a change. Mule 'ere, 'e's about fed me up with "Tipperary." 'Adn't they nothin' new?

Private Willocks (*reminiscently*). There was garden parties. Tea an' cikes. All very well for them as 'as the gift for it, but I didn't seem to catch on to it proper some'ow. Kept droppin' things abaht, I did.

Corporal Jebb. Did they do you well?

Private Willocks. Top 'ole and don't you make no mistake abaht that. Wot with myonise an' cave-ier an'—

Private Greens. 'Ere, stow it. We don't want that kind o' talk 'ere.

Private Willocks. All right, Cabbage; thought that might fetch yer. We 'ad music at the garden parties.

Private Greens. Wot kind o' music?

Private Willocks. 'Arps an'—an'—well, 'arps.

Private Mule. Jews' 'arps or Welsh 'arps, Bertie?

Private Willocks. You don't know nothin'. (*With some lack of conviction*) That was good music, that was.

Private Greens (*moodily returning to the charge*). But d'ye mean to say as yer didn't see no one at all? Wot a time! Wot did yer talk abaht?

Private Willocks. Oh, that was all right. They was thunderin' kind to talk to. There wasn't no manner o' difficulty there. Though o' course (*a shade regretfully*) it wasn't quite like bein' with our own lot.

Private Greens (*with disagreeable emphasis*). I should bloomin' well think *not.*

Corporal Jebb (*reaching out for his mouth-organ*). You there, it fair makes me sick to 'ear yer. 'Ere's these folks goes and puts themselves abaht to be kind to yer, doin' everything in 'uman power to give yer a good time, an' 'ere's you, and wot do *you* do? Grouse, grouse, grouse for yer low 'aunts an' yer old vulgar 'abits. Yer make me, tired. (*He begins to play with much feeling "The Swanee River."*)

Private Greens (*for the first time with genuine enthusiasm*). 'Ere's 'Ookey.

Private Willocks (*nervously*). Well, cheer-o, boys; I'll see you again.—*Exit.*

Corporal Jebb (*pausing in his melody*). Grouse, grouse, grouse! Low-minded,

that's what I calls yer. Not but what there's some sense, Greens, in wot you was sayin'. But Willocks—'e's ungrateful.

Punch.

AMERICA'S INTERNAL TROUBLES

We who know America intimately—not as mere visitors, but as residents of long standing and in many States—often despair of conveying to British readers the true attitude of the United States in this tremendous conflict. For preconceived ideas linger obstinately, even among intelligent observers. "I shall never forget," says Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., "the surprise and pain with which I discovered, on my first visit to America years ago, that the people of the United States are not British." Mr. Snowden would be still more pained if he could see the history-books of young America, with their pictures of "red-coats" running away with vengeful Yankee bayonets in their backs; or the vivid geographies, which show the relative size of nations by pasting Britain in a corner of the map of Texas. The plain truth is that America has no love for any of us Europeans—our institutions, ideals, jealousies, and castes. "We came over to escape kings," is the immigrant's plea; and so hateful is militarism to these people that the Song of the Pacifist is just now a national anthem, sympathy with the Allies notwithstanding.

> There'd be no war today
> If mothers all would say
> "I didn't raise my son to be a soldier!"

Hence the "absolute neutrality" to which ex-Ambassador Joseph H. Choate tells us the greatest of neutrals is pledged. Poets like William Watson may rebuke America for not rushing to defend her "noble mother," but the "craven daughter" is well content to be out of the fray, and by no means blind to he profit accruing, now and hereafter. The nation is, in fact, determined to resist any embroilment in what it regards as a purely European quarrel. "At least one Power should stay out of it," says that remarkable sociologist, Miss Jane Addams of Chicago. "We shall need a sheet-anchor for the steadying of Christendom after the conflict." Miss Addams may be called America's foremost "stateswoman." "If she were a man," President Roosevelt declared, "I'd have her in my Cabinet." Mr. John Burns is another of her intellectual admirers. This lady was elected President of the International Congress of Women at The Hague, and I incline to accept her view as that of America in the mass—especially of America's women, who wield a political influence unknown over here.

"But," I shall be asked, "is this the America which in 1895 was on the very verge of war with us over the shadowy boundary of Venezuela?" No! I reply—not the same America at all, but a full-grown nation, greatly sobered, conscious of military weakness by land and sea, and so entirely averse from war that the murderous anarchy in Mexico, at its very door, has not been held to justify intervention. American citizens have there been murdered, or captured and held for ransom. The Stars and Stripes have been trodden under foot; American industries and

property worth hundreds of millions of dollars ruthlessly destroyed. But to all appeal from her nationals in Mexico, America has in effect replied that her flat does not cross the Rio Grande.

Mexican dictators have flouted Washington—torn up treaties, ignored remonstrance, and insulted special envoys. Still the United States has held its hand, and the American people approved this policy. "Let 'em stew in their own juice," is the general verdict. "Wilson does well to keep the peace." My point is that, with bloody anarchy close at home and nineteen other republics looking on with cynical interest, America refused to intervene in the desperate triangular duel between Carranza, Zapata, and Villa, with its ever-growing rapine, pestilence, massacre, and starvation. The recent recognition of a successful tyrant is a mere lull in a storm of which no man can foresee the end. "While I am President," Dr. Wilson declared, "nobody shall interfere in Mexican affairs." This is the new America.

Speaking of Cleveland's policy in the Venezuela dispute, Professor W. A. Dunning, of Columbia University, says that it "announced to the world with seismic suddenness and shock that the American democracy was of age." It has learned a good deal since, however. Twenty years ago the United States would scarcely have negotiated over the *Lusitania* crime, and those which have succeeded it. Washington would never have been content with Notes, whether minatory or polite, with its demands ignored, its request for guarantees rejected. The old belligerency is dead; let there be no mistake about this, nor the causes of it. And however anxious and perplexed it may be, the American Government seeks the way of ultimate peace, well knowing that its people will have it so. Remember always that the Press of New York is not America's real voice; nor do the intellectual elite, like Dr. Eliot of Harvard, interpret the masses of a continent so huge and so aloof from European influence. By "America" I mean the Kansas farmer, the Nebraska stockman, the cotton-planters of Texas and Mississippi. "Keep out!" is the warning note of these. Not alone for material reasons, but also through idealism and sentiment. A nation which has for a hundred years succeeded in limiting armaments by agreement on a frontier of 3,000 miles cannot conceive why European Powers, who vaunt their superior culture, have not yet attained a like level of commonsense.

Secret diplomacy, competitive armaments, universal conscription, and dynastic drift—all these loom in the American mind as permanent pitfalls of mutual destruction, leading sooner or later to the present reckless venture —the "Weltmacht oder Niedergang" —"Empire or downfall"—upon which Germany has embarked. Sympathy may lie this way or that, but—"Keep out of the war at any cost!" A notable advocate of this spirit is Mr. W. R. Hearst, whose chain of widely read newspapers extends from New York to Chicago, and thence to the Pacific Slope. The influence of these papers is not to be discounted by contemptuous reference to the "Yellow Press." "Why should an American citizen," asks ex-State Secretary Bryan, "be permitted to involve his country in war by traveling in a belligerent ship which he knows must pass through a dangerous zone?" Millions of Americans support this protest, having a lively horror of foreign entanglements, even those so intimately bound up with their own national policy as Cuba, Hawaii, and the Philippines. America's shrink ng from war on principle is a sentiment which it is impos-

sible to over-emphasize. Speaking of the hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States, President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, says: "If differences of temperament, of ambition, and of interest such as these can be settled without armed conflict . . . surely there is no limit to what may be hoped for in the century to come." This is the true spirit of America.

And despite all appearances to the contrary; despite the severe tone of Dr. Wilson's Notes, the rattling of Mr. Roosevelt's sword, and the scathing strictures of leading newspapers, the American people of today shudder at the bare idea of war, and wish at all costs to avoid it. Unless this be borne in mind, the whole clue to the situation is lost. Lofty, if impractical, idealism, such as Mr. Bryan stands for; remoteness from Europe, the vast area of their country, great wealth, and an unprecedented mixture of races—these are some of the factors which make America dread being involved in this war, or even facing military preparation by land and sea, such as certain statesmen advocate. The nation contains at least ten million Germans, of whom two millions are males of military age. In all these the spirit of German nationalism flames disconcertingly, as recent revelations have shown. The Western cities alone contributed to the German-American warchest the enormous sum of £12,000,000, divided as follows: Chicago, £6,000,000; St. Louis, £3,000,000; and Milwaukee, Denver, and San Francisco, £1,000,000 each.

The German-American Archbishops of Cincinnati and Milwaukee, and the Bishop of Toledo, Ohio, appealed to the Pope, urging the intervention of the Holy See to prevent the war spreading to America. Then the amazing revelations of the *World* newspaper show millions of Secret Service money lavished to stir up trouble in labor and political spheres. "Correspondence in our possession," says the *World*, "reveals unmistakably that leading officials of the German Government had a hand in ventures not alone against enemies, but also against the laws of the United States. The most surprising fact in this connection is that no less a personage than the Imperial Chancellor himself, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, actually participated from Berlin in these secret undertakings." An important feature of this daring program was an elaborate scheme to control and influence the American Press, finance lecturers, and publish books, "for the sole purpose of fomenting internal discord among American people for the advantage of the German Empire." Gradually the vast extent of the German propaganda dawned. Washington instructed Mr. Gerard, the U. S. Ambassador in Berlin, to inquire into the scandal of forged American passports found on German spies.

Mr. Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, charged German agitators with trying to prevent the shipment of munitions to the Allies. "Such efforts," Mr. Gompers promised, "will in future be watched, guarded against, ferreted out, and reported." A campaign of dynamite and threatening letters has already begun; and our own Embassy in Washington lodged a protest against the activity of German agents, both in the United States and in Canada. President Wilson himself is just now guarded night and day, for fear some fanatic might attempt his life, as Erich Munter did Mr. Pierpont Morgan's. The White House squad, under Superintendent Murphy, has enlisted extra guards, and Mr. Flynn, Chief of the Secret Service, is

taking extraordinary precautions for the protection of the President. Day and night the saloons and grounds of the Executive Mansion are patroled, as also those of Dr. Wilson's summer home at Cornish, N. H. It is now realized that all the innumerable German social bodies are organized and directed to a definite political end—singing societies, bowling clubs, rifle associations, veteran unions, editorial meetings, Lutheran congregations, and gymnastic gatherings.

Today German-America seethes with "Nationalism," and the wealth and influence of the German are realized with something like dismay. For example, note the names of the "Film Kings"—Charles O. Baumann, Carl Laemmie, L. J. Selznick, Siegmund Lubin, Ad. Zukor, and R. Freuler. On the Stock Exchange, in business, banking, mining and politics the German element predominates. There is also a huge Italian element. No wonder Miss Jane Addams viewed with alarm the idea of America's joining the Allies as a belligerent. "Such a thing," declared America's foremost 'stateswoman,' would plunge America into civil war."

To such internal troubles as the constructional failure of the Panama Canal I can only refer in passing. Here is a matter of enormous moment which the world-war has eclipsed. The ever-present "color question," with its constitutional anomalies; the clash of inter-State laws, the Japanese "invasion" of the Pacific Coast, and Congressionsl intrigue on behalf of oil and cotton interests—mere mention of these may convey some faint idea of Dr. Wilson's ordeal as pilot of the great neutral in the greatest of storms.

And, strangest of all, his Administration is preparing vast naval and military programs! If "Keep Out" is America's watchword, "Get Ready" is the policy of the State Department in Washington. The great peace may well find the United States a formidable military Power.

Ignatius Phayre.

The Outlook.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"Heart of Gold" is the title of the third volume of the "Peace Greenfield" books by Ruth Alberta Brown. The story, however, is complete in itself. Peace Greenfield, an exceedingly vivacious and active little girl, has a fall which cripples her, it is feared, for life. She is a very human child and is reconciled to her fate only by degrees. Without becoming in the least prudish or saintly, she does, finally, learn to adapt herself to circumstances and makes happiness for other people as well. The book is brimful of bright sayings and good cheer. It is also written in good measure, being long enough to satisfy the most exacting of small readers who can never learn too much about a favorite hero or heroine. Grown-up readers who remain children at heart will delight in the naturalness and humor of the story. The Saalfield Publishing Company.

Frederick Palmer, selected by Lord Kitchener as the only American war correspondent to go to British Headquarters in France, and for a long time the only American correspondent permitted to visit the British lines, has recorded his experiences in "My Year of the Great War." The spirit of the book is enough to satisfy the most ardent of English sympathizers, and one must be

preternaturally neutral to maintain that attitude in the face of his contagious enthusiasm. At the beginning of the book a great deal is told about the French army, emphasizing the sturdy spirit of that nation which the world at large did not recognize before the war, and describing the fighting in Alsace and Lorraine. The author's experiences in the British trenches are told in a graphic, entertaining manner, and no matter how many other accounts of trench life one may have read, this one cannot be passed over. It is in his description of the English Navy, however, that the author makes the greatest impression, painting the fleet so vividly for his readers that one seems to have seen rather than read about it. Many books have been written about the war from every possible angle, but none by anyone with a greater capacity for getting into the very spirit of what he is observing than Frederick Palmer. His vigor, his fairmindedness, and his power to express himself give whatever he wishes to say a unique interest and value. Dodd, Mead and Co.

"The Old Order Changeth," by Archibald Marshall, is a new and unusual treatment of an old and common theme,—the value of money. The story is English, but Armitage Brown, the self-made multi-millionaire, is almost typically American in his self-sufficiency and belief that money can buy anything. The book opens at the point in his career where he has climbed from poor man to rich, from socially unknown to socially well-known, money so far having purchased all that he desired. He begins unconsciously to chafe against the narrowness of mere money getting; he wishes to find pleasure in something else. For an enormous sum he buys an old landed estate. In the contact thus brought about between the old order of the English country gentleman and the new-rich business man, Armitage Brown finds that while money is a wonderful power it will not buy what he wants nor what his children want, and that however hard he may try, the man who has spent his best years in amassing wealth can never learn how to play. The story closes with England's declaration of war, and the clear exposition of one of its wonderful effects, the leveling of all class, money, and social distinctions. "The Old Order Changeth," is a most interesting, well-thought out, well-written story, with a distinct charm of style. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Three Episodes in the life of Cesare Borgia are related in "The Banner of the Bull," by Rafael Sabatini, and striking episodes they are, each one showing the doughty Cesare, as brave, as ruthless and as vicious as popular opinion insists upon making him, in spite of somewhat hardy apologists of his family. Lucrezia was the first to be white-washed in spite of various operas and novels; then somebody discovered that Alexander Sixth was a Roman patriot slandered by certain cities and duchies, and especially the Republic of Venice, because he had shrewdly outwitted them in diplomacy. Then the beautiful story of Saint Francesco Borgia was carefully written by an able pen, but nevertheless infamy clung to the name, and "The Banner of the Bull" will heighten it. In the first episode "The Urbinian," Cesare measures his mind against that of Hermes Trismegitus, who pays for the pleasure of the test with his tongue and his right hand. The lovers of the story escape unharmed, because Cesare sees that it is for his interest that they should go unscathed. In "The Perugian," a

woman outwits him, and actually frightens him by a brilliant lie; in the third, he compasses the murder of the Venetian envoy by a wondrous bit of strategy carried out with the finest skill. In all, he is courteous and specious, and always does the unexpected. Setting aside the question of historical accuracy, those who love a thorough-going scoundrel in a novel will find him in "The Banner of the Bull," and they will re-read the author's earlier novels and seek his "Life" of Prince Cesare in order to learn how much of this latest volume is to be accepted seriously. J. B. Lippincott Co.

It is a whimsical fancy which furnishes the motive for Abbie Farwell Brown's "Kisington Town" (Houghton Mifflin Co.)—that of a fierce king, Red Rex, who is beguiled from the siege and contemplated destruction of a town by the stories which the boy Harold, commissioned for that purpose by the distressed townspeople, reads aloud to him. But the stories are prettily told and will divert the quite-young readers for whom they are intended, quite as effectually as if Red Kings were in fact made of such stuff as to be swerved from their sanguinary intentions by such simple strategy. There are five full-page illustrations, one of them in colors, from drawings by Ruby Winckler.

Everett T. Tomlinson, who has already told for boy readers not less than a dozen stories of the Revolution, all of them stirring tales yet based on historic fact, is now engaged upon a similar series relating to the Civil War. Beginning with "The Young Sharpshooter," followed by "The Young Sharpshooter of Antietam," he now, in the third volume of the series "Prisoners of War" carries his heroes through a succession of daring adventures within the enemy's lines, which end in a long imprisonment at Andersonville. Like its predecessors, the story is well told and full of exciting incidents; and boy readers who follow it will obtain a pretty clear idea of what occurred during the Civil War between Antietam and Appomattox. Mr. Tomlinson does not manufacture his incidents; they are veritable occurrences drawn from records of the period, but woven together in a story of absorbing interest. There are four illustrations from drawings by Harold J. Cue. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mrs. Florence Hobart Perin's "Sunlit Days" (Little, Brown & Co.) is a little volume of selections—a quotation and a prayer for each day in the year—intended for cheer and comfort, and well calculated to lift the thoughts of whoever may use it, for a moment at least, from the things seen to the things unseen. The range of selections is a wide one, but they are all in accord with the happily-chosen title.

"Don't Worry," Dr. George L. Walton, pegs along through another book fully as delightful and calls it "Peg Along." The general thesis is very much that of the former volume, and consists of a good natured sermon against fretting, anxiety, fear, martyrism, over-insistence ending with a parody of fussy women called "The Hypochondriacal Dredger." This last chapter is perhaps the most humorous in the book and the manner in which Fussy, the Dredger, takes up feminine worryings, asking at the start "Is my smoke-stack on straight?" ought to laugh peace right into the soul of more than one of the Doctor's women pa-

tients. The counsel given is always wise and sane, the author poking fun at himself fully as often as at the women he has badgered into health; but the real charm of the book lies in the rare literary touch of the skilled hand, a touch colloquial, almost slangy (quite slangy on more than one occasion) and the apt quotations scattered through the pages. Quotation is a rare art and the Doctor has few peers in it. J. B. Lippincott Co.

For a long time there has been a complaint among writers of plays that no adequate book of instructions was in existence. Several years ago Miss Fanny Cannon, a dramatic critic, published a series of articles on the subject which immediately commanded a wide reading. These she has now enlarged and gathered into a book with the title "Writing and Selling a Play." Miss Cannon's title flings her book before the mind's eye; for it is business-like from cover to cover. It is a text-book, a talk to the ignorant by an experienced teacher. Miss Cannon knows her subject and she hopes to drill the information she has gathered into the head of the pupil. Its simple earnestness and directness, as well as its essential clarity and wisdom, make this a notable volume. The author deals with the subject with thoroughness, taking up the author, the play itself, the parts of the play, the actor, the writing of the manuscript, the selling of the production. At the end she carefully analyzes one simple and direct drama, "The Nigger," and one subtle study of a soul, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Henry Holt & Co.

"The Later Life," is the second of the "Books of the Small Souls," written by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. It continues the fortunes and development of the characters introduced in the first book, "Small Souls." In his ability to get directly at life itself, to create living human beings instead of puppets and figureheads, this Dutch writer ranks among the foremost novelists. The real climaxes of the book are those of the soul; events which have the outward semblance of great turning points are shown in their pettiness compared with the drama which is taking place in the inner life. With no apparent charm of style, with no call upon the sympathies, in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner, the book finally holds the reader as with an irresistible force, and makes the speedy appearance of the other two books which will complete the chronicles of these "small souls" seem absolutely imperative. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Steps Unto Heaven" are gently taken by the earnest Christian under the guidance of N. C. Carpenter and in the course of fourteen sermons. The topics are "Steps Unto Heaven," "Whose Son is He," "God and the Sinner," "The Home of the Soul," "The New Testament Gospel," "The Greater Works," "Risen or Stolen—Which?" "The Awakening Soul," "The Soul's Physician," "The Pre-eminence of Our Saviour," "The Way of God," "The Prodigal Son," "The Precious Name." The preacher declares in his preface his intention to emphasize his belief that "Every Christian ought to be a zealous student of the Word of God." By this he means that the student must know the text of the Scriptures, accept rather literally its exact statements, and must go for all argument on religious controversies only and always to The Word. Sherman, French & Co.

THE ROLE OF A SQUAW --- SOME REFLECTIONS BY AN AMERICAN

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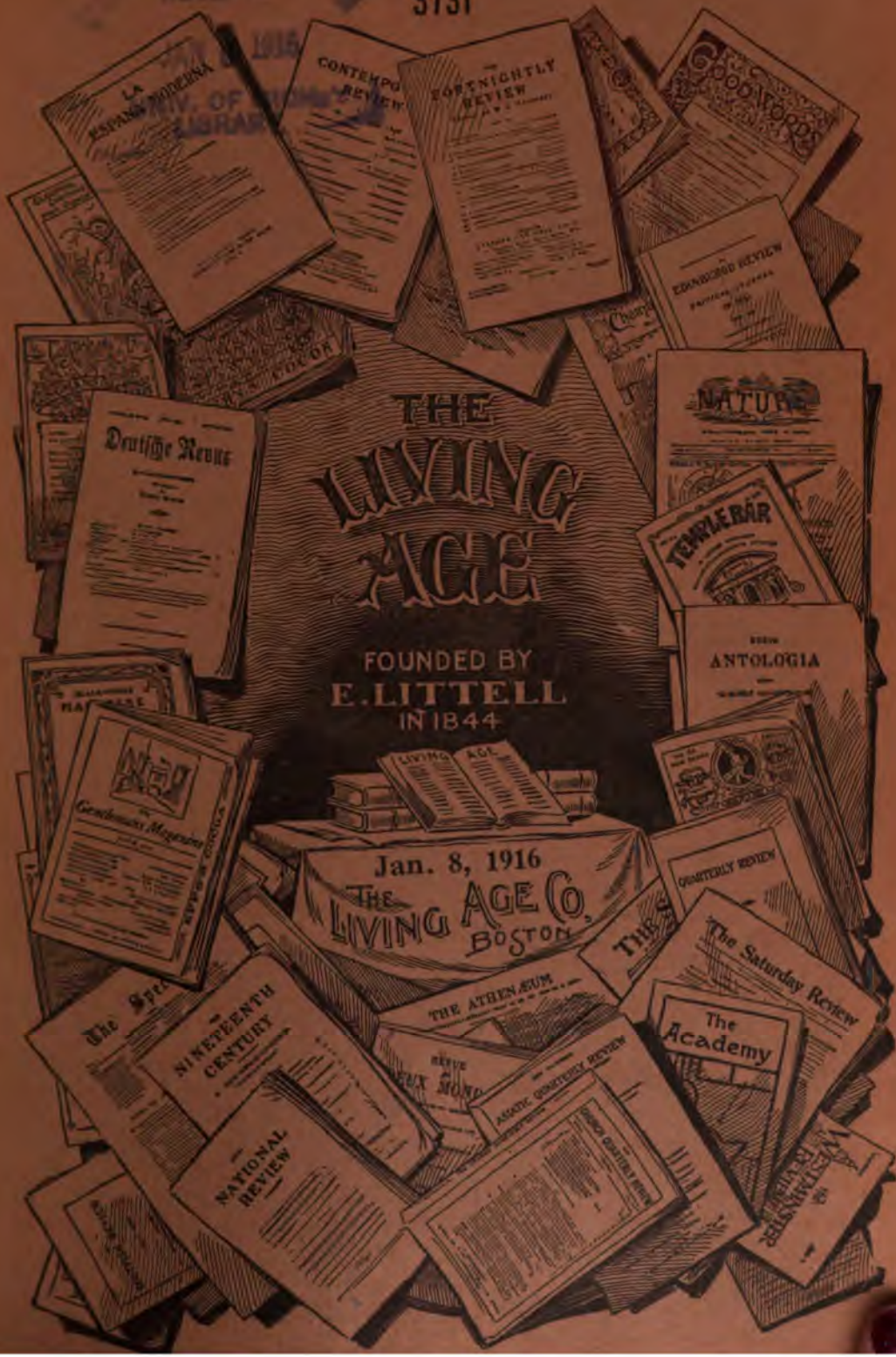

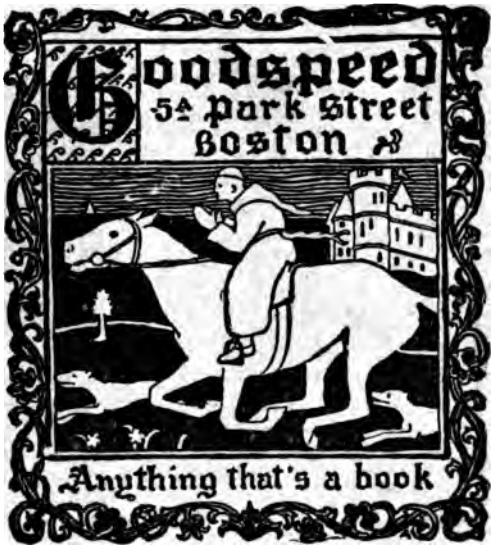

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THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

Standing upon the threshold of the grave
I feel I have become myself at last;
No kinsman of the Philistine or slave
Nor with Time's fools or servers to be classed;
Grown fearless now alike of life and death
Fate's most malicious shafts I can defy,
For now I breathe an air that seems the breath
Of wide pure seas or mountains clear and high:
From all that would enslave me I am free,
And even my own fierce passions have subdued:
In their true worth or worthlessness I see
The toys that please the giddy multitude:
Let who will slight or scorn me, none shall say
That life or death my spirit could dismay.

Bertram Dobell.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

Friend, when the golden years of life have run
Their careless course through Time's unconscious glass,
Like happy winds whose wings perturb the grass
In fairy dells, enamoured of the sun;
When the wild magic of the prime is gone
And Youth's bright dreams with Youth itself shall pass
Like withered leaves whose vaguely-drifted mass
Tells of the dazzling glory that is flown:

Still shall the mem'ry of those cherished days
Burn in our hearts beyond the whims of chance;
Still shall we seek the old enchanted ways
Our boyhood knew, and our mind's eye behold
Once more the sunlit Isles of Old Romance,
And all the marvels of the Age of Gold!

Hugh A. MacCartan.

The New Witness.

GOING WEST.

When I take my rest,
And my breath flickers out on a windy night,
Like a wavering moth in the pale moonlight;
When my soul goes west.

I will hie me away
To a Sussex lane where the shade lies deep,
Where the harebells droop and the woodbines sleep
In the hot noonday;

To a Sussex wood
Where the pine trees whispering overhead
Their secrets tell to the lonely dead
In pensive mood.

From there I will pass
Where the heather climbs the steep of the Down,
And stains in stretches of purple and brown
The short grey grass.

And thence I will fly
To a windy hill where the breeze blows free
Over thyme-scented turf from the distant sea
In a long, long sigh.

Grant me this grace,
O God of heather and wind and sky—
Pity my soul and let it fly
For a little space

Through the sun and the rain,
Back to the land it loved so well,
Till it turn at sound of the passing bell
To Thee again.

E. M. Wilmot Buxton.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE ROLE OF THE SQUAW.

SOME REFLECTIONS BY AN AMERICAN.

I would that all neutral nations [says Sir Oliver Lodge, in his noble and inspiring book on the War], or at any rate so great and powerful a nation as America, could have seen their way to express their feelings in similarly forcible language when international law and the dictates of common humanity were grossly violated, and could have taken honorable action accordingly. . . . Apart from financial considerations, how the American citizen would rejoice to see the Stars and Stripes once more arrayed on the side of freedom and honor, and in defense of truth and justice and right! . . . The policy of abstention, and apparently bland acceptance not only of breaches of international law, but of crimes against humanity until some national affront is offered which cannot be ignored, will be felt hereafter a disgrace. . . . The Master was not one to wash His hands and excuse Himself from intervention when the innocent was unjustly accused, or when confronted with the powers of Satan. No, the typical pacifist was Pilate!

This is a stinging indictment to bring against the greatest Republic the world has ever seen, a vast democratic State avowedly founded on moral and spiritual principles, on justice and honor and humanity. But many of us, here in America, feel that the indictment is just; that the attitude maintained, and the policy followed, by the Government of the United States, though plausible, have been dishonorable and unworthy; that the United States is condemned, for long periods to come, to a position of moral and spiritual inferiority in the councils of the nations. It is not too much to say that, in the higher view, in the quiet light of eternal things, we have, as a State, been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and our future part in the history of mankind will suffer thereby; will suffer the humiliating diminution of those who "through *cowardice* have made the great betrayal."

Yet, on the other hand, it cannot be doubted that all that is best and most virile in the United States is, and has been from the very beginning of the War, heartily on the side of the Entente Powers, heartily on the side of England and France and Russia, and, later, of Italy. And this cordial sympathy and approval has run through all classes, all nationalities, in the United States. Let us begin with the elements supposed to be most unfavorable to the Allies, most favorable to Germany and Austria-Hungary; the so-called German-American and Irish-American elements.

One of the peculiarities of the United States, and not of one section or division of the country, but of all, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific, from the Canadian to the Mexican boundary, is the extraordinary variety of its population, a patchwork of blood and race rather than of language, for all, and especially all the children, very rapidly pick up English. In any city, in any of the little, semi-rural towns laid out on the ground plan of a chess-board, which are so characteristic of this country, one may find representatives of a dozen nations, visibly different in face and features, yet daily coming closer together in tongue and habits of life; one can come into friendly touch with them, for the barriers of restraint and reticence have almost no existence here, and so one can form a just and living view of that extraordinary composite of thought which makes up American opinion. I am writing in one of these

little semi-rural communities, a "borough" of two or three thousand inhabitants, and I can easily count, among the people I meet and talk to every day, besides those of English, Scotch, and Irish birth, people from France, Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria, Poland, Finland, Norway, Sweden, and so forth, besides two or three Asiatic nationalities, Jews, Armenians, Syrians, all of whom are, or may become American citizens, and also Chinese and Japanese, who are—some of us think unjustly—debarred from that privilege. This little "borough," which happens to be within a dozen miles of the center of New York, is, nevertheless, characteristic of pretty nearly the whole country, from east to west, from north to south. The element of admixture varies, but it is always there. Here, therefore, in so small a village, where everyone knows and greets everyone else, one has the opportunity, daily and hourly, to learn all shades of opinion. People speak very openly about everything that interests them. And they have spoken very openly about the War.

The greatest and most complete surprise, then, in this very free exchange of opinion, has been the practical unanimity with which those of German descent, born in this country—and many of those born in Germany also—have come out openly, determinedly, enthusiastically, even passionately—on the side of the Allies, and this, not from any mere subservience or acquiescence in the general feeling, but from conviction, from a deep understanding of the issue, from a love of truth and honor and justice, which they, like ourselves, feel that Germany has flagrantly and disgracefully violated. By far the hardest, sharpest, and most biting criticisms that I have heard here, I have heard from people of German descent. They fervently pray that Germany will be beaten, and they are as honest in their wish as they are right in their judgment. So that there is no greater error than to suppose, on the testimony of pro-German agitators organized and paid by the German Embassy, that all so-called German-Americans are, in this war, on the side of Germany. I am convinced that, if a poll were taken, if heed were paid, not to loud tongues, but to level heads, the great majority of them would be found on the side of the Allies, heartily and of deliberate conviction.

Nor is this to be wondered at. There are, it is true, a few ingenuous Teutons here who profess that their fellows have come over to bring us their superior culture, to rid us from the dominance of Anglo-Saxonism. But nobody believes them. We know very well that Germans have come here, especially in past years, because they have found life in Germany intolerable; because not so much the financial and personal burdens of militarism—which are at least as great in France—as the insolence and tyranny of the commissioned, and perhaps even more the non-commissioned, officers of the German army are intolerable to their self-respect as men; because, to accept rampant Prussianism, one must have something servile and cringing in one's nature; because, in contradistinction with the so-called "noble" class in Germany, the "common herd" are not held even to be "born." There were, no doubt, monetary reasons also—the wish to make a better living—but in most cases the motive was to escape from an unendurable tyranny—exactly the motive of the Allies in this war. And this indignant repudiation of Prussian tyranny has come down to the second generation.

With those of Irish descent here the matter is somewhat different. Numerically, the greater part of them are descendants of the first great wave of

Irish emigrants: those who fled to escape the great famine of 1847; and the bitter sufferings of that time, burned into the hearts of the elder generation, have become a tradition among them. And many of the younger Irishmen, especially in the city of New York, have belonged to some of the "militant" organizations, of which the once powerful Clan-na-Gael is the type. The history of these organizations is rather sordid. In the rank and file of their members there is, without doubt, a great deal of passionate feeling for Ireland, a great deal of resentment against those wrongs and disabilities which the great English parties, for more than a generation now, have vied with each other in rectifying and removing. But, for the most part, these so-called Irish-American societies are nothing more than allies and subordinates of Tammany Hall, and it has long been understood between them that the presiding leaders of these societies, if they throw the Irish vote to the side of Tammany, shall be rewarded by judgeships and other high offices in the gift of the Tammany leaders. So that the greater part of their militancy, of their love of Gaelic culture, or their "tail-twisting" of the British lion, as it is traditionally called, is nothing but what we rather sardonically call practical politics—mere office-getting machinery. Many of the reputed former heads and patriots of these Irish revolutionary societies are now drawing large salaries from the State or the city, as a result of their control of the Irish vote. And this, as I have said, is a rather sordid business.

But there is a more temperate, more liberal element among the Irish here, which has felt the liberalizing, tolerant spirit so marked in Ireland during the last year, the element which joins, not the secret revolutionary brotherhoods like the Clan-na-Gael, but the constitutional movements like the United Irish League, the movements of which not Emmet but Daniel O'Connell is the patron saint. These more moderate Irishmen, who back up the Irish parliamentary party with sympathy and cash, have followed that party in its attitude toward the War, and are unitedly and heartily on the side of the Allies, as their secretary took occasion to announce publicly within the last few weeks. The majority of Irish-Americans, like the majority of German-Americans—using both terms in no invidious sense, but simply to state an ethical fact—are, on their own testimony, for the Allies, and against Germany.

What, then, of the great bulk of Americans, apart from these two conspicuously labeled groups? What of the "unhyphenated Americans," to use a phrase that has recently attained some prominence, precisely as a protest against a loud mouthed minority of men of German or Irish birth? Let me answer this question by quoting a few phrases that have been used to me by some of them, volunteered, drawn out by pressure of feeling and conviction. One of these, an American whose ancestors, for eight or ten generations, have been among the active and energetic forces of this country, and who has himself for a score of years been an editor of one of our best periodicals, one that sells nearly a quarter of a million copies of every issue, expressed himself thus, in the first month of the War: "This country has never in its history been so united on any issue as it is now—on the side of the Allies. I believe there is no American issue that would unite us so completely; not even a war of our own." This is strong testimony, from one very well qualified to judge. He added, and this is significant, "But this country does not want

to go to war." I shall come back to this in a moment. Another opinion, from a man of the same type, was this, "If Albert of Belgium came over to America, we would elect him king." These views are representative of what one hears on every side, from all that is most genuinely American in the land.

There is one element of opinion among us which deserves special notice. It is known, of course, that the most of the Bulgarian statesmen got their university training in Germany, and that to this much of their bias is due. We have something similar here. Our young University men who intend to take up teaching as a profession go, for the most part, to Germany. This for a very simple reason: because it is comparatively easy for them to get Doctors' degrees there, without having to wait too long or work too hard. Normally they might be expected to go to England. They do not, because Oxford and Cambridge do not recognize American degrees as of equal value with their own, and do not, therefore, allow graduates of American Universities to go on to the higher degrees of the English Universities. In other words, it is far easier and cheaper for them to get a German degree that will be of cash value to them than to get an equivalent English degree. So they follow the law of least resistance, and come back with a tincture of Germanism that lasts for the rest of their lives. The Rhodes scholarships have lately done something to counteract this; but, long before the Rhodes scholarships came into existence, there was a steady flow of our best University men to the classes of Berlin and Heidelberg and Jena. Those of us who think we can distinguish between culture and kultur regret this profoundly; but, so far as these men are concerned, the impress has been received, and influences their thought and conduct. This should be carefully considered, and remedied, when the War is over; meanwhile, it has done more than is generally realized to muffle American University opinion concerning the War.

But the fact remains, that real American opinion is, and has been from the first, overwhelmingly in favor of the Allies. Why, then, are we not at war with Germany? Why, as a State, have we to accept the stinging criticism of Sir Oliver Lodge, and of all the best in England that Sir Oliver Lodge represents? This is the heart of the matter. The desire to find the true answer to this question is my justification for writing.

One cause of our national unwillingness to fight lies in the character of the President, and the enormous power which is given to the President by the American Constitution. Let me illustrate that power by a comparison. In England the executive power, nominally wielded by the King, is really in the hands of the Cabinet, as representing the majority party in the House of Commons; and to the will of the majority of that House the Cabinet must respond, and does respond, from day to day.

Here, nothing of the kind. The Cabinet, as, following a really misleading analogy, we term the President's official family, has nothing to do with the popular House of Congress; nothing, of necessity, to do with the majority there. The members of the Cabinet are not of necessity, or in practice, chosen from the majority party in Congress, or from Congress at all. Nor are they chosen by Congress, though they are nominally approved by the Senate. The members of the Cabinet represent the President and no one but the President. They are his personal choice, answerable to him, dismissed by him if he wishes; really, what King George's Min-

isters nominally are, Secretaries, chosen by the President to carry on the work of departments under him.

This situation, which has many dangers, throws enormous power into the hands of the President, and makes for a degree of "personal" government which Emperor Nicholas might vainly envy. The Tsar has, in fact, no such liberty. In times of national danger, and during the long periods when Congress is not in session—for some eighteen months in each four-year Presidential term—the President can shape the policy of the nation as he pleases, and the nation has no remedy whatever. He has, in fact, almost despotic power. There has, therefore, been no way in which the American people could influence the acts of the American Government from, let us say, the day when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed. One wonders how far foreign nations realize this.

Let me preface what I am going to say of the President's policy by a very brief personal explanation. When Mr. Wilson was Governor of New Jersey, I had the pleasant privilege of meeting him at the State capitol, at Trenton, and discussing with him, at considerable length, his views and ideals, both of State and national politics. I recorded my impressions of his views, and this record Mr. Wilson was good enough to go over, and in some trifling matters to correct. With his consent it was then published. Largely because of the very high opinion of his personality and policy I then formed, I was heartily in favor of Mr. Wilson's nomination for the Presidency, and I voted for him and for his party, though I had until then always voted for the opposite party. Therefore what I have to say now is in no sense the result of prejudice or lack of sympathetic understanding.

Briefly, what I have to say is this: that President Wilson has led the American nation into the path of dishonor; that he has, owing to the bent of his own mind and to the enormous opportunity for personal action allowed him by the American Constitution, ranged the land of Washington and of Lincoln on the side of Pilate—to accept Sir Oliver Lodge's comparison. I am convinced that, as a State, America's action has been mean and shameful, notwithstanding the supposed "concessions," hypocritically yielded by the German Government through Count Bernstorff. And I am convinced that this present dishonor—and especially our "bland" acquiescence, as Sir Oliver Lodge calls it, in the abominable violation of Belgium—has rendered this nation, as a nation, permanently unfit to lead in the moral life of humanity; an honor which, if we ever possessed it, is now in worthier hands than ours.

But to pass from the responsibility of the President to that of the American nation. If it be true, as I believe it is, that no issue has ever found us more united, why have we been content to sit with hands folded while braver men die for liberty? That is a question worth trying to answer.

One cause, I think, is this: ever since the American Civil War, an even half-century ago, and especially since the war with Spain, this country has been heaping up material resources in a degree unprecedented in the history of the world. We have had, as a general of the American army once tersely put it, "too much damned prosperity!" And as a result we suffer nationally from fatty degeneration of the soul.

It may be answered that notably in England it is just the most privileged class, the best born and best nurtured men, who have made the best showing in the War; that prosperity has in no wise spoiled them. Yes, but in England nobility and gentlehood imply

duties rather than privileges. There are ideals of honor and service at their foundation. Here, in the United States we have had, for a generation now, and especially in the sixteen or seventeen years since the Spanish-American war, no ideal except success, a low success promising ostentation and self-indulgence. And this comfort-mongering on a national scale brings its punishment. The penalty with us has been a national timidity, with a rather pitiful self-delusion that there is some kind of moral justification for our supineness; that in washing our hands with Pilate we are somehow standing on high moral ground.

Two causes seem to me to have operated here together with our prosperity. The one is the great extension of feminism in our politics. The other is the cognate spread of socialistic feeling and ideas. If one has heard it once, one has heard it a thousand times from women in recent months in the United States, that President Wilson has deserved well of the Republic because he "has kept the nation out of war." And those who say this do not for a moment suspect how ignoble a view it is. Liberty and justice will be preserved to mankind—by the victory of the Allies; therefore let us be thankful that our own skins are safe! It amounts to hiding behind the backs of the Allies, and then taking virtuous airs about our neutrality. Yet this essentially cowardly view is, as I said, the one which one hears repeatedly from American women—this, and the answer of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The socialistic flavor of the plea of neutral pacifism is equally marked. The Socialist pronouncements are always full of ringing acclamations of justice and humanity. But, in the last analysis, these fine phrases mean "the maximum of physical comfort and well-being for ourselves." It is a gospel of stalled cattle. And with views and measures which have a socialistic coloring, as well as with the views of the feminists, President Wilson has chosen to identify himself.

One is forced therefore to recognize the truth of the sentence quoted before, that the American people does not desire war with Germany; and that, in this, President Wilson does faithfully mirror and represent the feeling, the will of a great part of the nation. Here is a really formidable indictment of American opinion, the really grave accusation against the American nation. And most serious and menacing is the fact that our self-deception has gone so far that we have been able, in our own minds, to give this essentially cowardly attitude an air of moral dignity; to persuade ourselves that we have taken high ground.

As if there were such a thing in the life of humanity as a spiritual separation of interests! Does not liberty suffer in every corner of the globe when a brute is guilty of detestable violence and perfidy? Are we equally free when freedom is injured among our neighbors? There was a time we have learned to think, when the American nation held less unworthy views, when our hearts beat with every votary of freedom throughout the world, when we thrilled with admiration and gratitude over the nobility of France, which sent effectual aid to Washington's army. There was no high neutrality, no echoing of the plea of Cain, in France's succor then.

But there are certain things about which, during these months of war, we, as American citizens, may be unreservedly proud. Our people have, in three cardinal instances, acted with real generosity, real enthusiasm, real effectiveness. First stands our generous help of Belgium. We have worked hard to feed the bodies of Bel-

gians; we have sent genuine and heartfelt sympathy to their souls. Next, we have done much, and done it with ardor, to supply to the Allies much-needed munitions of war. We have not done this on the highest grounds, nor in a wholly disinterested spirit. We have not evoked spiritual principles in our defense, contenting ourselves with lower considerations of expediency. Yet the fact remains that the munitions have been made and sent; and, where extenuating circumstances are greatly needed, let us make the most of this. As a third plea in our favor, we may count the recent loan to the Allies; once more, we have not made it on very high grounds. It is a good investment. But it has been made. Let us be thankful for that!

These are considerable services. Let us not deny it. And they genuinely represent the goodwill, the cordial sympathy of all that is best in the American nation.

Yet the main indictment stands. As a people, we are heartily in favor of the Allies. We devoutly hope they will win, and win overwhelmingly, because we believe they are fighting the battle of liberty, of justice, of honor, of humanity. Every morning we read the newspapers, eagerly looking for victories of the Allies, and the best pages of our journals have been given up, for a year and a half now, to the news of the great War, to the practical exclusion of our own local interests—and there we stop.

It is true that we succor the wounded and help the suffering. It is true that we provide supplies and munitions of war. But in the last analysis, this is what *women* are doing in France and England, not what is being done by *men*. Our feminism, our love of comfort, our gospel of stalled cattle have brought us to that. In the greatest fight for liberty the world has ever seen, the world's greatest Republic, the vast nation founded on declarations of liberty, is playing the part, not of the warrior but of the *squaw*.

Perhaps, in the long run, this will be best for us. On the one hand, what could we do in an effective way, to aid the Allies, if we did go to war? With our negligible army, our out-of-date equipment, little enough in all conscience. Not much more than we are doing already, perhaps, by our supplies. Possibly a diversion of these might diminish, not augment, our effectiveness as helpers in the War. And when the victory of the Allies comes, as surely good is more potent than evil, we might plume ourselves unduly on the prowess of others, on the sacrifices of others. The Spanish War made us vain enough. Humiliation—for so we shall one day see our attitude of Cain to be—will be safer for us. And is there not cause of humiliation enough, bitter, galling, salutary humiliation in this: that in this great War for the liberation of humanity from brutal tyranny, and not less from fraud and lying, in this vast struggle for the spiritual principles that exalt mankind towards the angels, in this conflict of principalities and powers, that will set its seal on all future history, determining the fate of humanity for ages to come, we shall have to face the fact that not only little Belgium and little Serbia played a far more heroic role than ours, but that the Goorkhas of the Himalayan valleys, the negroes of Senegal, the Maoris, the Siberian nomads shed their blood for mankind, while we, the great American nation, the spiritual heirs of Washington and Lincoln, stayed at home among the squaws.

Charles Johnston.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE WARDS IN WAR-TIME.

By a Red Cross Pro.

I. Ab Initio.

The Great War has brought many changes in our midst. It has filled our streets with uniforms until the dullest of suburbs resembles a garrison town; it has made serious inroads on the pleasures of the nation by converting race courses into prison-camps or regimental training-grounds, and it has also seen the growth of new hospitals, which are no longer the bleak halls of desolation so familiar in civil times, but bright and homelike in character.

It is the patients themselves who have worked this transformation by their cheery optimism and brave outlook on life. The pain, suffering, and tragedy inseparable from hospital life are still present, but the light-hearted spirits of the patients thrust them into the background. Men who have lost a limb, men who are shattered for life, accept their fate with the most wonderful courage, delighting in small jokes at one another's expense, grumbling loudly over trifles and facing real misfortunes without a murmur. These are the men who have done so much for their country in the field, and who continue to do the same in the hospitals, ever ready to do all in their power for a fellow-patient, and to give any help they can to the Sisters and Nurses in their work. The brightness of the military hospitals today is a tribute to the patients themselves.

Schools, training colleges, and municipal buildings have been turned into hospitals as the need for more accommodation arose. At Blacktown the new hospital, when completed, proved to be a triumph of adaptation out of most unpromising material. Man had designed it for a workhouse. Necessity had decreed it must be a hospital, and a wonderful compromise resulted. The ruthless hand of the reformer seized upon the dwellings of the poor. Wooden partitions were swept away, walls pierced with arches, doors inserted, and windows made to open. For the inmates, with that instinctive distaste for fresh air which prevails among the poor, had approached the kindhearted Master of the Workhouse with a request to have the crevices of the windows filled with putty. "The draughts do be terrible," they said, and in a weak moment he gave his consent, little dreaming that six months later the leading lights of the medical profession in Blacktown would stand aghast at this glaring instance of unhygienic conditions in a public institution in the twentieth century. Traces of the workhouse still survived, however, in the numerous entrances and exits and in the many winding staircases, up and down which flurried lieutenants were to chase elusive colonels in the days to come.

The staff of the military hospital at Blacktown was another proof of our national genius for adapting ourselves to circumstances. A short year ago ninety per cent of the doctors, nurses, and orderlies were civilians, who little thought that they would one day wear the panoply of war and form part of the great military machine. The doctors were either eminent local practitioners, who wore their khaki suits and leather belts with ill-disguised discomfort, or fledglings from medical schools, who gloried in the authority in which they were newly vested and laid great stress on military forms and ceremonies. Never for a moment did they forget that they had left civilian days far behind, and they exacted the defer-

ence due to their superior rank in peremptory terms from the patients.

The Staff Nurses mostly belonged to the Territorial Reserve, and could be divided roughly into "Dug Outs" who were enjoying well-earned "rest after toil" until the country's need called them out of retirement, or youngsters who had just finished four years' training in the one perfect hospital, and who promptly condemned everything in Blacktown which differed from it. There were also Red Cross probationers, or "the pros.," as the Staff Nurses usually called them, working in Blacktown. This was an anomaly, as hitherto only fully-trained nurses had been allowed to work in military hospitals, but the great scarcity of orderlies made their presence needed. Their duties were to help the Staff Nurses and make themselves as useful as possible, but, like most innovations, they were not looked upon with much favor by the profession, and were generally regarded in the light of a necessary evil. "I hated the idea of having Red Cross pros., but I admit we could not have done without them," said one of the Staff Nurses at Blacktown, and this was the usual attitude towards them. Yet so long as they remembered to be very subservient, to hide any knowledge they possessed, and to behold themselves as of less than no account, life passed fairly well.

The orderlies were also civilians, who had donned the guise of war, and in happier days were hewers of coal in the Welsh coal-pits or on the Tyneside. They had been rejected as medically unfit for active service, and many were making a real sacrifice in giving up an income of £4 or £5 a week to receive 1s. 10d. a day, and be at the beck and call of an uncertain-tempered Staff Nurse, with an obdurate Sergeant-major in the background. Long hours, much scrubbing and carrying of meals, and menial work, and plentiful blame for what they had not done, combined to make their sacrifice a very real one.

Last of all came the patients, and these, like the staff of the hospital, had been civilians little more than a year ago. After twelve months of war the proportion of regulars is woefully small; and when any discussion on army etiquette was started, it was only after prolonged search that a regular could be discovered who would act as referee.

"Have you ever seen our night orderly try to salute the Colonel?" said Jackson one day. "It is too funny; the fellow has not the faintest idea how to do it."

"It's no for want of practice if he does not do it properly. The fellow salutes every second person he meets," said M'Vean.

"It does not matter how badly officers salute, but if you are a private you are hauled over the coals in no time in my regiment," said Jones regretfully.

"But an officer's salute is not the same as a private's."

"Of course it is," said Jackson loftily. "It is only that officers don't do it properly."

"Rubbish!" said M'Vean. "There is one salute for an officer and one for a private. It is not the same. It's like this."

But even his demonstration failed to convince his critics. Jackson, who had been a solicitor's clerk before he joined the New Army, had his critical faculties well developed, and he looked round the ward to see whose opinion would carry weight. O'Ryan, the excitable Irishman, had been a Fleet Street journalist, and knew little of the technical side of his new profession; while Johnson, Viney, and Pewsey, the three A.S.C. men—or Ally Sloper's Cavalry, as they were generally called—were equally ignorant. The puny Jones had

handled bales of linen behind the counter, and paid assiduous attention to the wants of lady customers, before enlisting in a London Territorial battalion and meeting the great adventure of his life in the fields of France, but his military knowledge could be accounted nil.

Jackson was perfectly certain that M'Vean was wrong in his contention, but nevertheless he would maintain it with the same pertinacity which had finally got him into the Army. For M'Vean's career had shown the value of pertinacity. A year ago he was working as an engineer on the Clyde, and on the outbreak of war offered himself for the Navy, but was rejected owing to bad teeth. Undaunted, he had the offending members removed and then attempted to enlist in the Royal Engineers, but was promptly refused on the ground that the teeth he possessed were not natural but acquired. Fortunately he decided to make a third attempt—this time in a Seaforth battalion—and was accepted, and in due time went out to France.

"I know you are wrong," said Jackson, "Kilbride, could you settle it for us?"

Kilbride was a fellow-countryman of M'Vean's, and had been a schoolmaster before volunteering for foreign service in a Territorial battalion on the outbreak of war. He was highly esteemed in Ward B., especially as an authority on spelling, and proved to be a convenient form of dictionary which was both reliable and saved the trouble of turning the pages.

Kilbride looked up from his book.

"I don't think it matters how the officer salutes," he said, "so long as he shows that he is acknowledging the private's salute; but you had better ask Akerman—he is a regular."

Akerman was a stalwart 9th Lancer, and enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only regular in Ward B. He had not seen active service, for a benevolent Government had discovered, much to his disgust, that he was more useful training officers in England than charging Germans with the point of his lance.

"What do you say, Akerman?" shouted Jackson, and proceeded to enter into the matter in dispute in detail, for Akerman's deafness made it very difficult to be certain whether he was answering your question or an imaginary one that he thought you had asked.

"Now you do understand, don't you? Is an officer's salute the same as a private's?"

But Akerman's answer was never given, for at that moment orderly appeared with the tea-páil, and the clock struck half-past four. The close-time for gramophones was ended.

"Do be quiet, you fellows. What does it matter? Now we can fetch the records before those chaps in C get them," said Lamb, with a sigh of anticipation.

II. A Day in the Wards.

Life in the wards begins at 6 A. M., when all patients that are not confined to bed are exhorted to rise by a harassed orderly. They then proceed to make their beds according to hospital standards, which permit neither wrinkles nor creases, nor loose ends on the fair white surface. At 7.30 orderly arrives with the porridge—that fruitful source of wit—in a large tin pail.

"There are abscesses in the porridge this morning, Sister."

"Kilbride, how can you be so disgusting? That is no way to talk at meals," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish disapprovingly.

"Well, if they are not abscesses they are tumors," maintained Kilbride.

"And the stuff in our mugs is not tea at all. It is brown water."

"I have not seen a tea-leaf since I have been in hospital," lamented Jackson.

"Because the tea is made in a boiler in the cookhouse, stupid, and the tea-leaves stay behind. Can't you taste the furred inside of the boiler every time you drink?" exclaimed Lamb.

"Well, I'd rather see a tea-leaf, and then I'd have an idea what it was I was drinking," persisted Jackson.

With the arrival of the eggs interest brightens considerably for the great-hearted British public delights in collecting eggs for its wounded heroes and despatching them to the hospitals. Often there is a name and address written on the egg, accompanied by a good wish: "From Betty Barnes, Todmorden—hoping you will soon be well." And sometimes there is a text or a prayer. Occasionally there have been verses on the eggs—

I send this little offering,
  And hope you'll soon be well,
And may it ease your suffering
  I write these lines to tell.

Akerman was so delighted with this, that he kept the egg for quite a long time in his locker and copied the verse into all the Sisters' albums which came his way, regardless of the fact that the owners of the albums were enjoying perfect health at the moment.

Jones also had an adventure with one of these literary eggs, but it had a less satisfactory ending. One morning, when he had been about ten days in hospital, he was given an egg on which was written in large clear writing, "From Aggie Watson, Rosebriar Cottage, Little Saltcombe. Dear wounded hero, may you soon be well." So Jones, being a practical youth, wrote the name and address on a piece of paper before setting to work to demolish the egg, and spent a laborious morning composing a letter to the fair Aggie. In due course a letter, bearing the Little Saltcombe postmark, arrived for the delighted Jones, but his joy soon faded when he found, on opening the letter, that it was written by the schoolmistress, as Aggie Watson herself was only six years old. Not even the warmest thanks, and the knowledge that "Aggie will always keep the letter of one who has served his King and Country in the trenches as one of her greatest treasures," could compensate for this disillusionment.

After breakfast comes washing up, which is done by the patients, on behalf of the ward-maid, in a shallow sink. A good deal of water escapes on to the floor in the process, to the intense annoyance of the ward-maid, who has been heard to wonder audibly, "If patients' washing up is not more trouble than it is worth"; but it is only fair to add, she has never shown the least desire to perform the duty herself. Whether it is done willingly or unwillingly varies a good deal in different wards, but Ward B. always rose to the occasion like a man. They shared a small kitchen with Ward C., and used to wash up on alternative days, and the system worked well until the coming of Pettinger.

"I am not going to wash up for those lazy chaps over in B.," he remarked. "Let them wash their dishes and we will wash ours."

"But they washed ours yesterday," a fellow-patient reminded him.

"Well, they can wash their own today. I would not set my foot inside their ward."

So forthwith time-tables had to be drawn up, to make sure that every patient was performing his fair share, and washing up became the most terrible burden, as it involved the careful counting of every knife, fork, spoon, mug, bowl, plate, and egg-cup, in case one

belonging to the other ward were inadvertently washed.

"Though you may be very sure that a fellow who takes the trouble to count everything he washes would take good care not to wash one too many," said M'Vean. "He would not run any risks."

Once for a whole day a violent feud raged between the two wards over an unwashed mug found in the debatable ground of the sink, when Ward C. arrived with their breakfast things. Pettinger was certain it had come out of Ward B., and M'Vean was equally positive that "one of those lazy beggars in C. had been drinking milk in the night. Why, they are just like so many cats lapping up milk all day long, and over in B. we never see a drop." Neither side would claim it as their property, and it was not until a harassed orderly from Ward D. arrived in search of a missing mug that even partial harmony was restored.

Fortunately, with the departure of Pettinger this division of labor was allowed to fall into abeyance, and very soon each ward in turn washed up their own things and the others as in the good old days.

While washing up is going on in the kitchen, the ward becomes a hive of industry, and every patient who is not in bed sets to work to get the ward in order. One scrubs the tops of the lockers, another polishes the tiled tops of the tables, and a third cleans the brasses; while Akerman and Jackson, each armed with a broom, proceed to sweep the ward with long rhythmic strokes taken in concert, to the delight of their fellow-patients in bed. In theory the ward is swept by orderly at 6 A. M., and by the ward-maid two hours later; but her scrubbing duties being weighty, the patients are delighted to do it for her, while the amount of dust which can collect between the hours of 6 A. M., and 8 A. M. is one of those strange phenomena connected with hospitals.

When the tables are ready, the floral decoration of the ward is begun. This may be simple or complex, according to the number and variety of the offerings sent in. On visiting days strange and wonderful assortments of tight bundles in garish colors are received, and have to be dealt with carefully with an unobtrusive pail ready at hand beneath the table, where they are deposited to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of the patients. Luckily patients are not very observant, and rarely miss any particular flowers. On the other hand, enormous brown cardboard boxes of flowers are sent in by the kind-hearted in the town, and frequently arrive in a moribund condition; but these can be despatched quickly into the pail, for there are no feelings to consider, and it only remains to sigh for what might have been.

"I reckon flowers are a nuisance," said M'Vean, wearily one day, after several fruitless efforts to please the Staff Nurse's artistic eye.

"But, M'Vean, you would not like the ward without flowers. Think how bare it would be."

"I should not mind."

"But think of the poor men in bed. Don't you know that

Flowers to the spirits in prison are all
they can know of the spring.
They freshen and sweeten the wards like
the waft of an angel's wing,"

she quoted softly.

"They are a nuisance," M'Vean persisted, quite unmoved by the appeal to his higher nature. "You are always having to shift them every time there is a meal. They are all right growing, but here they are dead, and I never see any pleasure in watching things decay."

"What barbarians some of the men

are," said the Staff Nurse to a colleague later. "They seem to have no appreciation for the beauties of nature;" and M'Vean, had he heard her, would have smiled.

When the ward is in order, dressings are begun, and about 11 o'clock the doctor may be expected. During his visit the patients stand at their cots in their wonderful hospital suits, which some patriot devised in the early days of the war. These symbolize our national colors—brilliant blue coat and trousers, bright-red tie and white shirt—and are so noteworthy that no patient could hope to obtain a surreptitious drink, when out of bounds, without being identified.

Doctors vary very much in their manner with the patients, and Lieutenant Burn, who was young, did not believe in showing any undue sympathy. Gazing into the far distance over the head of the patient, he would inquire, "Going on all right?" and pass on to the next one.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked Johnson, a day or two after he had been admitted.

"Fractured ankle, sir."

"How did you do it?"

"I trod on a piece of bread."

"A piece of what?"

"Bread, sir."

"You mean a crust."

"No, sir; bread. We were drawing rations in camp at 6.30 in the morning, and I stepped back suddenly, and fell to the ground."

"This man," said Lieutenant Burn in an incisive voice, turning to the Head Sister, "says he fractured his ankle by treading on a piece of bread."

"But," asked the Head Sister in a shocked voice, "what was bread doing strewn on the ground? It must have been a very wasteful camp."

"Let me look at your ankle"; and when the back splint and voluminous swathings were removed and the ankle exposed to view, Lieutenant Burn exclaimed, "This ankle is no more fractured than the other one. We'll have him walking about in no time," and poor Johnson remained a fallen prophet in the ward from that time forth.

Pewsey, the next patient, had an irresistible aversion to staying in bed, and rising stealthily in the middle of the night to perambulate the ward, had succeeded in bursting open a deep-seated wound in his back from which the stitches had just been removed.

"It will have to be sewn up again," said Lieutenant Burn gloomily; "it has all broken open."

"I won't go back to the tailor's shop," said Pewsey bitterly. "It nearly killed me last time. I had no sleep for six nights after it."

"If I say you are to go to the operating theatre, you will go," remarked Lieutenant Burn. "While you are under my care I have to do the best I can for you."

"I don't care," said Pewsey; "I will stay in bed until I am carried out in a coffin before I'll go back to the tailor's shop."

Lieutenant Burn ignored this contumely, and passed on to Viney, who instantly assumed the shark-like look he reserved for doctors. "How are you today?"

"Not so well, sir; rather a pain in my back," and he stood with legs apart and hands placed lugubriously on the lower regions of his spine. This was a sudden malady, for half an hour before Viney had been bending over a game of bowls as eagerly as any one.

"A little gentle massage, I think. And how is your throat?"

"I think I could eat a little chicken," said Viney, with a sidelong look at Lieutenant Burn.

"And he has gone and got himself

put on chicken, when he has only been in the army a fortnight, and I've spent weeks in the trenches and no one has ever put me on chicken," said the infantile Jones pathetically.

"And you?" said Lieutenant Burn to Roper, a sturdy Berkshire giant, who was constantly complaining that his eyes gave him trouble.

"Me eyes be bad today," he said. "Sometimes I sees double, and sometimes I sees nothing at all."

"How do you see double? Is it this way or that?" asked Lieutenant Burn, placing his hands first vertically and then horizontally.

"I can't rightly say," mumbled Roper "Sometimes it is one way and sometimes the other."

"A most curious case," said Lieutenant Burn in a sceptical voice as he entered the next ward.

"I notice you read the paper every evening, Roper," said Kilbride, as soon as the doctor and nurses had vanished through the door. "I suppose as you see double you must see two newspapers, but I notice you always manage to take hold of the right one."

After the doctor's visit the patients are at liberty to wander about the grounds as they please until one o'clock, which is the dinner hour. Staff Nurse M'Tavish served the dinners in the ward kitchen, with the aid of the orderly and probationer.

"Run and get the soup-ladle, Nurse," she said, on arriving on the scene of action. "And, Orderly, remember, in future I want mugs for the soup and bowls for the pudding."

So Orderly had to hasten in search of twenty-three mugs and pile them in the best order possible on the kitchen table. Unfortunately only twenty were forthcoming, and it was only after exhaustive search that the missing three were discovered on the bathroom shelf, where a careful patient had placed them to dry, after branding them in black enamel with large capital B.'s—the hall-mark of the ward—earlier in the morning.

At this juncture the worried orderly discovered that Ward B. had omitted the formality of laying the table. All the able-bodied patients had forgotten the flight of time in the grounds, and the bed patients, like true philosophers, had resigned themselves to the inevitable. Akerman and Jackson dashed backwards and forwards to collect the necessary plates and cutlery, and just as Staff Nurse M'Tavish grasped the limp white steak, which constituted Jones's fish dinner, she discovered that there were no plates.

"Nurse, where are the plates?" she cried in excusable anger, for the limp body was bending to breaking-point. The plates involved considerable delay, for no dry heat being available, some ingenious spirit devised the brilliant, if wasteful, plan of warming them with running water from the hot-water tap during the three-quarters of an hour the ward-maid was away for her dinner. Each plate had thus to be dried separately, and when at last they were ready, Nurse M'Tavish's anger had considerably increased.

"Who has been spilling water?" she cried, looking in at the door of Ward B.

For the patients in their frantic efforts to repair their previous neglect had overturned two vases of flowers.

"Are you children that you cannot move a table without upsetting the flowers?"

The special diets of fish and chicken being distributed first, it remained for patients bearing the cryptic sign "Ord. D. H." on their charts to be served. This being interpreted reads, "Ordinary Dining Hall," and consists of an excellent meal of meat, two vegetables, and pudding, all on a liberal scale. Indeed patients who grumble at their

fare in these hospitals must be very difficult to please, for it is both bountiful and excellent.

While dinner is in progress the orderly officer, heralded by a sergeant, makes his round. This is never a very popular duty amongst the young doctors, partly because it entails a great deal of running up and down stairs, when it would be pleasanter to sit quietly down to one's own dinner, and partly because it is very difficult not to appear ridiculous when certain incidents occur.

Lieutenant Burn, who was a great stickler for etiquette, had just rebuked Akerman, whose deafness prevented him from hearing footsteps, for failing to stand at attention at his approach, when one of those unpleasant little incidents which fall to the lot of orderly officers occurred.

"Orderly Officer, any complaints?" said the sergeant as they entered Ward C.

"Yes, sir," said Pettinger, drawing forth an egg which he had concealed in his soap-dish since breakfast time. "Smell this egg, sir," and he proceeded to thrust the offensive object under the lieutenant's nose.

"Really," said Lieutenant Burn to his wife later in the day, "the men are sometimes positively childish in the way they behave. Today when I was doing my round as orderly officer, one fellow thrust a disgusting egg right under my nose, and another stood up and complained that he had had to drink his tea at breakfast out of a jam jar as there were not sufficient mugs. I call it puerile."

The afternoons in hospital are given up to amusement. All patients who have the doctor's permission go for motor rides once or twice a week, and these joy-rides are so popular that a register has to be kept and the names taken in strict rotation to make sure that all have the same chance. Very often the drive includes a tea-party at which the wounded are received with great honor, and the least shy are induced by their host and hostess to narrate their experiences "out there." O'Ryan always shone at these entertainments, as his Celtic imagination enabled him to paint the horrors of war in vivid colors, and fully compensated for the trifling drawback that he had not yet left his native shores. The dreariness of life in the trenches, the long nights, the percussion of the great shells which shook the ground, were made grim realities by the shameless O'Ryan, and kind-hearted ladies would wander about the hospital inquiring for "that poor young Irishman who had such terrible experiences out there." Meanwhile his fellow-guests would sit silent but closely observant, never missing a detail, so that on their return they could describe to the Ward "how many lies old O'Ryan told today." After tea gramophones are permitted by the authorities, and the wards are filled with the mingled strains of Caruso, "Why do they call me Archibald?" and "Land of Hope and Glory,"—all three equally beloved by the patients. Once Ward B. enjoyed a crowded hour of glorious life, when it had the good fortune to secure two gramophones on the same evening, and worked them both without intermission—one usually a few bars ahead of the other—tandem fashion, as it were, until the Staff Nurse's nerves gave way under the strain, and she ordered the removal of the lesser instrument.

So the patients had to content themselves with one gramophone, worked with unabated zest and incalculably short breathing-spaces, as they used to do before the chance of a lifetime came. At seven o'clock supper arrives in the form of cocoa and bread-and-butter, but the devotees of the gramophone pay little heed to the interruption.

"Those lazy beggars in C. are sure to have the gramophone tomorrow," said Lamb, "so do let us make the most of it."

"We could have every record three times over if we were quick," added Pewsey. "Do put on 'Land of Hope and Glory.'"

"And don't throw the needles about on the bread-and-butter plate," exclaimed M'Vean. "I nearly swallowed one just now."

"No, you can't have it tonight," cried the Ward with one voice, as the form of Pettinger appeared in the doorway. "It is our turn, and we shall not have finished before eight o'clock.

For a statutory by-law of the hospital forbids the playing of gramophones after 8 P. M. At that hour they are deposited—out of reach of temptation—in the Sister's Duty Room for the night. At 9 P. M. comes lights out, and the day in the wards is over.

III. The Royal Visit.

Lieutenant Burn entered the ward one morning with his usual aloof air, and gazing over the heads of the patients into the far distance, remarked casually—

"The King and Queen are coming this afternoon."

This electric spark generated a powerful current, and in a moment the ward became the scene of unprecedented activity. M'Vean hastened to find Orderly's tin of metal polish to give the brass-bound edges of the table a thorough cleaning, while Orderly himself was sternly adjured to dust the tops of the doors and a window-ledge which had hitherto escaped detection since the hospital opened. Fatigue parties were told off to spring-clean the bathroom and scrub the pantry, while even Viney, the idle man of the ward, was so carried away by the tide of activity around him, that he found himself vigorously polishing the tiled tops of the ward tables before he realized what he was doing.

Staff Nurse M'Tavish and her probationer flew round the ward striving to bring the beds into a state of absolute perfection, and patients were ordered to tidy their lockers at all costs.

"Yours is just like a bookstall, Kilbride," remarked Staff Nurse M'Tavish in a tone of disgust. "You must get rid of some of those books."

Kilbride, who had been a schoolmaster in Dundee in the long distant days before the war, accepted the rebuke meekly, and spent a fruitless half-hour in endeavoring to compress his books into a smaller compass.

"I suppose it is regarded as a crime for a British soldier to be a book-lover," he remarked wearily.

"It is a foolish thing to have so many books in hospital," rejoined Staff Nurse M'Tavish with her customary good sense. "And, Viney, you cannot have all those bottles in your locker. Throw some away at once."

So the unlucky Viney wrestled with a miscellaneous assortment of the hair-washes, unguents, pomades, and scent-bottles in which his soul delighted, until, in despair, he conceived the brilliant idea of making them into a brown-paper parcel. This he deposited, as the only hiding place available, in the empty ward grate, which was concealed from public view by a skillful arrangement of screens, and there it remained until half an hour later it was drawn forth by an indignant Staff Nurse.

"Who has dared to put a parcel in the grate?" she asked in a tone of fury. "Why, the Queen might have looked behind the screen, and then what would she have thought?"

The miscreant Viney was made to remove it forthwith, and as a last resort prevailed upon the ward-maid to take it home with her, and leave it

there until the Royal visit was over and life became normal again.

Meanwhile dinner was hurried over in record time, the patients hardly noting any inequalities, imaginary or otherwise, in the distribution of food, which usually formed the staple topic of conversation.

"I wonder what I must say if the King asks me how I am getting on," said Jones in a worried tone.

"You must say 'Quite well, Sir, but better still if the doctor would put me on stout,'" rejoined the incorrigible Lamb.

"I hope it won't be like the hospital my brother was in," said M'Vean, "where they expected a visit from the King every day for a week, and every day the patients were put into clean clothes in honor of it, and in the end he never came."

"And they had all that trouble for nothing," said Viney in a sympathetic tone. Every one smiled, for Viney's objection to clean clothes was well known to be deep-rooted.

At two o'clock the outer gates of the hospital were closed. All leave for doctors and nurses was cancelled, and patients about to depart to convalescent homes, already in the full glory of their khaki uniforms, were told they must wait in the grounds until the royal visit was over.

"If my things are anything like as much creased as yours, I shall refuse to go out in them," said Akerman, the stalwart 9th Lancer, who prided himself on belonging to the smartest regiment in the Service, looking at the bundle Johnson had just drawn from the pack store.

"If they will disinfect them, what can one do? These were quite new and uncreased when I put them in."

For by an immutable law all clothing, even if issued brand-new on the eve of departure from a hospital in France, has to be stoved when it reaches English soil.

"Of course it does not matter so much for you, being an Army Service man. In Ally Sloper's Cavalry it might perhaps pass muster, but if you were in a smart cavalry regiment you would not be able to wear them," added Akerman, with a look of contempt.

"You are jealous because you have to go on wearing your old blue hospital suit," retorted the unfortunate Johnson.

"Hoots, mon!" said Kilbride, "you should wear a kilt, and every one would think you had got it creased serving your King and Country in the trenches."

"Run and get an iron, Nurse," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish, when she saw the luckless Johnson's kit. "These trousers will never do."

There was only one iron in the block, and that was about the size usually associated with Mrs. Ewing's 'A Flat Iron for a Farthing,' and the iron being very small and the gas-ring very large, what Orderly said when he took it off the fire, at the request of Nurse M'Tavish, had perhaps better not be recorded. Anyhow, he let it fall on the floor. But a strong will can overcome almost insuperable difficulties, and by dint of skill and perseverance Nurse M'Tavish succeeded in transforming Johnson's trousers into something resembling human attire.

Just as three o'clock struck there was a rushing of feet, a sudden stampede, and the news went forth that the King and Queen had arrived.

"Remember, you must all stand at attention by your beds when their Majesties enter the ward," said the anxious Staff Nurse.

"Shure, how are we to stand at attention when we are lying in our cots?" asked O'Ryan. "Is it putting our heels together and our arms to our sides we will be?"

"It will be barrack-room order," said Akerman, shifting wearily from one foot to the other, as he looked at the ordered perfection around him, while the afternoon wore slowly away as the King and Queen visited the various blocks and wards in the hospital. Ward B. came near the end.

"It seems so splendid," said Head Sister Grayson, "that all these hospitals should have sprung up in England, ready to hand as it were, in the hour of her need."

"It shows that half of these schools and workhouses were never really needed, or how could they do without them now? Many must have been half empty, and only existed to provide the matrons with salaries," argued Kilbride.

"Kilbride, it is very wrong of you to speak like that. The poor inmates from this institution have had to go to live in cottages and be looked after by the more able-bodied amongst them."

"But that is just what I am saying," persisted Kilbride; "if the more able-bodied can look after the infirm now, why were they ever looked after themselves?"

"Perhaps you do not know that seven of the poor old things have died," murmured a sympathetic nurse, who was listening to the discussion. "Just from the shock of being moved. They loved their own little rooms in this workhouse, and have truly given their lives for the welfare of the soldiers."

"In Scotland," maintained Kilbride, "we don't need such large workhouses, because a man's relations look after him when he is infirm, and he is not put in a poorhouse, just because no one wants to be bothered with him. We don't have all these exorbitant poor-rates either, because the able-bodied are made to work."

"I don't know anything about poor laws in Scotland," said the Head Sister, "but I think it is beautiful to know that in England at least the poor are cared for in their old age, and pass the twilight of their days amidst pleasant surroundings."

"Yet you find that the self-respecting poor would sooner starve than go to the workhouse."

"That is the survival of prejudice," replied the Head Sister. "Besides, old age pensions have fostered their notions of independence, and they prefer to scrape along on a few shillings a week, half-starved, in wretched unsanitary surroundings."

"While the workhouses have to be kept going to provide a *raison d'etre* for the staff."

"Kilbride, I won't have you speaking in that cynical way. It is very wrong to argue about matters of which you know nothing. No women are doing better work than the matrons and nurses in our workhouse infirmaries which are often models of what hospitals should be. I should like to know if you have ever seen an infirmary."

Before Kilbride had time to answer, a murmur ran along, the King and Queen could be seen leaving Block V. and would be in Ward B. in another moment. Instantly the patients stood in statuesque attitudes by their cots, while the nurses grouped themselves in their prearranged places. The suspense grew breathless. The air itself seemed to quiver with suppressed excitement. Slowly footsteps were heard approaching; at last the great moment had come. The King and Queen were standing in the doorway."

"How nice the flowers look," said her Majesty, and the group continued on its way to inspect the Pack Store.

"And they never came into the ward after all," was the universal murmur.

"Ward B. always gets left out."

"I gave my knives an extra clean in case the Queen happened to look in-

side the knife-box," lamented the ward-maid. "And they did look lovely."

"Old Rotten might have left his parcel in the grate after all," added Lamb; "no one would have seen it."

But the excitement of the day was by no means over. Every one rushed out into the ground, which became a living sea of Sisters, Staff Nurses, probationers, patients resplendent in khaki and patients resigned in hospital blue. The royal car was surrounded and became the center of much photographic effort. It was so much easier to take than their Majesties, as it remained stationary.

Presently the King and Queen reappeared, after inspecting the Pack Store, and entered their car, which forced its way with difficulty to the gates of the hospital, closely surrounded on all sides by a seething crowd of enthusiasts. At last, amidst resounding cheers, their Majesties drove away.

"Then," said Lieutenant Burn, when narrating the events of the day to his wife, "we all hurried back, as fast as we could, to the officers' mess, feeling just ready for the A1 tea which had been prepared for the King and Queen, which they had no time to take; and you can imagine our feelings when we reached the room to find everything gone—a stupid fool of an orderly had cleared it all away."

Blackwood's Magazine. (*To be concluded.*)

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER II.

The Sisters.

Lucy was still lying fast asleep in bed. Barbara called softly, "Lucy, Lucy," but there was no reply. Then she laid her hand upon the sleeper's breast. Some hands have a power to thrill the spirit of those they touch. Such power had Barbara Lynn's.

Lucy stirred. She opened her eyes, and saw her sister bending over her, with hair unbound and glistening like a misty golden cloud.

"If I were on my death-bed," she murmured, "I should be fancying thee an angel out of heaven."

Barbara smiled slowly.

"It's time you were waking," she replied, and began to gather up her long locks, pleating them round her head.

Lucy flung back the coverlet, and drew her knees up to her chin.

"You've a black, black heart, Barbara Lynn, though you've the face of a holy saint," she replied. "I believe you get a lot of pleasure out of waking me up in the morning. I was dreaming such heavenly dreams—all about grapes!"

She shook her hair, which was black and glossy as a raven's wing, but her eyes, like Barbara's, were blue. All her movements were swift and decisive, for her spirit was made of quicksilver.

"You've an earthly mind," she added.

Barbara knotted a kerchief round her head, and glanced at a tiny mirror hanging on the wall. A flickering rushlight vied with the gray dawn to show the face reflected there. She sighed audibly.

"You're about right," she said. "I think it's clod-bound."

Lucy drew a curl between her lips, meditating upon her sister's reply.

"Where are you going?" she asked; "to Ketel's Parlor?"

"Not just now. I promised to help the hind with a rough bit of ploughing—that high field where we are going to plant potatoes. It's too steep for old

Jan Straw to lead the horses there. He fell down yesterday! Poor Jan! he'll never work no more."

The sisters were silent as they thought of the old man, hardly so intelligent as the wild creatures of the woods and fells, but faithful to the last drop of his blood.

"I think he'll be glad to die," said Lucy.

A faint flush swept up Barbara's face.

"He's dust," she replied, "and he's going back to the dust he came from, like a little cloud raised by the wind. What has he ever had in life to make him want to live?"

Lucy sank back upon her pillows, and clasped her hands behind her head. It was not often that Barbara spoke bitterly.

"And you!" she said. "You've never a chance, either. You might be a man for the work you do."

"I was meant for a man when I was made so tall and strong," answered the girl, with a note of pride in her voice, and a straightening of her figure.

"Nay, nay, there's not a man in the dale, nor in the country round, that can hold a candle to thee."

"Then I's neither fish, flesh nor fowl, for there's not a woman as tall or strong, unless it be yon great creature we saw at the show."

Lucy gazed at her sister with critical eyes.

"You'll look finely, like a queen, when you get the crown Old Camomile promised thee, the day he told your stars," she said.

Barbara moved towards the door, carrying her clogs in her hand.

"Don't forget it's time you were up," she replied. Not even to her sister would she acknowledge that the prophecy gave an interest to her life.

But Lucy would not be repressed.

"Perhaps a lord will ride by some day, and marry you, Barbara. Who knows?"

The girl paused with her fingers on the latch.

"His horse would stick in the mud of the bridle path like a fly in a glue-pot. He'd never get so far as Greystones. You're a silly wench, Lucy. Lords don't come looking for wives among peasant lasses."

Lucy gurgled with laughter, which she stifled under the quilt for fear of waking her great-grandmother.

"What a sober old maid you are, Barbara," she said. "Do you never dream?"

The door shut with a soft snick—her sister had gone.

For a while longer Lucy lay still, gazing at the rushlight as it burnt dimmer and the daylight increased. She wondered what life held in store for Barbara and herself. The present was not without its excitements. but towards the future she turned longing eyes—the future, hidden by a golden cloud, which some day would fade away, disclosing undreamed of joys.

Then she got slowly out of bed. Her toilet was not a simple affair like her sister's. Along a shelf stood a row of little green jars and bottles, containing balms and salves and scented waters. The sun might tan Barbara's face and bleach her hair to the color of ripe corn; rain and wind and frost might redden and cut her hands, but Lucy's cheeks were always satin smooth, and her curls black and glistening. She tempted her sister with ointment made from cowslips, with distilled rose-water, and balm of elder-flowers—all the sweetest odors that ever perfumed woodland air were concentrated into those green phials—but she tempted in vain. Barbara laughed. There were the cows to milk, the sheep to herd, hoeing and weeding and seed-sowing to do; what time had she for such fanglements?

The eastern clouds were rosy with the rays of the rising sun when Lucy stole

downstairs and opened the kitchen door. The four-poster stood with its curtains closed like an Arab's tent in lonely gloom. The girl shivered as she looked at it. The thought of the old woman lying within took all the brightness from her eyes and the lightness from her step. She was afraid of her great-grandmother as of something unknown. What right had anyone so old to be still among the living? Her place was with the dead, with the men and women whose names had become a faint memory in the dale, but who were to her personalities, that she had touched and handled. Lucy's mother had died when she was a baby, and the grim old figure, that sometimes rocked her cradle, had filled her infant mind with fear. Now that she had grown to womanhood the fear remained, though she hid it under a gay and careless demeanor. Still, the shadow of her great-grandmother fell like a blight on Lucy's life.

She tiptoed to the fireplace and soon had the smouldering turf in a glow. Then opening the outer door and stepping out into the sunlight, she filled the kettle at the spring. It was a fair morning. The chorus of birds had ceased and busy feathered things were marketing among the sprouting green of the beck-side. Far away up the dale she saw the red cows move, and knew that Barbara was somewhere near, driving them to new pastures. Thundergay was still swathed with smoke-like mists, rolling upwards in the breeze, and gradually disclosing gray precipices, and slaty screes, with here and there patches of emerald, where the young ferns were beginning to spring, and higher up, wide fields of snow. Lucy paused to pluck a cluster of primroses, and place them in her hair. But she was startled by a cough from a stunted tree near. Among its gnarled roots crouched a little figure, wrapped in a sack to keep itself warm.

"Oh, it's you, Jan!" said Lucy. "I thought you were a sheep coughing. You should have stayed in bed today and taken a rest."

The creature raised a pair of watery eyes to her face, then dropped them.

"I's always gotten up at dawn," was the reply.

"But it's so cold!"

Again the pale eyes were raised and dropped.

"Verra cold,"

"You must come to the kitchen."

"Nay."

Lucy laid her fingers upon his withered hand.

"Come and get warm," she entreated. "I've gotsuch a grand fire burning."

The old man made no reply, but kept his gaze upon her slender fingers. At last his voice came slowly, as though he were drawing up something from the dark well of his memory.

"Onced I seed a hand like yourn, onced, long ago. I's forgotten when, but I minds the hand."

"Come," said Lucy.

He rose painfully and crawled by her side. But at the kitchen door he held back.

"Nay," he repeated.

"Why?"

"I must work."

"Rubbish," said Lucy, scornfully, and again she laid her hand upon his. "You've been working all your life, you can have a rest now. Let the new hind, Tom, do what's to be done."

The old man stared anew at her fingers.

"I minds where I saw that hand," he said, "it was outside a white winding sheet . . . long ago."

Lucy tried to draw him into the kitchen, but he was obstinate, and afraid of Mistress Lynn.

"I'll go and feed the chickens," he mumbled, and shuffled away round the end of the house.

Lucy looked after him sadly, then returned to her work. As she was shaking the sheepskin rug a coin fell out of it and lay glittering upon the ground. Picking it up with an exclamation of surprise, she turned it over and over. It was a sovereign. For some minutes she stood with her brows knit and her blue eyes darkening as thought took shape. The coin was her great-grandmother's, there could be no doubt of it. Lucy had always had suspicions about the locked cupboard of the bridewain, which she had never seen opened. Now she knew something was hidden there—money most likely, perhaps many more coins like the one she had found, perhaps bags of them. If one could be lost without a hue and cry being raised for it, they must be as plentiful as blackberries.

What should she do? Should she keep it? Was it not her due, considering the way she worked and yet received no recompense? The temptation to put the coin in her pocket was strong, and she thought longingly of the many pretty things it would buy. Then she spurned the suggestion. She remembered Jan Straw, whose life had been bought for a few pounds and a sup of porridge; she saw Barbara wearing out her strong young life upon the fells; she thought of herself, drudging from daylight to day-darkening. The bitterness of it set her teeth on edge. She looked again at the yellow coin, and it seemed to have taken upon it a tinge of blood.

Then the curtain rings of the bed jingled, and turning around, she saw that her great-grandmother was sitting up, looking at her.

Lucy might fear the old woman, but she was not lacking in courage when the moment called for it. She balanced the coin upon her thumbnail, spun it into the air, and caught it as it fell.

"See what I've found," she said.

Mistress Lynn stared at the shining thing, lying on the girl's palm.

"Where didst get it?" she asked sharply.

"At the end of the rainbow."

"Rainbow! fiddlesticks! Give it to me."

Lucy dropped the coin into the outstretched hand without a word. But she stood looking down, her eyes fierce and more like the old woman's than Barbara's were, although in face and figure there was no other resemblance.

"Where didst get it?" again asked Mistress Lynn.

"It fell out of the rug."

"Ah! I sold some sheep to a man from the South yesterday. I thought he had paid me short money—they're such cheats in the South! Well, well, it must have dropped out of his hand. Thee shall have a shilling come Good Friday, Lucy."

"A shilling!" Lucy was scornful, "a shilling!"

Mistress Lynn looked narrowly at her great-granddaughter. Between the girl and her little love was lost.

"What ails thee at a shilling? It's over much when I come to think of it. Thee shall have sixpence. That's enough for a young lass to spend on fallals."

"I wonder at you, I wonder at you, great-grandmother," exclaimed Lucy. "I wonder at you hoarding up the money, and you so old."

"Wouldst like to see me play ducks and drakes with it in the beck?"

Lucy tossed her head impatiently.

"Why do you keep Barbara and me penniless?" she asked.

"I feed you well and clothe you warm—what more dost need?"

"Barbara," began Lucy, but the old woman interrupted her.

"What's Barbara complaining about?"

"Barbara never complains. But I know she's heart-sick for something better than a lone life on the fells."

"If she's sweethearting," said Mistress Lynn, "if she's taken up with a lad, I's naught to say against it," for the old woman thought that the services of a young strong man would be of great value now that Jan Straw was past work.

"Sweethearting!" replied Lucy. "It's learning Barbara's after!"

"Learning! Hasn't she enough learning for any lass, and more than most? Doesn't she ken the lift like the palm of her hand, and the dales and fells better than her ten toes?"

"It's book-learning Barbara wants."

"Book-learning! I don't hold with book-learning. Hark to me, great-granddaughter. You'll be a good lass, and when I's gone there'll be a nice little sum put by for you and your sister. Now, see to your work; the porridge is burning," and the old woman sniffed the air disdainfully.

"Oh," said Lucy, with a shrug of her shoulders, "Mickle Crags will have buried us all by then—you and me and Barbara and the money, all in one grave."

"Hold thy tongue," replied the old woman calmly, but with such an edge to her words that Lucy kept her peace.

Later in the day Lucy went up the dale to find Barbara. She eagerly drank in the sunlight. It comforted her like a cup of sweet wine. From the mosses of the beck-side, where she followed the cattle road, a whispering could be heard as of life—innumerable, and infinitesimal—waking to activity after its long winter sleep. Bees were buzzing; birds were mating; the village geese, in charge of a goose-girl, were being driven to their feeding grounds; Tom, the new hind, with a boy to drive the horses, was ploughing in a steep field; and Jan Straw was gathering rushes. Everything was up and active.

The dale in which Greystones was situated wound into the heart of Thundergay. On the right rose Nab Head —a grey bastion streaked with little streams trickling from the melting snows, and now all aglitter in the sun. On the left, gloomy as its name, hung Darkling Crag. The dale lay between like a green lizard, basking in the warm light. It was green with marsh-mosses, and soon would be yellow with king-cups. Lucy sang to herself as she climbed upward:

"Oh! have you found my golden ball?
  And have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hanging
  On the gallows tree?"

There was no smile upon her face, but her eyes were wistful. She was hoping that Joel Hart would soon find a golden ball and come to set her free, before Greystones, and the tyrannical old woman there, had robbed her life of its youth and sweetness. She was just twenty, and panting to spread her wings and fly away. She turned round to look at her home.

It was the most solitary of habitations. About it hung an atmosphere of old forgotten things. It had a tragic air as though its past, by some strange process, were still in being. Even on a golden afternoon such as this, it could not exorcise the grey spirit that haunted it—the spirit of the ancient grey stones of which it was built. The slates were green with moss: the drip-stone was feathered with weeds which, before long, would belt it with a flowery garland: soon the great sycamores would burst into leaf; but even then the house would keep its gloom. It was a fitting habitation for Mistress Annas Lynn, who was nearly a hundred years old.

Lucy turned her eyes away from it,

and looked at the mountain at the head of the dale, down whose sides the streams slid in thin white lines to fall with many a rainbow cascade into Swirtle Tarn, lying at its feet, blue as a violet. Thundergay dominated the dale. Its jagged peaks soared high above the fells around. It was the birthplace of eagles, mists and storms; and it was also the nurse of her sister Barbara.

Her mind turned to Barbara.

If Lucy ever visualized such abstract ideas as goodness, integrity, and justice, she saw them under the living form of her sister. Joel Hart she loved; Barbara she worshiped. With Joel she stood on an equality—he was as humanly imperfect as she—but Barbara stood on a mountain height, a great, grand figure, with a great, grand heart, sublime in her magnanimity, immovable as granite among the storms of her world.

She felt, too, that it was among the mountains that Barbara found her secret inspiration and strength. Since childhood she had spent the greater part of her life upon Thundergay, and, though it had been a rough nurse, beating her with winds like scorpions, training her by hunger and cold and weariness, yet she loved it still, but it had made her silent.

Lucy did not put her thoughts into these words, but she felt them, nevertheless.

She now left the cattle road, and followed a sheep track round Swirtle Tarn. A shoulder of Thundergay seemed to block her way, but the track wound in and out of knowes and hollows, and led her at last through a gap where she looked down upon a scene of pastoral beauty. A lawn of velvet grass lay by the margin of the tarn, dotted with sheep and a few lambs—the firstlings of the flock. It sloped gently upwards, and surged like a full green tide against the bases of the cliffs. Here was a cave, called for generations Ketel's Parlor, in memory of some Northern robber who had made it his eyrie. Now Barbara claimed it, and often slept there when her work kept her abroad at night. The flocks were her especial care, and she "shepherded and improved the same according to the due course of good shepherding," as the old title-deeds of Greystones recommended.

Lucy looked in. By the threshold her sister lay fast asleep, her long limbs sunk in repose upon a bed of straw. Her head was near the entrance, and the sun, as it got lower, flowed in golden ripples across the threshold. When it touched her eyes she would awake, for the sun was her clock by day, as the Great Bear was her clock by night.

Lucy did not speak, but took her knitting from her pocket, and sat down on a rock to wait.

The cave had been partly built up long, long ago, and two narrow slits of windows made in the artificial wall. The rusty remains of iron bolts and hinges showed that a door had once closed the entrance. A huge slab of slate lay across the threshold, and underneath it a little spring that babbled out of the floor of the cave disappeared, appearing again some few yards further down the slope.

It was not long before Barbara awoke. The sun was sinking; the tarn lay in shadow, blue as steel and glassy as a mirror; now and then a heron struck an evanescent star from the shallows where it splashed. But the fell-side still stood full in the vivid light, and was dyed to a rich green, like the color seen on old silken needlework. Upon Barbara, standing at the mouth of the cave, the sunshine seemed to concentrate. She looked larger and grander and more remote than a simple human being. She

might be an incarnation of some Nature-power, older than the mountains around her, unassailed by time, and partaking of the perpetual youth of immortals.

"One of the ewes has died," she said to Lucy, "and I've spent hours trying to get its lamb fostered. Like enough thee'll have to take it home, and bring it up by hand."

"Botherment!" exclaimed her sister; "haven't I plenty to do already?"

Barbara made no reply. She was wondering what it felt like to be dead, wondering what that strange thing was which came but once, but came to all living, to men and women and sheep, and, in the twinkling of an eye, sent them out of the Known into the Unknown, where all mysteries might abound.

"Hast ever thought, Lucy," she said at last, "how strange it is that we should die like sheep and sheep like us?"

"Not I!" replied the younger girl. "My head's stuffed with lighter rubbish," and she shuddered as her eyes fell upon a huddled white heap under a thorn.

"It mazes me," continued Barbara, "when I think that yon poor creature I've thought so silly mappen knows more than I do now. Death must be a queer waking, Lucy. It's likely we'll find that we're very different to what we fancied we were. It's likely we're not the only things with souls. It's likely that the world wasn't just made for us, and all the creatures for our use. Old Camomile says that every blade of grass has its own little green soul, and loves the wind and the sunshine and the rain, and has its ideas about the sky and the stars. Mappen it puts us down as girt senseless creatures, too coarse-minded to understand its thoughts."

"Old Camomile is getting old," said Lucy. "He havers a lot."

Barbara was silent. She rarely spoke because she rarely found anyone to understand her, save the old man Timothy Hadwin, called by the villagers Old Camomile, because he made potions, and electuaries, and essences, curing their aches and pains as if by magic.

Lucy rolled up her wool, put the ball in her pocket, and looked slowly round.

"It's a lonely-like place to spend the night," she said. "I wonder you're not afraid."

"Sometimes I am," replied Barbara. She recalled nights when she had trembled before the vastness of the hills, when the winds had deafened her with stories of things she could not comprehend, when she had turned from gazing at the cold light of the stars with a fear at her heart, because they would answer nothing to all her questions.

Barbara was not educated as the world counts education. It is true that she knew the fells and dales, the tarns and meres of her native country, as well as the oldest shepherd, who had spent his long life among them. She could tell the names of the constellations, and take her directions upon the darkling moors from them. She knew when to plough and sow and reap. No one was so weather-wise as she in the village. But this is not education in the eyes of the world, and Barbara set little value upon her knowledge. She could not speak the King's English, though she spoke something much more picturesque and vigorous; she only read the simplest books; and wrote an ungainly, but characteristic hand. She knew no history, but her mind was furnished with a collection of tales and legends, which held more of the inner truth of history than the bare facts. Yet she longed with all her ardent nature for the learning contained in books; for the power to

grasp the thoughts that flashed across her mind and left upon it an impression as of a great flying light, which, if it had not eluded her, would have illumined her whole being. She pined for the life of the intellect.

"I wish we could get out of our bodies," said she, breaking the long silence. "I wish we could shake them off like an old shift, and leave them here on the grass, while our souls sailed in the air naked-free."

"What a horrid idea!" said Lucy, shrugging her shoulders.

"But our bodies are so earthy—always wanting meat and drink, and crying out for sleep. They throw a shadow on us, like a great rock blocking the light o' the sun."

"I know naught about it," answered Lucy, carelessly. Barbara laughed at the puzzle of her own thoughts. "I know naught either," she said; "yet something in me would like to win out if it could."

Lucy went up the sheep-path. On the brow of the knoll she paused, looking back. Barbara was kindling a fire outside the cave, and the smoke, as it coiled upwards, hung between them like a blue veil. Her sister seemed to be moving among mysterious things, and there was symbolical meaning in the blue veil. For two worlds lie side by side, the material and the spiritual, and from either the view into the other seems hazy and unreal. But the greatest intellects try to reconcile them. Towards such a reconciliation Barbara, in her untutored mind, was striving.

The sun had gone down, and, though the sky was still flushed with red and yellow, a subdued light and solemn stillness filled the dale—a stillness made the more impressive by the distant splashing of waterfalls and the calling of birds by the tarn.

Lucy felt sad. She had dropped over the knoll with a sigh. Barbara had listened to her story of the gold coin and dismissed it, without comment. She had not been impressed by the idea of their great-grandmother's hidden wealth. She had suggested no way of making life easier or pleasanter. Instead, her mind was possessed by vague ideas and strange questionings, which her sister could not understand, and which had no bearing upon her everyday life. Lucy went home in the waning light with reluctant feet.

But she was mistaken about Barbara's interest. For her sister had long known of the secret hoard, and had once remonstrated with the old woman about saving it in this way. But it had been in vain, as everything was in vain which opposed the will of Mistress Annas Lynn. The failure of the attempt had only served to strengthen the patience of her generous nature—the patience which can school itself to wait for the fulfillment of its desires, and, if need be, to receive without a murmur their denial. No shadow of a quarrel ever dimmed Barbara's outgoings or comings in; her intercourse with her ancient kinswoman was serene and reverent, and she would not hazard it in an attempt that could only result in an upheaval of the bitterest passion. Barbara then put the matter from her. In this she was different to Lucy, who could not cease to think and wonder and debate even after she had made up her mind.

(To be continued)

THE MILITARY TRADITIONS OF CANADA.

The prodigious material development of Canada within the last two decades has apparently effaced whatever recollections might have lingered in the Mother Country that, as regards her English speaking provinces, she was the offspring of the war, and was virtually founded and settled by soldiers. In the whole flood of oratory and fugitive literature that during the last twenty years has been expended on the subject, there has been rarely even a trace of any recognition of the dramatic origin and early history of British Canada. The death of Wolfe at Quebec is, of course, a familar historical landmark. But that epoch-making event has no direct connection with the subject on this paper, which is not concerned with the simpler story of the French Canadians, and the ancient Province still mainly occupied by them. I have some reason to believe that an overwhelming proportion of educated Englishmen think vaguely of British Canada as a country built up from the start, after the manner of Australia and New Zealand, by successive waves of sturdy immigrants from Great Britain and elsewhere. I do not think it is presumptuous to assume that many readers of the "Cornhill" will be surprised to hear that immigrants from Britain, other than officials, had very little to do with the making of British Canada, and that it was not till the latter had been British for half a century, and had fought the United States through a long and successful war, in which the French Canadians took little active part, that the Briton from home began to form an appreciable element in the population.

It is with British Canada alone, then, using the above term in its modern inclusive sense, that this paper is concerned—in other words, the old Provinces of Upper Canada (Ontario), Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and little Prince Edward Island; and none of these, save as a refuge for deported Highland clansmen, became a recognized field for emigration till after Waterloo. The reasons for this were many and sufficient, even had the strain of the Napoleonic wars allowed of any appreciable exodus from England. The great slump after the Peace of 1815, however, let loose a flood of emigration to Canada, individual, co-operative, charitable, and also military by means of land-grants to officers and soldiers. The old-country emigrant of that day found himself among a people numbering in all probably 200,000, of whom the great bulk were American by birth or descent, and marked by those characteristics of speech, manner, and outlook that had long distinguished in varying degrees the old American colonists. In other respects, however, he found the predominant element more British than the British themselves, passionately devoted to monarchy and fiercely anti-Republican. And these, I trust, it is needless to say, represented the loyalist refugees expelled from the old American colonies which the fate of war had transformed into the United States. The middle-aged and the elderly had themselves fought or suffered for the Crown through those seven years of what, for them at least, was civil war in its bitterest form, and now after thirty years all alike had just emerged from another three years' struggle, not of their seeking, with their old foes and persecutors, who had followed them into the wilderness, where, under the British flag, they had begun life again, amid conditions that had always been hard and sometimes tragic. Even in

Lucy looked after him sadly, then returned to her work. As she was shaking the sheepskin rug a coin fell out of it and lay glittering upon the ground. Picking it up with an exclamation of surprise, she turned it over and over. It was a sovereign. For some minutes she stood with her brows knit and her blue eyes darkening as thought took shape. The coin was her great-grandmother's, there could be no doubt of it. Lucy had always had suspicions about the locked cupboard of the bridewain, which she had never seen opened. Now she knew something was hidden there—money most likely, perhaps many more coins like the one she had found, perhaps bags of them. If one could be lost without a hue and cry being raised for it, they must be as plentiful as blackberries.

What should she do? Should she keep it? Was it not her due, considering the way she worked and yet received no recompense? The temptation to put the coin in her pocket was strong, and she thought longingly of the many pretty things it would buy. Then she spurned the suggestion. She remembered Jan Straw, whose life had been bought for a few pounds and a sup of porridge; she saw Barbara wearing out her strong young life upon the fells; she thought of herself, drudging from daylight to day-darkening. The bitterness of it set her teeth on edge. She looked again at the yellow coin, and it seemed to have taken upon it a tinge of blood.

Then the curtain rings of the bed jingled, and turning around, she saw that her great-grandmother was sitting up, looking at her.

Lucy might fear the old woman, but she was not lacking in courage when the moment called for it. She balanced the coin upon her thumbnail, spun it into the air, and caught it as it fell.

"See what I've found," she said.

Mistress Lynn stared at the shining thing, lying on the girl's palm.

"Where didst get it?" she asked sharply.

"At the end of the rainbow."

"Rainbow! fiddlesticks! Give it to me."

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"A shilling!" Lucy was scornful, "a shilling!"

Mistress Lynn looked narrowly at her great-granddaughter. Between the girl and her little love was lost.

"What ails thee at a shilling? It's over much when I come to think of it. Thee shall have sixpence. That's enough for a young lass to spend on fallals."

"I wonder at you, I wonder at you, great-grandmother," exclaimed Lucy. "I wonder at you hoarding up the money, and you so old."

"Wouldst like to see me play ducks and drakes with it in the beck?"

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"Why do you keep Barbara and me penniless?" she asked.

"I feed you well and clothe you warm—what more dost need?"

"Barbara," began Lucy, but the old woman interrupted her.

"What's Barbara complaining about?"

"Barbara never complains. But I know she's heart-sick for something better than a lone life on the fells."

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"Sweethearting!" replied Lucy. "It's learning Barbara's after!"

"Learning! Hasn't she enough learning for any lass, and more than most? Doesn't she ken the lift like the palm of her hand, and the dales and fells better than her ten toes?"

"It's book-learning Barbara wants."

"Book-learning! I don't hold with book-learning. Hark to me, great-granddaughter. You'll be a good lass, and when I's gone there'll be a nice little sum put by for you and your sister. Now, see to your work; the porridge is burning," and the old woman sniffed the air disdainfully.

"Oh," said Lucy, with a shrug of her shoulders, "Mickle Crags will have buried us all by then—you and me and Barbara and the money, all in one grave."

"Hold thy tongue," replied the old woman calmly, but with such an edge to her words that Lucy kept her peace.

Later in the day Lucy went up the dale to find Barbara. She eagerly drank in the sunlight. It comforted her like a cup of sweet wine. From the mosses of the beck-side, where she followed the cattle road, a whispering could be heard as of life—innumerable, and infinitesimal—waking to activity after its long winter sleep. Bees were buzzing; birds were mating; the village geese, in charge of a goose-girl, were being driven to their feeding grounds; Tom, the new hind, with a boy to drive the horses, was ploughing in a steep field; and Jan Straw was gathering rushes. Everything was up and active.

The dale in which Greystones was situated wound into the heart of Thundergay. On the right rose Nab Head —a grey bastion streaked with little streams trickling from the melting snows, and now all aglitter in the sun. On the left, gloomy as its name, hung Darkling Crag. The dale lay between like a green lizard, basking in the warm light. It was green with marsh-mosses, and soon would be yellow with king-cups. Lucy sang to herself as she climbed upward:

"Oh! have you found my golden ball?
And have you come to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hanging
On the gallows tree?"

There was no smile upon her face, but her eyes were wistful. She was hoping that Joel Hart would soon find a golden ball and come to set her free, before Greystones, and the tyrannical old woman there, had robbed her life of its youth and sweetness. She was just twenty, and panting to spread her wings and fly away. She turned round to look at her home.

It was the most solitary of habitations. About it hung an atmosphere of old forgotten things. It had a tragic air as though its past, by some strange process, were still in being. Even on a golden afternoon such as this, it could not exorcise the grey spirit that haunted it—the spirit of the ancient grey stones of which it was built. The slates were green with moss: the drip-stone was feathered with weeds which, before long, would belt it with a flowery garland: soon the great sycamores would burst into leaf; but even then the house would keep its gloom. It was a fitting habitation for Mistress Annas Lynn, who was nearly a hundred years old.

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and looked at the mountain at the head of the dale, down whose sides the streams slid in thin white lines to fall with many a rainbow cascade into Swirtle Tarn, lying at its feet, blue as a violet. Thundergay dominated the dale. Its jagged peaks soared high above the fells around. It was the birthplace of eagles, mists and storms; and it was also the nurse of her sister Barbara.

Her mind turned to Barbara.

If Lucy ever visualized such abstract ideas as goodness, integrity, and justice, she saw them under the living form of her sister. Joel Hart she loved; Barbara she worshiped. With Joel she stood on an equality—he was as humanly imperfect as she—but Barbara stood on a mountain height, a great, grand figure, with a great, grand heart, sublime in her magnanimity, immovable as granite among the storms of her world.

She felt, too, that it was among the mountains that Barbara found her secret inspiration and strength. Since childhood she had spent the greater part of her life upon Thundergay, and, though it had been a rough nurse, beating her with winds like scorpions, training her by hunger and cold and weariness, yet she loved it still, but it had made her silent.

Lucy did not put her thoughts into these words, but she felt them, nevertheless.

She now left the cattle road, and followed a sheep track round Swirtle Tarn. A shoulder of Thundergay seemed to block her way, but the track wound in and out of knowes and hollows, and led her at last through a gap where she looked down upon a scene of pastoral beauty. A lawn of velvet grass lay by the margin of the tarn, dotted with sheep and a few lambs—the firstlings of the flock. It sloped gently upwards, and surged like a full green tide against the bases of the cliffs. Here was a cave, called for generations Ketel's Parlor, in memory of some Northern robber who had made it his eyrie. Now Barbara claimed it, and often slept there when her work kept her abroad at night. The flocks were her especial care, and she "shepherded and improved the same according to the due course of good shepherding," as the old title-deeds of Greystones recommended.

Lucy looked in. By the threshold her sister lay fast asleep, her long limbs sunk in repose upon a bed of straw. Her head was near the entrance, and the sun, as it got lower, flowed in golden ripples across the threshold. When it touched her eyes she would awake, for the sun was her clock by day, as the Great Bear was her clock by night.

Lucy did not speak, but took her knitting from her pocket, and sat down on a rock to wait.

The cave had been partly built up long, long ago, and two narrow slits of windows made in the artificial wall. The rusty remains of iron bolts and hinges showed that a door had once closed the entrance. A huge slab of slate lay across the threshold, and underneath it a little spring that babbled out of the floor of the cave disappeared, appearing again some few yards further down the slope.

It was not long before Barbara awoke. The sun was sinking; the tarn lay in shadow, blue as steel and glassy as a mirror; now and then a heron struck an evanescent star from the shallows where it splashed. But the fell-side still stood full in the vivid light, and was dyed to a rich green, like the color seen on old silken needlework. Upon Barbara, standing at the mouth of the cave, the sunshine seemed to concentrate. She looked larger and grander and more remote than a simple human being. She

might be an incarnation of some Nature-power, older than the mountains around her, unassailed by time, and partaking of the perpetual youth of immortals.

"One of the ewes has died," she said to Lucy, "and I've spent hours trying to get its lamb fostered. Like enough thee'll have to take it home, and bring it up by hand."

"Botherment!" exclaimed her sister; "haven't I plenty to do already?"

Barbara made no reply. She was wondering what it felt like to be dead, wondering what that strange thing was which came but once, but came to all living, to men and women and sheep, and, in the twinkling of an eye, sent them out of the Known into the Unknown, where all mysteries might abound.

"Hast ever thought, Lucy," she said at last, "how strange it is that we should die like sheep and sheep like us?"

"Not I!" replied the younger girl. "My head's stuffed with lighter rubbish," and she shuddered as her eyes fell upon a huddled white heap under a thorn.

"It mazes me," continued Barbara, "when I think that yon poor creature I've thought so silly mappen knows more than I do now. Death must be a queer waking, Lucy. It's likely we'll find that we're very different to what we fancied we were. It's likely we're not the only things with souls. It's likely that the world wasn't just made for us, and all the creatures for our use. Old Camomile says that every blade of grass has its own little green soul, and loves the wind and the sunshine and the rain, and has its ideas about the sky and the stars. Mappen it puts us down as girt senseless creatures, too coarse-minded to understand its thoughts."

"Old Camomile is getting old," said Lucy. "He havers a lot."

Barbara was silent. She rarely spoke because she rarely found anyone to understand her, save the old man Timothy Hadwin, called by the villagers Old Camomile, because he made potions, and electuaries, and essences, curing their aches and pains as if by magic.

Lucy rolled up her wool, put the ball in her pocket, and looked slowly round.

"It's a lonely-like place to spend the night," she said. "I wonder you're not afraid."

"Sometimes I am," replied Barbara. She recalled nights when she had trembled before the vastness of the hills, when the winds had deafened her with stories of things she could not comprehend, when she had turned from gazing at the cold light of the stars with a fear at her heart, because they would answer nothing to all her questions.

Barbara was not educated as the world counts education. It is true that she knew the fells and dales, the tarns and meres of her native country, as well as the oldest shepherd, who had spent his long life among them. She could tell the names of the constellations, and take her directions upon the darkling moors from them. She knew when to plough and sow and reap. No one was so weather-wise as she in the village. But this is not education in the eyes of the world, and Barbara set little value upon her knowledge. She could not speak the King's English, though she spoke something much more picturesque and vigorous; she only read the simplest books; and wrote an ungainly, but characteristic hand. She knew no history, but her mind was furnished with a collection of tales and legends, which held more of the inner truth of history than the bare facts. Yet she longed with all her ardent nature for the learning contained in books; for the power to

grasp the thoughts that flashed across her mind and left upon it an impression as of a great flying light, which, if it had not eluded her, would have illumined her whole being. She pined for the life of the intellect.

"I wish we could get out of our bodies," said she, breaking the long silence. "I wish we could shake them off like an old shift, and leave them here on the grass, while our souls sailed in the air naked-free."

"What a horrid idea!" said Lucy, shrugging her shoulders.

"But our bodies are so earthy—always wanting meat and drink, and crying out for sleep. They throw a shadow on us, like a great rock blocking the light o' the sun."

"I know naught about it," answered Lucy, carelessly. Barbara laughed at the puzzle of her own thoughts. "I know naught either," she said; "yet something in me would like to win out if it could."

Lucy went up the sheep-path. On the brow of the knoll she paused, looking back. Barbara was kindling a fire outside the cave, and the smoke, as it coiled upwards, hung between them like a blue veil. Her sister seemed to be moving among mysterious things, and there was symbolical meaning in the blue veil. For two worlds lie side by side, the material and the spiritual, and from either the view into the other seems hazy and unreal. But the greatest intellects try to reconcile them. Towards such a reconciliation Barbara, in her untutored mind, was striving.

The sun had gone down, and, though the sky was still flushed with red and yellow, a subdued light and solemn stillness filled the dale—a stillness made the more impressive by the distant splashing of waterfalls and the calling of birds by the tarn.

Lucy felt sad. She had dropped over the knoll with a sigh. Barbara had listened to her story of the gold coin and dismissed it, without comment. She had not been impressed by the idea of their great-grandmother's hidden wealth. She had suggested no way of making life easier or pleasanter. Instead, her mind was possessed by vague ideas and strange questionings, which her sister could not understand, and which had no bearing upon her everyday life. Lucy went home in the waning light with reluctant feet.

But she was mistaken about Barbara's interest. For her sister had long known of the secret hoard, and had once remonstrated with the old woman about saving it in this way. But it had been in vain, as everything was in vain which opposed the will of Mistress Annas Lynn. The failure of the attempt had only served to strengthen the patience of her generous nature—the patience which can school itself to wait for the fulfillment of its desires, and, if need be, to receive without a murmur their denial. No shadow of a quarrel ever dimmed Barbara's outgoings or comings in; her intercourse with her ancient kinswoman was serene and reverent, and she would not hazard it in an attempt that could only result in an upheaval of the bitterest passion. Barbara then put the matter from her. In this she was different to Lucy, who could not cease to think and wonder and debate even after she had made up her mind.

(To be continued)

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The prodigious material development of Canada within the last two decades has apparently effaced whatever recollections might have lingered in the Mother Country that, as regards her English speaking provinces, she was the offspring of the war, and was virtually founded and settled by soldiers. In the whole flood of oratory and fugitive literature that during the last twenty years has been expended on the subject, there has been rarely even a trace of any recognition of the dramatic origin and early history of British Canada. The death of Wolfe at Quebec is, of course, a familar historical landmark. But that epoch-making event has no direct connection with the subject on this paper, which is not concerned with the simpler story of the French Canadians, and the ancient Province still mainly occupied by them. I have some reason to believe that an overwhelming proportion of educated Englishmen think vaguely of British Canada as a country built up from the start, after the manner of Australia and New Zealand, by successive waves of sturdy immigrants from Great Britain and elsewhere. I do not think it is presumptuous to assume that many readers of the "Cornhill" will be surprised to hear that immigrants from Britain, other than officials, had very little to do with the making of British Canada, and that it was not till the latter had been British for half a century, and had fought the United States through a long and successful war, in which the French Canadians took little active part, that the Briton from home began to form an appreciable element in the population.

It is with British Canada alone, then, using the above term in its modern inclusive sense, that this paper is concerned—in other words, the old Provinces of Upper Canada (Ontario), Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and little Prince Edward Island; and none of these, save as a refuge for deported Highland clansmen, became a recognized field for emigration till after Waterloo. The reasons for this were many and sufficient, even had the strain of the Napoleonic wars allowed of any appreciable exodus from England. The great slump after the Peace of 1815, however, let loose a flood of emigration to Canada, individual, co-operative, charitable, and also military by means of land-grants to officers and soldiers. The old-country emigrant of that day found himself among a people numbering in all probably 200,000, of whom the great bulk were American by birth or descent, and marked by those characteristics of speech, manner, and outlook that had long distinguished in varying degrees the old American colonists. In other respects, however, he found the predominant element more British than the British themselves, passionately devoted to monarchy and fiercely anti-Republican. And these, I trust, it is needless to say, represented the loyalist refugees expelled from the old American colonies which the fate of war had transformed into the United States. The middle-aged and the elderly had themselves fought or suffered for the Crown through those seven years of what, for them at least, was civil war in its bitterest form, and now after thirty years all alike had just emerged from another three years' struggle, not of their seeking, with their old foes and persecutors, who had followed them into the wilderness, where, under the British flag, they had begun life again, amid conditions that had always been hard and sometimes tragic. Even in

the interval the shadow of coming war had hung over their laborious days incessantly. The French Revolution, with its disturbing effect on their uneasy bed-fellows, the French Canadians, and worse still the violent, unreasoning, anti-British feeling that seethed throughout the greater half of the United States, had left little peace of mind for those responsible for Canada, which Great Britain sometimes would not and sometimes could not effectively garrison.

The disappointment of the Americans at having failed to annex the British Provinces to the North and free their borders from the monarchical bogey was intensely keen. The results of the French Revolution and the ravings of Jefferson stimulated still further this not unnatural longing for the acquisition of Canada, though, happily for us, they brought reaction to a sober but important minority. The correspondence of the Canadian governors through nearly all these intervening years is that of men perpetually harassed by forebodings and seated always upon a volcano. War sooner or later seemed inevitable, and, short of a miracle, could have only one result, unless the defense of Canada was taken seriously by the Home Government. The Colonial governors were right in the first and wrong in the second forecast; but they could not have foreseen that Napoleon's performances would bring New England to her senses, and that she would not merely denounce but virtually reject all part and lot in the war. Fortunately for us!

English historians are so obviously bored by the war of 1812-15 that in the brief space perfunctorily conceded to it they save themselves the trouble of investigation, and frankly follow the old-fashioned American histories which could not afford to be candid, and are in fact today regarded with contempt by American experts. English moderns, unfortunately, if allusion to the unfamiliar topic becomes imperative (in a leading article for instance) almost invariably give themselves away as victims, through their school textbooks no doubt, of the old American presentation of the subject, which erred in the direction of *suppressio veri* rather than in actual misstatement. It is irritating to find Englishmen of light and learning half apologizing for the war of 1812-15 as a mutual blunder, as if Great Britain, with Napoleon on her hands and no conceivable object to serve by war, had not done her utmost to keep out of it! Or, again, to be told that it decided nothing and had best be forgotten, that it was ruinous to the trade of both countries, which is true, and finally that while the British had the best of the land fighting the Americans had the advantage at sea, which is a half truth of the most misleading kind. That is, I think, the conventional view so far as anyone concerns himself with a view at all. J. R. Green, the historian, whose perfuntory pages on this tiresome and unfamiliar subject, like his chapter on the Wolfe exploit, are full of errors, goes even further, and holds that the ill success of the Americans on land was "more than made up for it by their victories at sea," alluding to those three or four notable frigate duels, which as mere incidents made a sensation, but were of no more real consequence than so many international boat-races! It is quite certain that the Americans of that day did not consider British North America as of less value than, say, four British frigates, and British North America was the real object of the war with the party that waged it, representing a majority of the nation!* No one can

*Like Green and others, British writers still periodically apologize for the burning of the Government buildings at Washington in

have studied the papers, the letters, the private correspondence, and the general atmosphere of that period beyond the Atlantic, and hold any other opinion. The Federal party, represented chiefly by New England, did not mince their words, and declaimed against the war, in and out of Congress, as "a wicked and unscrupulous attack upon an unoffending neighboring and kindred people," and fortunately acted up to their opinions, kept virtually out of it, and thereby relieved the whole international boundary east of Montreal from war's alarms.

The British Orders-in-Council and "the right of search" served their turn well as pretexts,* but if there had been no "*on to Canada*" cry to rouse the enthusiasm and cupidity of the "war-hawks" of the Southern and Middle States there would certainly have been no war. And, by an irony of fate, it was Canada alone who came well out of it! Her inherited military traditions were intensified and perpetuated. Upper Canada, as the chief seat of war, suffered to be sure from ravage, not a vital matter to an agricultural colony only thirty years old. But then her loyalist settlers, fighting by the side of that indomitable handful of British troops whose heroic performances have been obscured by remoteness of scene and the great collateral struggle with Napoleon in Europe, covered themselves with glory. French Canada, willing enough, but not seriously touched, nor much involved in the fighting line, made money hand over fist from the high prices and brisk demand for food supplies. The British loyalist settlers, who, numerically and otherwise, dominated the Maritime Provinces, also untouched by war, did still better, and in providing all kinds of war supplies and naval stores for British fleets, as well as in constituting a base for the profitable privateering interest, leaped at once into an altogether higher plane of prosperity. The Americans, on the other hand, and in an only less degree the Mother Country, suffered incalculable commercial loss.

No American writer of repute any longer defends that ghastly and impolitic error, the cruel expulsion of the loyalists. Nor does retribution often come quite so thoroughly and quite so swiftly in real life as it came with the war of 1812-15.

And now who were these makers of British Canada, these United Empire Loyalists whose descendants today form at least half the population of the Maritime Provinces, and within easy memory were still conspicuous and powerful among the leading class of a far less homogeneous Ontario?

At the close of the American War, some 90,000 loyalists, with little more than the clothes they stood up in, were huddled within the British lines at New York and one or two other Atlantic ports not yet surrendered. We can merely deal here in rough facts and approximate figures, and must altogether dispense with the moving details of this tragic business. But it will be enough that a final decree of expulsion and confiscation, which no protest of the British nor even of the French Crown, nor yet the disapproval of Washington himself could shake, had gone forth against all who had supported by arms and all who had

1814 quite obviously unconscious of the context. This measure was ordered by the British Government in retaliation for the deliberate burning of the New Capitol of Upper Canada (Toronto) and the wanton and cruel burning, on evacuation, of the former capital town of Newark, whereby hundreds of women and children were, without notice, precipitated into the terrors of a Canadian winter night. Human life and private property were scrupulously respected in the Washington affair.

*These were revoked four days after Madison's declaration of war, which the British Government, of course, knew nothing of. The British commander in Canada on hearing the news secured a brief cessation of the incipient hostilities for discussing the changed situation. But the war party at Washington wanted war—and Canada—and declined further diplomacy.

openly sympathized with the British cause. Passions, to be sure, inflamed by the mutual retaliations of a long fluctuating war, had risen fever heat between the two contending parties among the colonists. But one cannot help remembering the different terms and treatment extended to the defeated Royalists in our own Civil War, and in a century presumably less merciful and enlightened. Of the 50,000 expatriated and ruined loyalists, mainly non-combatants, who turned their despondent steps away to Florida, the West Indies, the Mother Country, and elsewhere, under almost always distressing circumstances, we can say nothing here.* But when every effort of the British Government to get living terms in the treaty of peace for its American supporters failed, there seemed only one method of solution for the harrowing problem which confronted it.

Now Nova Scotia, then including New Brunswick, had already a few thousand settlers, British, Colonial-Americans, Swiss, and French-Acadians, with a government and capital at Halifax, but was still in the main a forest wilderness. Canada west of Montreal, the then limit of serious French settlement, or in other words what is now the fine province of Ontario, was one vast virgin forest. The American colonists had vaguely regarded these countries as forbidding lands of fog, ice, and snow, climatically impossible and argiculturally useless, though Nova Scotia had proved itself to the few familiar with it, to be a habitable country. Government experts, now dispatched to the forests that covered the north shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie, reported favorably of the soil. So Crown surveyors were set to work, and lands were offered in both these widely-sundered regions to all such loyalist refugees as were prepared to accept them. Transport thither, together with farming implements and rations for two years, were included in the scheme. There was, in truth, little alternative for these brave, unfortunate people. "Hell or Halifax," in the catch phrase of the moment, represented their forlorn outlook. It seemed, in truth, a dismal prospect, above all for the many gently-nurtured people included in the exodus, once-opulent merchants, big landowners, judges, professors, clergymen, lawyers, doctors and the like. For the loyalist cause had naturally made a strong appeal to the higher class in the various colonies, who had a keener sense of fidelity to the Crown and the Empire and a natural dread of the democratic upheaval which accompanied rather than incited the Revolution, and indeed, as we know, sometimes hampered its leaders and imperiled its success. Sir Guy Carleton (Wolfe's old friend), as commander of the British forces during the peace negotiations and withdrawal of the troops, had now these hapless people on his hands. His letters home are full of generous compassion for the tragedy of their situation. Shipping had to be supplied for some 30,000 who decided for Nova Scotia; while most of the 10,000 or so who chose Upper Canada (Ontario) and certain available strips of Quebec went by the Lake, river and overland trails. Some had already found their way there, to be temporarily provided for by that kind-hearted Anglo-Swiss Governor, General Haldimand. The wearisome and often perilous journeys of these exiles and their families, by canoe, batteau and wagon, through the Northern wilderness, along the various trails of the old French wars, form one of the salient features in the grim story of this

*As a matter of fact this group, unlike the other Canadian one, has vanished unrecorded into space. The record of their numbers and their various points of refuge alone remains.

wholesale expatriation compared with which the expulsion of the Acadian peasants of thirty years earlier, even as idealized by Longfellow, was a trifling incident. The evacuation by the British troops of New York was postponed again and again by Carleton under the protests of Congress, so great was the difficulty of providing ships for the transport of so many thousand exiles. And Carleton, moved to the heart by their forlorn situation, had bluntly refused to embark a single redcoat until the last one of them had been removed. It should be mentioned, too, that in the interval attempts had been made by some to return to their old localities in spite of the fact that their lands and goods had long been appropriated, sometimes sold by the authorities, sometimes coolly annexed by unprincipled neighbors, while they themselves were regarded as pariahs and outlaws. In short, repatriation proved hopeless under the prevailing temper, and, as already shown, no government nor state provision for just treatment worth the paper it was written on could be wrung from the Americans at the Peace.

Most of these people were of American birth—New Englanders, New Yorkers, Virginians, Carolinians. There were Highlanders too, of recent settlement, Germans of both home and American birth, and New Yorkers of old Dutch extraction, but the mass were of British descent. Nearly all the males of eligible age had fought through the war in one or other of the Colonial regiments, raised and paid by the Crown. These regiments, with their connections, went collectively into exile and were allotted separate tracts divided into individual grants, varying from 3000 acres for a field officer to 200 acres for a private. These were known as Incorporated settlements, and seven such were planted along the shores of Lake Ontario, about Kingston and others at Niagara. The non-regimental groups were known as Unincorporated settlements. This is interesting, as it was upon these same Ontario and Niagara shores that, thirty years later, the brunt of war fell. In Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton island and its mainland portion, soon after formed into the province of New Brunswick, the original plan of settlement was much the same. But the Ontario settlements were all upon good land, fearful as were the hardships encountered in its development, so there was no motive, even had the means existed, for shifting quarters. Things were different in the Maritime Provinces. The soil varied greatly, while facilities for shifting and exploring better districts were, for geographical reasons, possible. As regards the military antecedents of British Canada, however, this is of little consequence.

For the Maritime Provinces were virtually annexed *en bloc* by the United Empire Loyalists, as the exiles proudly called themselves. The small groups of Acadians on the west and British etc. around Halifax on the east were numerically and yet more morally overwhelmed by the influx, and count for little in the ethnology of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The United Empire Loyalist element, though their early sufferings in the woods were very great, once these were overcome, enjoyed a comparatively unclouded future. In every sense, they dominated the provinces. There was no geographical contact or political semi-partnership with French Canadians, no serious influx of doubtful American immigrants such as kept the loyalists of Upper Canada in a constant state of uneasiness, and their hands metaphorically always on their sword-hilts. The echoes of the French Revolution, the news of Napoleonic victories, scarcely

touched the domestic life of these Ocean Provinces. There were neither French Papists nor American intriguers of any consequence to worry them, while the British fleet was a guarantee of security to their sea-washed territories, such as their isolated kinsmen in Upper Canada could not look to. The war of 1812 only indirectly threatened them, while it actually brought them prosperity. After Waterloo, when that great immigration from the Mother Country set in which still further reduced the relative strength of the old loyalists in Upper Canada, the Maritime Provinces received but a small percentage of it. A sensible proportion, too, even of this were Highland clansmen; docile, inarticulate, unambitious, and mostly segregated in groups, some of which to this very day speak Gaelic.

Nor at any time since, for reasons, some obvious, some involved, has immigration, even in the great recent boom, set seriously towards the Maritime Provinces. And it may be safely affirmed today that at least every second "Blue Nose" is directly descended from those brave, unfortunate people, whose devotion to the Empire forced them to start life afresh in the wild woods of the then dreaded and unknown North. If they were not, on land at any rate, called upon to sharpen their swords anew in the war of 1812, they are to a far greater extent than other modern Canadians, the offspring of those invaluable defenders of Empire of whom Governor Haldimand, despairing for the moment at their first pathetic efforts in the grim Canadian woods and at the appalling task which there confronted them, wrote to his government, "Their true vocation is war." To their efficiency in the arts of peace, however, the coming years soon bore ample testimony, which is not surprising, as, gentle or simple, they were of the stock who had already made powerful and flourishing colonies. But the story of the United Empire Loyalists in Upper Canada is nevertheless much more interesting. The actual movement of the ex-soldiers and their following, 10,000 souls at a rough estimate, in 1782-4 was immediately succeeded by small driblets of quiet, humbly-placed people, who had escaped the suspicion of partisanship, but preferred to face the wilderness rather than desert their allegiance. They were recognized however, as belonging to the same movement and as entitled to the honorable affix, those three distinguishing letters U. E. L., which it was seriously proposed a little later to sanction officially as a badge of caste through all succeeding generations.

The clearing of the Canadian bush was a labor almost beyond the conception of those who have never seen these formidable woods. The equipment of the settlers was lamentably deficient, for the British Government, with the best of intentions, proved unequal to such a novel and, above all, remote undertaking. These new settlements were cut off from old French Canada by a trackless wilderness, the St. Lawrence, with its many interludes of unnegotiable rapids, being the sole connecting artery. The farm implements supplied were bad and scanty; the live stock, few enough at the start, were killed by wolves or devoured by the settlers to save themselves from absolute starvation. To wring a subsistence in two or three years out of Canadian bush taxes the energies of a well-equipped hardy backwoodsman. These people were miserably equipped for such achievement, and moreover were mostly from long settled districts, and used to comfort and luxury in varying degrees. A hundred necessities of life, including drugs and doctors, were unprocurable, while the flies and mosquitoes were terrific, and for want

of millstones the hardly-won grain was pounded into flour by cannon balls! The compensations were a really good soil and a healthy climate, though the fierce winters bore cruelly on the ill-protected exiles through their early struggling years.

Their destitution, however, was in time mitigated by two sensible measures of relief. The officers who had served received a modest half-pay, and the widows of those who had fallen a small pension. Furthermore, the British Government allotted three million sterling for the relief of the loyalist exiles generally, on proving their claims of loss. This meant a "Court of Claims" in London, with delays, from difficulties of proof, extending over years. The half-pay was for the moment of no use in Upper Canada, as there was no goods to purchase. Later on, together with the money from the "Court of Claims," it enabled the better sort to disentangle themselves from the woods, and, building towns and villages, to become, as merchants, lawyers, and officials, the dominating element of each province. They became, in short an oligarchy of aristocratic tendencies, such as had existed in Virginia or New York and other provinces before the war. Only in this case it was founded on military service to the Crown.

In Upper Canada this class instinct was intensified by the great immigration of mainly lower-class Americans from the neighboring States, which followed the political separation of the province in 1791 from Quebec with its semi-feudal French laws. It now contained about 20,000 souls, mainly of United Empire Loyalist stock, but during the next few years some 30,000 American settlers were added to the population. The excellence of its soil had now become an acknowledged fact, and the British Government proceeded to make surveys on a large scale, both in the Upper Province and in Southern Quebec, outside the French occupation. All and sundry, British and Americans, were offered land on easy terms. The British response in any serious sense was yet to come. But the Americans, tempted by such a prospect, comparatively close at home and free of the Indian danger, jumped at it and readily took the requisite oath of allegiance. Good land was more to such men than political opinions, while the new Constitution of the United States foreboded taxes and uncertainties that caused the plain man of flabby allegiance to think furiously. The United Empire Loyalists protested vigorously. In every one of these people they saw a republican and a potential rebel, and in any case an obstacle to the ascendancy they were not unnaturally determined to maintain in a country they regarded as their own. In the first suspicions they were proved by the war of 1812 to have been but partially justified. In the latter their instinct was true enough but it took nearly fifty years of agitation before these virile oligarchists were dislodged from their grip of the Government. The British authorities thought otherwise, and interminable lists of settlers from across the Border may still be perused in the State papers by those interested in the early settlement of the country. Those of the United Empire Loyalists, too, are duly recorded, with their origin, their regiments, and their locations.

At the war of 1812 there were about 80,000* souls in the British Province of Upper Canada, whose capital had recently been shifted from Niagara to York (Toronto). Probably a third were of United Empire Loyalist stock, with a few native British, the rest mainly American immigrants. In the French province there were twenty

*Possibly ten per cent of these may have been recent emigrants from Great Britain, about half of whom were Highland clansmen.

to thirty thousand English-speaking Protestants, a majority recent American immigrants, settled near the frontier of Vermont, a State which remained virtually neutral. The militia called out to fight with the British regiments were of the cream of the United Empire Loyalists, and were limited to less than 2000 by the scarcity of arms and ammunition. The farmers, however, with their teams, did practically all the transport work. There were only four thousand British troops at the moment in the two Canadas, nearly half of whom were required in the Lower Province, as Montreal was persistently threatened, though never reached. For two years the other 2000, with but trifling reinforcements, supported by the loyalist militia, bore the brunt of the main attack on Upper Canada by the American armies till, in the third year, relief came from England. It is a pity that no one reads the story of that war, so stubbornly waged against tremendous odds, with almost no support from the hard-pressed Mother Country, and sorely embarrassed by a chronic scarcity of money, material, arms, and provisions. For they would realize that in none of our past wars did British soldiers fight with more indomitable courage and resolution, and would moreover understand why the sons of the loyalist soldiers of 1775-82, who fought by their side, perpetuated the military tradition bequeathed to them, through two succeeding generations which seemed in their later day to be as far removed from all prospect of serious war as any community could well be. Many of us now living, including the writer, have known and spoken with survivors of 1812-15. The spirit that war left behind it has often perplexed the English traveler, wholly absorbed in the modern and material side of a quite young country. He has been confronted on occasions by loyal outbursts of a rather unfamiliar brand, and a certain uncompromising attitude towards the United States, which is quite different from the rather vague antipathy which some Englishmen cherish towards America. In brief, he has encountered the old United Empire Loyalist military tradition, and naturally does not understand it. For the United States serves precisely the same historical purpose of whipping boy for the Canadian that Great Britain has provided for the Americans, and with much more logic. It has hitherto been the one serious enemy to provide them with opportunity for patriotic effort and for recalling martial glories.

Wave after wave of immigration rolled over inland Canada after Waterloo. But the old leading families held their social position and military leadership in the Dominion home forces long after their political power had been destroyed by the rising forces of democracy. As late at any rate as the seventies, a rather discouraging period for amateur soldiering in Canada, the proportion of officers of United Empire Loyalist stock in the militia was very large. But two other influences have contributed not a little to keeping up the military traditions of all the provinces: first, the number of British officers and soldiers, who, after Waterloo, were allotted tracts of wild land, and still more, perhaps, the British garrisons scattered over the country from Halifax to Lake Huron prior to 1870.* For the social intimacies and numerous marriages contracted between the leading classes, and the British officers, who regarded the country as the cream of oversea stations, had their inevitable effect.

In spite of already changing material conditions, the Boer War maintained

*In 1839 there aggregated 20,000 men, including a brigade of guards.

much of the old personal tradition under a new aspect. As for the present Armageddon, with its magnificent spectacle of some 150,000 Canadians under arms, it would be impertinent and invidious to associate the uprising of a daughter nation in a great and unprecedented crisis with the traditions which have been more particularly cherished by certain sections of it. The present situation is altogether outside the scope of this paper, but it is at least safe to say that every other Nova Scotian and New Brunswicker who has gone or who is going to the front will be a descendant of the men who fought and suffered for their loyalty to the Empire in the days of George III.

A. G. Bradley

The Cornhill Magazine.

GENTLE FRANCE.

The preoccupations, as much mental as physical, that make it so difficult on service to put pen to paper, at least in the way of "quiet breathing," have almost severed the writer's connection with the British Review. But in the end there is no denying the impulse that prompts the observer to testify to the nobility of the French peasant-spirit, and the wonderful charm of the French land.

It would be unjust to say that there is no patriotism in England to compare with the patriotism of the French: this war provides sufficient refutation of such a charge. But in France patriotism is not a thing that has to be thought or reasoned about, or which requires inculcation. It is so ingrained in the people of the soil that it has become part of their very nature, as much and as precious to them as their religion.

What a thing is their war life, these peasants of France! There are old men about, and young boys, and the men are very old and the boys very young. Everywhere there are women at work, the brave, steadfast, simple Frenchwomen. They have suffered, are suffering, and will suffer. With us it has become a commonplace to say that "the people at home do not realize"; but here in France no effort of realization is required, for all the horror, the misery, the sacrifice, are at their doors.

When I billeted a few days ago in a little village, close to the town of X, I noted with what anxiety the daily round of the postman was awaited; and hardly a day passed without his bringing the dreaded news to some one. Once, as I sat in my little upper room—the "best bedroom" of a very humble home—I heard cries rising from the street below, and on looking from my window I saw the poor woman of the next-door house go staggering out across the street, making blindly for some sympathetic door, while her two mites of children followed, tugging at her skirts. She had just had her letter, a bare official notice, telling her that her man was dead. The other women, chatting to one another at their doors, scarcely seemed to heed her, and she herself, the first wild outburst of grief over, went on as usual with her daily task.

But it is away in the broad, grand country-side of Northern France, in the ancient clusters of farmhouses that punctuate the beauty of the land, that one is brought most startlingly face to face with the tragedy of the war. Here where I stand is one of these farmhouses, and it is typical of them all. The broad, undulating wheat acres

are broken here and there by hollow squares of elms, enclosing the old farm buildings. Each of these scattered groups is a little kingdom in itself, and the wants of its inhabitants are almost entirely met from within its boundaries. Generally there is a small orchard near the house, just beyond the moat of stagnant water that encircles it. Within the moat is a rose garden, charmingly pretty, and finally the farm buildings themselves, rich in tone and mellow, cluster around the large interior yard.

Waterlogged and incredibly muddy as the whole country-side is in winter, during the long, hot months of the Northern French summer the sun has everything its own way. As a rule the buildings are of red brick, mellowed by the sun of many years, with great, steep-sloping roofs that are thatched for the first half and red-tiled lower down. A huge barn, often built of tarred wood, as in Sussex, runs the length of one side of the quadrangle; the dwelling-house occupies another side, and the other two are composed of stables and byres. Close by the stables, and just outside the great arched gateway, there is a horse-pond of curious design. One often hears of "ducking in a horse-pond"—the conventional punishment of the racecourse "welcher," is it not?—but up to a few days ago I had not seen one that was really a bath for horses. It is shaped something like a capital R sunk below the level of the ground and full of very dirty water. The horses, yoked two abreast, are driven down an inclined plane into the water, with an accompaniment of much whip-cracking, and by the time they have reached the semicircular end they are immersed over their girths. They have barely room to turn together and come out again. The performance is gone through two or three times, and then with glistening coats the great beasts emerge, ready and refreshed for their long day's work in the fields.

And what a day's work it is! Of the many salutary lessons that this unhappy war has taught us not the least valuable is that afforded by French peasant industry.

Save where this "war of positions" has settled down, the farmsteads, fortunately, have suffered little. Their owners cling to them as long as they can, and often when they have been forced to flee the old farm-hands and domestic servants have stayed on. So it has happened here where I write. The little parlor is just as the family left it, and all around it are pathetic reminders of them—groups of stiffly-posed children, from the little people of the babyhood and early childhood stages to the grown-up days of but a year ago. The soldier's tunic adorns the young men, the girls are shown in their unbecoming "Sunday best" (for alas! the picturesque lace caps and peasant costumes have disappeared). The old couple that the *patron* has left behind to look after what they can have settled in with all that is left of their family, and in spite of daily bursts of shelling they pursue their tasks as usual. They, with their patrons, have suffered cruelly, and the day after we first visited their farm they heard of the death of their second brother. The first had fallen earlier in the war, in Alsace.

A couple of days before our arrival the old mother had set out for the hospital at Amiens, hoping at least to be in time. They had just got a letter from her, posted at railhead. It was a big adventure for the poor old thing: the drive to railhead in the antique cart, over the rough *pave*, halted innumerably by the passage of marching British troops, with the swish of shells overhead, or their loud bursting amid the corn, and finally the loneliness of

the railway train packed with troops.

Early one sad morning I heard crying in the kitchen, and the poor, amiable, practical elder sister came to me and said simply, "*Mon frere est mort.*" I asked her whether the mother had got there in time, for the letter with the news was from her. She had only been in time to see him "*dans son cercueil.*"

The night before, hearing I was a Catholic, they had asked me to join them at their prayers. This night I stayed away. But I could hear the same prayers being said, with the addition of the *De Profundis.* "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

Next morning, very early, for the work in the fields had to go on just the same, the few remaining neighbors began to assemble to condole. The old, red-eyed ineffective-looking father had acquired a look of consequence. He declaimed a bit about what he had done for *la Patrie.* Two sons gone out of his three! "It's hard," he told me.

Again and again one comes upon instances of this grand French peasant-spirit. Close to a former billet of mine there lived on the banks of the River L— a sturdy lock-keeper. I used to talk with him a good deal, and to enjoy his well-expressed views. He had a most sovereign contempt for the Germans. His only son, he told me, was just under military age. Somewhat thoughtlessly, following the mode of our English talk, I congratulated him on the fact. "No, sir," he said, "I deem myself unfortunate in not being able to give my boy for France"! Only in newspapers, or on the stage, do men talk like that in England. But in France it is different.

Her peasantry is indeed her all-in-all to France, and the fact is soon borne in upon us as we move through this matchless land. In her farmsteads resides her strength. Eloquent of the soil, theirs is the opposite of town life. I confess they fascinate me: they are so quiet, so old, so noble, seeming in their brooding calm to fulfill a destiny that is high above wars and visitations. As a recent French writer in *La Croix* admirably puts it, they "*s'echellonnent a de longues distances,*" the spacious distances of a land that is now one golden harvest. All is not war, and the ugly boundary thereof is sharply defined, like the edge of a burnt paper. Beyond that blackened zone all is as beautiful as before.

These farms of Northern France bear striking names—*La Rolanderie*, somehow reminiscent of days of chivalry—*L'Armee*, telling of past campaigns —*La Fleur d'Ecosse*, handed down, perhaps, from Scottish Archer days, or is it the name of a flower?—*Fin de la Guerre*, with its hint of former yearnings — *Ferme de la Grande Cour* a sounding title — *Froid Nid*, well-named, no doubt in winter, for it stands gaunt and alone on a windy plane. One might gather much lore in these places, and imagination can very well people them with Stanley Weyman folk, back in the dim distance of pre-Revolutionary France. There is one large farm, too, which bears the name of the Redeemer, and one which is called Paradise. Piety at its best, piety that is yet not pietistic, is everywhere apparent. Over the entrance to each farmstead is a shrine, a little glass-screened recess in the wall, with a blue-and-white plaster statue of Our Lady, flanked by artificial flowers and holy candles. At points along the road one comes upon crucifixes, which the people salute in passing, the women with the sign of the cross, the men by a touch of the cap. Wayside shrines are frequent, too, each with its statue and invocation to some saint. Was it not Goethe, in his *Italian Travels*, who spoke ironically of the "miracle" of the unscathed shrine on the

wall of a burnt-out house? Well, his gentle compatriots have reproduced the wonder again and again in France, and the fact may bear a deeper meaning than irony could cover.

If only these were happier days, what nooks and corners could not the artist find, what material the writer? I have recounted some of the names of farms, those of the wayside inns are often quite as pleasantly suggestive.

Once, on a blessed day of rest from the weary trenches, I rode along the banks of a famous river, by bye-roads and a great paved road, to the little town of M—. "*Au Gazon Vert,*" "*A la Rainette,*" "*A la Pointe du Jour,*" "*A la Reunion des Pecheurs*" —each tells its own tale; and what tales could be told of each! Green Sward, Green Frog, Daybreak, and Anglers' Meeting Place: in the latter place, no doubt, generations of village Izaak Waltons have told their harmless stories; only now there is nobody to fish and nobody to listen. And always as I rode I passed those quiet sun-brooding farmsteads, with their green, stagnant moats, their great elms in serried ranks, their dark-red tiles and sombre thatch. What long years of slow-moving time they have seen! Wars have come and gone, yet they have remained. The Grand Monarch, Marlborough, Napoleon, soldiers of all these have rested in them, and have passed on to make history. But they remain to our day, and even this war of wars may leave no mark upon them. Dates of between 1669 and 1684 are to be met with, carved above the great arched gateways, or (in the case of more recent ones) patterned on the roofs by tiles that are colored differently from the rest.

This indeed is France, and how little have we known her! A France to love and revere, a France to stir within us an almost filial thrill. *This* France has had to make no atonement, to undergo no stricken change of heart. She has had no sins crying out for vengeance. The town has had them. She has not reviled her ancient faith. The town has. She has not removed or defaced her emblems of religion. The town has. And the town has found that it cannot keep the body and neglect the soul, that if *Reims* has lost for it its spiritual meaning neither will its beauty of architecture and form survive. This war has taught Englishmen, and not them alone, that the follies and sins of Paris are not typical of France. By taking them away into the wide country-side and among the peasantry it has shown them their mistake.

* * * * *

Many would condemn the soldier for even thinking non-military thoughts in war-time. It is a curious thing that of soldiers who can feel the beauties of Nature there are two distinct kinds, the one belonging roughly to the German frame of mind, and the other to the French. The one, stern and intent on war, prosecutes war only, and schools itself in war-time to think of war alone. The other, quite as intrepid and resolute in its conduct of a campaign, unbends when it thinks it may, grateful for the respite.

With the English there are not many who have the seeing capacity, but I think that those who have it use it. The Germans, though they have the capacity, never use it in war-time. The French (and heaven bless them for it!) use it whenever they get a favorable opportunity. "Ah, my dear X," a French *officier de liaison* said to me during a moonlit pause of the first big fighting at *Ypres*, as he put his arm through mine, "let us take a stroll in this beautiful moonlight, and talk of love and poetry and religion, let us forget all about this stupid nonsense!"

Richard FitzWalter

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF V. NEMIROVICH-DANCHENKO.

BY ALDER ANDERSON.

Fighting had just ceased. Officers and men were alike gloomy. Almost every soldier in the ranks appeared to be wounded. One had a bandaged hand; his neighbor, a bullet in the leg, limped painfully, using his rifle as a crutch; the head of the man behind him was bound up in a soiled handkerchief, from underneath which blood was trickling, and his cap was pushed right back to the nape of his neck. There was no sound of singing, as is usual when a regiment is falling back from the fighting line to rest; there was not even talking; nothing but the monotonous *tramp, tramp* of thousands of weary feet blending into a sort of confused rumble with the metallic clink of steel. The colonel, the adjutant at his side, rode at the head of the regiment. He looked gloomier than anybody. His favorite charger had been killed under him, and he was obliged to bestride a huge, unwieldy artillery horse accustomed to drag heavy guns. Whenever he forgot himself, and relaxed his hold of the bridle, he was treated to a most unmerciful jolting.

Suddenly my eyes fell upon Saharoff, whom I knew to be an officer's servant. He was standing at the side of the roadway, as the men marched past, attentively scrutinizing each officer. The man's extraordinary devotion to his very youthful master, Second-Lieutenant Olenine—"Girlie," as he was called by everyone in the regiment—was proverbial, and we all knew whose face he was now looking for; a face he would have to look for alas! in vain.

Saharoff was in every way a unique type of soldier. To begin with, his hideous appearance was notorious throughout the whole force. There was no trace of hair on those parts of his face where you might expect to see hair on a man—the jaws and the chin. but, as if to make up for this, the cheeks were covered right up to the eyes by a thick crop of bristles, which even made a very successful attempt to scale the nose. The ears, too, were completely hidden by a similar abundant growth. Awkward and uncouth-looking beyond words, and lame into the bargain, he invariably walked stooping, as if bowed down by the weight of some terribly heavy, though invisible, burden. With all this, he possessed phenomenal physical strength, combined with the long-suffering disposition of one of those village dogs which patiently submit to have their ears pulled by every urchin in the place. He was always ruminating and dreamy, and it would have been hardly less difficult to engage a lamp-post in conversation than to extract half-a-dozen phrases from him.

"Your honor, my master, Lieutenant Ol—" Saharoff addressed our lieutenant who had just joined from Petrograd.

The officer did not answer. He even half-turned away, with an impatient gesture.

In spite of the snub, Saharoff attempted to arrest the attention of the next officer who passed him. Again he received a rebuff. Then he caught sight of me, and gripped my hand. "Thanks be to God! Where is my master? You can tell me."

But like the others, I, too, held my tongue.

"Is it possible? Oh God! Is it possible he is wounded?"

Silence, as before! No one of us was inclined to be the first to give him the bad news.

At last he decided to ask the men, and pushed into the ranks among them. He was soon told all he dreaded to learn. Half-a-score of the men had actually noticed how "Girlie" had been struck down by a bullet as he was running forward to the attack. After that, no one could recall having seen him again. Perhaps the Red Cross men had picked him up; or, on the other hand, perhaps he was dead! Beyond the bare fact that he had fallen nothing was known for certain.

Saharoff, reeling out of the ranks as if he had received a blow, seemed to collapse utterly. He sat right down in the thickest part of the mud, an expression of saturnine despair on his face.

The pet dog of the regiment, Muharka, ran up to him and licked his face; but the unceremonious caress was absolutely unnoticed. Much perturbed by such a reception, Muharka retreated a few steps, and began to bark; but to this fresh demonstration Saharoff remained equally unresponsive. Thereupon the dog, giving the case up as hopeless, put his tail between his legs and trotted quickly after the soldiers on their way to camp.

* * * * *

The evening was cold, gray, and miserable, and the thick putrescent fog penetrated everywhere. Our tent was dimly lighted by a single candle. As soon as we entered it we flung ourselves down to rest. Now and again, as if grudgingly, we tossed a brief phrase at one another. No one had any desire for conversation.

About an hour had passed in this manner when the flap of the tent was raised, and Saharoff's massive frame filled the opening.

"Hello, Saharoff! what's the matter?" I asked.

"I have looked into every ambulance, your Honor. There's nothing —nowhere."

None of us needed to be told what Saharoff was referring to.

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Please, your Honor, a revolver."

"A revolver?" I had jumped to my feet.

"That's right, your Honor—a revolver."

"What for?" "Can it be possible the fellow wants to shoot himself?" was the first thought that flashed into my mind, though a moment later I found myself laughing at this wild flight of my imagination.

"I am going," Saharoff said simply.

"Going! What do you mean?"

"To look for my master. To find Lieutenant Olenine."

"Are you crazy, man? Don't you understand that, even if he has remained there still, the Turks have long ago occupied the hill?"

"That's right, your Honor."

"How the deuce do you think you can get there, then?"

"Please give me a revolver, your Honor."

"Don't you understand plain Russian, my good fellow? I tell you again you cannot go there. The Turks occupy the ground."

"That's right, your Honor; and I am going back. Others have had to remain there. What would it matter if I—"

This was probably the longest speech Saharoff had ever made in his life. He stopped abruptly. He had noticed the revolver lying on the bed I had risen from. He stepped quickly forward and made a grab at it. "This is all I want, your Honor."

* * * * *

I have never been able to recall precisely how Saharoff got out of the tent; although I know that we all looked

upon him as done for. But in war death is such a very ordinary occurrence, and everybody is always so ready to meet it, that we speedily fell asleep without, I am afraid, giving another thought either to Saharoff or to his youthful master, Second-Lieutenant Olenine. During our slumbers, however, something very extraordinary took place.

Slowly and deliberately Saharoff made all his preparations. The outposts were held by dragoons who had gone through the whole campaign with us, and therefore knew Saharoff quite well both by sight and reputation. As a matter of fact, however, they did not notice him until he suddenly appeared in their midst and announced his intention of going to look for his master.

However mad and extravagant such an enterprise might have seemed to us, these soldiers apparently looked upon it as all part of the day's work; as obligatory, indeed, in Saharoff's case, though they quite realized how risky it was.

"What a rum old stick you are!" said a dragoon. "How do you fancy you are going to recognize him in this fog? They are lying about in heaps out there."

"Haven't I matches? I have ten boxes," said Saharoff curtly. And without more ado he started on his perilous adventure.

For three hours he stumbled on in the darkness, his ears ever on the alert, to catch the sound of the Turkish soldiers' voices or the moans of the wounded. But he heard nothing but the wind rustling through the maize, for the inhabitants, under military instructions, had fled, leaving the harvest ungathered. Occasionally he was startled, but it turned out to be only a jackal moving in the same direction as himself, toward the battlefield where so many Turkish bodies lay scattered, or a hungry wolf running in and out among the half-rotten maize-stalks.

More than once he found himself at the bottom of a deep hollow, where all the tracks became inextricably mixed, and he would get clear of this only to stumble into a ravine which absolutely barred all farther progress. Then, face downwards in the deep, slimy mud, which afforded grip for neither hand nor foot, he had laboriously to retrace his path, and could get on his feet again only with the greatest difficulty.

At last he was confronted by a steep incline. He began to clamber up, but had hardly made fifty steps when on the skyline he noticed several indistinct reddish blotches, which alternately increased in volume, then disappeared entirely in the drifting fog. These could only be campfires, and Saharoff realized that he was now quite close to the Turkish lines.

This was the moment to take his final measures. Very carefully, with infinite precautions, he placed the ten boxes of matches within the breast of his coat to keep them dry as long as possible. Then he lay down once more flat on his face and began to crawl painfully forward. With every step the advance became more and more difficult. It seemed as if the thick, tenacious clay were actually exerting itself to hold him back. At times he was nearly submerged by it. Finally even his great strength proved unavailing, and he felt himself slipping helplessly downward.

The noise of his fall had evidently been noticed, for there was a flash and a report from above; but the bullet flew harmlessly far beyond him.

For some minutes Saharoff lay perfectly still, hardly breathing; but there was no second shot. Then the struggle between a man's grimly patient determination and an accumulation of dan-

gers began anew, and Saharoff at length found himself on the battlefield. Through the fog, which had become still more dense, he could just make out dim, shadowy shapes moving to and fro, bending down now and then, as if searching for something on the ground. Saharoff well knew what sinister work was afoot. These were human jackals looting and murdering the wounded! God! would he be in time?

Then he saw that one of the shadows was coming in his direction. He became as rigid as if glued to the ground. Already the ruffian had stooped down; but before he could ascertain whether there was still breath in the prostrate figure, Saharoff had him by the throat in a grip from which there was no release, and the rising cry was strangled into an almost inaudible death gasp.

* * * * *

There were hundreds of Turkish bodies lying on the field, and Saharoff had to light many a match to examine them before he could distinguish the uniforms. In and out among the heaps he crawled with the cunning of a cat, his eyes everywhere at once. He never gave himself a moment's rest; his courage never faltered. Desperate as such a search might appear to others, he himself did not contemplate even the possibility of failure. And at last he had his reward. His master lay before him, still alive!

Saharoff had come in the very nick of time. Towards the little hummock on which Olenine had fallen helpless, with a broken leg and a bullet in the shoulder, a group of those sinister ghosts was even now making its way. Within ten minutes, possibly in less, the unfortunate young man's groans would, in all human probability, have been silenced forever, so as not to interfere with the ghoulish work.

* * * * *

In the dim light of early morning our sentries noticed a strange figure stumbling towards them. One man had actually raised his rifle and was on the point of firing, when a hoarse exclamation—a groan rather than an articulate phrase—reached his ears. He was only just able to make out "Don't shoot! I am one of you. I am bringing in Lieutenant Olenine."

A moment later Saharoff reached the lines, and immediately fell down senseless, inert as a log.

Across the whole wide stretch of country occupied by the enemy the brave fellow had crawled on his hands and knees, his master securely strapped to his back. He had foreseen everything, and had actually taken a towel and strap with him for this purpose. Until well out of range of the enemy's fire he had never once stood erect.

The success of Saharoff's daring exploit aroused as much enthusiasm as it did surprise, but he himself appeared to grow more taciturn than ever. When we congratulated him he seemed hardly to understand what we meant. He never stirred from the ambulance to which "Girlie" had been taken. No nurse could possibly have been more devoted.

* * * * *

On the very first day when there was a respite from fighting, the entire force, of which our regiment formed part, was solemnly paraded. The senior General-in-Command was there in all his glory, surrounded by lesser satellites. He called for Saharoff.

Looking, if possible, more ungainly and ugly than ever, Saharoff slouched forward.

The General motioned for him to come nearer.

Still more embarrassed now, Saharoff obeyed.

"You are a true hero," said the General, "and I thank you." Thereupon, much to Saharoff's confusion, the Gen-

eral embraced him. Then the General continued: "You have proved that a loyal and devoted heart may beat in every one of us under this gray cloak. What you did was great, both in the eyes of your countrymen and before Heaven. Any man may bear himself bravely in the heat of battle; but to go alone, as you did, and carry off your master from under the enemy's very nose is a deed of which you may be very proud."

The General fixed the Cross of St. George to Saharoff's coat. "I call for cheers for our brave comrade-in-arms, Saharoff," he said in very loud tones. "Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" roared the troops.

And Saharoff, the new decoration on his breast, shuffled back into the ranks, tears streaming down his cheeks. The thundering "Hurrahs!" followed him; and "Hurrah!" was still being shouted long after the object of this imposing demonstration had disappeared again into obscurity, much perturbed in spirit, and greatly wondering why so much fuss should be made about something that to him seemed to be merely part of the work he had undertaken to perform when he became Second-Lieutenant Olenine's servant.

Chambers's Journal.

UP FROM SLAVERY.

Booker T. Washington has for many years been the great example of personal character victorious over adverse circumstances. That a child born in slavery and set to labor from the age of five in salt-furnace and coal mine should have become one of the most illustrious Americans of his generation is in itself a remarkable achievement. For the denial of all education, even the right to read and write, enforced by law in the slave states, was enforced almost as rigorously by circumstances during the years of poverty and degradation that ensued. Yet a curiously accurate instinct led the slave boy to recognize that schooling was the straight path to personal success and to race progress:—

"I had no schooling when I was a slave, though I remember on several occasions I went as far as the schoolhouse door with one of my young mistresses to carry her books. The picture of several dozen boys and girls in a schoolroom engaged in study made a deep impression on me, and I had the feeling that to get into a schoolhouse and study in this way would be about the same as getting into Paradise."

All readers of his enthralling biography, "Up from Slavery," will remember the story of how this fourteen-year-old negro lad presented himself. after a five hundred miles' tramp in which he worked or begged or starved his way, at the portals of Hampton Institute, in Virginia, the first of the great colored colleges which are now spreading over the South. Its founder, General Armstrong, was the first great white American to recognize the supreme need of the reconstruction period. The peril of the time was evidently enough, the risk lest a whole people, suddenly released from industrial bondage, should throw off all economic and moral restraints, and lapse either into laziness and anarchy or into peonage, which was slavery under another name. The notion that political emancipation could furnish any adequate security or stimulus to progress among such a people was soon dispelled. For, in the first place, political and civil equality could not be secured

by federal proclamation, and was soon cancelled by law or force or fraud in the Southern States. But even had this not been the case, the main forms of legal and political rights could avail little for a people so destitute of all material prosperity and of the skill and knowledge to acquire it.

The first need therefore was education. But not the merely literary education, the decorative use of language, so alluring to the African mind. The brain and hand must work together in the distinctly utilitarian process of assisting to acquire the power to earn a livelihood. The young negro, at any rate, could not afford a life of academic culture, in which knowledge was cultivated for its own sake. So Hampton was at once school and workshop, and stamped upon young Booker Washington the guiding principle to which his whole life was devoted, the use of professional and technical training for raising the character and status of his race. When he passed as a young man from Hampton to the control of the new negro school at Tuskegee in Alabama, he carried with him this single fixed determination to lead his people "up from slavery" by the educational ladder. For thirty-five years he labored in this cause. He had terrible obstacles to encounter. The Southern white men had to be persuaded that education was compatible with the social and political cleavage which they insisted on preserving. Most of them retained an unconcealed preference for ignorant niggers, fearful lest education should make them "presuming." To meet such deep-set prejudice, Booker Washington had to practise the wisdom of the serpent. He had to persuade the Southern whites that negroes had no desire to claim any sort of "social equality," while the sort of education he was giving would make them more valuable industrial assets in a community where the white man took the bulk of the product.

It required a whole generation to overcome the early distrust of the wealthy Northern philanthropists who wanted to endow negro education, and even now the work is not completely done. Booker Washington could not possibly have succeeded, if he had been merely a representative negro. He had to be a representative American, to exhibit in a high degree just that combination of characteristics and aspirations which recommended themselves to all "good Americans." Immense personal energy and assurance, unfailing volubility, and a capacity for hitching ideals on to hard business propositions, so as to recommend them on grounds of present utility, are the main essentials. Outside the South, freer play could be given to the generous sentimentalism, eager to respond to the great American tradition of the equal rights of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But its great success in recent years was largely due to the tacit connivance of almost all responsible white men in all parts of the United States as a refusal to enforce the spirit and the letter of the Constitutional Amendments in respect of political and civil disabilities. The confusion and mistakes of the reconstruction policy, with its scandalous corruption and extravagances, have led to a dangerous acquiescence in the actions by which the white Southerners have virtually excluded colored men from any part in the government or from any equal rights in courts of justice. They have stretched the tardy recognition of the truth that all men are not born really "equal," to include the injurious denial of equality of opportunity. Thus, recognizing an initial natural inferiority, they load it with artificial inferiorities.

Now, there are two ways of dealing

with these palpable injustices. One is to fight them steadily and persistently, with such weapons, short of revolution, as are available. The other is to wink at them for the present and seek to undermine them by indirect advances along such roads of opportunity as are not closed. This latter has been the policy consistently advocated and pursued by Booker Washington. While acknowledging the injustice of many of the legal and other race discriminations, he has refused to embroil his people in what he regarded as a hopeless present struggle for their formal "rights." His concern for the character of the negro conspired with his political tact to drive him into an opposition to the agitation which many educated negroes were fomenting. It was only too easy for orators to play upon the passions of negro audiences with the story of their wrongs and disabilities. But they had no present remedy. They had neither the trained capacity nor the material resources needed for a successful political organization, nor was it possible for them to win their way by peaceful politics against the power and the constitutional monopoly of their white masters. Knowledge, discipline, and property are the plain requisites for success in America. So industrial education is the beginning of wisdom. Though Booker Washington preserved an intense enthusiasm for the collective future of his race, his method threw the main stress upon individual will and character, another very potent recommendation among white Americans. It was quite as much tactics as principle that inspired his policy. Booker Washington saw that business capacity and success were the main driving forces in all departments of American life, in politics, in religion, in education itself, as well as in more distinctively economic fields. In order to get on in America, a man must have some personal capacity with a market value. "The individual who can do something that the world wants done will, in the end, make his way regardless of his race." Industrial success was to break "birth's invidious bar." So in Tuskegee he set himself to convert young negro men and women into carpenters, tailors, gardeners, architects, electricians, dressmakers, cooks, upholsterers, and to provide every one with a skilled occupation. His addresses are replete with detailed statistics of the success of the movement. The gravest wrong done to this people by giving them an empty emancipation has in part been repaired by restoration to the soil, and in many districts of the South vigorous groups of negro farmers are growing up. So, too, in the numerous cities of the South, large educated negro communities are found with their own lawyers and doctors, their churches, schools, and hospitals, owned and managed by themselves. But everywhere there is complete local and social segregation and no real disposition on the part of the whites to recognize education and business success as a sufficient reason for removing political and civil disabilities, Personal character, intelligence, even pecuniary success, are not admitted as grounds for according equal rights. While, therefore, the actual services rendered by such a man as Booker Washington in his too short career have been of immense value in raising the industrial value and the *morale* of his people, it is probable that he has over-estimated their importance as instruments for later political use in completing negro emancipation from white despotism.

Suffragettes English; and I can quite believe that politicians know less about war than General Joffre. But I cannot believe that Suffragettes know more about war than General Joffre. And whether we can spare that particular number of men from that particular front for that particular purpose is a point on which I know I am not fit to judge, and I gravely doubt whether Miss Pankhurst is fit to judge either.

Now, given that an abnormal crisis can demand abnormal criticism or independent action, and that all kinds of regular principles are suspended, there is one rule for the right kind of amateur, which I think is worth laying down. Let him begin with righting what he himself, as a human individual, knows to be all wrong. I have always believed very much in local government; but I believe even more in local revolution. If a man is otherwise justified in taking over some management, let him do it where he can really see mismanagement, and not where some millionaire newspaper has put him up to alleging it. The strongest instance I know of the strenuous and successful individualism has been the transport work at Didcot, of which some notes and pictures have already appeared in the papers. It was originally entirely done by one man, whose name I have not even seen mentioned; a young lieutenant, who simply happened to find himself saddled with too much work, and too few workers. He found himself in the presence of one of the many miscarriages concerning materials and numbers, which occurs all over a country that has been corrupted with favoritism and fictitious responsibilities. And he decided in his own solitary conscience to turn the mistake into a success. With a personal standpoint, which had not a little of the mystic and not a little of the revolutionist he really proceeded somewhat in the spirit of "The Rebel," in Mr. Belloc's verse—

> But I will gather and I will ride,
> And I will summon a countryside.

and calling on men at random, as all religious prophets did, he set going a work which whatever else it is, is both picturesque and practical. But my only point here is that it began with the concrete and particular case. He had a box in front of him, and a man in front of him; and he saw that one man could not lift the box. He was obliged to ignore what was said, and to do what was meant. In a sense, he had to be mutinous in order to be obedient. He also, like Miss Pankhurst, was finding the legitimate authorities wrong; but he was finding them wrong where he knew they were wrong; and not where it is quite on the cards that they are right. And if emergency things are to be done, this is the way in which they ought to be done; for in this way the central government can be corrected by individuals who know more about the facts, and not by individuals who know less.

In a smaller and milder style such things can be done in all sorts of corners; in the little town where I live, the people are sending their own vegetables in their own crates to the sailors in the North Sea. But I shall not be surprised if a more fashionable publicity attends some parallel project of Miss Pankhurst, for providing the soldiers in Serbia with seaweed and seawater, that our island warriors may no longer drink of insipid and inland streams.

G. K. Chesterton

arising from a geographical oversight: and I shall not accept the retort that I also am among the tyrants who are for tearing up the sacred vine. Or, again, I think the luxury of the ruling class makes ludicrous all their sermons to the mob about thrift. I know of no terms contemptuous enough for those who suggest, as an evening paper did the other day, that the poor cannot expect any consideration in the matter of rents, because they are "rolling in money" from munition work. It calls up a curious picture of the average munition worker after nearly ten hours' work, whirled away in his motor car to his superb mansion for the few hours left for him to roll in. But suppose I read in a paper called the *British Lioness* such a comment as this: "The Lord Mayor's Banquet is to be held as usual, that the greedy Grey may feast and forget his treason; but although we learn that a whole transport ship turned turtle in the Bay of Biscay, not one fragment of this coveted delicacy has been allowed to reach our munition workers," I shall again suggest that a difficulty has arisen, owing to ignorance of a popular nautical term; and I shall not admit that I am protecting luxury in high places against the protests of the poor.

It may be faintly suggested that such farcical flights of ignorance could not really be paralleled with anything in Miss Pankhurst's paper. It may be so; let us leave them as mere illustrations of my own meaning. But I should really like to ask any such critics what they can make of the following sentence, for I confess I can make nothing of it. Like a great part of *Britannia*, it is printed in large capitals, which seems to exclude the idea of a misprint. For though all papers, including our own, have been known to have misprints, it is very unusual to see Pears' Soup instead of Pears' Soap in large letters on an advertisement. The headline runs "AVERT A PAN AND ISLAMIC REVOLT!" Why should Miss Pankhurst avert a pan? Who threw the pan? What is a pan revolt? Can it be a Suffragette rising of oppressed wives armed with kitchen utensils? These questions crowd upon my mind, and are somewhat bewildering at first; but on consideration I conclude that some political description must be intended. To all mortal appearance it would seem that these ladies attach to the word "Pan-Islamic" the idea that there are two great Eastern religions now in alliance, the religion of Islam and the worship of Pan. Perhaps they think the Greeks worship Pan. Or must that divine monosyllable always be separated by a conjunction from everything else? Ought we to describe Miss Pankhurst herself as the firm of Pan and Khurst? A singular business.

Anyhow the wrong kind of amateur goes to work in this wild and whirling way; but its essential is that it grows wilder with the increasing *distance* of the topic; or, in other words, the amateur is most audacious exactly where he is most ignorant. *Britannia* does not even confine herself to the denunciations of our diplomacy common in the panic press, to the complaints that this or that *attache* cannot talk Turkish, or that this or that local expedition was the whim of a politician. *Britannia* needs no bulwarks, and no information about bulwarks; she does not admit for an instant that there is any science of the trenches. She simply orders; "Three hundred thousand men must and can be sent by Great Britain to the Balkans. These men can be drawn from among the 1,000,000 men we have in France." But here my own modesty prevents me from following her. I will assist in the establishment, after the war, of a school in which diplomatists can be taught Turkish and

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G. K. Chesterton

INFANTS' RIGHTS.

Controversy has raged in America during the past fortnight over the case of the Bollinger baby. This, as many of our readers already know, is the case of a baby whose life could have been saved only by an operation which would have made it an idiot for the rest of its days. Ought the doctor to have performed the operation? Many people, feeling that they themselves would prefer to have died at birth rather than to have survived as hopeless imbeciles, hold that it was better to let the baby die. Others, like Miss Jane Addams, passionately believing in the sanctity of human life, have denounced the doctor who let it die as an enemy of the human race. Obviously, the question is a difficult one, upon which honest people may differ. There can be very few persons who feel absolutely certain what they would have done if they had been in the position of the mother of the baby. She, poor lady, left it to the doctor, and the doctor left it to Nature, and the baby died. Ought science to have interfered? Scarcely any one but a Christian or a Jew would have said so until modern times. In Sparta and other parts of Greece, not only would science have refrained from coming to the aid of the child: the State would actually have interfered to prevent its survival. The deformed child was forbidden by law to live, and moralists like Plato and Aristotle approved of this. Even the healthy child was not regarded as a creature with many rights, and the right of the parents to expose their children immediately after birth, in the hope that they would perish, was not questioned until well on in the period of civilization. There are scores of races at the present day which think no more of infanticide than most Europeans think of drowning kittens. They find it simpler to regulate the number of human beings than to regulate the food supply. They murder their babies for economic reasons, like many an unfortunate English servant girl. An interesting light on the economics of infanticide is thrown by the fact that in certain tribes, in which wives are bought, and therefore women have an economic value, it is the male rather than the female infants who are put to death. As a rule, however, it has been the boys who were regarded as treasures, as they are by the modern nurse. In some places, the limitation of the family was affected by the murder of every child after the mother had borne three or four. There are few races which have desired children, and hosts of them, with the same religious passion as the Jews. The Jew of old was willing to slaughter his enemy's children—to dash out their brains against the stones, as we are told in the Psalms—but no people, not even the Irish, whom statistics prove to be the least given to infanticide of all races, has ever made such a religion of the large family. Certain mediæval Jewish theologians regarded childlessness as such a negation of life that they believed that everybody who died without having had children would have to be reborn upon earth in order to discharge the function of parenthood.

It is a paradoxical thing that it should have been left to Christianity to carry on a world-wide war against infanticide—Christianity which, through the mouths of so many of its theologians, has committed numberless infants to everlasting damnation. Perhaps, however, even in so doing, the theologians were paying a compliment to the babies. They were crediting them with immortal souls. It is said that it was

St. Augustine who first taught that unbaptized infants would be damned, but Luther improved upon him, and the Calvinists were no less terrible in their division of even new-born infants into the elect and the reprobate. Many people owe their horror of Calvinism to Jonathan Edwards's reference to the reprobate infant crawling over the floor of Hell. Luckily not all theology has been so malevolent as this, and even those who insist that infant baptism is necessary to salvation often regard the infant who is damned not as one condemned to endure everlasting misery, but as one undergoing a mild and negative damnation in a special limbo of the infernal regions. Creeds of this kind, however, have none the less resulted in a great deal of cruelty to children. Those who believe the Almighty can be so cruel as to send infants to Hell are not likely themselves to be sparing in punishment. They believe they have a divine example of severity, and they set about making earth a little Hell in order to save their children from the greater Hell afterwards. This kind of cruelty—a cruelty at times scarcely less dreadful than infanticide—has grown less common as theology has softened. But it has left an indelible stain on the history of European Christianity. No one can deny that Christian communities in the nineteenth century were guilty of cruel practices to children, in comparison with which infanticide seems not a crime, but a shining virtue. The factory-owners who were responsible for the death and misery of so many children before the passing of the Factory Acts were the same kind of people who were filled with genuine horror by tales of Hindus who sacrificed their children to the alligators in the Ganges, and Rajput mothers who drowned their new-born babies in milk. There, surely, we have as amazing an example of the contradictions of human nature as has ever existed. Some people dismiss it as utter hypocrisy. It is largely that, but it is also due to blind ignorance and deadness of imagination.

At present, the attitude of the civilized world to the child is largely governed by a growing sensitiveness to any injury to human life. We believe that among medical men, for instance, there no longer exists the general belief that to perform the operation of craniotomy in certain circumstances on an unborn child is justifiable. The child must be saved alive at almost all costs. Is it the instinct for self-preservation — in a society with a declining birth-rate—which is at the root of this new tenderness for the lives of children? Or is it the sharpening of the moral sense? Probably it is both. On the other hand, can we legitimately call in this sharpened moral and social sense to demand that the Bollinger baby, and babies like it, should deliberately be kept alive as idiots? Obviously, there is a considerable difference between letting a baby die at birth and deliberately putting it to death in the lethal chamber. Thousands of persons who would shrink from the idea of the lethal chamber as the last foulness could probably be found to defend the doctor who refused to save the life of the Bollinger baby. They would regard the former as murder, the latter as leaving the matter to Providence or Nature, according to their creed. Problems of the same kind have occasionally been raised in fiction —problems of how far it is right to save a human being from a life of slow agony or madness. Is it right in any circumstances for a doctor to hasten with a drug the death of a patient hopelessly suffering from an exquisitely painful disease? Is it right for him in any circumstances deliberately to withhold a drug that would prolong a painful

existence? Here, again, we have two questions that will admit of very different answers. Many who would reply to the first with a violent "No" would hesitate before saying "Yes" or "No" to the second. Many, we have no doubt, would return a vehement "No" to both questions. But by a curious contradiction, many even of these would be capable of acquiescing in the natural death of a friend who had been a great sufferer as a "blessed relief." One has again and again heard the phrase in a house in which some one has died. "Perhaps, it is better so. He suffered so much, poor man." It looks as though in cases like that we were ready to will the end but not the means. But that is not a quite fair way of putting it. Most of us never entirely give up hope in regard to those for whom we care. There have been too many miracles of recovery for us to take the word even of the greatest specialist. Everyone has heard of cancers that have disappeared as by magic. And even if we feel that there is no hope, we can scarcely endure the thought of hastening the departure of the dying. If we can endure it, we suspect ourselves of wishing to save ourselves trouble rather than to spare the other pain. Clearly, affection leads different men to do different things. Friend has helped friend before now to the means of suicide. Husbands have slain their wives rather than permit them to fall into the hands of savages. It is not easy to discover any rule which will mark the point at which it becomes right for a man to assist, even negatively as it were, in the death of another human being—especially of one who is bound to him by close ties. The ancients did not reverence human life, at least in theory, to the same extent to which we do, and so they permitted suicide and infanticide to a degree which shocks the modern man. The modern man believes in the right to kill in war, in self-defense, and in certain penal cases. But suicide and infanticide he regards as crimes. It would, we admit, be grossly unfair to charge the doctor in the Bollinger case with infanticide, but probably a great number of modern Englishmen and Americans will hold that he did wrong in not saving the baby's life. This is partly due to the feeling that, as we have said, doctors are not sufficiently near omniscience to be trusted with the power to say that one baby shall live and another baby shall die. It is their business to save life. If we grant the principle that they have the right to destroy it or leave it to destruction, the possibilities which may arise from this terrify us. This would be to raise doctors into the position of dictators, and we are not, and neither are they, sure enough of their qualifications for the post. If we trusted them with life-and-death powers, we have no guarantee that they might not be swept off their feet some day by some gospel of pseudo-eugenics which would involve widespread destruction of human life. It is only a nightmare, but the nightmare has come true in other classes of men who have at different times been allowed despotic powers. Clergymen and emperors have, at various periods in the past, been allowed to tamper too despotically with human lives, and the results have been deplorable. There is no reason to believe that the doctors would do any better. That is why, on the whole, we regard such an agitation as Miss Addams has led against the doctor in the Bollinger case as a healthy sign. The rule of the sanctity of human life in the hands of the doctors may have exceptions, but it is even more important to maintain the rule than to justify the exceptions.

THE ARMING OF AMERICA.

We used to think of the little neutral peoples of Europe as her vestal virgins, inviolate and inviolable, while all around them must arm against lawless force. When the fate of Belgium dispelled that illusion, it was still a consolation to think that across the Atlantic eighty millions of civilized men preserved a disdainful security and cherished a fearless pacifism, while our world was riven by strife. Since President Wilson talked to the Manhattan Club about "preparedness," that illusion, too, is gone. If it is not the greatest tragedy of this war it is perhaps the most startling measure of the whole decline of our civilization. We are under the wave so deep beneath it that we can hardly see our case, but we can measure its violence by its back-wash upon that distant shore. We have told ourselves that this must be the last of wars; consoled ourselves with the phrase "a war to end war"; and listened to perorations from statesmen as sober as Mr. Asquith and M. Viviani about the ending of the struggle for a balance of power and the creation of a permanent concert. The American comment on it all is a resolve to arm, as their continent never has armed since the Civil War. This resolve, moreover, is proclaimed, not by a primitive, muscular man like Colonel Roosevelt, but by the grave intellectual, the diplomatist of infinite patience, who said that there is such a thing as being too proud to fight. We were all amused by the crass Prussian frankness of that German attache who wrote about "these idiotic Yankees," and we could guess what he meant. He was characterizing the ardent, youthful idealism of the Middle West, which sincerely believes that the world is governed by reason and moral force—a naive attitude, but precisely the spirit which will one day restore peace on earth, if restored it can be. It seems as if even this idealism, so happily inexperienced, so fortunately alien from our own Continent, had been submerged at last by facts. The capitulation, moreover, is by no means half-hearted. Dr. Wilson, after passing lightly over an increase in the Navy which will make it beyond challenge the second in the world, and touching briefly on an increase in the little professional army of the Republic, went on to sketch the creation of a new national citizen militia, to be raised by annual contingents of 133,000 men, which will number in three years around 400,000 men, and after six years will have an equal number in the reserve. Nor is this all. There is to be an expansion of the munitions industry, a storing up of armaments in readiness, and such arrangements for the rapid mobilization of industry as our own experience has shown to be necessary.

The full reports of Dr. Wilson's speech have now reached us, and a careful reading discovers in it no other meaning but this. Americans have wakened to the perception that they live in a dangerous world. It is a vague feeling, and we doubt if analysis would reduce it to anything more definite. This enterprising author or the other may fit a body to the shapeless fear. One sees the German, another the British, a third the Japanese peril, while a fourth will compound a many-headed monster, and predict European coalition. This is the froth of journalism. What Americans fear is simply militarism in the abstract, and they propose to meet it in the old conventional way of arming. There were the usual disclaimers in the President's speech, and his own fine record gives

them a sincerity which such disclaimers can rarely boast. He repudiated Imperialism and all its works. He went so far that Mr. Bryan and his friends are already asking what on earth the President can want an army for. One does not need it for "watchful waiting" nor for argumentative Notes. It is not for conquest. Nor is it the "big stick" with which Mr. Roosevelt would equip the Republic to enforce its moral principles. On the contrary, we are told that "the principles we hold most dear can be achieved by the slow processes of history, only in the kindly and wholesome atmosphere of peace, and not by the use of hostile force." Why, then, accumulate force? The answer is, of course, that it is needed for defense. "Force everywhere speaks out with a loud and imperious voice," and "men are asking one another what our own force is, how far we are prepared to maintain ourselves against any interference with our national action or development."

We doubt whether the mass of the American public will trouble to analyze this vague fear much further. The real question which an instructed pacifist would press would be perhaps: "What is it that you mean to defend?" Of all the "masked words" in current political speech, defense wears the most subtle disguise. Even a little nation, if it knows how to be a good neighbor, is rarely attacked for the sake of its territory, unless, indeed, like Belgium, it is caught in the vortex of some greater conflict. A powerful and isolated community like the States seems secure, even today, so long as it leads its own manifold life within its own ample borders. If it is ever attacked it will be because it is defending some principle of larger scope than its own independence and integrity. With such principles, the traditional diplomacy of the Republic is rather heavily weighted. There is, first of all, the Monroe Doctrine, and that doctrine grows. Dr. Wilson, himself the most pacific and the least Imperialist of Presidents, has given it an immense extension. He has used language which seemed to veto, not merely the dynastic aims and the political action of European Powers on the American Continent, but the acquisition by them of economic concessions in Latin America. That is a large claim, and it seems questionable whether European capital can be excluded for all time from a share in the immense opportunities of South America, unless the States themselves forestall it, by an active policy of development. That, in its turn, could, with difficulty, be prevented from following in the weaker Latin States the usual evolution from economic penetration to political control. It has required all the cold distinction of Dr. Wilson's temperament to avoid active interference in Mexico. Nine men in ten would have intervened where he has "waited"; even he did not quite avoid some intervention, and it is only the preoccupation of Europe which has enabled him to hold so steadily aloof. That is the first commitment which the States have to defend. It is a monopoly, which is now economic as well as political, and as the "places in the sun" are gradually parceled out, it must come to some European Powers to seem increasingly invidious and irksome. The race-line drawn against the Japanese is another very questionable principle, which may require defense. The "open door" in China, where Japan's claims to hegemony are becoming more open and pronounced, is another American principle in jeopardy.

The choice before the States is, in fact, something much more definite than the vague plea for defensive force which Dr. Wilson puts forward. The

by federal proclamation, and was soon cancelled by law or force or fraud in the Southern States. But even had this not been the case, the main forms of legal and political rights could avail little for a people so destitute of all material prosperity and of the skill and knowledge to acquire it.

The first need therefore was education. But not the merely literary education, the decorative use of language, so alluring to the African mind. The brain and hand must work together in the distinctly utilitarian process of assisting to acquire the power to earn a livelihood. The young negro, at any rate, could not afford a life of academic culture, in which knowledge was cultivated for its own sake. So Hampton was at once school and workshop, and stamped upon young Booker Washington the guiding principle to which his whole life was devoted, the use of professional and technical training for raising the character and status of his race. When he passed as a young man from Hampton to the control of the new negro school at Tuskegee in Alabama, he carried with him this single fixed determination to lead his people "up from slavery" by the educational ladder. For thirty-five years he labored in this cause. He had terrible obstacles to encounter. The Southern white men had to be persuaded that education was compatible with the social and political cleavage which they insisted on preserving. Most of them retained an unconcealed preference for ignorant niggers, fearful lest education should make them "presuming." To meet such deep-set prejudice, Booker Washington had to practise the wisdom of the serpent. He had to persuade the Southern whites that negroes had no desire to claim any sort of "social equality," while the sort of education he was giving would make them more valuable industrial assets in a community where the white man took the bulk of the product.

It required a whole generation to overcome the early distrust of the wealthy Northern philanthropists who wanted to endow negro education, and even now the work is not completely done. Booker Washington could not possibly have succeeded, if he had been merely a representative negro. He had to be a representative American, to exhibit in a high degree just that combination of characteristics and aspirations which recommended themselves to all "good Americans." Immense personal energy and assurance, unfailing volubility, and a capacity for hitching ideals on to hard business propositions, so as to recommend them on grounds of present utility, are the main essentials. Outside the South, freer play could be given to the generous sentimentalism, eager to respond to the great American tradition of the equal rights of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But its great success in recent years was largely due to the tacit connivance of almost all responsible white men in all parts of the United States as a refusal to enforce the spirit and the letter of the Constitutional Amendments in respect of political and civil disabilities. The confusion and mistakes of the reconstruction policy, with its scandalous corruption and extravagances, have led to a dangerous acquiescence in the actions by which the white Southerners have virtually excluded colored men from any part in the government or from any equal rights in courts of justice. They have stretched the tardy recognition of the truth that all men are not born really "equal," to include the injurious denial of equality of opportunity. Thus, recognizing an initial natural inferiority, they load it with artificial inferiorities.

Now, there are two ways of dealing

with these palpable injustices. One is to fight them steadily and persistently, with such weapons, short of revolution, as are available. The other is to wink at them for the present and seek to undermine them by indirect advances along such roads of opportunity as are not closed. This latter has been the policy consistently advocated and pursued by Booker Washington. While acknowledging the injustice of many of the legal and other race discriminations, he has refused to embroil his people in what he regarded as a hopeless present struggle for their formal "rights." His concern for the character of the negro conspired with his political tact to drive him into an opposition to the agitation which many educated negroes were fomenting. It was only too easy for orators to play upon the passions of negro audiences with the story of their wrongs and disabilities. But they had no present remedy. They had neither the trained capacity nor the material resources needed for a successful political organization, nor was it possible for them to win their way by peaceful politics against the power and the constitutional monopoly of their white masters. Knowledge, discipline, and property are the plain requisites for success in America. So industrial education is the beginning of wisdom. Though Booker Washington preserved an intense enthusiasm for the collective future of his race, his method threw the main stress upon individual will and character, another very potent recommendation among white Americans. It was quite as much tactics as principle that inspired his policy. Booker Washington saw that business capacity and success were the main driving forces in all departments of American life, in politics, in religion, in education itself, as well as in more distinctively economic fields. In order to get on in America, a man must have some personal capacity with a market value. "The individual who can do something that the world wants done will, in the end, make his way regardless of his race." Industrial success was to break "birth's invidious bar." So in Tuskegee he set himself to convert young negro men and women into carpenters, tailors, gardeners, architects, electricians, dressmakers, cooks, upholsterers, and to provide every one with a skilled occupation. His addresses are replete with detailed statistics of the success of the movement. The gravest wrong done to this people by giving them an empty emancipation has in part been repaired by restoration to the soil, and in many districts of the South vigorous groups of negro farmers are growing up. So, too, in the numerous cities of the South, large educated negro communities are found with their own lawyers and doctors, their churches, schools, and hospitals, owned and managed by themselves. But everywhere there is complete local and social segregation and no real disposition on the part of the whites to recognize education and business success as a sufficient reason for removing political and civil disabilities, Personal character, intelligence, even pecuniary success, are not admitted as grounds for according equal rights. While, therefore, the actual services rendered by such a man as Booker Washington in his too short career have been of immense value in raising the industrial value and the *morale* of his people, it is probable that he has over-estimated their importance as instruments for later political use in completing negro emancipation from white despotism.

The Nation.

THE TWO AMATEURS.

We all agree that the abnormality of war allows of taking liberties—and of taking them away. The noblest of such abnormalities was the surrender of the Trades Union Rules—rules that had been the longest stride made by modern barbarism to recover medieval civilization. It is just that the same abnormality should produce the amateur, that is, the volunteer; but there are certain tests by which, I would suggest, we can distinguish the voluntary action which is a rescue from that which is only a riot.

There is a certain type of amateur who always begins at the wrong end; that is, the end he knows least about. The best example perhaps is that of Miss Pankhurst, whose remarkable views of foreign policy are now vented every week in *Britannia*, which used to be the *Suffragette*—or, rather (I regret to say), which is still the *Suffragette*. Miss Pankhurst thinks that Serbia is being deserted in the present phase of the War and she therefore wants the instant removal of Sir Edward Grey and, apparently, of the Premier. That is, she wants the removal of the very people to whom we chiefly owe it that Serbia was not deserted at the very beginning of the War. She does not know this, because she is ignorant. I am far from saying that her ignorance is any discredit to her; it is an ignorance in which modern government keeps most of its subjects. But she thinks that "the Kaiser is about to enter Constantinople"; but that he will reel back from it affrighted, like Attila from Rome, if he hears that Miss Pankhurst has kicked out Sir Edward Grey. The only effect it would really have that I can think of, would be to fill the Germans with a fatuous certainty that we had all turned against the War. For the Germans (who know almost as little as the Suffragettes) are absolutely fixed in the belief that poor Sir Edward is their fierce and fiendishly cunning enemy and destroyer, and that the whole war was due to him, and not to us. Therefore, the announcement of the fall of Grey would now have pretty much the effect in Berlin which an announcement of the fall of Bismarck early in 1870 would have had in Paris. I do not think Sir Edward a Bismarck any more than a betrayer of Serbia; but they do. Now it will be quite in vain for Miss Pankhurst to try to twist practical considerations of this kind into a suggestion that she wants the rescue of Serbia more than we do. I, for one, have been ridiculed for emphasizing the romance of Serbia and Montenegro, and have tried to do justice to their history and heroism when she was teaching schoolgirls to make a mess on golf courses. It is not a question of what she wants, but of what she knows: or, rather, does not know. She does not know that the conspiracy against Grey and Asquith is engineered for the benefit of the very people who tried to make them play the coward in 1914. To take a parallel, I think it a pestilent, petty tyranny to take away the normal type of European drink from the men who are fighting for the European tradition which gives it them. I am not at all soothed by Dr. Saleeby, who suggests, apparently, that in desperate medical emergencies brandy balls should be given instead of brandy. But suppose I pick up a ladies' paper called, let us say, *Boadicca*, and read, "Under the Asquith *regime*, our gallant soldiers are kept upon cold water, while their pampered French Allies admit, in their last *communique*, that they are now in possession of a great deal of Champagne." I shall venture to point out that there is here a slight complication or error,

arising from a geographical oversight: and I shall not accept the retort that I also am among the tyrants who are for tearing up the sacred vine. Or, again, I think the luxury of the ruling class makes ludicrous all their sermons to the mob about thrift. I know of no terms contemptuous enough for those who suggest, as an evening paper did the other day, that the poor cannot expect any consideration in the matter of rents, because they are "rolling in money" from munition work. It calls up a curious picture of the average munition worker after nearly ten hours' work, whirled away in his motor car to his superb mansion for the few hours left for him to roll in. But suppose I read in a paper called the *British Lioness* such a comment as this: "The Lord Mayor's Banquet is to be held as usual, that the greedy Grey may feast and forget his treason; but although we learn that a whole transport ship turned turtle in the Bay of Biscay, not one fragment of this coveted delicacy has been allowed to reach our munition workers," I shall again suggest that a difficulty has arisen, owing to ignorance of a popular nautical term; and I shall not admit that I am protecting luxury in high places against the protests of the poor.

It may be faintly suggested that such farcical flights of ignorance could not really be paralleled with anything in Miss Pankhurst's paper. It may be so; let us leave them as mere illustrations of my own meaning. But I should really like to ask any such critics what they can make of the following sentence, for I confess I can make nothing of it. Like a great part of *Britannia*, it is printed in large capitals, which seems to exclude the idea of a misprint. For though all papers, including our own, have been known to have misprints, it is very unusual to see Pears' Soup instead of Pears' Soap in large letters on an advertisement. The headline runs "AVERT A PAN AND ISLAMIC REVOLT!" Why should Miss Pankhurst avert a pan? Who threw the pan? What is a pan revolt? Can it be a Suffragette rising of oppressed wives armed with kitchen utensils? These questions crowd upon my mind, and are somewhat bewildering at first; but on consideration I conclude that some political description must be intended. To all mortal appearance it would seem that these ladies attach to the word "Pan-Islamic" the idea that there are two great Eastern religions now in alliance, the religion of Islam and the worship of Pan. Perhaps they think the Greeks worship Pan. Or must that divine monosyllable always be separated by a conjunction from everything else? Ought we to describe Miss Pankhurst herself as the firm of Pan and Khurst? A singular business.

Anyhow the wrong kind of amateur goes to work in this wild and whirling way; but its essential is that it grows wilder with the increasing *distance* of the topic; or, in other words, the amateur is most audacious exactly where he is most ignorant. *Britannia* does not even confine herself to the denunciations of our diplomacy common in the panic press, to the complaints that this or that *attache* cannot talk Turkish, or that this or that local expedition was the whim of a politician. *Britannia* needs no bulwarks, and no information about bulwarks; she does not admit for an instant that there is any science of the trenches. She simply orders; "Three hundred thousand men must and can be sent by Great Britain to the Balkans. These men can be drawn from among the 1,000,000 men we have in France." But here my own modesty prevents me from following her. I will assist in the establishment, after the war, of a school in which diplomatists can be taught Turkish and

Suffragettes English; and I can quite believe that politicians know less about war than General Joffre. But I cannot believe that Suffragettes know more about war than General Joffre. And whether we can spare that particular number of men from that particular front for that particular purpose is a point on which I know I am not fit to judge, and I gravely doubt whether Miss Pankhurst is fit to judge either.

Now, given that an abnormal crisis can demand abnormal criticism or independent action, and that all kinds of regular principles are suspended, there is one rule for the right kind of amateur, which I think is worth laying down. Let him begin with righting what he himself, as a human individual, knows to be all wrong. I have always believed very much in local government; but I believe even more in local revolution. If a man is otherwise justified in taking over some management, let him do it where he can really see mismanagement, and not where some millionaire newspaper has put him up to alleging it. The strongest instance I know of the strenuous and successful individualism has been the transport work at Didcot, of which some notes and pictures have already appeared in the papers. It was originally entirely done by one man, whose name I have not even seen mentioned; a young lieutenant, who simply happened to find himself saddled with too much work, and too few workers. He found himself in the presence of one of the many miscarriages concerning materials and numbers, which occurs all over a country that has been corrupted with favoritism and fictitious responsibilities. And he decided in his own solitary conscience to turn the mistake into a success. With a personal standpoint, which had not a little of the mystic and not a little of the revolutionist he really proceeded somewhat in the spirit of "The Rebel," in Mr. Belloc's verse—

> But I will gather and I will ride,
> And I will summon a countryside.

and calling on men at random, as all religious prophets did, he set going a work which whatever else it is, is both picturesque and practical. But my only point here is that it began with the concrete and particular case. He had a box in front of him, and a man in front of him; and he saw that one man could not lift the box. He was obliged to ignore what was said, and to do what was meant. In a sense, he had to be mutinous in order to be obedient. He also, like Miss Pankhurst, was finding the legitimate authorities wrong; but he was finding them wrong where he knew they were wrong; and not where it is quite on the cards that they are right. And if emergency things are to be done, this is the way in which they ought to be done; for in this way the central government can be corrected by individuals who know more about the facts, and not by individuals who know less.

In a smaller and milder style such things can be done in all sorts of corners; in the little town where I live, the people are sending their own vegetables in their own crates to the sailors in the North Sea. But I shall not be surprised if a more fashionable publicity attends some parallel project of Miss Pankhurst, for providing the soldiers in Serbia with seaweed and seawater, that our island warriors may no longer drink of insipid and inland streams.

G. K. Chesterton

INFANTS' RIGHTS.

Controversy has raged in America during the past fortnight over the case of the Bollinger baby. This, as many of our readers already know, is the case of a baby whose life could have been saved only by an operation which would have made it an idiot for the rest of its days. Ought the doctor to have performed the operation? Many people, feeling that they themselves would prefer to have died at birth rather than to have survived as hopeless imbeciles, hold that it was better to let the baby die. Others, like Miss Jane Addams, passionately believing in the sanctity of human life, have denounced the doctor who let it die as an enemy of the human race. Obviously, the question is a difficult one, upon which honest people may differ. There can be very few persons who feel absolutely certain what they would have done if they had been in the position of the mother of the baby. She, poor lady, left it to the doctor, and the doctor left it to Nature, and the baby died. Ought science to have interfered? Scarcely any one but a Christian or a Jew would have said so until modern times. In Sparta and other parts of Greece, not only would science have refrained from coming to the aid of the child: the State would actually have interfered to prevent its survival. The deformed child was forbidden by law to live, and moralists like Plato and Aristotle approved of this. Even the healthy child was not regarded as a creature with many rights, and the right of the parents to expose their children immediately after birth, in the hope that they would perish, was not questioned until well on in the period of civilization. There are scores of races at the present day which think no more of infanticide than most Europeans think of drowning kittens. They find it simpler to regulate the number of human beings than to regulate the food supply. They murder their babies for économic reasons, like many an unfortunate English servant girl. An interesting light on the economics of infanticide is thrown by the fact that in certain tribes, in which wives are bought, and therefore women have an economic value, it is the male rather than the female infants who are put to death. As a rule, however, it has been the boys who were regarded as treasures, as they are by the modern nurse. In some places, the limitation of the family was affected by the murder of every child after the mother had borne three or four. There are few races which have desired children, and hosts of them, with the same religious passion as the Jews. The Jew of old was willing to slaughter his enemy's children—to dash out their brains against the stones, as we are told in the Psalms—but no people, not even the Irish, whom statistics prove to be the least given to infanticide of all races, has ever made such a religion of the large family. Certain mediæval Jewish theologians regarded childlessness as such a negation of life that they believed that everybody who died without having had children would have to be reborn upon earth in order to discharge the function of parenthood.

It is a paradoxical thing that it should have been left to Christianity to carry on a world-wide war against infanticide—Christianity which, through the mouths of so many of its theologians, has committed numberless infants to everlasting damnation. Perhaps, however, even in so doing, the theologians were paying a compliment to the babies. They were crediting them with immortal souls. It is said that it was

St. Augustine who first taught that unbaptized infants would be damned, but Luther improved upon him, and the Calvinists were no less terrible in their division of even new-born infants into the elect and the reprobate. Many people owe their horror of Calvinism to Jonathan Edwards's reference to the reprobate infant crawling over the floor of Hell. Luckily not all theology has been so malevolent as this, and even those who insist that infant baptism is necessary to salvation often regard the infant who is damned not as one condemned to endure everlasting misery, but as one undergoing a mild and negative damnation in a special limbo of the infernal regions. Creeds of this kind, however, have none the less resulted in a great deal of cruelty to children. Those who believe the Almighty can be so cruel as to send infants to Hell are not likely themselves to be sparing in punishment. They believe they have a divine example of severity, and they set about making earth a little Hell in order to save their children from the greater Hell afterwards. This kind of cruelty—a cruelty at times scarcely less dreadful than infanticide—has grown less common as theology has softened. But it has left an indelible stain on the history of European Christianity. No one can deny that Christian communities in the nineteenth century were guilty of cruel practices to children, in comparison with which infanticide seems not a crime, but a shining virtue. The factory-owners who were responsible for the death and misery of so many children before the passing of the Factory Acts were the same kind of people who were filled with genuine horror by tales of Hindus who sacrificed their children to the alligators in the Ganges, and Rajput mothers who drowned their new-born babies in milk. There, surely, we have as amazing an example of the contradictions of human nature as has ever existed. Some people dismiss it as utter hypocrisy. It is largely that, but it is also due to blind ignorance and deadness of imagination.

At present, the attitude of the civilized world to the child is largely governed by a growing sensitiveness to any injury to human life. We believe that among medical men, for instance, there no longer exists the general belief that to perform the operation of craniotomy in certain circumstances on an unborn child is justifiable. The child must be saved alive at almost all costs. Is it the instinct for self-preservation — in a society with a declining birth-rate—which is at the root of this new tenderness for the lives of children? Or is it the sharpening of the moral sense? Probably it is both. On the other hand, can we legitimately call in this sharpened moral and social sense to demand that the Bollinger baby, and babies like it, should deliberately be kept alive as idiots? Obviously, there is a considerable difference between letting a baby die at birth and deliberately putting it to death in the lethal chamber. Thousands of persons who would shrink from the idea of the lethal chamber as the last foulness could probably be found to defend the doctor who refused to save the life of the Bollinger baby. They would regard the former as murder, the latter as leaving the matter to Providence or Nature, according to their creed. Problems of the same kind have occasionally been raised in fiction —problems of how far it is right to save a human being from a life of slow agony or madness. Is it right in any circumstances for a doctor to hasten with a drug the death of a patient hopelessly suffering from an exquisitely painful disease? Is it right for him in any circumstances deliberately to withhold a drug that would prolong a painful

existence? Here, again, we have two questions that will admit of very different answers. Many who would reply to the first with a violent "No" would hesitate before saying "Yes" or "No" to the second. Many, we have no doubt, would return a vehement "No" to both questions. But by a curious contradiction, many even of these would be capable of acquiescing in the natural death of a friend who had been a great sufferer as a "blessed relief." One has again and again heard the phrase in a house in which some one has died. "Perhaps, it is better so. He suffered so much, poor man." It looks as though in cases like that we were ready to will the end but not the means. But that is not a quite fair way of putting it. Most of us never entirely give up hope in regard to those for whom we care. There have been too many miracles of recovery for us to take the word even of the greatest specialist. Everyone has heard of cancers that have disappeared as by magic. And even if we feel that there is no hope, we can scarcely endure the thought of hastening the departure of the dying. If we can endure it, we suspect ourselves of wishing to save ourselves trouble rather than to spare the other pain. Clearly, affection leads different men to do different things. Friend has helped friend before now to the means of suicide. Husbands have slain their wives rather than permit them to fall into the hands of savages. It is not easy to discover any rule which will mark the point at which it becomes right for a man to assist, even negatively as it were, in the death of another human being—especially of one who is bound to him by close ties. The ancients did not reverence human life, at least in theory, to the same extent to which we do, and so they permitted suicide and infanticide to a degree which shocks the modern man. The modern man believes in the right to kill in war, in self-defense, and in certain penal cases. But suicide and infanticide he regards as crimes. It would, we admit, be grossly unfair to charge the doctor in the Bollinger case with infanticide, but probably a great number of modern Englishmen and Americans will hold that he did wrong in not saving the baby's life. This is partly due to the feeling that, as we have said, doctors are not sufficiently near omniscience to be trusted with the power to say that one baby shall live and another baby shall die. It is their business to save life. If we grant the principle that they have the right to destroy it or leave it to destruction, the possibilities which may arise from this terrify us. This would be to raise doctors into the position of dictators, and we are not, and neither are they, sure enough of their qualifications for the post. If we trusted them with life-and-death powers, we have no guarantee that they might not be swept off their feet some day by some gospel of pseudo-eugenics which would involve widespread destruction of human life. It is only a nightmare, but the nightmare has come true in other classes of men who have at different times been allowed despotic powers. Clergymen and emperors have, at various periods in the past, been allowed to tamper too despotically with human lives, and the results have been deplorable. There is no reason to believe that the doctors would do any better. That is why, on the whole, we regard such an agitation as Miss Addams has led against the doctor in the Bollinger case as a healthy sign. The rule of the sanctity of human life in the hands of the doctors may have exceptions, but it is even more important to maintain the rule than to justify the exceptions.

THE ARMING OF AMERICA.

We used to think of the little neutral peoples of Europe as her vestal virgins, inviolate and inviolable, while all around them must arm against lawless force. When the fate of Belgium dispelled that illusion, it was still a consolation to think that across the Atlantic eighty millions of civilized men preserved a disdainful security and cherished a fearless pacifism, while our world was riven by strife. Since President Wilson talked to the Manhattan Club about "preparedness," that illusion, too, is gone. If it is not the greatest tragedy of this war it is perhaps the most startling measure of the whole decline of our civilization. We are under the wave so deep beneath it that we can hardly see our case, but we can measure its violence by its back-wash upon that distant shore. We have told ourselves that this must be the last of wars; consoled ourselves with the phrase "a war to end war"; and listened to perorations from statesmen as sober as Mr. Asquith and M. Viviani about the ending of the struggle for a balance of power and the creation of a permanent concert. The American comment on it all is a resolve to arm, as their continent never has armed since the Civil War. This resolve, moreover, is proclaimed, not by a primitive, muscular man like Colonel Roosevelt, but by the grave intellectual, the diplomatist of infinite patience, who said that there is such a thing as being too proud to fight. We were all amused by the crass Prussian frankness of that German attache who wrote about "these idiotic Yankees," and we could guess what he meant. He was characterizing the ardent, youthful idealism of the Middle West, which sincerely believes that the world is governed by reason and moral force—a naive attitude, but precisely the spirit which will one day restore peace on earth, if restored it can be. It seems as if even this idealism, so happily inexperienced, so fortunately alien from our own Continent, had been submerged at last by facts. The capitulation, moreover, is by no means half-hearted. Dr. Wilson, after passing lightly over an increase in the Navy which will make it beyond challenge the second in the world, and touching briefly on an increase in the little professional army of the Republic, went on to sketch the creation of a new national citizen militia, to be raised by annual contingents of 133,000 men, which will number in three years around 400,000 men, and after six years will have an equal number in the reserve. Nor is this all. There is to be an expansion of the munitions industry, a storing up of armaments in readiness, and such arrangements for the rapid mobilization of industry as our own experience has shown to be necessary.

The full reports of Dr. Wilson's speech have now reached us, and a careful reading discovers in it no other meaning but this. Americans have wakened to the perception that they live in a dangerous world. It is a vague feeling, and we doubt if analysis would reduce it to anything more definite. This enterprising author or the other may fit a body to the shapeless fear. One sees the German, another the British, a third the Japanese peril, while a fourth will compound a many-headed monster, and predict European coalition. This is the froth of journalism. What Americans fear is simply militarism in the abstract, and they propose to meet it in the old conventional way of arming. There were the usual disclaimers in the President's speech, and his own fine record gives

them a sincerity which such disclaimers can rarely boast. He repudiated Imperialism and all its works. He went so far that Mr. Bryan and his friends are already asking what on earth the President can want an army for. One does not need it for "watchful waiting" nor for argumentative Notes. It is not for conquest. Nor is it the "big stick" with which Mr. Roosevelt would equip the Republic to enforce its moral principles. On the contrary, we are told that "the principles we hold most dear can be achieved by the slow processes of history, only in the kindly and wholesome atmosphere of peace, and not by the use of hostile force." Why, then, accumulate force? The answer is, of course, that it is needed for defense. "Force everywhere speaks out with a loud and imperious voice," and "men are asking one another what our own force is, how far we are prepared to maintain ourselves against any interference with our national action or development."

We doubt whether the mass of the American public will trouble to analyze this vague fear much further. The real question which an instructed pacifist would press would be perhaps: "What is it that you mean to defend?" Of all the "masked words" in current political speech, defense wears the most subtle disguise. Even a little nation, if it knows how to be a good neighbor, is rarely attacked for the sake of its territory, unless, indeed, like Belgium, it is caught in the vortex of some greater conflict. A powerful and isolated community like the States seems secure, even today, so long as it leads its own manifold life within its own ample borders. If it is ever attacked it will be because it is defending some principle of larger scope than its own independence and integrity. With such principles, the traditional diplomacy of the Republic is rather heavily weighted. There is, first of all, the Monroe Doctrine, and that doctrine grows. Dr. Wilson, himself the most pacific and the least Imperialist of Presidents, has given it an immense extension. He has used language which seemed to veto, not merely the dynastic aims and the political action of European Powers on the American Continent, but the acquisition by them of economic concessions in Latin America. That is a large claim, and it seems questionable whether European capital can be excluded for all time from a share in the immense opportunities of South America, unless the States themselves forestall it, by an active policy of development. That, in its turn, could, with difficulty, be prevented from following in the weaker Latin States the usual evolution from economic penetration to political control. It has required all the cold distinction of Dr. Wilson's temperament to avoid active interference in Mexico. Nine men in ten would have intervened where he has "waited"; even he did not quite avoid some intervention, and it is only the preoccupation of Europe which has enabled him to hold so steadily aloof. That is the first commitment which the States have to defend. It is a monopoly, which is now economic as well as political, and as the "places in the sun" are gradually parceled out, it must come to some European Powers to seem increasingly invidious and irksome. The race-line drawn against the Japanese is another very questionable principle, which may require defense. The "open door" in China, where Japan's claims to hegemony are becoming more open and pronounced, is another American principle in jeopardy.

The choice before the States is, in fact, something much more definite than the vague plea for defensive force which Dr. Wilson puts forward. The

new American militia, with all the costly paraphernalia of "preparedness" behind it, will never be required simply to defend the coasts of New England as the Swiss militia defends the passes of the Alps. If that were the issue, "preparedness" would be panic and waste. The question is rather whether the States shall keep their place as a World-Power with a World-Policy, unaggressive indeed, but sharply defined against some possible claims by other Powers, or whether they shall live their life self-contained within their own half-Continent. The debate is eager and impassioned, but it has not yet faced this issue. Bryanism clings to its moral maxims, but it does not in its utmost fervors and exaltations propose to drop the Monroe Doctrine, or to abate one item in its charter of the seas. Intellectually this attitude is less capable and less candid than that of our own historic Manchester tradition. The Manchester Radical opposed armaments, but he followed his own logic, and forbade all policies which could be pushed only by armaments. Dr. Wilson on his part asks for the armaments, but he discloses, as Mr. Bryan points out, no adequate reason to show that they are required. The reasons are there, ample, cogent, and evident, but the advocates of "preparedness" no more avow them than its opponents repudiate them. This is an inchoate phase of argument, and as the discussion proceeds, the American public may grip the real issue with more decision. For the moment its reaction against the spectacle of our confused strife is simple and instinctive. It wants force, because it sees force, dominant, uncontrollable, menacing. Our struggle has forced America to arm, as it has forced most of the European neutrals to mobilize. This unwelcome consequence of our war conveys its lesson. Unless by some common impulse of wisdom we can close this chapter with a common repudiation of force, as dramatic, as arresting as the object-lesson of the war itself, we must expect that for many a year and a decade "preparedness" will be the only moral which any actor or spectator will dare to draw from our tragedy.

The Nation.

GERMAN LIES ABOUT INDIA.

The India Office has issued a timely statement in contradiction of a number of German fables about India which seem to have obtained almost world-wide circulation during the last few days. The main purport of these allegations is that revolt has broken out "everywhere" in the Dependency, that the Nizam of Hyderabad has been "deposed" by his subjects, and that grave disorders have occurred in several important centers. A mythical Maharajah, whose name does not figure in the Golden Book of India, is alleged to be at the head of the "movement." There are stories, obviously drawn from the chronicles of long ago, of British troops in "retreat," and of "rebels" occupying "barracks and arsenals." To the India Office pillory of lies we may add one or two others which we have noticed ourselves in the German Press. Germany is evidently greatly exercised by the visit of Lord Kitchener to the Mediterranean, and, with true Teutonic obliquity, is advancing every kind of theoretical explanation except the right one, which is very simple. The Germans cannot conceive it possible that the British Government

would tell the plain, straightforward truth about Lord Kitchener's very practical mission. They look elsewhere for the cause, and have assumed that the Secretary of State for War has gone to India to quell a "rising." They support their assertions by reports furnished by "travelers from Baghdad," who are clearly supplying the credulous people in Berlin with fresh chapters of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." We think that "travelers from Baghdad" will very soon be able to supply other and more accurate news, which will affect Germany far more directly. Another phase of the lying reports which are obtaining currency through Berlin has reference to the Afghans, who are alleged to be ready to "join hands with the revolutionary party in India." The curious thing is that these wild assertions have met with some acceptance in the United States, and have even aroused the still rather sceptical interest of Japan. It is therefore important that they should be flatly contradicted without delay, for they are entirely without foundation.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain states, and we are able to confirm his assurance, that "there is not a word of truth in these statements from beginning to end." The best proof, to those who know India, will be found in a brief telegram which says that "the Mohammedan festival of the Muharram was celebrated very quietly in Bombay today." The Muharram is a Shiah festival dedicated to mourning for the death of Hussein, which occurred at the sacred city of Kerbela, in Mesopotamia. When there is marked unrest among Indian Mohammedans, it almost invariably finds vent at the Muharram; and the celebrations in Bombay are watched with much vigilance even in ordinary times, for they represent an almost unfailing barometer of disquietude. The Bombay telegram carries even more conviction than the India Office statement, and it provides an answer, not only to the German fables, but also to recent exaggerated anxieties, derived from the trend of events in the Near East, in some unofficial quarters nearer home. We may add that our own dispatches convey a general impression that the present political temper of India remains admirable. The rains were belated, but they produced a bountiful harvest. Prices are good, and trade is brisk. When half the world is at war, there is bound to be some reflex effect upon such an immense center of population, but the occasional ebullitions of not unnatural excitement appear to have been entirely sporadic and local. The Government dealt firmly, but not too drastically, with the troubles in the Punjab many months ago, which were almost solely due to the activities of returned emigrants from the Pacific slopes of America. The relations between Hindus and Mohammedans are not too good just now, and each of these two great communities shows signs of internal divisions; but such disputes as exist are normal and domestic, and relate largely to differences on questions of educational policy and similar matters. The personal popularity of the Viceroy is great, and he unquestionably maintains a steadying effect upon India in these troublous times.

As an example of the real attitude of India towards the war, we may mention that of late we have repeatedly received long communications from eminent and responsible Indians, whose right to act as spokesmen is unquestioned, begging us to urge the Government to raise new and larger Indian armies to fight for the Allied cause wherever they may be sent. As for Afghanistan, King Habibullah is on the best of terms with the Government of India, has repeatedly renewed his as-

surances, and throughout a very difficult period has remained absolutely stanch to his firm pledges. The rulers of India are not free from anxieties, but have their responsibilities ever been a light burden during the past hundred years? They are vigilant and prepared, as they always are in peace-time as well as war-time. They have fought in Mesopotamia the most successful campaign yet waged in the Allied cause, and at this moment they are nearing their goal. The maintenance of British rule in India is a task which can never be lightly regarded. The storm-clouds show a tendency to drift eastwards, but though the peoples of India are intensely watchful, they remain serene and loyal. Not for nothing have they and their neighbors contemplated the painful spectacle of Turkey under the heel of the Hun.

The Times.

WARSAW UNDER GERMAN RULE.

An amazing account has just been published by M. Zviatkovsky, the correspondent of the *Russkoie Slovo*, in that paper about German terrorism in the Polish capital. The correspondent succeeded in spending a month in the town, subsequently escaping arrest by the German detectives, who in his absence made a domiciliary search of his house. After a great many adventures, and having endured unspeakable hardships, walking through a totally devastated country, and being constantly haunted by the fear of detection and being shot as a spy by German troops, he at last succeeded in reaching the Russian lines near Lublin, whence he was allowed to proceed to Moscow.

His account is the more interesting as its reproduction has been prohibited in all Polish papers in Germany and Austria. When M. Zviatkovsky arrived at Warsaw he was met with this statement: "You will hardly believe how cheap everything has become in Warsaw since the arrival of the Germans. Sugar is 3½d. a pound,* while the best beef is only 5d. a pound. The secret of this plentifulness was soon discovered. The magic was due to the Central Committee for the distribution of food and the Polish militia, which has superseded the Russian police. All shops and stores were searched and the shopkeepers, who stored provisions awaiting huge profits, were forced to put them on sale. But the joy of the inhabitants was short-lived. The Germans were not slow to seize the advantages thus offered for their troops, and soon requisitioned almost the entire supply, not only of foodstuffs, but of all goods on which they could lay their hands. As a result prices increased with a jump. Now a pound loaf of white bread costs 2s., a pound of rye bread 10d., a pound of sugar about 2s., a pound of salt 6d., a pound of the cheapest meat 1s. 6d. to 1s. 10d. Neither paraffin oil, tea, nor candles can be got at all. All leather and textile manufactures have increased by 500 per cent. Good ladies' shoes cannot be bought for less than £3 or £3 10s.; a yard of English cheviot costs £1 10s. to £2. On the top of these high prices came the suppression by the German authorities of the Central Distribution Committee. The story of this suppression shows the real value of the German rule. As all the factories, after the evacuation of Warsaw, had to stop work in consequence of the

* Ordinarily 4d. a pound; during the war 5d. a pound.

removal or destruction of plants by Russians, thousands of workmen were left without work. The Central Committee has organized free meals for workmen's families, and also allowed each of them 4s. per week in order to save them from starvation. At the same time the Committee laid several demands before the German authorities for the reopening of the factories, where at least a fraction of workmen could find work. The German authorities refused point-blank, without giving any reasons. The truth came to light with the nomination to the post of Governor-General of Warsaw of General Beseler. He said to the representative of the Committee: "Not only will I not allow the reopening of the factories, but I order you to stop immediately the allowance to the workmen. If they will work, there is plenty of work awaiting them in Germany. We are short-handed. Our Labor Exchanges have already been opened here for a week, but no one of you "unemployed" has ever presented himself for work in Germany."

The Central Committee, seeing that prices had begun to increase, resolved that it would be impossible to comply with the request of the German General, and, instead of stopping, increased the allowance. Then, by order of Governor Beseler, the Committee was suppressed.

This order was a blow in the face to all the inhabitants of Warsaw, while it ruthlessly exposed the workmen and their families to starvation. This order was the end of German promises of re-establishment of Polish autonomy and the beginning of a rule of terrorism before which the rule of the Marquis Alba in the Netherlands was mere child's play. All Polish women dressed in mourning; all the churches for three days after this order were filled to overflowing with people kneeling in prayer. All the newspapers appeared with a black border.

The workmen, who were the greatest sufferers, organized a peaceful manifestation. They assembled before the statue of Mizkievich carrying the banners of the Polish Socialist Party and the Polish national colors with the white single-headed eagle. The feelings of the crowd were manifestly peaceful. A priest harangued it from a plinth. The crowd, singing hymns, marched to the famous statue of the Virgin at Cracow Circus, where they knelt down and sang the national anthem, "Boze cos' Polske."

Up to this time the Prussian gendarmes summoned to the scene had remained passive, only displaying their drawn swords. But directly the crowd proceeded to the residence of the General-Governor, the gendarmes, without any warning, attacked it with drawn swords. Then even women became inflamed, and with cries of "Long live Poland!" "Long live Freedom!" "Down with the Germans!" pushed on to the gates of the Palace of Lazenki. They asked that a deputation should be received by the Governor to demand the reopening of the Central Committee and of the organization of work on the spot. In answer to this the soldiers placed on the other side of the gates were ordered to fire. The firing continued for several minutes, leaving hundreds of wounded and dying.

This "bloody Monday" had its repercussion through the whole of Poland. At Lodz and other big towns the revolutionary outbreaks were ruthlessly suppressed. All "liberties" were abolished. Polish courts introduced immediately after the evacuation of Poland by the Russians were suppressed. All talk of autonomy ceased. The Germans began to show their real character, having cynically thrown down the mask worn until then. The Polish militia was put under the orders of the German Commissioner of Police.

Crowds of German detectives and spies were imported from Germany and the rule of Soldateska became generally adopted. In consequence of the excesses committed by drunken German soldiers in such slum areas as the "Iron Brahma," Khmelnaia, and others, some fires broke out. The Germans immediately accused the inhabitants of deliberately starting the fires. They divided the whole city into districts, took from each district hostages, and announced that in the case of a fire occurring the hostages of the district where the fire broke out would be shot without a trial. On the other hand nothing has been done to organize life in Warsaw, with the result that people are actually dying from starvation. The papers are full of accounts of men, women and girls, and children who drop down in the streets, the post-mortem examination showing that death is entirely due to starvation. But the triumvirate of General Beseler, Chief of Police Glasenap, and Chief of the Detective Police Eikherikh, do not let themselves be deterred by such trifles. The Poles however will never forget what German rule really means!

The Outlook.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Jefferson Jones, author of "The Fall of Tsingtau," writes of a little-regarded incident of the great war with the vividness and accuracy of an eye-witness of the events described; for it chanced that as a representative of *The Japan Advertiser* of Tokyo, he had unusual privileges of observation, and was, with one exception, the only American who was with the Japanese army when Tsingtau fell. But Mr. Jones's book, valuable as it is as a graphic narrative of these events, is still more valuable as a review of the secret diplomacy by which, through threats and military menace, Japan, during this present year, has taken advantage of the absorption of the Western Powers in the war, to force upon China a virtual protectorate. The full text of the demands which Japan made—those which China was forced to grant, and those which, under protests from Western Powers, were laid over for future consideration—are here given; and the history which has been making since Mr. Jones published this book confirms his prediction that China would revert to a monarchy. Mr. Jones truthfully describes China as an "enigma"; but the enigma is one the solution of which, after the present war is over, may prove disturbing to the world's peace. Upon the present situation, and the possible future crisis, Mr. Jones's book throws much light. There are twenty or more illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Co.

In his work on "The Old Testament in the Light of Today" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Professor William Frederic Badé of the Pacific Theological Seminary at Berkeley, California, presents what is described in the sub-title as "a study in moral development." Historical difficulties and questions of date and authorship he subordinates to questions of moral teaching and growth. He dismisses the traditional view of the Old Testament Scriptures as an inspired and infallible record, but traces in them the development of moral ideals and argues that they contain much that is not outgrown but that appeals to present-day needs and problems. Whether his aim is destruc-

tive or constructive each reader will determine from his own point of view; but those even who differ from his conclusions will recognize the scope of his scholarship and the sincerity of his purpose. A part of the material in the volume was delivered as lectures at the Berkeley Summer School of Religion, but a considerable part is new, and has profited by a revision of some of the most advanced Biblical scholars. The author promises that the exilic and post-exilic period will be treated separately in a second volume.

That it is no mere coincidence that Edward Hutton has taken the present moment for a study and portrayal of "Attila and the Huns" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is plain enough from references in his Preface, and here and there in the book itself. It is Attila as the prototype of the Kaiser and the Huns as the predecessors of the Prussians and their "frightfulness" that Mr. Hutton has in mind; and he has a certain excuse for the parallelism in the fact that the Kaiser himself, when he sent his brother to China to meet the Boxers, cited Attila and his Huns as examples to be followed, and commanded that there should be no taking of prisoners and no giving of quarter. Whatever its present application, Mr. Hutton's sketch of the savage warfare of fifteen centuries ago and the end of the savage warrior who led in it is vivid and impressive.

Professor L. M. Bossi of the University of Genoa prefaces "Marie Tarnowska," by Signora A. Vivanti Chartres, with a letter to the author explaining his reasons for regarding the book, which was written at his suggestion, as important to physiologists and psychologists. "Your book, Signora," he writes, "contains a truthful exposition of a group of psychic values with which physicians and psychopathists are concerned, and I believe that, eventually, it will promote the realization that, even in the darkest regions of moral degradation, it is possible for science to raise the torch of hope. Thus, though appealing for the moment, to the interest of the general reader, it will ultimately constitute a significant document in the history of the evolution of pathological science." A prefatory note briefly states the climax of the tale, the deliberate murder of Count Paul Kamarowsky by his intimate friend, Nicholas Naumoff, who shot him five times, and then accepted his aid to escape from justice. Count Kamarowsky's last words were a loving message to his betrothed, Countess Marie Tarnowska. How well she deserved his devotion the author sets forth vividly after studying her life, visiting her in prison, and scrutinizing her notebook kept in defiance of prison regulations. The published records of her trial, and her telegrams addressed to a man arrested as her comrade in instigating Naumoff to assassinate his friend were also at the service of Signora Chartres, and the impression left upon the reader is that no prison can possibly harm Marie, by teaching her any new wickedness. Her King has just pardoned her in order that she may go to serve as an army nurse. If murderous quarrels should arise among the soldiers he may possibly find their center in Marie Tarnowska. Signora Chartres makes an absorbing story of her life, but nothing in it indicates that the leopardess can change her spots or wishes to change them. The Century Co.

"The Case of the American Drama," by Thomas H. Dickinson, discusses the present condition of drama in America, contrasts the systems of France and Germany with the one existing in this country, and indicates the lines along

which we can develop a truly national drama. Mr. Dickinson attributes the present low standard of the legitimate drama in America to the syndicate system which strove to control all the playhouses in the country from New York, to a too close dependence upon Europe in matters of art, to the "star" system which crowded the stage with stars made over night by the none-too-scrupulous press agent, and to the tendency to turn the art into a purely money making project. He shows how, even in those countries where the drama has been endowed by the nation, while the dignity of the profession and artistic traditions have been preserved by the centralized system, the hope for new impulses and new vitality must come from localized dramatic efforts in the "provinces," Mr. Dickinson does not find the motion picture so great a menace to legitimate drama as some critics have believed it. He foresees either a decay and disappearance of its present form, or a transformation of it into something higher. From the popularity and success of the motion picture and vaudeville houses, Mr. Dickinson draws the conclusion that the future of the legitimate drama must be built on a broader social basis. It must be brought nearer the people in location of theatres, in price, and in spirit. The local Stock Company, assisted if necessary by endowments, will be the salvation of dramatic art in this country. In the present tendency in some parts of the country toward the establishment of such Stock Companies, and in the pageants and masques which are becoming more popular and more frequent, Mr. Dickinson sees hope for a distinctly American drama to be born. He discusses at length the outdoor theatre and its possibilities, urging the use of a natural background which can be adapted to all kinds of plays rather than a formal, classic one which is suitable only for the presentation of classic plays. The distinctive spirit of American drama, according to Mr. Dickinson, will be the "pioneer" spirit which has been characteristic of all other American undertakings. He closes with a strong insistence upon this spirit and an appeal to playwrights to realize their opportunity to assist in the creation of a purely "pioneer" drama. The book is not a formal treatise developed in a leisurely manner. It is written in a rapid, interesting style; one cannot afford to miss a single sentence. Students of the drama will find it a valuable text book, and the general reader will be informed without being taxed with technicalities. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The production of his "Contemporary Portraits" appears to have been a delight to Mr. Frank Harris, critic, editor, student of art and artists, literature and life, and his book will delight many readers. Possibly a few will find it too frank, but the twentieth century man desires that nothing shall be concealed from him, and Mr. Harris writes to please him. The sitters for the seventeen "Portraits" were Carlyle, Renan, Whistler, Oscar Wilde, John Davidson, Richard Middleton, Sir Richard Burton, George Meredith, Robert Browning, Swinburne, whom he calls "the poet of youth and revolt," Matthew Arnold, Guy De Maupassant, Paul Verlaine, Fabre, Maurice Maeterlinck, Rodin and Anatole France. The list indicates a catholic and receptive mind, and awakens memories of the young author who acquainted himself with more than one continent and mingled with men of many sorts during his apprenticeship to life. "I put these portraits forth as works of art," he says, and he asserts his right to treat his subject so as to express the very es-

sence of his sitter's soul, even if this course be not agreeable to the person most deeply concerned. On the other hand, his toleration of weakness is exquisite, as may be judged from the list of his sitters, and he impartially records occasions on which he has been made the subject of a rather savage jest. Nobody can pity more generously, or rejoice more heartily and nobody can be more delicately spiteful when dealing with a man distasteful to him. For instance Arnold, his family and his entire environment are blightingly characterized in a single paragraph. For Davidson, the unhappy genius who could not accept his own gospel of sturdy courage, he has only the tenderest pity, but he hates the British Philistine and almost hates the British nation when it does not agree with him, in its award of prizes. Taken altogether this volume furnishes material for another contemporary portrait; of an author skillful, industrious, independent, and unmerciful in his statements of dislike. Portraits of Burton, Oscar Wilde, Davidson, Middleton, Swinburne and M. Rodin illustrate the volume. Mitchell Kennerley.

The author of "Truth Dexter" provokes a mad rush to the dictionary, by giving the title of "The Stirrup Latch" to her latest novel, but explains its mystery promptly, and suggests a new burglar-alarm for lonely country houses, and a means of gratifying curious neighbors, by prompt notification of the arrival and departure of visitors. The same piece of apparatus may be employed for deceiving the inquisitive, thus paying a double debt to its owners, and once its merits are known the blacksmiths of the country will enter upon a season of prosperity, for no stirrup latch will fit two gates. Meanwhile, Sidney McCall uses that at the gate of Little Sunshine, the home of Henry Dering's widow, as the starting point of four love stories, each with something unusual, although perfectly credible, either in its inception or in its progress, and all ending in measureless content for the lovers. The woman who is the center of the whole plot, the one unselfish creature in a large family, is left alone to consider the paths by which she has brought herself, but protesting, that she is going to be very happy, and that it "will be sweet, very sweet" in her garden. Southern life and the Southern temperament are seen at their best in this newest romance. Little, Brown & Co.

"Jimmy's Gentility" by Henry Francis Dryden is a story of the many tribulations through which a small boy passed before he found himself provided with both the gentility and the nobility required by the proverb. Moreover, on his upward way he encounters representatives of all the nations included in the Great Design of Henry Fourth, and learns to pronounce proper nouns of the greatest complication; he encounters a drummer of fell persistency and a practical joker who would demoralize the most decorous of chauffeurs, and finding himself to be somebody else is his daily recreation. In short, the story would make a good farce, or an attractive moving picture. Slight occasional crudities appear to indicate that the author is a novice, but his tendency to redundancy will cure itself with practice. Sherman French & Co.

The cowboy hero is not dead, although there have been those who could have wished him in some other planet in the heyday of his literary youth, so crudely was he presented by some of those announcing themselves as peculiarly qualified to delineate him. Steve Yeager, the cowboy whose

name gives the title to a story of wild adventure, by William MacLeod Raine, is written in English, is not incredible, and the Mexicans whom Steve finds across the border are not quite unadulterated villains. One exception is a guerrilla chief of whom all but the worst of his countrymen are ashamed, and whose cry of "Mexico for the Mexicans" means "Mexico and everything in it for me." The pretty Arizona girl whom the hero loves falls into this scoundrel's power, and escapes from him by a series of chances of which the reader has so little forewarning that the happy ending of the story shocks him almost as severely as he has expected to be shocked by a catastrophe. The story is melodrama, but it is a fair transcript of the life of the region and the daily newspaper can duplicate many of the incidents. Real life is yet melodramatic in certain parts of the world, as melodramatic as anything which the moving pictures can show. Mr. Raine begins with the moving pictures, and although he closes his story with the triumph of virtue, even his cowboy is no more when "The End" is written. This is a man's book. The heroine is pretty, good, and desired of men, but she is as unobtrusive as the bitterest misogynist could wish. Yeager learns subtlety and patience in teaching and governing animals, and, when it is necessary, can outwit and control a human brute and he fears nothing: This is the ideal hero of a simple, innocent girl and Mr. Raine has well matched his heroine. In spite of its bursts of battle, murder and sudden death, "Steve Yeager" is an extremely agreeable book. Houghton Mifflin Co.

To the Hart, Schaffner and Marx Prize Essays in Economics the Houghton Mifflin Co. adds two volumes—"The Canadian Iron and Steel Industry," by W. J. A. Donald, and "The Tin-Plate Industry" by Donald Earl Dunbar. Each volume is a painstaking and exhaustive study of the subject chosen, treated both from the economic and political points of view, and presents the latest data from all available sources. Both volumes afford an opportunity to study the effect of tariffs and bounties upon industrial development, for it is to these that the Canadian iron and steel industries largely owe their rapid extension, while without the aid given by the McKinley tariff the American tin-plate industry would hardly have come into existence. The history of this industry during the last quarter of a century, as told by Mr. Dunbar in his illuminating volume, is full of interest.

In preparing for publication a second edition of his "Affirmations," first published in 1898, Havelock Ellis has not thought it necessary to add anything, to eliminate anything, or to modify anything. Whatever stir his somewhat daring discussion of certain questionable things may have occasioned when his book was first published has long ago passed, and the book has been so nearly forgotten that the new edition, to many readers, is practically a new book. Taking for the subjects of the five studies included in the volume Nietzsche, Zola, Huysmans, Casanova and St. Francis of Assisi, Mr. Ellis treats them, not in the way of biography or of literary criticism, but as expressions and exponents of moral questions, all with the professed aim of "attacking and settling questionable things that so we may enlarge the sphere of the unquestionable." Or, as he defines his intention in his first Preface, he aims to discuss morality as revealed or disguised by literature, and to make what he describes as "affirmations" concerning "the simple, eternal facts of life."

GREECE AND THE ALLIES; BY E. J. DILLON

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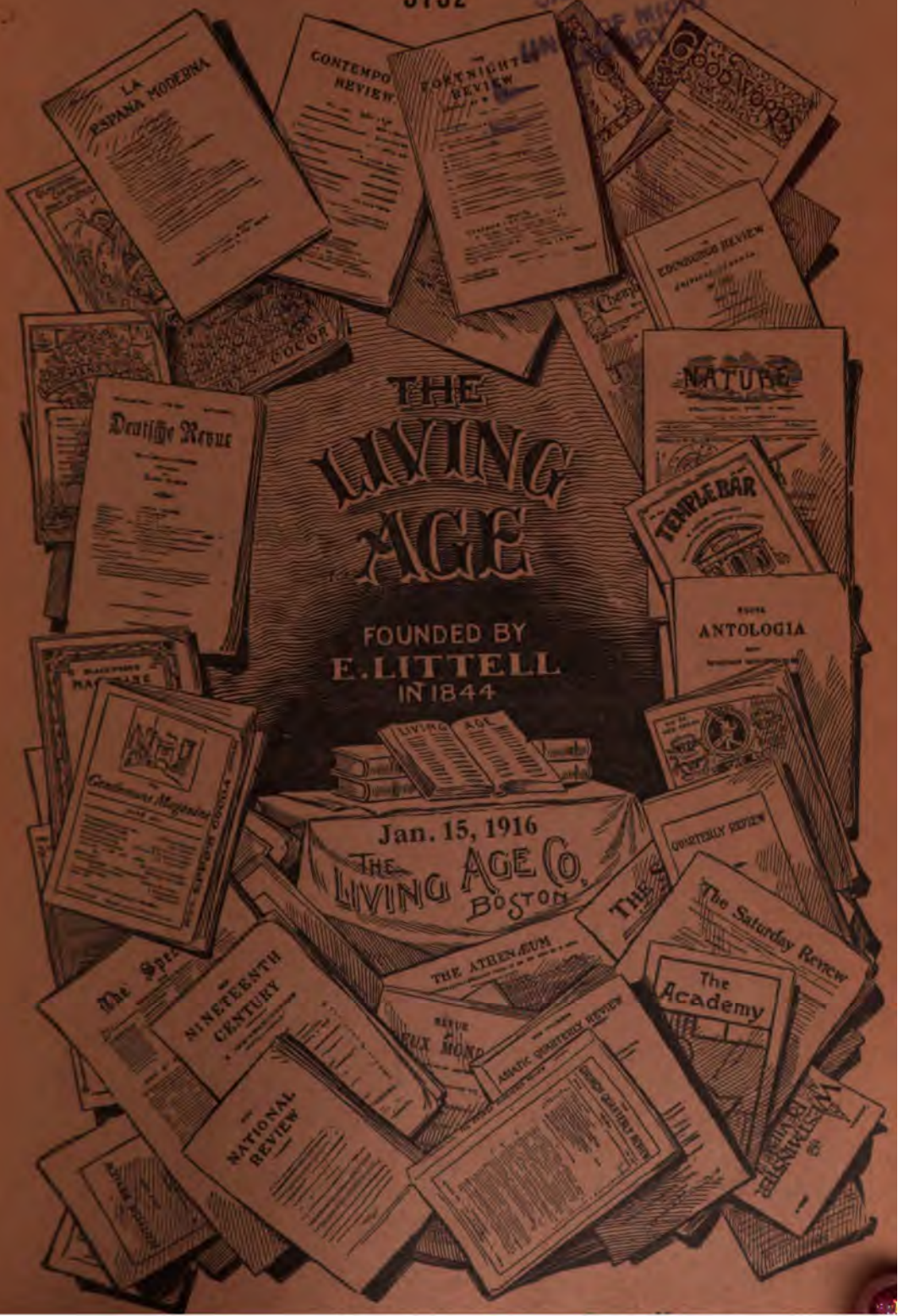

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  And to your Country. Now the wounded, dead,
  And maimed, whose blood for Britain has been shed,
Demand the harvest that their blood has sown.

Widows and stricken mothers bid you send
  The reapers forth, still hoping your command
That not in vain should come to such an end
  The lives they loved. O sir, lift up your hand
And signal, "Now must every man defend
  (If he have strength) his home and native land."

Francis Coutts.

The Outlook.

RESURGIT.

They said that strength had passed from off the earth
  With the last blazon of dead Chivalry;
  That Faith had dipped its lance to Revelry,
And God been banished to the strains of mirth.
I think not that the blood of them that die
  Lifts to the stars an empty sacrifice,
  That prayers but batter a closed Paradise,
That heaven can answer not the hearts that cry
Upward for comfort: clearer now there ring
  The song of faith triumphant over death,
  The sound of praises thro' a mist of tears:
And not in vain they make their offering
  Who, spent and shattered, clutch their dying breath;
  Behold, the Son of Manhood reappears!

D. F. G. Johnson.

The New Witness.

RECOMPENSE.

God gave a day of healing
  To the patient budding flowers
After the rough wind's bruising,
  And the stinging showers.

He bade the sun caress them:
  "Blow softly" He charged the breeze;
And the flowers gave fragrant incense
  In silent ecstasies.

In a riot of bloom and color,
  Painted by God's own hand,
They danced to the breeze's piping
  A faerie saraband.

God gave a day of healing
  To the patient trustful flowers;
After the grim grief bruising
  These broken hearts of ours.

Shall He not grant us also
  A time to grow glad again,
His peace and His benediction,
  After the stinging rain?

C. Farmar.

Chambers's Journal.

COMMANDEERED.

Last year he drew the harvest home,
  Along the winding upland lane;
The children twisted marigolds
  And clover flowers to deck his mane.
Last year—he drew the harvest home.

Today—with puzzled, patient face,
  With ears adroop and weary feet,
He marches to the sound of drums,
  And draws the gun along the street.
Today—he draws the guns of war!

Charlotte Moberly.

GREECE AND THE ALLIES.

The main propelling forces of Balkan politics are the will and power of the three Germanophile Kings to follow the Kaiser; the growing conviction spread by a powerful press organization, with the field to itself, that the Central Empires are certain to defeat the Allies and to pulverize the neutral friends of these; and the irresistible attraction of money freely bestowed. To those influences one should add the peculiar mental mechanism of the Balkan peoples, so different in certain essentials from ours that our diplomatists and Ministers are incapable of stooping low enough to discern all its tortuous workings. The character of those nations being what it is, no discredit, we are told, attaches to the Allies' failure to sound its stops. Indeed it is to their honor that our statesmen could neither realize the baseness of the motives to which certain of their Bulgarian, Turkish, Greek, and other colleagues are impressible, nor lower themselves to perpetrate the infamies employed by the Germans among them in their successful campaign of lying, bribery, and intimidation. The statesmanship of the Entente is therefore blameless: the Balkan States—or else the fates—are answerable for what has happened, as they will also be for the sequel.

Fault has been found with our public men for lack of foresight and of the prompt intervention which foresight would have insured. They answer that it would not have stood them in better stead. And in proof of this they point to a case in which they possessed actual knowledge. It appears that as early as last April they were aware of the outspoken sympathies of Ferdinand of Coburg for the Germans and Austrians, and that tidings had reached them from the Balkans of the negotiations which Bulgaria and Turkey, under Germany's ægis, were carrying on there. Yet that knowledge availed them but little. It did not dispel their faith in the sincerity of the Bulgars. And they still said no to Serbia, who, conscious of the imminent danger to herself and objecting to be immolated, was eager to disorganize Bulgaria's mobilization and prevent disaster. For they scrupulously eschewed everything likely to give umbrage to King Ferdinand and M. Radoslavoff. Their aim was to satisfy the aspirations of every Balkan State and to wrap them all in an atmosphere of contentment, brotherly love, and self-abnegation. Truly an ideal project.

Now, too, the Entente Governments possess positive knowledge. They know what a decisive part German propaganda has played in the countries of Southeastern Europe. They have seen how deep the ideas and forecasts which it scattered broadcast have sunk into the souls of the populations and they have tasted the fruits which these brought forth. No doubt is entertained in the Balkans of the ultimate triumph of the Teuton cause, nor is there any dissentient voice there as to the necessity of standing well with the victors. Of these symptoms and their significance the Allies are now aware. But that knowledge is not power. For we cannot befoul ourselves with the infamous practices to which agents like Baron Schenk have recourse. We therefore rely mainly on the force inherent in truth, justice, and humanity. Consequently our cause is being defended eloquently in words, chivalrously in acts, and well within the bounds of legitimate self-defense. If our enemies are base enough to take advantage of our inability to draw weapons from arsenals of vice and crime, we must even put up with the consequences.

The Parliamentary storms that burst in Athens this autumn revived in some Entente quarters the illusion that the political atmosphere of Greece would at last be purified and room made for public men of high purpose and moral principle, like Venizelos, who were recalled to power by the King. But it was not to be. As a shower of rain could not cleanse the stables of Augeas neither can a Parliamentary crisis purify the pestilent political soil of King Constantine's realm. Instead of harboring any such hopes, I recalled to mind the judgment I had expressed in this Review some years ago in an article which was the cause of the summons that first brought Venizelos to Athens and into Greek politics: "Whether it is possible to save the Greek nation from its own propensities," I said, "may well be doubted. But if Greece can be rescued from anarchy the miracle will be wrought not by any of the politicians at present in evidence, but by a friend of mine who is not even a Greek—Elevtherios Venizelos. Liberally endowed with the gifts of a national leader, he possesses the constant prudence of the statesman and his occasional imprudence, and if he cannot rescue the Greek nation from the quagmire of anarchy no one can." Well, he tried hard, and those who are wont to read as they run fancied he had succeeded within the brief span of four years. He unquestionably made a fine beginning, and by his brilliant achievements supplied the Greek nation with ample grounds to continue to put their trust in him. Abroad, too, everybody gave him credit for the will and the power to play the part of Moses to a self-centered, hyper-sensitive, and fickle people.

But if a child can lead a horse to the river's edge forty men cannot make him drink. A nation may be saved from its enemies, and at a pinch even from its friends, but the very gods cannot save it from itself. Greece may well be an instance of this. She puts her ease, profit, and prosperity above strenuous effort and painful self-denial. She is deaf to the voice of duty. And let it not be urged that "the heart of the Greek or the Bulgarian people is in the right place and that it is only their rulers who have gone astray." Between leader and led one cannot make any such distinction. Each Balkan King claims to represent his respective people, and if the claim were unfounded the nation could and would say so, and follow up the declaration with remedial measures. In Italy a situation arose last May which in many respects was on all fours with that of Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania. The man who wielded dictatorial powers there, kneading the Parliament, pulling the wires of the Administration, and hoodwinking the people, was minded to steer clear of war, to propitiate the German god of frightfulness, and to flourish in the shade of his altar. And he had laid his plans so well that there was seemingly no issue from the slough of despond into which he had drawn the country. Both Chambers of the Legislature were at Signor Giolitti's beck and call; the industrial community seconded his efforts with money and influence; financiers and bankers were fiery apostles of his gospel of non-intervention, and a large section of the press supported him by dint of facts and fancies. But the whole nation rose up angrily and imposed its will on the Legislature, whereupon the frightened lawgivers either slunk away in fear or abjured their heresies penitently.

A like turn might have been given to the crisis that preceded the decisions of the Balkan States, had there been any real disagreement between the rulers and their peoples. But as there was none, no such consummation could be looked for. The reasons are not far to seek. The Greeks are not a warlike

race, neither are they the stuff of which martyrs are fashioned. A people of struggling traders, they have a keen eye for a bargain and an ingrained repugnance to war. Peace is the element in which they flourish: warfare that in which they perish. Such is the lesson taught by history and not refuted by the last campaign, to which they turn when in search of a groundwork on which to base the legend of their military prowess.

In truth they entered upon the Balkan campaign with heavy hearts, expecting to be badly beaten. And this anticipation was shared by every General Staff in Europe, more especially by those of Vienna and Berlin. But the unexpected took place and startled the world. Far from sustaining defeat, they emerged victorious from the fray, and garnered in more valuable spoils than their allies. To enter into the causes of this marvel would carry us too far.* But it is safe to say that the continuous, elaborate, and comprehensive preparations made by Venizelos, who reorganized the army, was one of the main factors of the Greek success. Their triumph filled the people with a consciousness of their widely diffused glory and with childlike enthusiasm for the indomitable captain who had led them from victory to victory and established the claim of the Hellenes to the succession of Byzance. The nation's passionate sympathy was forthwith concentrated upon the figure of the royal warrior Constantine, now manifestly predestined by a truly inscrutable providence to realize the dreams of the chosen people. The name of the chosen people at these cross-roads of the world's history differs in each country. In this way the dormant military tendency of centuries was revealed during an ordeal of blood and fire and ruthlessness.

The reputed sins of the Hellenic warlord were forthwith forgotten. The grotesque elements in the first war against the Turks when the present Minister, M. Rhallis, was telegraphing bitter truths to Constantine, then Heir-Apparent, and insisting on his recall, were gradually softened into a pathetic form of beauty. They were etherealized by the charm of distance and growing affection. The feelings which then stirred the Greek military chiefs and the people to passionate anger and urged them to expel Constantine from the army and drive him forth an exile into foreign lands—although hardly five years have rolled by since then—no longer bear down upon the conscience of either ruler or ruled with their former painful weight. Indeed here one may say that past weakness is present strength. But the capacity for sudden and seemingly motiveless change of temper, of judgment, of decision, which those and other episodes reveal, should have made it clear, at any rate to statesmen and diplomatists, that the Balkan peoples and the Greeks in particular, are not as their Western contemporaries, and must be measured by a different standard. King Constantine seemingly has sized up his subjects aright.

There is something so touching, so unsophisticated, so childlike, in this apotheosis of a reputed military genius by a humdrum mercantile people which exalts itself in worshiping him, that it would be ungenerous to analyze it too closely. But it is well to realize the origins of the harmony which now undoubtedly exists between the King and the bulk of his subjects. One of them is the widespread belief that Constantine

*German friends of the Greek people have launched a version of the capture of Salonika, which is known in Athens, and will one day, I hope, be satisfactorily refuted. When it became clear that the Turks could no longer defend Salonika, and that Bulgarian reinforcements were on the way to capture it, the Germans conceived a brilliant idea. If our friends the Turks, they mused, cannot defend their second capital by defeating the Allies they can at least so surrender it as to disintegrate the hostile alliance. Accordingly, they advised the defenders to hand over the city to the Greeks before the Bulgars could arrive. The Turks obeyed, and the seed of the hatred between the two Christian peoples was duly sown.

is the Greek Messiah, and his military feats are the foretokens of a higher greatness in store for the Hellenic race now that the foundations of the political world are being renewed. And compared with the genius of the Lord's anointed the talent of the Cretan interloper is as a drop to the ocean.

Greek imagination even in these days of hard reality is positively mythopœic. Not content with the sober majesties of well-ordered life and the modest efforts of every-day people, it weaves fanciful legends round the names of living men, and surrenders itself unconditionally to the enjoyable excitement of unrestrained fancy. Herein lies the clue to that enthusiastic hero-worship which has chosen King Constantine as its idol, made a holocaust of national interests and aspirations, and proved more cogently than anything else how little possessed the Greeks are of the tendencies of their age. In sober truth Constantine presents a type of character which is remote from the heroic. A simplicist of narrow personality and changing moods, he is capable of a degree of stubbornness which some courtiers might mistake for will power. His will, lighted by a modest intelligence which perceives extremes but blinks what lies between, is swayed by instincts the reverse of altruistic. The tenderness of his domestic affections is proverbial, and displays itself far beyond the precincts of the palace. Thus political considerations impelled the King to prepare to visit Salonika in November and private reasons decided him to forego the intention. When a monarch is absolute it is often impossible to find the line of cleavage between personal motives and reasons of State. The persistent resolve and feminine ingenuity with which the ground under the unoffending Premier Zaimis was mined until he was blown into outer darkness is a case in point. Characteristic of King Constantine is the circumstance that his impressibility to these subtle influences is conditioned by physical presence. Action at a distance is excluded. Hence the care bestowed on his comings in and goings out in times of political crisis. To judicious flattery Kings are almost always susceptible, and Constantine XII is especially sensible to appreciation of his military talents. This trait will seem natural enough when we remember the discredit that attached to him during the first Turkish war, and the ignominious way in which he was expelled from the army a few years ago. Happily he rules over a forgetful people who are yearning for a hero to be proud of. And they glory in him. "Let us not forget," writes one of the organs of public opinion in the country; "let us not forget that Constantine XII is the first strategist on earth. Many a time has he scanned and criticised the battles fought by Russian and German generals. Nay, the plans of the Kaiser himself have been subjected to a severe scrutiny by Constantine XII and numerous faults brought to light in them with an acumen worthy of admiration. When the English and French General Staffs decided to force the Dardanelles Constantine XII exclaimed: 'Halt!' But Constantine XII was not listened to. And yet it was he and only he who could have conducted the undertaking to a successful issue. Indeed we have no hesitation in declaring that in order to force the Dardanelles it would be necessary to place supreme command in the hands of His Majesty Constantine XII."

Napoleon and Cæsar have at last received a successor, and he, by a freak of Fate, was born to the least warlike people on the face of the globe. It is this great military captain who is now the personification of Greece and whose will is law in the foreign as in home

affairs of his people. As his likes and dislikes may affect the outcome of our struggle with Germany in the Balkans, it is desirable that his character should be widely understood and the value of his promises rightly assessed. His deepest sympathies are possessed by the Kaiser, to whom he looks up as to a demi-god with reverential awe. By him he is drawn out of his natural path, much as the ocean is by the moon. His most cherished hopes and fears were inspired by Wilhelm the war lord, who bestowed happiness upon him, together with the rank of Field-Marshal in the Prussian army. Constantine is now Field-Marshal of that great army and also King of Greece. And he has come to see most things eye to eye with the Kaiser. Thus he looks without shrinking, nay with frank approbation, which is of a piece with a certain military hardness in his temperament, upon the atrocities which Germany has associated with her name. They are classed as military necessities which know no law. For he can think no evil of the Teuton war lord, whose connection he has become by marriage. Some of his subjects are wont to say that his Consort, the Kaiser's sister, is the absolute monarch who governs, and Constantine the Constitutional King who reigns.

The strong Teuton leanings of the King condemn him to an attitude of contempt rather than of downright hostility towards France and the Entente. German organization, military discipline, and moral lawlessness impress his mind powerfully, supply him with the main elements of his emotion, and invite his imitative instincts. And the work thus begun in Potsdam has been ably continued in Athens and Tatoi by the domestic influences paramount there. The pressure of those two forces, which might have broken the mainspring of a mind stronger than Constantine's, accounts for the occasional fitfulness and strangeness in his behavior during a crisis which calls for quick resolve and steady perseverance. The one steady element in the King's character—one which may be said to resemble a mania—is fiery enthusiasm for German militarism. Once in a while expediency may compel him to do or say something out of keeping with this cult, but as soon as the pressure has abated, he comes back with a bound to the orbit of his predilection.

At present the Triple Entente is being urged by King Constantine's newest Ministers to accept and build upon their assurances that Greece's neutrality is and will continue to be actuated by benevolence towards them. It is well to weigh against those assurances the circumstance that Greece is represented not by Ministers or Cabinets, but only by the King, and that the woof and warp of his mind are worship of the Moloch of War and obedience to his prophet, Wilhelm. Who, one may ask, is M. Skooloodis, who is M. Zaimis, that their words should be accounted of greater weight than the will of the King? Are they more than Venizelos was? Surely not. For apart from the differentiating personal characteristics they do not represent the Chamber or the nation, but only a transient mood of a monarch in straits. To trust the fortunes of the Allies, therefore, to the assurances of those caliphs of an hour is to imitate the shipwrecked mariners who mistook a sleeping whale for an islet and began to make themselves comfortable there until the animal awoke and shook them off. When semi-official press organs cheerfully announce that the Skooloodis Cabinet has made it quite clear that they are inspired in their attitude towards the belligerents by friendly feelings towards the Entente, it is well to call to mind the two decisive facts that, however transparent their sincerity, they lack the power to realize

their will, and that the only will reinforced by power is enlisted in the service of the Kaiser.

Prudence of a rudimentary sort would enjoin on us the duty of going still further and reluctantly putting in quarantine any promises, even though they had received the sanction of the real ruler of Greece. For we have already had such, and they were repudiated with the same light-heartedness that was displayed when the written, signed and sealed treaty with Serbia was disavowed. For, like all Germany's allies, Greece has failed to honor her bonds, and she is now held by the nations that have dealings with her to be bankrupt in honor and devoid of credit. She is perhaps still capable of being swayed in the direction of duty, but less by motives that appeal to the ethical side than by sheer dread of immediate military, political, and economic consequences.

The military revolution of 1909 soured Constantine's nature chronically. His name was struck off the role of officers and his presence in the country rendered undesirable. I was asked at the time to lend my aid in various specified and somewhat peculiar ways to his friends and those of the King to have him reinstated. And this is what one of his enthusiastic and influential partisans, General ——, said to me: "Constantine is furious. This military league has borne in upon him two master truths which every monarch should take to heart, that the democracy is a corrosive force when not kept in the service of the ruler, and that nothing really matters but the army. Keep a tight grip on that and everything else will be superadded. If Constantine should come to the throne as we still hope and believe, his policy will consist in the application of those two axioms to home and foreign politics. He will keep a firm grasp of the army, and with that to back him he can afford to play at constitutionalism with counters."

After his return from exile Constantine was one day invited to attend the criticisms to be passed on the manœuvres of the Greek army which was then in process of reorganization. It was then being handled by the French General Eydoux, who thought it would be a considerate act on his part to give the discredited heir an opportunity of living down his disgrace and forming new ties with the troops. He went further and requested the Prince to say a few words to the officers. Constantine eagerly seized the opportunity and made a singular use of it. His words were few but stirring, to judge by the faces of the Greek officers who alone understood them. They were Greek to the French officers. Subsequently General Eydoux was informed that in that speech the Prince had appealed to the patriotic instinct of his countrymen by telling them that neither officers nor soldiers owed aught to the French Mission, seeing that under their French instructors they had learned nothing new and had made no headway. What they were they had been, brave and resourceful.

Wind of the incident was carried to Venizelos, whose pain was greater than his surprise. As King George happened just then to be absent in France on personal business of an intimate character, the Premier induced the Prince to make immediate amends for his inconsiderate behavior. Constantine accordingly entertained to an expiatory dinner the members of the Cabinet, the foreign military attaches, and the French officers. At the end of the banquet he proposed a toast to the French army, and expressed his thanks and the gratitude of the Greek people to the French Mission for their services to the nation. Although it was stated at the time that the Prince went through this expiatory ceremony

without any token of reluctance or moral discomfort, it can hardly be supposed that he can forgive or forget the continual browbeating to which he has been subjected through most of his career by a succession of "plebeian Ministers" from M. Rhallis, who demanded his recall during the first Turkish campaign, down to the men who had him expelled from the officers' corps and to Venizelos, who obliged him thus to eat his own words in the presence of the officers' corps.

Some years passed and the Balkan storm-cloud burst. Greece came forth from the ordeal, if not rejuvenated, like the ram that Medea changed into a lamb, at least strengthened and enriched in the land and hopes. And the poor Prince, who had for years been bullied and snubbed and humbled by Tom, Dick, and Harry, was suddenly transformed into the "greatest military strategist on the globe." He contented himself with the appellative "destroyer of the Bulgars." Yielding to family influences, he hastened to Berlin, there to give the lie direct to the assurance which Venizelos had extorted from him at the banquet to the French officers, and to tell the Kaiser in the hearing of the whole world that it was to Germany that he and his triumphant army owed their military skill and brilliant triumphs. There was no word of thanks for France, no remembrance of the services rendered by General Eydoux and his fellow-workers. For Constantine was now himself again, and he spoke as he felt with the blunt directness of the untutored soldier.

But although he already wore the crown and had a fairly tight grasp of the army—the real source of monarchic power—he was not yet quite free from international trammels. The French nation was offended, and if France was decadent and powerless in the eyes of the world's greatest captain, she was still the banker of the world. And Greece's coffers would soon need replenishing. Consequently King Constantine's second slip needed expiation like the first. Venizelos, the wise Ulysses, again came forward therefore to make good his master's forwardness. As soon as he reached Paris the Premier did his utmost to atone for the offense and obtain forgiveness. As the French, like ourselves, have short memories, great forbearance and a vast fund of optimism and easy-going confidence, they granted Venizelos's prayer, and lent a ready ear to his assurances of Greece's friendship. They also took it for proven over and above that the Chief of the Cabinet represented Greece.

Meanwhile King Constantine lay low and explained to the Prussian war lord the dire necessity that compelled him to humor the "French children." "As your immortal ancestor was wont to say," he is reported to have added, "my subjects may talk more or less as they like, provided that their master does as he likes." And those words describe with accuracy the reciprocal relations between the Warrior-King and his people. For by this time he had laid hold of the army and could snap his fingers at the Chambers and Cabinets. He exercised that power to the full in March, 1915, when he summarily dismissed the statesman to whom, according to his own admission, Greece owed all her successes during the preceding four years. This dismissal took place under unwonted circumstances, which threw a lurid light on the growing spiritual numbness of the Greek people. Constantine had empowered his Minister to treat with the Entente, and then, when the moment came to fulfill the stipulations agreed to, he vetoed the realization of the covenant, and even denied that he had ever assented to the action of his Premier. Venizelos solemnly and emphatically asserted

that he had had the King's authorization, and nobody could for a moment assume that he or any responsible statesman would begin, conduct, or conclude negotiations on such a momentous matter without the express approval of his sovereign. King Constantine traversed the allegation, and the world believed the version it felt must be true. An outspoken Germanophile, a man of narrow calibre, named Gounaris, was raised to the place of the statesman in disgrace.

Venizelos, utterly upset by this conduct, at first thought of abandoning public life. But taking into consideration the personage who had offended him and the slight effect of the words that ought to have proved lethal, reconsidered his decision. Courtiers, narrating episodes that had occurred within the palace walls during the crisis, repeated scraps of conversation which revealed the stimulating agents by whom the King's action was swayed. On one occasion Constantine is said to have answered some gloomy forecast on the impression which Venizelos's dismissal would produce on the nation by comparing it with that of Bismarck by Wilhelm. "And Venizelos has not done one-tenth as much for Greece as Bismarck did for Germany." "Because he was not hindered by the mischievous muddling of a busybody," retorted a Venizelist in a subdued aside.

In the inner apartments of the palace the Kaiser's relations cordially dislike the "boorish Cretan," who had committed the inexpiable sin against the royal family of humiliating Prince George several years before. Special means were adopted there to ensure the defeat of his party at the general elections. But at the ballot-box the King, even with the army at his back, missed success. Venizelos was returned at the head of a triumphant majority. Illness had meanwhile overtaken Constantine XII and enabled him to stave off the day on which he must recall the obnoxious statesman. Days, weeks and months passed slowly by, during which the palace favorite, Gounaris, was maintained in office because the monarch was too ill to govern. Simple-minded people protested in the name of the Constitution. At last the monarch had to swallow the pill, and Venizelos was again Prime Minister. Once more the Entente Powers brightened up and hoped vast things. One and all they grew confident, and prophesied the dawn of a day of victory for their statesmanship in the Balkans.

They did not yet know, or refused to believe, that Greece was an autocracy and Constantine XII the trusty henchman of the Kaiser. But they were soon to learn the truth. Having dissuaded Serbia from taking effective measures to save herself from a catastrophe at the hands of Bulgaria and bidden her put her trust in Greece, the Allies suddenly woke up to find their chivalrous Greece had vanished, and the Greece of the Kaiser, Queen Sofia, and Baron Schenk was grinning at them in its place. This is what had happened. Venizelos had insisted that Greece should discharge her treaty duties to Serbia which she herself had undertaken to fulfill. Bulgaria was now on the point of turning the army which the Entente had considerately enabled her to mobilize, against the ill-starred nation of the Serbs. And that was the emergency provided for by the Greco-Serbian treaty. Now at last whatever there was of truth and honor and moral sense in the Greek nation would assume a concrete form and embody itself in military succor. Venizelos unfolded this necessity to the Chamber. A large majority of Deputies concurred in his view and voted for his proposal. Entente statesmen were sanguine.

But the world's greatest strategist, who now felt that he had the army at his back, cried: "No." And Venizelos, together with his colleagues and the majority of Deputies, shriveled up in his presence. Constantine XII had by this time succeeded in grafting Hohenzollernism on to Greece. Wilhelm's brother-in-law had fashioned his little realm into a miniature *Kaiserthum*, with militarism as its groundwork and Teutondom as its spiritual—or say rather military—fatherland. A doleful cry went up from the people of the Entente, a dirge was plaintively intoned, accompanied with an undertone of angry howls. Then Constantine recollected that Venizelos had done more than pledge his word that Greece would accomplish her duty: he had also solicited pecuniary help from the Allies, without which she could no longer pay her way—for the mobilization was a heavy burden. And now the "decadent" bankers were embittered against the Hellenes, to whom they were applying uncomplimentary epithets, and they might refuse to advance the forty million francs which were so sorely needed. The King, by way of placating them and reviving their hopes, presented to the statesman in disgrace his own manly lineaments artistically reproduced, and accompanied the royal gift with friendly phrases. A tacit agreement was thereupon come to by which the new Cabinet would not be overthrown by Venizelos so long as it kept within reasonable bounds, and the Allies continued to hope.

An unforeseen mishap overturned the arrangement. A Venizelist Deputy opposing a Bill advocated by the War Minister used an expression which that gentleman deemed unparliamentary and offensive. Rising up he left the Chamber, uttering a remark derogatory to that body as he went. A scene of confusion ensued. The Minister's words were resented and all the more fiercely that he was not a member of Parliament elected by the people, but simply a nominee of the Crown. The Deputy who had caused the uproar complied with his chief's injunction and withdrew the phrase which had given offense, but the War Minister refused to utter anything in the nature of an apology, and his colleagues approved his obstinacy. And Constantine XII applauded the Cabinet. A vote of confidence was demanded by the Government and refused by the Chamber, whereupon the Ministry resigned.

Then the King from behind the veil, now growing thinner and thinner, vindicated the cause of his nominee and his own in characteristic fashion. He consulted a number of public men on the crisis, but among them was neither Venizelos, who represented the Parliamentary majority, nor any member of his party. That exclusion was a manifestation of the personal feelings which even in the interests of his own policy it were better to subordinate to political exigencies without the help of pressure from without. He first bestowed on the gruff War Minister, whose Teutonic manners had stung the Legislature to protest, a signal token of his esteem and approval. Then he appointed a venerable old patriarch of eighty to the Premiership, thereby underlining the fact that Cabinets no longer mean anything in Greece, where the King rules as well as reigns, against or with the people. Lastly, he turned a deaf ear to the diffident requests that he should leave the offending War Minister outside the Cabinet and demonstratively gave him the same portfolio as before. Not satisfied with this complete settlement of personal accounts, a further trait of almost feminine spite was superadded. Venizelos has for years had a bitter, unrelenting enemy, a fellow Cretan, now an ailing old man to whom Time the destroyer

has left little but relentless hate. Mikelidzakis was offered the post of Minister of Public Instruction just to exasperate the Cretan statesman. He declined unhesitatingly on the plea of physical inability. But as this touch of wormwood was deemed indispensable, the offer was pressed on him so insistently and so seductively that he finally gave way, and is now a member of the Cabinet of the Ancients.

In that way Constantine XII displayed a remarkable degree of wilfulness which bears the same relation to moral courage as obstinacy bears to strength of will. He flung a challenge not merely to Venizelos but to the democracy, the nation at large. And the nation, with some noteworthy exceptions, has declined to take it up. Rumor is now rife that an anti-dynastic movement is slowly gathering strength, and may take Europe unawares some day by confronting it with an accomplished fact. The statement sounds unlikely. As yet I see no tokens of any such canalized currents. Individually there are men who feel and think and speak on the subject in terms which would certainly surprise and possibly perturb Europe's greatest military captain. But there is no organized party of Republicans, or enemies of the dynasty. And as for the nation it may readily sink into anarchy, but there are no signs that it is capable of rising to revolution.

And now the question is become not merely actual but momentous—what are the Allies to expect from Greece? All answer that her future conduct will depend upon the order of motives to which she—or whoever speaks in her name—is most impressible. Many hold that a paralyzing fear of Germany has been the mainspring of her tergiversations down to the present moment and may occasion us further unpleasant surprises in the future.

Others hold that the evil is more deep-rooted than is implied by that theory. Greece, Bulgaria, and Germany are acting in accordance with a convention which fixes duties, rights, limits to the services demanded, and insures rewards to those who have rendered them. And what has been hitherto accomplished by Greece is, they allege, merely a beginning. She will round on the Allies as soon as opportunity serves. That is why a large contingent of Greek troops is being concentrated at Salonika. According to the covenant between the two reconciled enemies, Bulgaria has relinquished her designs on Monastir. That city and district will fall to Greece, who will also be allowed to retain Cavalla and Salonika in return for playing up to the Kaiser's hand. In doing this she will be spared the necessity of actually attacking the Allies. If she be compelled later to disarm them and the Serbs on her territory—she cannot be blamed for yielding to *force majeure*, especially after having demonstrated her spontaneous benevolence.

I am unable to accept the story of a Greco-Bulgarian accord. The insuperable barrier to any such arrangement are the predominant and durable feelings with which the two peoples look upon each other. The Greeks loathe and fear the Bulgars, and these in turn despise the Greeks. Between them a permanent reconciliation under present conditions is out of the question. But in an understanding between the two brothers-in-law about the reciprocal relations of Bulgars and Greeks during the present war and for a given period afterwards there is nothing incongruous or difficult. And in fact it has been concluded, and constitutes the rule of conduct which Constantine is pursuing.

While the Greek Government is under no treaty obligation to the Central Empires, King Constantine is bound to the Kaiser by a solemn prom-

ise to maintain neutrality towards Germany and all her Allies in return for compensations guaranteed by the Kaiser's word. Before assuming this obligation the King had refused resolutely to take an active part in the war on the Teuton side, which was the first request, guardedly preferred.

Among the compensations promised by the Kaiser to Greece are the Island of Cyprus and all that the most Imperialistic Greeks aspired to in Albania. Between Bulgaria and the Greek Cabinet no stipulations have *to my knowledge* been concluded. Nor do I believe them probable. The Kaiser guaranteed on the word of a Hohenzollern that Bulgaria's behavior toward Greece during the war and afterwards would be inspired by considerations of amity, and that her nationist tendencies would be circumscribed by regard for Germany's conciliatory counsels. During the campaign Bulgaria and Greece would conduct themselves towards each other as friends, and after the conclusion of peace they would square accounts and regulate their territorial boundaries under Germany's friendly guidance. Greece, Germany, Bulgaria, and Roumania, the Kaiser argued, are natural friends and allies among themselves, inasmuch as none of them, not even the Bulgars, are Slavs.

One characteristic detail is perhaps worth noting. The Kaiser laid a certain degree of stress upon the interests which it behooves all real monarchs to uphold, and which, in his view, are imperiled by the oceanic tide of Anarchist democracy now fast rising in Western Europe and Tsardom, and ruining the groundwork of real civilization.

King Constantine pledged his word to employ every lever which Constitutional prerogative or monarchic authority and influence may place within his reach to maintain neutrality. He authorized the Kaiser to guarantee that attitude to the Kings of Bulgaria and Roumania, so that the former, being under no apprehension of an attack by Greece, may be able to dispose freely of troops which would otherwise be kept immobilized in protecting his frontier territory. Moreover, the eventuality of a German-Bulgarian success in the Balkan Peninsula was touched upon, and also Greece's apprehension after the conclusion of the war of reprisals on the part of the Allies. Three conclusions were reached in this connection:

That Greece would not under any circumstances be called upon to undertake action of a hostile character against the Allies.

That Germany would guarantee her integrity for some years to come.

And that if occasion should call for the insertion in the peace treaty of any clause relative to the international status of Greece, it would be insisted upon by the Central Empires whatever turn the war might have taken.

To sum up. Greece is not Venizelos, nor Zaimis, nor Skooloodis, nor the Chamber, nor the nation, but a Field-Marshal of the Prussian army, the Kaiser's brother-in-law and firm believer in the final victory of the Central Empires. Constantine XII, the world's greatest living strategist, is the only factor that counts when the policy of Greece is being forecast. And we now know what to expect of him.

Simplicity is the soul of his policy which is directed from Berlin. The Greece of the Kaiser's Field-Marshal began by asking us for an army to enable her to keep her engagements. And she even claimed to exercise a voice in the constitution of that army. The help demanded was duly promised last September and the veto uttered readily respected. Having soon afterwards mobilized, Constantine took over the command, and apprised our Governments that Greece intended to evade her engagements and content

herself with armed neutrality, that attitude being indispensable to her interests as the King understood them, and the furtherance of her interests being his first care. To those supposed interests Greece accordingly sacrificed credit, duty, honor. The Serbs, her faithful allies are being massacred under her eyes by the enemy who, when her turn comes, will crush her too.

And now the Germans are making it her interest to break her word again, this time about the benevolence of her neutrality. For they are threatening to invade her soil in order to drive thence the repulsed Serbs and their Allies unless she constrain them to clear out in time. And as national interests take precedence of everything else, the warrior-king will feel bound in duty to his country to safeguard them even at the cost of disarming the Allies in the eventuality contemplated. He knows in his heart of hearts that the Allies will be crushed and their friends ground to powder like Belgium and Serbia. At all costs therefore he must enable Greece to quit that doomed band of martyrs. Already the way is being cleared. Constantine has many servants besides Baron Schenk, and several are hard at work. He can count upon Germanophile ministers, Turcophile ministers, Francophile ministers, and men of any shade that suits his temporary purpose. And while M. Skooloodis, who represents nobody in particular, is telling the Allies that they can at any rate rely upon Greece's benevolence, his colleague, M. Dragoomis, is preparing the public mind for a sudden stroke to be aimed at the Allies. On the one hand the Athens journal *Hestia*, which is usually well-informed, announces that the Berlin Foreign Office has warned the Greek ministers in Berlin that the Serbian and Allied troops driven back into Greek territory must be disarmed by the Hellenic Government, as otherwise the Central Empires and the Bulgars would invade the country and continue the war there. Similar announcements were made by the Bulgarian and Turkish Governments. And on the other hand, the new Finance Minister M. Dragoomis, told a number of journalists that his country would find itself in dire straits if the Allies were beaten and took refuge there Greece, he added, would be obliged by international treaties, which she is bound in honor to respect, to disarm both Serbs and Allies.

Meanwhile Entente diplomacy is working hard in its own considerate way, pointing out to Greece the direction in which her true interests lie, and emphasizing the goodwill of the Allies, who, far from using undue pressure, are eager to show her every indulgence and kindness. While M. Skooloodis is promising benevolence to the Allies, France and Britain are displaying generosity towards Greece. Thus food for Constantine's subjects is being imported into the country from Egypt and the depleted State coffers are to be replenished with British and French gold. The Athens press is delighted. The Germanophil *Kairoi* writes: "After France comes England, bringing us corn. In lieu of the blockade, the vexations, the persecutions, which we were led to expect, the benevolence of those Powers offers us money and corn. What will the Venizelists now say, they who threatened Greece with a 'blockade'?" What indeed?

But I understand that as yet only the corn has been brought to Greece. The money has not yet been paid out. Negotiations are going on respecting the guarantees that Greece is prepared to offer, and unless these are satisfactory no loan will be advanced. Whatever the upshot of the negotiations, it will not be said that we dealt ungently or egotistically with

any of the lesser states. Never has war been waged in a more humane spirit. Truly we are heaping coals of fire on our enemies' heads.

The Contemporary Review. *E. J. Dillon.*

THE SERBIAN SOLDIER IN ACTION.

The grim and gallant peasants that have been fighting against hopeless odds in the mountains of Serbia care little now, we may suppose, about what people think of them. For Serbians, the days of propagandas and policies are over. Confronted with imminent destruction, with death for themselves and with servitude for their State, their reputation or their sympathy of distant friends, can mean little to them now. They have enough to think about in fighting and dying for Serbia, and in biting hard as they die. But we should miss one of the few benefits of the War were we to fail to give due meed to their heroism or to forbid our hearts to glow a little at the sight of so much borne and sacrificed for liberty.

The days are happily past when the Serbian nation was judged and condemned by the actions of a few of its worst men. Since Serbia became our ally, we have been able to see that the evil repute in which at one time we undoubtedly held her was unjustified. It was as unjustified as it would have been if we had persistently despised the French nation because of Ravaillac or of Mademoiselle Corday. With better knowledge has come a fairer judgment. But some who have not had much opportunity of knowing Serbia well may still feel inclined to be a little apologetic about our small ally—our small ally with the big heart. One who has been with the Serbians in their darkest hour, and who has seen their heroism in adversity, must feel the strongest obligation to do what he can to remove that apologetic feeling.

For indeed the allies of Serbia need make no mental reservations now in maintaining before the world the worth of their alliance. There need be no sense here of anything but pride. The Serbians have shown the world a devotion and self-sacrifice as pure and bright as any in history. Looking at their record in this war, their glorious ejection of the Austrian invaders last year, their stalwart refusal of offers of a comfortable but dishonorable peace, and their last implacable resistance to the forces of a triple enemy—a resistance unfaltering, though hope failed and victory seemed impossible—we can quit the judgment-seat and turn to their story as willing learners of a high lesson in courage, endurance, and the sacrifice of self to the community.

I made my first acquaintance with the Serbian Army in June, 1913, just before the second Balkan war, when I traveled through Macedonia and Northern Albania under the wing of the Serbian General Staff. Nothing could then have seemed more fantastically improbable than that I should one day be fighting in a trench side by side with my friends of a summer holiday. But the War has brought all things to pass. By a strange chance—and one which I now deem as fortunate as strange—I found myself back in Belgrade last September, serving with the British Naval Mission which had been sent to the Danube in February, under the command of Rear-Admiral Troubridge. Traveling to Semendria on the 5th of October, I arrived there twenty-four hours before the storm burst, and the German center began to force the

passage of the Danube into the Morava Valley. For the inside of a week the British party at Semendria was with the Serbian first line on the river bank. We had good opportunities then for watching the peasant-soldiery in action.

Travelers in Serbia of late years have often come away with the impression that the typical Serbian soldier is an aged and broken-down hind, clad in ragged farming clothes, armed with an obsolete martini, and his head covered with a sheepskin mop. That must have been because most travelers pass through the country by the railway, and the railway is guarded by the third Ban, the last reserve, who receive no uniform and get the worst of the weapons. The physique of the men of the first Ban (regular army) and of the second Ban (first reserve) is fine enough. Serbians are small men compared with Western Europeans, but muscular, hardy, and capable, without sacrificing efficiency, of enduring hunger, cold, heat, wet, fatigue and exposure that would put a regiment of Western Europeans *hors de combat*. During twenty-four hours, for instance, that I was with a regiment on Tsarina Hill above Semendria, the men were fed once only, at midday, and then only on bread. That was perhaps exceptional, because of the bombardment and fighting actually in progress. Ordinarily the men in the trenches get stew or soup for dinner, sent up in field kitchen-carts. But they never eat before midday, and get nothing but bread for supper. Many supplement these rations with cheese, curds, cakes and pork brought to them now and then from their farms by their wives. The women and old men will travel half-way across the country to take things to their sons or husbands in the trenches. Often, in consequence, a Serbian transport train seems like a series of picnic parties. The farmer has answered the call of mobilization with his own farm cart and oxen, and drives it himself in the carriage of bread or ammunition for the troops. His wife has come up to him at the front with a bundle of good things for his refreshment. His sons have got leave from the village base over the hill, and have come back to take their share. The family sit on the cart by the wayside and feast while the family's valued friends, the oxen, put their heads over the pole and look on.

This domestic element in the military organization has an echo in the relations between officers and men. It is puzzling to an Englishman to see the mixture of harshness and intimacy in the way the men are disciplined and led. Out of action an officer may harry and even strike a man in a way that in our Army would lead to a court-martial. But on the field, officer and man become elder and younger brothers, and the colonel is the father of them all. The intimacy is partly democratic, partly patriarchal. Democratic is the word with which the Serbian officer explains it to a foreigner. "We are a democratic nation," he says, when a foreign officer finds the colonel sharing cold lamb on a log with his sergeant-major, or if the foreigner fails to suppress a motion of embarrassment, when an invitation to tea is extended to include his orderly. Such democratic relations are natural in the national army of a people without an aristocracy, where the private is often a man of as good an education as the officer.

The patriarchal element in military discipline and leadership is very expressive of the nature of Serbian civilization, and is a product of its good qualities. I recall a scene which illustrates it. On the third day of the fighting at Semendria I happened to be standing by the quarters of the general commanding the district. It was a shed on the down amongst the muddy maize fields, made to look like a farm building. All round stood the huts of a

regiment in camp, disguised to look like rows of the little conical haystacks so familiar on Serbian downs. An Austrian aeroplane buzzing by explained the need for concealment. Three companies of a regiment of the second Ban marched up the hill, and halted near. The general came to the door of his shed, and the first company was called up before him. He made the men an address; I could not understand much of it, but I gathered that these companies had been told off for some service of exceptional danger, and that the general was explaining to them what they had to do. He asked first whether any of them knew the country, and several men answered "Yes." He had a little discussion with them about routes and ground. Then he lectured them about holding their fire, not being upset by aeroplanes, and so on. Every now and then he would say "Razumesh?" (Do you understand?) and the men answered quietly "Razumen!" Finally he said simply, "Aite, Srbski!" (Go, Serbians!), and the little brown figures plodded away towards the river. The lecture was given to each of the three companies in turn. It was a curiously intimate proceeding, the general taking the men into his confidence, as a father might his children. An onlooker felt that here was a nation in arms that was also a family, combined with a single mind for the defense of a common treasure, equally precious to every Serbian soul.

It is that quality of simple unanimity, the friends of Serbia believe with confidence, that will bring her to final victory through all temporary defeats. Cherished by the peasants' hearths, the Serbian national cause survived four centuries of Turkish domination. It will take more than the brutalities of a German invasion or the rigors of an Austrian administration to kill so hardy a plant. We may feel a grim satisfaction at the thought of the troubles in store for the latest oppressors of this irrepressible race.

As fighting materials, what is left of the Serbian infantry is probably as good as any in the world. Since 1912 they have fought three wars. In numbers they have been sadly diminished, but in quality they have improved out of all knowledge. When the Serbian Army came unexpectedly on the main Turkish Army on the foot-hills above Kumanovo, they were untried men, and their only military record was that of the disastrous first Bulgarian war. From then until the last invasion they fought much, and conquered always. They have inscribed on their record of honor Kumanovo, Prilip, Monastir; the defeat of the Bulgarians in the continuous six weeks' fighting of the second Balkan war; and finally the glorious recovery on the circle of hills west of Kraguievatz, when at the eleventh hour they turned upon and utterly routed the invading Austrians.

That remarkable event was another example of the unanimous and spontaneous devotion of the Serbian nation in arms. It may now be said that on that occasion the Serbian military authorities had little hope of checking the Austrian advance, and were preparing to make a further retreat. But the soldiers and the regimental officers thought otherwise. Those who were there say that a sudden wave of hatred for the invader and passionate devotion to their land seemed to sweep through the Army. "Let us drive these devils out," men said to each other, "or end it all here." In the expressive phrase, they came again, and with fury. The Austrians broke, and when broken, remembering what they had done at Shabatz and elsewhere on their line of advance, they were seized with panic at the thought of capture, and ran like hares. In fact, however, the 50,000 prisoners taken by the Serbs were well treated.

His three wars have, in fact, so developed the fighting qualities of the Serbian soldier that there is a bite in him even when, according to all the rules, he should be done for. His capacity for endurance, his quiet courage under the most discouraging circumstances, were well illustrated at Semendria. The force engaged there was not large; the Serbian official messages have told us that it was a covering force only. It was thrust forward on to the river, almost isolated from supports. There it had to endure a forty-eight hours' bombardment from a formidable collection of the largest Austrian howitzers, from seventeen inches downwards, and a great concentration of field batteries. The Serbian batteries were outranged and outweighted, and very sensibly made no reply to the Austrian fire, preferring to conceal their positions and save themselves for the expected crossing. The Austrians occupied Semendria Island with their field batteries, and thence swept the Serbian river trenches with a hail of shrapnel at a point-blank range of 500 yards. Meanwhile the big howitzers knocked to atoms the town, all probable gun positions, and every visible building, road, and trench on the slopes above the river.

Down by the water's edge was a Serbian trench. It was a mere concealment, a thin mudbank towards the river, with a top screen of boughs, and a ditch on the landward side not more than three feet deep in the best-made parts. This was manned by men of the 2d and 3d Ban, armed with old rifles and bombs. All day and all night for the forty-eight hours of the bombardment the enemy searched this trench scientifically. They dropped small high-explosive shells all along it, and each high-explosive shell was followed at a few seconds' interval by a shrapnel, with the intention no doubt of catching the men if they ran out of the trench when the high explosives burst. All the time, moreover, big high-explosive shells from the large howitzers were falling up the hill, so close that in many places the langridge would buzz back over the trench, and hit the water with a smack.

Once some reinforcements for the trench were smuggled up by the river road under cover of dark, running the gauntlet of the batteries on the island. Otherwise the men therein were quite cut off by the enemy's fire from all possibility of support. No food could be sent to them. Few communications could be got through to them from any superior officer. The enemy across the river were hidden in willow woods, and there was nothing for them to shoot at. They had to sit still and listen to the burst of the high-explosive shell and shrapnel approaching them along the river's edge, feel it detonate about their ears, and then pass onward up the river. At any moment of the day or night and at any place the Germans might begin to cross; and the Serbians were only a handful, about one man to every five yards of trench. When the crossing came, all that they could expect to do was to give warning to the Serbian guns by their rifle fire. They were a line of sentries, hardly more; and the work of an advanced sentry, under heavy fire, and expecting an attack, is the most cold-blooded of all.

Exposure to the concentrated fire of big guns was moreover a new experience to them in warfare. Never before had they come across guns approaching in calibre the great Austrian howitzers, or a concentration of artillery at all comparable in magnitude with that which had been made on the far side of the river. Yet I do not think that any troops could have shown a more complete indifference to their unpleasant circumstances. Certainly they had the right temperament for the work. It was not only that they bore

it well, as other good troops might have borne it, but that they seemed unconscious that there was anything to bear. They were wholly unmoved either by the bombardment or their isolation; and it was apparent that they had no inward qualms with which to struggle; when a monster burst in the vineyard just up the hill and the bits of it went humming slowly about the neighborhood like angry bumble-bees, one would say "Ak!" with tired resignation, and the other would laugh. They chatted in undertones, because every noise was audible on the island across the water; they munched bread and slept. One had a bit of boiler plate which he held up behind him when a bit of a big shell was heard, by the ascending pitch of its hum, to be coming in his direction, and that was thought to be a very good joke. Once on the second night when a high-explosive shell fell in the trench, killing and wounding several men near, some ran out of the trench and ducked behind the embankment of the road in its rear; but that was the only instance of nerves seen. It was, too, small blame to them then that they quitted the trench, because there was no trench left to stay in.

The outlook for the wounded in these river trenches was a poor one. No stretcher parties or ambulance could have been got up had there been any, but I do not think that there were. If a wounded man could move, he must climb up the hill to one of the positions on the top, in full sight of the enemy and under heavy shrapnel fire all the way. If he could not move he must stay where he was. The endurance of the wounded in these circumstances was such as I suppose only a Balkan peasant is capable of. I passed after nightfall along a trench on the river front of the town which had attracted the heaviest fire from the enemy's guns, and where the casualties had been most numerous. The trench was pounded into slimy pits and mounds of mud. There was a pause in the bombardment, and the men were gathered in knots about the wounded, giving them what help they could. There were many badly injured there, and yet the silence in the trench was absolute. Once or twice as one of the wounded noticed, I suppose, a strange uniform passing, he said in a low voice "Ranyen!" (wounded)—no more. Not a single complaint or outcry was to be heard. Knowing that a sound would draw fire from the island, they were still. Few troops, I believe, would have been capable of such patience and self-restraint.

Another incident, scarcely noticed at the time, comes back now to my mind, as characteristic of the Serbian temperament under fire. On one occasion we had failed to get along the river road because of a sudden outburst of shrapnel fire from the batteries on the island, and we were lying down under the shelter of the hedgerow bank on the river side of the road. For half a mile the road was being very severely dealt with; a hail of shrapnel was mowing the hedge, cutting the telegraph wires overhead, and spattering in the mud. We lay glued to the ground, much displeased with our situation, but even more disinclined to move. As we reclined there an aged Serbian peasant came in sight round the bend of the road. He bent under the weight of a basket of food that he was carrying, I suppose, to the trenches farther up. Plodding slowly past us, in full sight of the batteries 500 yards away, he seemed unconscious of the shells bursting round his ears, and quite indifferent to cover. His life must have been a charmed one, because he disappeared round the next bend unharmed, still plodding, as if no such thing as a gun had ever been heard of within a thousand miles, We admired, but did not emulate, his really sublime indifference.

I may couple with this an incident

at Belgrade of which I heard from those who were there near the town. There was a battery in an exposed position on a hill which overlooked the river. The Austrian gunners soon found it, and for the three days of the bombardment made an inferno all round it with their 12-inch and 9-inch howitzers. Their projectiles were falling thickly and continuously about the gun emplacement, which was swept, too, with all its approaches, by shrapnel fire.

It is not an encouraging sight to see and hear 12-inch shells bursting near: at each detonation it seems as if there could be nothing in that neighborhood left unannihilated. But several times in the thick of the bombardment an old man who lived in a suburban house near by climbed up the exposed slopes to the gun emplacement and brought the guns' crews tinsful of bean soup. The gunners were not having a good time, but they were on duty. The old man was not.

To return to Semendria: it may be said that, while waiting for the crossing, the Serbian infantry and artillery exhibited in the highest degree the qualities of steadiness and endurance. When the crossing came, they showed that they possessed equally the qualities necessary for attack. The courage needed then was literally the "two o'clock in the morning courage" which the Duke said was the best test of a soldier. It was in the chill of early dawn on the third day of the bombardment that the actual crossing began. The manner in which it was made seemed at first sight incredibly haphazard: but no doubt the invaders derived some advantage from that very quality. Just before dawn, and after a final furious bombardment of the river trenches, the town, and all approaches thereto, the guns were silent. Then a number of flat-bottomed lighters were pushed off from the island. They contained about fifty men apiece, armed with bombs besides their rifles, and they carried machine guns. Directed across the river by a couple of sweeps, they were allowed to ground on the Serbian side wherever the stream might take them. Then the occupants jumped out, threw their bombs into the river trench, cocupied it themselves, and proceeded to dig themselves in. Some parties succeeded in joining up, others remained isolated. No doubt the Germans relied to some extent on the confusion to be produced by a number of scattered attacks; and they may have hoped to find the Serbian first line demoralized by the prolonged and terrific bombardment.

If so, they were disappointed. There was no demoralization amongst the survivors in the river trenches. For that the Serbian temperament has to be thanked, which is perhaps after all only the temperament of any unspoiled population of agricultural peasants that live hard lives and have simple ideas. The effect of the bombardment had rolled off them like water off a duck's back, and they set to in the twilight and bombed and shot the landing parties off their side of the river with great energy and application. It is satisfactory to think that none of the landings at Semendria town or in the immediate neighborhood secured a permanent footing. In the course of thirty-six hours' fighting they were all exterminated or driven back on to the island. It was lower down the river towards Posharevatz that the enemy made good his entry into the Morava Valley; but not until a first landing of 1000 Germans had all been killed or taken prisoners.

In the days when a second invasion was a threat, but still no more than a threat, the Serbs looked forward to it with equanimity. "It will make no difference," an officer said, "many more will be killed; but, in the end, nothing can make Serbia not Serbia." There

is in truth a vitality in the national feeling of that people so strong and so tough that it is possible to hope and believe that nothing can extinguish it, not even the seemingly overwhelming catastrophe that began at Semendria and Belgrade. Before the invasion, it is true, the Serbians counted on the Greek Army to hold back the Bulgarians in the south. Their desertion by their ally is a terrible blow; but the courage, patience, and self-devotion of the Serbian national character will probably be rather fortified than weakened by isolation. This peasant army does not think much or worry at all. Inheriting the tradition of centuries of oppression, it grips with simple mind, and as an article of faith, the belief that life is not worth living without national liberty. Could a Serbian soldier express himself, he would say that if Serbia dies, the spiritual life of every Serbian dies too. What matters, then, his physical life, in comparison with the life of Serbia? In these hills between the Vardar and the Morava the fire of national patriotism burns, perhaps, with as pure and intense a flame as anywhere else in the world. Conquest can obscure but cannot extinguish it, save by extinguishing the race in whose hearts it burns. To rescue it to shine again as brightly as ever is a sacred task.

E. Hilton Young.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER III.

Peter Fleming.

The swift night came down; fells and dales were folded in purple gloom. Stars began to shine, and Barbara, eating her supper of coarse bread, let her eyes wander from group to group with meditative enjoyment. To her the sky was no vast abyss dotted with a formless multitude of shining points, but a field of wonderful fiery things, each following its own appointed course. Yonder glittered Leo, there swung the Great Bear and the Dragon; and, there on a mountain peak, shimmered the Northern Crown. It led her thoughts to Timothy Hadwin's prophecy, when he cast her horoscope; for she should wear a crown, he said, and though Barbara was too wise to put a strict construction upon his words, nevertheless, she found pleasure and inspiration in them, wondering what they might mean.

She flung an extra armful of wood upon the fire, for the night air nipped frostily. Then, taking her lantern, she went among the sheep to see that all was well with them and their lambs. The little orphan had been adopted, and nestled with its foster-brother against a warm woolly side. A sense of placid well-being lay over the fold, so the girl returned to the fire. As she sat in silence, her fingers busy making a withy basket, and her mind active, there came from over the tarn a sudden burst of melody, ethereal as elfin music. It was echoed to and fro from cliff to cliff, now it danced overhead, then it stole like a whisper out of a dale far away. The shores of the tarn were ringed with sounds, so haunting that they seemed to be unearthly. Barbara listened in amazement.

Someone was playing a flute from the Rock of the Seven Echoes.

Again the music came rippling across the water and was tossed about from hillside to hillside in airy fantasy. When at last it died into silence, Barbara became conscious of the other sounds of

the night—the tinkling of distant waterfalls, the cropping of a sheep close by. She listened expectantly, but the sounds were not repeated.

"It must be Peter," she thought, "only Peter plays the flute hereaway, except Jake, the ratter, and only Peter would play it at such a place."

Her eyes brightened when she thought that he was back again in the dale. Between him and the sisters lay a good fellowship. Often he spent hours with Barbara among the sheep, reading to her stories of old combats and great doings from the Iliad and Odyssey. But he was equally at ease when he helped Lucy to top and tail gooseberries, or sought among the bracken for the nest of the laying-away hen.

Barbara stirred her fire to a brighter glow. She knew that he would see it on the other side of the tarn, and perhaps he might come round to the cave and greet her after his long absence.

Peter was the only son of John Fleming, the miller—called Dusty John in the village—who was a man of some substance, plain habits and little education. But he gave his son every advantage. The boy was sent to school, and afterwards, proving himself apt beyond expectation, went to St. Bees, from which ancient seat of learning he won a scholarship to Oxford. The miller's ambition was to see his son in the church, where he did not doubt Peter would soon be promoted to the highest office. In dreams he beheld him Archbishop of York or Canterbury. But the lad said neither yea nor nay to his father's wishes. He enjoyed himself to the full, coming home for vacations with a light heart, accepting the truckle bed in the mill-house and the homely fare with as lively a humor, as he did the varied life of Oxford.

He reached the cave just as the moon was rising, and leaned his back against the cliffs to watch the light sparkle on the water.

"When did you get home?" asked Barbara, putting her withies aside, and bringing him a cup of milk.

He laughed.

"I've not got home yet," he said, "for I left the coach early in the afternoon, to come over the tops. But they were too deep in snow, so I had to take the Girdlestone Pass instead. I stayed at the Shepherd's Rest for an hour. Now here I am, late as usual."

Then he plied her with eager questions about his father and mother, the village folk, and the welfare of all at Greystones.

"How goes the studying, Barbara?" he asked. "Have you read the book I sent you?"

She shook her head.

"Nay; it's not that I haven't the will, but there's no time. Jan Straw is grown so old, and the new hind hasn't got into the way of things yet, so that the heavy end falls on me." Then she added with a smile, "There's such a lot of me to get tired, Peter."

He looked at her. Though he could not see the calm eyes and the corn-colored hair, the outlines of her form were splendid in the silvery light. He felt dwarfed beside her, not physically, but morally. Hers was the finer spirit. He acknowledged it with a glow of generous feeling, for he was given to hero-worshiping.

"We'll make a pact, Barbara," he said, "while I'm at home I'll shepherd the sheep and you shall read."

"You are good and kind, Peter," replied she, "but I remember how you helped me once before. If it wasn't a rainbow, it was a flower, and if it wasn't a flower, it was a bird, but never the sheep-salving or the cattle-herding. The kye got into the barley-field—do you mind?"

They both laughed.

"What a careless brute I am to be sure," said he. "But if you won't let me look after the farm, I'll come and

ead to you, when you have time to listen. I've brought you a new book; you'll like it."

He unstrapped the pack he carried, and took out a stout volume. In the light of the fire he showed it to her. It was Pope's "Homer."

"Some warm day," he continued, "we'll sit on the fellside and wake again echoes of great deeds, and old battles. Thundergay shall be Olympus, and you shall be Athene, the azure-eyed maid. Listen to this—"

He bent down by the fire and held the book so that he could read by its light.

"Now heaven's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast. . . .

"I can see you in them, Barbara.

"The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'er shading plumes;
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred battles on a hundred plains.
The goddess thus the imperial car ascends
Shook by her arm the mighty javelin bends,
Ponderous and huge; that when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns."

He closed the book and put it into the girl's hands.

"I've never seen you roused up to do battle," he laughed, "but you'll like that when the spirit moves you. Goodnight, Barbara."

Something stirred her like the call of a trumpet heard by her spiritual ears alone. Was her placid life upon the mountains going to end? Would she have to fight with her desires, because Duty still pointed a stern finger towards the sheep-paths, while another road opened before her—a broad and pleasant road? Peter always roused this restlessness in her heart. She was glad, yet sorry, when he went singing home, leaving her to the night-loneliness with her book of old battles.

The next morning Peter Fleming was walking up and down the cobbled path of the mill-garden between flowering currant bushes, and sheaves of lent-lilies, whose buds were still encased in their pale-green sheaths. Everything sparkled in a sudden burst of sunshine. From the mill-wheel the water fell like a glittering fringe, and the beck raced merrily by, clutching the weeds and grasses on its rim, and drawing them down to make them gorgeously green under its clear surface. On the other side of the stream stood Cringel Forest.

The mill-house was a tall building with the date, 1600, carved over the door under a coat-of-arms of a wheat-sheaf and a sickle. The Flemings, or De Flemings, as they were then called—had been millers in the dale since the reign of Elizabeth, a fact which Dusty John prided himself upon, although he was as simple an old man as ever spoke the vernacular.

The kitchen door was open at the end of the cobbled path, and in its hot and sunny atmosphere, Peter's mother stood ironing. Her muslin kerchief—as fine as ever came from the looms of the East India Company—her gown of russet, and white apron were the essence of cleanliness and order.

"Get away with thy blandishments," she said, for Peter had paused on the threshold to tell her that she looked like a ripe hazel-nut, her face was so brown and rosy and round. "Thee'd witch the wisdom out of my old head with thy flattery. And as for thy dadda—he cannot walk for swaggering, thee's lilied him up so handsome!"

She smiled proudly into the clear-eyed face looking so affectionately into

her own. Peter made her feel that she was still young and worthy of admiration. When he came home she always wore white stockings—though she thought them an extravagance at other times—and placed a flower or a bow of ribbon under her chin.

She held up a kerchief that she was ironing, and said tenderly:

"It will be a great day for thy father and me when we see thee consecrated, Peter."

He stepped across the floor where the sunshine lay in a broad band, and kissed her.

"And a blessed day when I does up thy lawn sleeves, my son. Thee must never let anyone do up thy sleeves but me, lad, not even thy wife when thee gets one. There's nobody kens the art of clear starching and ironing better than thy old mother."

The young man sat on the edge of the table and swung his legs.

"You'll be disappointed, mother," he said, "but I never can see myself—in spite of your dear visions—in bishop's sleeves. I'm a lazy beggar, and more likely to be lying under a tree, finding sermons in stones and books in the running brooks than beating the pulpit cushions of Durham or Carlisle."

She shook her head indulgently.

"Time enough, time enough," she said. "Thee's too young yet to know thy own mind."

Peter looked round the kitchen and laughed.

"Would you like to live in a palace, mother?" he asked.

"A palace! And what would I do there?" she replied, seeing no further than the lawn sleeves which she would wash and iron

The kitchen of the mill-house was small, clean and simple. Brass fire-irons, two or three candlesticks, a burnished copper warming-pan reflected the strong sunshine, but otherwise the puritanical severity of the white-washed walls was unrelieved. The floor was strewn with river sand, and the chairs and dresser glistened with constant oiling and rubbing. On the dresser was a pile of newly-made clap-cakes, and round the fire stood an oak maiden hung with clean linen. The place had a kindly, homely smell, and Peter sniffed it with enjoyment. He loved the towers of Oxford, and the shadow of his college cloisters, but this small and sunlit kitchen, where his mother baked and ironed, and his father smoked his evening pipe, brought him back to those primitive passions of man out of which the strength of his life springs.

Peter returned to the garden and continued his walk up and down the cobbled path.

He was thinking of his future, and wondering what he would be able to make of it. He had almost decided that he would not take orders when his college days were done, which would be at the summer vacation. The prospect of becoming a curate, or even a North Country vicar did not attract him; on the other hand, he had no particular leanings in any other direction. That which would have suited him down to the ground, he sometimes told himself whimsically, was the position of a country gentleman, with a good library, a well-stocked table, plenty of dogs and troops of friends. His was a genial, breezy nature; he had a firm hand, a just mind, and a clear brain, added to a boyish love of the unusual and adventurous. Peter was a favorite in the village. He liked pretty faces, and flirted openly, but he left the lasses' hearts none the worse. He fished and hunted with the lads; he talked politics with the tailor, religion with the cobbler, and with Jake, the rat-catcher, spent many a long afternoon. It was Jake who taught him to play upon the flute, and though he never managed to charm the rats

with his music—as the strange little man did—he had the young men and maids capering on the bit of green before the inn door on summer evenings, long after they ought to have been abed.

His meditation was interrupted by a horseman calling from over the wall:

"Halloa! Peter, back again?"

It was Joel Hart.

"I'm glad to see you," said he.

"I thought you'd made up your mind to go abroad and seek your fortune," replied Peter, shaking hands heartily.

"So I had, but I broke it again. I couldn't be quite sure where to find the fortune."

They both laughed, but Joel had a note of envy in his mirth.

"You're a lucky dog, Peter," he exclaimed, "to have money in your pockets and a fond father ready to supply more. How long are you home for?"

"Six weeks. It's the Easter vacation."

"Good! we'll have some fishing and wrestling—eh? We'll make a damned fine holiday of it. I want something to take my mind off the worry of wondering where my bread and butter is to come from. You don't want to work, I bet; had enough of that sort of thing down yonder—eh? Come and have a glass at the Wild Boar."

He alighted and leading his horse by the bridle walked down the village street with Peter.

When they were boys they had gone nutting and fishing together, and the memory of many a hairbreadth escape still bound them with the links of affection, though in mind and character they had long since drifted apart.

Joel Hart was a handsome man. Beside him, Peter with his homely face, honest grey eyes, and loosely built figure looked rough-hewn—looked, indeed, that which he was, the offspring of clean-living, hard-working peasant forefathers. The two men were of a height, but the one carried himself proudly, looking neither right nor left; the other with an easy swing, that could stoop to give pennies to a crying child, or lift a bundle for an old woman. There was an expression of arrogance and dissatisfaction on Joel's features that marred their beauty. He had dark curling hair, which he wore rather long, his eyes were large, well-shaped, full of a smouldering fire or melting sadness as his mood chanced to be.

The world had dealt hardly with him, and he could not forgive it. His father, the son of that ill-fated Joel Hart whom Annas Lynn had hidden in the wool-barn, had married late in life, and died shortly after, leaving his infant to be brought up by the widow—a vain and foolish woman. She had been indifferent to his discipline and education, and when she died, left the estate—it was a very small one—burdened with debts, a burden that increased rapidly, owing to extravagance and bad management. Joel was not competent to deal with it. A habit of indolence, fostered by his up-bringing, had become second nature to him; his temper was uncertain; yet he cared deeply for two things—Forest Hall and Lucy Lynn. To preserve the one, and gain the other was a wild dream which he dreamed, but made only fitful attempts to realize. He felt that he was bound by invisible bonds which he could not break.

"I'm getting to the end of my resources, Peter," he said as they stood in the inn parlor, drinking. He often made a joke of his poverty; it was too well-known to be hidden; and he did not care that folk should see how much he felt it. "I've only one hope left."

"I trust it's a substantial one," remarked Peter.

Joel flung back his head and laughed.

"Ha, ha," he cried "ha, ha. It's the old great-grandmother up at Greystones."

"You're not thinking of marrying her—are you?" said Peter, his eyes twinkling.

"'Pon my soul I never thought of it! What a pity. She'd have had me, Peter, for the love she bore my granddad. I needn't have waited till she was dead, then, to have got her money."

"She's rich—is she?"

"Must be! an old miser! She told me she was going to leave the little she had—little, mind you, and Greystones is the most prosperous farm for miles round—she said she was going to leave it to be divided between Barbara, Lucy, and me. She's ninety-five now, and can't live much longer, though she looks as hale and hearty an old sinner as ever laid up treasure in this world. I hope she'll not forget her promise."

"Court her," replied Peter, briefly.

"Her or her great-granddaughters?" Joel shot a sharp glance at his companion. He sometimes thought that Peter had a warm side for Lucy as well as himself. "All the same," he continued, tossing off another glass, "I'm breeding dogs, as a stand-by, in case she dies without leaving me a shilling. You must come and see them. I've got a litter of the prettiest pups you ever saw. I keep 'em in the parlor because the kennels are all out of repair. It's a comedown, eh, for the master to sup his porridge in the kitchen, but feed his dogs under the very noses of his forefathers in their gilt frames?"

They talked a little longer, made plans to join the fox-hunt next morning, then Joel mounted his horse and rode away, while Peter retraced his steps up the village street.

He thought that Joel was changing. The man looked unhappy and restless in spite of his gay demeanor. He talked too much, and he drank too much. He might be as poor as he asserted, but he rode a fine horse—Peter was a judge of horse-flesh—and his clothes were dandified beyond the fashion of the times. Yet there was something in him that appealed to Peter, who thought he looked like a gay bird in a trap. And what trap could be worse than one made out of family pride, poverty, and lack of education?

Pondering upon his friend's character and circumstances, he passed through the village.

High Fold, in the midst of which the mill stood, was a cluster of houses on the fringe of Cringel Forest. They were built of grey stone, roofed with rough-hewn slates, where the yellow stone crop ran riot, hung with queer little balconies, giving them a foreign air. They stood at all angles on either side of a steep road, at the foot of which was the inn, at the top the church. Except for the house known as Forest Hall, the farm of Greystones and a few solitary cots, High Fold marked the limit of human habitation in that direction. Beyond it were many miles of healthy moorland, a wild expanse of mountain, barren ravines, each with its own gushing beck, and wild marshes. The people were a healthy, thrifty race, lacking little—and those things not necessities—working hard and simply, and living to a good old age. Many of them herded sheep on the common lands; a few wrought in a silver mine some distance off; others spun and carded wool; a tailor, a weaver, a rat-catcher and a blacksmith were respected members of the community. They owned a large flock of geese, each bird was smit with its owner's private mark, and a goose-girl, in the common employ, led them daily to their feeding-grounds. There were few idle hands in the village, even the old men knitted stockings, sitting on the inn bench of a spring or summer evening.

Peter followed the road beyond the village, where it turned into a cart-

track, and wound through Cringel Forest leading to Forest Hall, and then on up the dale to Greystones.

As he lay under a beech-tree, watching the birds fluttering among the smooth branches, a little old man came wandering through and sat beside him.

The hair of the little old man curled on his shoulders, like a child's—though it was grey instead of golden—and his eyes were also like a child's, bright and questioning. He was primly dressed in a flowered waistcoat, buffed breeches and blue stockings, but the garments were faded and threadbare. On his knee he held a basket of roots and leaves.

"Meditation," he said, "is the mother of great thoughts, and repose fosters them till they be well grown."

"That's comforting to my lazy soul," drawled Peter.

The thin old voice continued, carefully choosing the words as though, even in meditation, nothing slipshod or ill-fitting was allowed to pass.

"We should find time to be idle," he said. "When the soul is possessed by tranquillity, there enters in an angel called thought—a mysterious being, whose birth and origin is far beyond our knowledge or understanding. But we can give her housing, care for her like kind folk, and she will reward us abundantly. Her presence with us is her reward."

Peter chewed a blade of grass, basking in the warm light. For a little while neither spoke. The last week had shaken off all the appearance of winter from the forest. The trees were budding, a tall poplar rose purple as a plum, yonder a group of larches were turning green, and a sycamore had all its tips dipped in crimson. The blackthorn thicket was white, and the lesser celandines were golden on the banks. In the forest lay a deep blue silence—the silence of old wise trees, but on the topmost branches gay and giddy birds were pouring out their hearts to the spring sunshine in a wild burst of melody.

"It's all very beautiful," said Peter; "that light on the beech-stems—it might be a splash of pure gold. The trees seem to be aware of it too—if only their leaves were out they would be clapping their hands for joy." Then he turned to Timothy Hadwin. "I'm becoming a convert to your faith," he said. "I believe the earth has a soul and every living thing."

"You feel it, then?" replied the old man eagerly. "You feel a magic in the woods which only comes from the communion of souls? You and I and the trees are not alone here. You feel that other minds are reaching out to touch you, as you are reaching out to touch them? You have in your own mind this vision of the truth—the kinship of the living world?"

"Perhaps it's imagination after all," said Peter.

"Imagination does not lie."

"It may deceive."

"No, no. What we imagine is true for ourselves, though no one else may see it to be so. We each of us have senses, feelings, thoughts of our own. Were you to tell me that you saw a hamadryad coming out of yon beech-tree, I should not contradict you because I could not see it. But if you plucked a buttercup, and said it was only colored matter, I should say you were wrong, for I know it to be something more. The greatest blessing of life is sight, and the commonest ill is blindness." He laid his hand upon the ground and. continued. "We are all akin, because we are all the children of the Earth. Her great mind is made up of our little minds. She knows us better than we know ourselves—do we know ourselves at all? I love to think of the Earth, a personality, a great angel rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, rushing along through

the dark night or the bright day, through clouds and through sunshine, never halting or stumbling or going astray, carrying upon her bosom a multitudinous life, caring for it, as a thoughtful mother."

After this conversation the two men were silent for a while, each following the trend of his own thoughts. Then Timothy got up and went away. But Peter remained under the beech-tree.

Peter had capacity for the full enjoyment of life, and a boundless curiosity concerning it. As he lay on the ground he seemed to feel the heart of the Earth-mother beating under his own, and he was filled with a sense of her teeming vitality and his individual share of it. He opened his mind to the sounds and sights around. It delighted him to follow with his eyes the stems of the trees as they sprang straight from the bosom of their universal mother into the blue air. He listened to the whistling of the birds, the hum of the bees, and watched a rabbit leap among the ferns—pleased with such simple demonstrations of life. Perhaps a change was working in his own nature, for never had the common things about him seemed to be so full of absorbing interest as now; never had he been so conscious of the sap running up the branches of the trees, and of his own vitality. At present he did not enjoy the sense of power which he could use if he desired. But soon he told himself, he would labor, singing in the light of the sun.

Then through the forest came Barbara Lynn, driving her primitive cart home from market. She did not see the figure under the beech-tree, for her eyes were dreaming, neither did Peter try to draw her attention. She sat with her hands lying loosely on her lap, the reins hanging slack as the old pony took its own pace home. Her fine, large features were composed, and she kept her jolting seat with unconcern. There was something patriarchal in the cart, and its rough-cut wooden wheels, and the regal form of Barbara, deep-bosomed, yellow-haired and clear-eyed as the offspring of shepherd kings should be.

She passed on while the over-arching trees dropped lights and shadows across her face. Peter watched her till the blue distance of the forest closed round the cart, and the creaking of its wheels died into silence.

He came back to a knowledge of himself with a rush. For the time being his mind had been merged in the mind of another. The forest, too, was waking as from a trance. Barbara had seemed to hold it in the spell of her own dreaming. Now the wind blew down the track, trundling dead leaves before it, and drawing a low chiming from the branches overhead. The birds burst into renewed twittering and the rabbits leaped among the fern

(To be continued)

RELIGION AND MUSIC.

The man that "hath no music in his soul," Shakespeare tells us, is fit for all sorts of terrible things. Some of us would go farther than this, and say that such a man does not, and probably never did, exist. Some sense of music, dull it may be, or distorted almost beyond recognition, but never absolutely crushed, exists in everyone. And so also does what we may call the sense of religion. The most worldly-minded, the most frivolous-minded the most carnal-minded, have this sense, which in these cases most often becomes superstition. And this refers not only to the broader meaning of the

term "religion," which is simply that which is of the greatest and most lasting importance, or to which we give, rightly or wrongly, the most serious consideration. It refers also to the narrower meaning of the term, which relates to the tenets held and the rites and ceremonies practised by certain divinely or humanly constituted bodies, or to our direct relations with the Deity and the unseen world.

And as these two senses—the sense of religion and the sense of music—are possessed by all, so also are they intimately related in the minds of most people. Though a merely emotional religion is as shallow and futile a form as it is possible to call by name, religion without emotion is impossible. And music is the most natural and universal expression of emotion—of the emotions of joy and sorrow, or faith, love, hope, despair; and of worship. Not infrequently religious emotion finds expression in other matters; even its highest expression is not through this means. Its full and complete expression, however, must and does always include expression in music. "Music, the handmaid of Religion" is no mere saying with regard to one religion alone. Music is the handmaid of every religion, and of the religious instinct which all possess.

But it is also much more than the handmaid; it is the prompter of religious feeling, and one of its highest expressions. This is the reason why each religion has its own form of music. Music has always been regarded, by pagans and true worshipers alike, as a directly heaven-sent gift, and therefore to be employed chiefly in the service of religion. In the old pagan religions there was usually a god of music, or some hero or demi-god particularly gifted with the talent of music. Such were Osiris of the Egyptians, Apollo and Orpheus of the Greeks, and Nareda and Bharata of the Hindus.

Throughout the long history of the Chinese Empire we find music intimately connected with its various religions. Ancestor worship and Emperor (or more strictly law) worship lend themselves to the ceremonial regulation of its use and disuse. The theoretical tendencies of the Chinese are apparent in these. Modern developments have changed much, but for centuries there was no change. Music, they said, was the harmony between heaven and earth; and therefore their scale consisted of five notes, the number three being the symbol of heaven and two the symbol of earth. The names of the notes were those of the State, from the Emperor downwards (though they considered what we should call up, in music, to be down, and what we call down, up). Whole tones were masculine, that is, according to their ideas, complete and independent; semitones were feminine, incomplete and dependent. But their abstruse and theoretical methods enabled them to divide this scale and to place it in so many different positions as to give them many more notes than we possess.

From the most ancient times on record in native literature, music was forbidden to mourners. Musical instruments were always interred with Emperors and grandees during certain dynasties. When in mourning they did not even speak of music. Attempts to suppress Buddhism were made by suppressing the music of that religion, which shows the realization by its opponents of the importance of the art to that particular religion. Japanese music of the old types was more secular. Not so that of the Hindus, however. The Hindus trace their music in its present form back to the earliest times, when it was supposed to be a direct and immediate gift from the gods. They ascribe it to many supernatural powers, and it is through their priests and monks that much Hindu music

has been preserved. Almost the same may be said of the music of the Brahmins. But the religious institutions of the East not only preserve their music; they make very great efforts, greater, possibly, even than those of St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, or Pope Pius IV, to preserve it in its pristine purity. Certain melodies are permitted to be sung only by privileged persons, and most are taught only by the officially initiated.

From the days of Jubal, who "was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," music figured constantly in religious exercises under the Old Dispensation. How far it was spontaneous and how far deliberate and ordered in the earliest days it is impossible to say. The earliest record we have of any particular sacred psalm is that of Moses after the passage of the Red Sea. The record of the words and the repetition of the psalm by Miriam and the other women suggest that it was almost as deliberate as our methods of today. We have other cases on parallel lines right through the Old Testament. Yet none seems to have doubted the reality and sincerity of expression.

Nearly always the references to music contained in the Bible, and particularly in the Old Testament, speak of it as a formal and ordered matter, and generally as the expression of joy. When sorrow came, music was banished.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept,
Upon the willows in the midst thereof we hanged our harps.

Thus wrote the psalmist in the day of sorrow; but in the day of joy his cry is to praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet, the psaltery and harp, the timbrel, the stringed instruments and pipe, and the loud and high sounding cymbals. This is more than a little interesting from the merely sociological point of view as well as from the religious standpoint, when we compare it with the modern Chinese method of having no music in the time of mourning for the dead. It is also a definite forecast of the Catholic practice of having no instrumental music during penitential seasons.

With the advent of Christianity the music of the Jewish Church was developed into that of its successor. We have, of course, the highest authority, by example, if not by precept, for the use of music in Christian worship. Not only was our Lord a constant worshiper at the Temple, where music formed an integral part of the worship. "On the same night that He was betrayed," we read that immediately after the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament He and His disciples sang a hymn. The hymn, almost certainly, was the 114th Psalm, *In exitu Israel*, which still is connected with the Christian Passover—with Easter. SS. Paul and Silas sang in prison; the former urges the Ephesians to speak among themselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord; and to the Colossians he recommends the use of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs for teaching as well as for worship; while St. James tells those who are merry to indulge their mirth in this manner. Most of the hymns and songs to which reference is intended in these passages are those of the Jews, though there is little doubt that the hymn of our Lady, *Magnificat*, and the songs of the Blessed Simeon and Zacharias, *Nunc Dimittis* and *Benedictus*, would be coming into use at least in an informal way. But the music itself had in all probability no direct connection with that of the Jews.

The earliest Christian music, in fact, was only to a very small extent taken from, or even influenced by, that of Jewry, being mainly taken from that of Greece and Italy. The reason for

this, of course, was that Greece was the paramount intellectual power, as Rome was that of politics. Nevertheless, we read that the Christian music was simpler and broader, as befitted its employment by congregations, as well as sweeter and more tender, as befitted its subjects, than was the pagan music from which it evolved. Congregational music, if at this stage it may be called so—that is, the music of the whole body engaged in any act of worship—would develop earlier than that for choirs or instruments. One respect in which the earliest records show that Jewish methods were retained, if not the music itself, was in that of antiphonal singing, either between precentor and congregation or between women and men.

Instruments were probably not employed, at least to any serious extent, until after the invention of organs suitable for accompanying voices. This did not take place until the fourth century or later. It happened to coincide approximately with the period when other instruments were used to such debased purposes as to be forbidden to all faithful Christians. The use of the organ did not become general, however, for many years after this. During the terrible times of the great persecutions there was little music, for fear of discovery of the churches. Even then, however, it was not altogether suppressed, and the tradition was continued till more peaceful times.

What we may, for convenience, call modern Christian music came into existence, also in the fourth century, when St. Ambrose first invented, or promulgated, a system that was usable by both east and west. An order of the Council of Laodicea, that only those who were appointed for the purpose should sing in the churches, made this an opportune time for the establishment of a new system. Schools were founded under the patronage and direction of the Holy See, and attempts were made to write down the sounds. There is no need to give here a description of this music writing, as the only effect it had on the relation of religion and music was that it aided the spread of a uniform Christian song for all parts. It also helped to increase the number of hymns and tunes available, which was also now larger, owing to the admission of original hymns. Before then only the psalms, the great canticles (including *Te Deum*), and a few traditional hymns had been admitted into public worship.

The history of music was for many centuries bound up with the history of the Church. This is true both of sacred and secular music, as we shall see. The earliest musical theorists under systems which at all apply to modern music were monks. A single line, then two, three, and eventually four were used to indicate the rise and fall of the priest's or the cantor's part. A letter notation was invented early in the eleventh century by Guido, a monk of Arezzo. He also developed the line notation invented by Hucbald of Saint-Amand (in Flanders) a little more than a century earlier. Hucbald was one of the first to develop the system of part-writing or harmony, and Guido further developed it. It was Guido who first invented the practice of what we call solmization, or solfeggi—that is, the singing of the notes to certain syllables, which syllables serve the double purpose of putting the mouth in a good position for obtaining a pure tone and of aiding the memory. This method arose out of the practice of singing a verse, *Ut queant laxis*, from the hymn for the Vespers of St. John the Baptist. This exercise developed eventually into a regular hymn tune, of which one or other version is sung in all Catholic Churches. The syllables used for solmization are, with the exception of the first and the last, those which we now use as the names of the notes of the scale. Guido

also had many other methods of teaching, and was, in fact, the great theorist of his day.

Methods of measuring music, of fixing approximately the length of time each note was to be held, were invented by Franco of Cologne, also primarily for ecclesiastical purposes. So far as the general use of music is concerned, and particularly of secular music, the greatest glory belongs to the Church in our own land. This is in the preservation of a remarkable round or part song, *Sumer is i-cumen in*, which dates from early in the thirteenth century. The earliest copy extant was made in a monastery at Reading, and the music seems to have been adopted to sacred as well as secular words. Whether it was an isolated example appearing long before its time, or whether there were other similar pieces which have been lost, we cannot say. So far as our knowledge goes, it was a very early forerunner of the style of music which only became at all general a hundred years or more after it. Whichever may have been the case, it is a testimony of the care of the Church for education and the arts.

This line of history need be proceeded with no farther here, but left for each to pursue at leisure. Most of us know something of how for centuries the Church was the chief, if not the only, center of education. In its own formularies, in the ways evolved of teaching the people the great truths which it had to present, in its fatherly care of the recreations of its children, whereby it endeavored to prevent innocent amusements becoming debased and sinful, the Catholic Church has preserved and promulgated the best and purest music. It has not always—in fact, it has only seldom—been in the van of movements in art. Such matters must of necessity be proved before they can receive the assent of religion. It is not the work of religion, even of religion in the abstract and without direct regard to the faith of the Church, to experiment either in essential truth or in the matters which appertain to it.

But with this necessary conservatism we can look, not without thankfulness and legitimate pride, to the work that has been done in the greatest works of art, and particularly of the art of music. Of these the greater part have a direct connection with the religion of Christ; and there are few indeed but what have arisen from the innate religious feeling of which mention was made at the beginning of this paper. Where would be the art of Pal strina, of Pergolesi, of Bach, and Handel, even of Mozart and our own Purcell and Byrd and Gibbons, if it had not been inspired by the services of the Church or the words of the Sacred Scriptures? What are generally, in fact almost universally, regarded as the greatest utterances in music are such works as Palestrina's *Missa Papae Marcellli*, Bach's *The Passion according to St. Matthew* and his B minor Mass, Handel's *The Messiah*, Purcell's *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, Mozart's *Requiem* and his three last Symphonies, Beethoven's two Masses and his Symphony in C minor, Berlioz's *Te Deum* and Verdi's *Requiem*. Others there may be of equally high standing; but none take a higher place in the estimation of all who care for music. By far the greater part of this, it will be observed, is set to the words of the Mass and the great canticles, or to scriptural excerpts relating directly to the great mysteries of the Incarnation and the Atonement. Handel, Purcell, and Mozart all wrote much that is great in operas and other secular works, but it is by their sacred music that they are most intimately bound up with human life as a whole. And much the same obtains with composers of a somewhat lower rank in the kingdom of art.

But, it may be said, all this about

the great individual composers, about music in which only a few of us can take part, and which not all of us can appreciate, has only a small bearing on this great subject. Religion is a matter for the most ignorant and poor, as well as for those who have had education and opportunities of hearing these great works. What is the relation between religion and music among those to whom these famous compositions are little or nothing more than mere names?

In reply to this it may first of all be pointed out that this type of music, what we call "art music," has a wider and stronger influence than it is commonly credited with. It permeates all classes. It is surprising, when one first makes the discovery, how the association of certain words with the music set to such words by the great composers can be constantly found in the minds of those who would appear to have least opportunity of hearing such music. The emotion of the majority, however, with rare exceptions, is somewhat shallow; and consequently their music, the expression of their emotions, is also shallow. But it is worthy of note that the deepest religious emotion finds its utterance in what even the most scholastic of musicians would call the best music. To put it in another way, namby-pamby music usually implies namby-pamby religion; noble music implies pure and noble religion. One warning must be uttered on this subject, because it is so easily misunderstood. Good music, even noble music, is not necessarily elaborate; often it is most simple. The best music, it has been said, is that which is most appropriate for the occasion for which it is employed. And could any one say that in dealing with eternal verities, with the most serious things in this world and the next, the sugary sentimentality of much of the music that is so often employed today is the most appropriate? Not only in the Catholic Church, but in nearly all religions, nominally Christian or frankly opposed to Christianity, it has been the usual practice to guard against this by an insistence upon the worthiness of that which tradition has most valued.

Herbert Antcliffe.

The British Review.

THE WARDS IN WAR-TIME.

By a Red Cross Pro.

IV. Big Wash

Twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, that exciting game of chance "big wash" is played. This bears a superficial resemblance to the game of golf, the patients constituting the hazards or bunkers, and the various kinds of garments the number of holes to be played. It varies with the temperament and tenacity of the players, but in its main outlines it is always the same.

The game opens with a vast inchoate mass of dirty linen, piled high on the narrow strip of landing which separates Ward B. from Ward C The two wards share their washing in common, which adds a sporting interest to the game. A purple-faced Orderly and an agitated Staff Nurse dive into the pile, and, as it were, drive off from the first tee by pulling a sheet from the heap. Sheets, pillow-cases, and towels represent the first three holes, which are straightforward and comparatively simple in character, although admittedly long-distance shots. For to count correctly forty-thr e sheets can tax mathematical powers of quite first-class order, especially when there is a crowd of patients in the background adding to the confusion in their efforts to render help. The situation at times becomes strained

when Orderly and Staff Nurse repeatedly fail to make their totals agree, and each is convinced that the other is in the wrong, the former inwardly and the latter openly. Yet when all is said, sheets are comparatively simple in character, as from their bulk they can rarely be mislaid even by the most careless patients.

With personal garments, which come next, it is far otherwise, and holes 4 and 5, flannel and cotton shirts, are two of the most difficult in the course. Shirts are so fatally easy to mislay, and patients, for some reason known to themselves but unapparent to every one else, frequently omit to change their shirts on washing morning.

Hole 6, counterpanes, is the easiest of all, as the Staff Nurse changes these herself, after closely inspecting the various shades of grayness of those in use on the beds; but the next hole, socks, more than compensates by its difficulty. The military authorities bravely recognize the fact that human feet differ in size, and do their best to cater for the various dimensions; but the laundry, with that aloofness which characterizes those utilitarian institutions, recognizes no such differences, and simply pairs the socks as they happen to come along. So Johnson, the burly transport driver, easily slips on his first sock, but finds the second defies all his efforts.

"Could you lend me a shoehorn, Sister?" he pants; "I can't get into this sock."

And a hasty tour has to be made in the ward and a large-sized sock taken from the puny Jones to complete his footwear. Not that Jones, despite his inability to wear the sock, parted from it willingly.

"I don't see," he grunts, "when I do 'appen to get a sock without a hole, why I should not be allowed to keep it."

This remark, ungracious as it may appear, was valuable in shedding a ray of light on the hopeless search for a missing sock. Twenty-five and a half pairs were safely piled up in a neat heap on the lnading, but the last half was nowhere to be seen. "Has any one got a badly frayed sock?" asked the probationer quietly, while the Staff Nurse and Orderly were pursuing their researches in Ward C.

"Do you think I am going to wear a thing like that?" said Roper, brandishing a sock in which the sole was almost entirely missing. "If I say I won't wear it, I won't, and no one can make me," he added with pride.

Holes 8 and 9, handkerchiefs and neckties, are very tricky. They seem so simple and yet prove so elusive. Hospital handkerchiefs are large, bright-red in color, and harsh in texture, and fifty per cent of the patients receive a fresh handkerchief every Tuesday in exchange for the equally clean one they have just given up. The difficulty about handkerchiefs is that they possess an irresistible attraction for certain laboring sons of the North when about to go on sick furlough.

"It is just the thing to cover my canary's cage at neet," thought Bates, when the day of departure came, and he promptly annexed M'Vean's handkerchief from the top of his locker—being well aware that his own must be handed in with his kit or else he would be mulcted of the sum of fourpence. He was safely in the train before the prolonged search for the luckless M'Vean's missing property started, in which the ward had to submit to having its lockers ransacked, its beds unmade, and its veracity doubted. But all in vain; no handkerchief was forthcoming, and M'Vean had not only to endure repeated reference to his loss every time "big wash" came round, and hear the reiterated command of Nurse M'Tavish, "Be sure not to give M'Vean a handkerchief. Remember he has lost

his," but also to contemplate the unpleasant fact that on leaving he would be made to pay for what he had not lost. And, being a Scot, that was the bitterest part of all.

Neckerchiefs—as Army Book No. 200 terms them—are red and very voluminous. Patients for the most part detest them, and delay putting them on as long as possible, until the doctor's visit makes it obligatory. Neckerchiefs also occasionally disappear, and have been known to get lost; but their triangular shape makes them less generally useful than the square handkerchief, and their color robs them of any charms as wearing apparel—unless possibly to a socialist. So their disappearances are few and far between.

The last holes of the course—Turkish towels and hospital suits—are short and simple. The chief question about suits is, will they fit; and as wards with tall patients seem to get nothing but small sizes sent up from the store, there is all the excitement of a lottery in trying them on.

To Staff Nurse M'Tavish, fresh from four years' training amid the ordered perfection of a small Scotch hospital, the terrors of "big wash" came home with peculiar force.

"It's a fule country," she remarked bitterly, "and military red tape is the most fulish thing in it. I'm not used to all the writing and counting over a few bits of washing."

For in Maggie M'Tavish's hospital, patients had been numbers, not individuals, and no patient had ever succeeded in losing a garment—partly because a hawk-eyed nurse kept strict watch on his movements, and partly because his native common-sense told him that the hospital would infallibly make him refund any small articles he lost or appropriated to his own use. So the carelessness of the British soldier came with redoubled force, and his callousness in the face of personal loss was little less than astounding.

One Tuesday morning the terrors of "big wash" proved even more terrible than usual. The correct number of clean garments, as specified both in words and figures, in Checkbook for Hospital Linen—Army Book No. 200—had been received and distributed. The first three holes had been accomplished, and all went well, until with the counting of the shirts a new and unpleasant difficulty arose. The flannel shirts totaled twenty-seven, the cotton twenty-five. Even repeated counting could not gloss over this unpleasant fact. "I have one flannel shirt too many and one cotton shirt too few," exclaimed Staff Nurse M'Tavish rushing into Ward B.

The patients, who were busily engaged in discussing whose turn it was to have the small eggs for breakfast, waived aside the interruption.

"But I had the small ones yesterday," said the puny Jones. "I don't see why I should have them every day."

"You are on eggs," said Akerman loftily, "and have eggs every day, so your turn for small eggs must come oftener than ours."

"And here is one with a text, 'Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord,' You can have that if you like to console you," said Lamb mischievously.

"I'll not— " began the almost tearful Jones.

"Jones, I'll no have you answering back," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish in her most rasping voice. "Who is the fool who has put a clean flannel shirt in the wash?"

A sudden lull in the egg discussion enabled Staff Nurse M'Tavish to make herself heard, and by dint of close cross-examination, and discovering which patients were wearing flannel shirts at the moment, the culprit, Lance-Corporal Kilbride, was disclosed.

"Have you a flannel shirt on, Kilbride?"

"I have put mine to the wash, Sister, and I don't want another as the weather is so hot."

"And don't you know, Kilbride, that you must give up the same kit when you go out that you drew when you came in? What will you be saying to have the price of a new shirt docked out of your allowance, and all through your own stupidity?"

Kilbride, being a compatriot of Staff Nurse M'Tavish, speedily saw the force of the argument, and received the clean shirt back with gratitude.

"Now, I am a cotton shirt short," said the Staff Nurse, when a fresh recount still failed to disclose it. And the familiar round game was played.

"Have you changed your shirt, Jones?"

"Have you, Jackson?"

"And you, O'Ryan?"

"And you, Baines?" and so on, round the ward, but Staff Nurse M'Tavish drew a blank every time. She was just on the point of hurrying across to Ward C. when, away in the distance, a pile of clothes on a bed caught her eye.

"Who has still not changed their clothes?" she asked, her eyes flashing with anger. "Viney, you ought to be ashamed to give me so much trouble."

Viney, who seemed quite unabashed, handed over his bundle, which proved, on examination, to be much less valuable than had been hoped—a sheet which had somehow failed to be missed—necktie, socks and towel.

"I put my shirt in your pile," he remarked in a tone of virtue, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish hurried across to Ward C. to pursue her researches.

"Have you changed your shirt, Pettinger?"

'Yes, Sister."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Indeed I am, Sister. I remember it tearing as I pulled it off." The search continued without success. "Run and look in the bathroom, Orderly," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish in despair; but all in vain—Orderly returned empty-handed.

Back into Ward B. she went, and the men were by this time busily discussing the iniquities of the cook in not rising earlier to cook the breakfast. "If the fellow can't get up in time, he ought to be sacked," said Johnson.

"It is simply wasting oatmeal to send it up like this," said Kilbride.

"It's not even skilly this morning," lamented Lamb. "It is grains of oatmeal floating in water."

All this time a frail invalid, tucked away in a corner bed, had escaped unnoticed, and had been passed over in the first round of the game. His pallor and unobtrusiveness gave him a look as if he were not long for this world. But suddenly a movement caught the Staff Nurse's eye.

"Have you changed your shirt, Patsey?" she asked. Amid the general chatter his voice failed to carry. "Are you sure?"

A faint murmur, accompanied by a feeble fumbling, and a white corner was drawn from beneath his pillow.

"You have not changed?"

"I've been asleep," he began slowly; but he said no more, for with a bound Staff Nurse M'Tavish was beside him, and was shaking his frail body vigorously in her excitement.

"How can you be so troublesome!" she cried. "Change your shirt this minute."

But all did not go well. The socks—strange, provoking, inexplicable as it may seem—totaled a pair too many, and a furtive movement on the part of Lamb revealed the fact that he was sitting at the breakfast-table in his bare feet.

"What do you mean by that, Lamb?" asked Staff Nurse M'Tavish angrily. "Where are your socks?"

"I have not got any to put on. You took away my dirty pair, and did not give me clean ones."

The Staff Nurse hastened to the pile, and then the horrid truth was borne upon her that the clean pair had been thrown in amongst the dirty. Laundries, like all human institutions, are liable to fall short of perfection, and even minute and prolonged search failed to disclose which was the clean pair. Twenty-six pairs of socks were unrolled, examined, and replaced, but the clean pair could not be identified with certainty, and in the end Staff Nurse M'Tavish drew a pair at random from the pile and presented them to the undeserving Lamb.

Only the last hole—bath-towels—remained to be played, and these were three in theory and three in practice, but they formed the subject of a grave rebuke to Sergeant Miller.

"Sergeant, did you have a bath yesterday?"

"No, Sister."

"But you went to the bathroom?"

"Yes, Sister, to have a wash yesterday afternoon."

"And you left your bath-towel behind."

"I am very sorry."

"I won't have such carelessness. How many times have I warned you? The other orderly might have found it and put it in with his washing, and then we never should have got it back."

And Staff Nurse M'Tavish closed Army Book No. 200 with a sigh of relief.

V. Visitors.

Three afternoons a week, between the allotted hours of two and four, the hospital is open to visitors, and these fall naturally into two categories. In the first may be placed near relations actual or prospective, such as parents, wives or young ladies, who come to see the patients as individuals; and in the second, philanthropists, ministers of religion, and kind-hearted old ladies, who visit collectively. The former is by far the more popular class, except possibly when it includes uncles, who often display a misplaced pertinacity in inquiring what their relatives felt when they saw the enemy, and how often they charged the Germans. At times the attentions of the latter are distinctly unwelcome, and patients have been known to resort to most devious subterfuges.

One glorious summer afternoon the probationer of Ward B., hurrying into the bathroom in quest of a bowl, was amazed to find the shrinking form of M'Vean behind the door. When all the world was gay and green, it seemed the most extraordinary taste to prefer to lurk in a dingy bathroom.

"What in the world are you doing, M'Vean?" she asked.

"I'm thinking I'll bide here this afternoon."

"But what a waste of a glorious day. Why don't you go in the grounds? Are you not expecting any visitors this afternoon?"

"Indeed I am, that's why I am here."

"Who is it?"

"A meenister from London, who has been asked by our meenister in Paisley to keep an eye on me. At least so he says, but I think myself he comes for the pleasure of talking. The last day he was here he gave me a homily as long as the books of Deuteronomy and Kings put together on the perils of a soldier's life, and when he said he would come again today I thought the bathroom was the best place for me."

"But he would never be able to find you in the grounds, M'Vean."

"I'm doubting I'd be safe there, Sister. The Rev. Proudfoot is a most determined man, and his last words to me were, 'I leave a thought with you until next time'; so I'll no be rushing across his path today if I can help it."

Often there are sad, touching little meetings. Wives who have said good-bye to their dearest ones with dread in their hearts, and after months of aching anxiety, which knew no respite, meet them again on a bed of sickness, pale, haggard, altered, badly wounded, it may be, but their own dear ones again —back safe in England, and looked after with the tenderest care. Such meetings hold much joy even if there be sorrow too.

Strange inarticulate meetings, part of our sternly repressed natures, and our hatred of emotion which our Allies can never understand. There is none of the Frenchman's gay vivacity, none of the Belgian's demonstrative delight in these reunions, but they are none the less joyous. The first time Jones's mother came to see him, she entered the ward with shaking knees, for hospitals were strange and fearful places to her. When, after a moment's bewilderment, she discovered her boy in the long line of beds, pale, shaken with the haunted look of one who has seen Death still in his eyes, her courage failed her. The moment she drew near, Jones flung his arms around her neck and burst into tears, while she, distressed to find her mischievous boy so changed, sobbed in turn, until in the midst of their embrace the lid of the jar of calf's-foot jelly she was clasping became loosened, and the jelly descended in a moist mass on the chest of the luckless Jones. After that tears became an impossibility, and Mrs. Jones, although her thrifty soul was vexed at the waste, began unconsciously to look upon the brighter side of life.

Young ladies are very frequent visitors, and these may be "my fiancy" who has come from a distance specially to see him, as the soldier proudly explains, or more commonly "cousins" from the near neighborhood, who have obtained passes by some mysterious means unknown to the authorities, and as a rule are not at all particular which patient they visit. Indeed, a popular warrior may have as many as six or seven cousins, all equally unknown to him, in the same afternoon. Their behavior is almost always the same. They sit jauntily on the edge of the bed, supremely conscious of their best clothes, until chased off by an indignant nurse. Then they subside into a chair, drawn as close to the patient's bed as possible. They come laden with boxes of indifferent chocolates and enormous bunches of crudely-colored flowers, as offerings to the wounded, and their conversational powers consist of whispers punctuated by giggles, if they are enjoying a *tete-a-tete*, or talking at the top of their voices in parties of five or six.

"It is as bad as the gramophone," said Kilbride, seeking refuge with his book in an empty ward. "Everyone talks at once, and nobody listens to what anyone else is saying."

For they have this in common with the Teutonic marauders—once erroneously called our cousins—that they all talk at the same time, and nobody dreams of waiting until his neighbor has finished his remark.

Ministers of religion bear a certain resemblance to one another, especially in the blank disappointment and feeling of resentment they evince when none of their denomination are to be found in the ward. It seems as if their branch of religion were not prospering as it should be. The hospital authorities thoughtfully provide tin discs, colored, red, white, blue, yellow, or green, to show whether the patient is Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, or any other denomination. These are hung over the head of the beds to assist the minister in the search for his flock.

"Though why cardboard would not have answered just as well, I fail to see," said Kilbride, on being initiated to the system, "except that it would not

have cost the Government half so much."

"It is not on matters connected with religion that you would wish to save, I hope," replied the Rev. Proudfoot in a frigid voice, and sought another guide as soon as possible.

Kind-hearted old ladies are perhaps the most numerous class of all. They stagger into the ward laden with dear impossible old books which they have dug out of their domestic archives for the patients to read, and change them with unfailing regularity the following week, quite oblivious of the fact that no patient had opened them. Others bring gramophone records in the form of hymn tunes. "And such good records too. This one cost fifteen shillings," the donor proudly remarked. So in the evenings the ward resounds with "Abide with Me" and "The Church's One Foundation," sandwiched in with "Tipperary," "Hello, Hello, and Who's Your Lady Friend," and other incongruities which the donor in her kindness of heart hardly could have contemplated.

One sultry afternoon in July one of the kind-hearted old ladies presented an enormous basket of red currants to Ward B., which Staff Nurse M'Tavish was rather inclined to regard in the light of a "red elephant." However, her cool, customary, Scotch commonsense came to her aid, and she decreed that the patients must eat them with their tea; and when tea-time came, the ward, with that inborn British hatred of anything new, voted it "a queer kind of thing to give one at tea-time."

"Did you ever see red currants for tea before, Nurse?" Lamb asked the probationer in an injured voice.

"No, I don't think I ever did," she replied; "but I expect some one thought —red currants—the wounded—let us send them to the hospital."

"No," said Kilbride, after a moment's reflection, "they thought—red currants—the price of sugar—let us send them to the hospital."

But the best joke of all was played upon Ward B. by a dear old lady in a black silk mantle and taffeta gown one Sunday afternoon. She arrived with an enormous cardboard box which was quite heavy, and although the chauffeur carried it as far as the ward door, she never would have got inside the ward without the assistance of Kilbride. When it had been placed in safety on the ward table it was seen to be subdivided into fifteen or twenty small boxes, each containing fifty Gold Flake cigarettes. From that instant every movement of the old lady was followed with the most flattering attention, for Woodbines may enjoy unbounded popularity, but the more generous proportions of Gold Flake make them even better.

"Good afternoon," said the dear old lady. "You will see I have brought you some cigarettes. I was talking the other day to a friend just back from the Front—an officer, you know—who was in charge of a Machine Gun section—such a terrible time he had been having out there, poor fellow—and he said to me, as soon as he heard that I was visiting this hospital, 'Be sure to take the men Gold Flake cigarettes. Remember all they have done for you, and take them the very best. Gold Flake is the only thing that has kept my spirits up out there and made life bearable.' So I wrote down the name at once on a piece of paper, because my memory is not what it used to be, and here they are."

The old lady solemnly took one of the smaller boxes, and, beginning with Lamb, who was in the corner bed, went carefully round the ward, to each man in turn and handed him one cigarette. Then, her tour completed, she closed the lid, replaced it in the larger box, and turning to Kilbride, said—

"Perhaps you will carry this for me into one of the other wards."

As soon as they were gone, Ward B. gave itself up to merriment.

"I wonder if my friend, just back from the Front, got more than one cigarette at a time, when she made him a present," remarked Lamb.

"I thought we were going to have a whole box each at least, judging by the size of the outlay," said Viney bitterly.

"And all that long rigmarole, too, made it seem more promising," added Jackson.

"I should like to see old Pettinger's face when she hands him one cigarette," said M'Vean; "it will be as good as the pantomime."

VI. Viney's Stout.

Ward B. were busily engaged in discussing their favorite subject of conversation—the absurd rate of pay for A.S.C. men in the motor transport.

"Do you call it fair," asked M'Vean bitterly, "six shillings a day for the safest job going, miles behind the firing line, and a shilling a day for risking your life every minute in the trenches?"

"You forget that the motor transport requires skilled men," retorted Viney, commonly known to his ward-mates by the unlovely sobriquet "Rotten." "They are mechanics, and anyone can get in the trenches who knows how to sight a rifle."

"Fire a rifle," yelled Jackson, "and what about section drill and platoon drill?"

"You A.S.C. men are so touchy, you know," interrupted Kilbride, "you see an insult in everything. Yesterday I was helping a lady to distribute some books in a ward downstairs, and I saw a Motor Transport man in bed, and I said to him quite innocently, 'Why, you are the first Motor Transport man I have seen wounded. Were you in the neighborhood of Ypres?' and he simply turned on me like an angry bear and growled, 'Ur! Ur! Now, what do you mean by that; don't you think A.S.C. men are as good as the others?' And I had not meant to hurt his feelings at all."

"And here's old Rotten, who has never been to the front, and has had a fortnight in the army before coming into hospital, given chicken every day, and now he has got round the doctor to put him on stout. And I've had months in the trenches, and no one has ever put me on chicken or stout," murmured the infantile Jones mournfully.

"Well," said the unpopular Viney, raising his head from the copy of "John Bull" in which he had been deeply engrossed, "you may like to know that as Talbot has gone to a convalescent home, I am to have his bottle of stout as well as my own today."

For by one of these inscrutable hospital laws, a patient's meals remain on the diet-sheet 24 hours after his departure, and the surplus food has to be disposed of by means of patients or ward-maids or some other channel. Indeed a patient is frequently at the height of his popularity when he has just left. When dinner-time came Viney drank his bottle of stout with great ostentatious enjoyment, ignoring the universal signs of disapproval around him.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a bottle of stout appeared on the cupboard facing the ward door, and Viney from his seat in the corner eyed it with unconcealed impatience. At last the suspense became intolerable.

"Do you think I might have Talbot's bottle of stout now?" Viney asked Nurse M'Tavish. "I seem to have a terrible thirst this afternoon."

When permission was given, he flew for a corkscrew and opened the bottle with alacrity. A sigh of anticipation and a long drink was followed by an indescribable grimace. The mischief-loving Lamb had filled the empty bottle with a horrible decoction of cold tea,

treacle, and some grains of rice to act as a ferment, and Viney's innate greed had caused the success of the joke.

"I'm poisoned," he gasped, and when the laughter of the ward brought home the point of the joke, his fury knew no bounds.

But next day at dinner-time no bottle of stout was forthcoming.

"Where's my stout?" growled Viney.

"It nearly made you sick yesterday, so what's the use of worrying?" said M'Vean.

"It must be somewhere in the ward," said Jones casually. "I saw it come in."

"You are like a lot of children," said Viney disconsolately. "I suppose you think it funny."

"Well, isn't it?" said Lamb.

Whereupon Viney went to lay his grievance before Nurse M'Tavish.

"I'm on stout, by doctor's orders, and I am entitled to a bottle."

But a careful search proved unavailing, and at last Orderly was sent on a voyage of discovery, with drastic orders not to return empty-handed; but all in vain—no bottle of stout could be found.

At this point Nurse M'Tavish's conscience began to awaken. Her authority was being defied, and a joke was being carried to unpermissible lengths. Armed with a bandage as a symbol of Justice, she walked into the ward and proceeded to question each patient in turn. "Do you know anything about the stout, M'Vean?"

"I have not seen it, Sister."

"You assure me, on your honor?"

"No."

"And you, Lamb?"

"I have not touched it." And so on until every patient had been catechised. A painful pause ensued.

"Then," said Nurse M'Tavish in a strangled voice, "some one has told me a lie. I shall report the matter to the Head Sister. Your conduct is disgraceful, and you are all equally to blame."

"In being accessories after the fact," said Kilbride; but his observation was ignored.

And all the time the missing bottle of stout was reposing beneath the bolster of Viney's bed, as thirteen patients in Ward B. were perfectly well aware.

"In fact, he'd be disappointed if he did happen to find it now," said Jones. "He'd rather have it as a grievance."

But Nurse M'Tavish was really shocked to feel that one of her own patients could tell her a lie. It seemed as if her influence were of little account, and moreover she had quite a vivid conception of the fiery torments to which liars went. So, early in the afternoon, she laid the whole matter before the Head Sister.

"It is not the stout but the lie which I mind so much. I shall never feel the same to those men again," she repeated almost tearfully; and a little later the Head Sister came bustling into Ward B. with the manner of the Lord High Executioner.

"I am most seriously annoyed about this bottle of stout," she began. "A joke carried too far is no joke. There is nothing amusing in such childishness. I shall ask each of you in turn if you hid the bottle of stout, and I shall expect you to speak the truth."

During this dialogue Viney, from his favorite seat in the arm-chair, looked on with deep interest.

"Jones, do you know where the stout is?"

"I would rather not answer that question, Sister, but I had nothing to do with hiding it."

"I hope you are speaking the truth."

"Yes, Sister."

And no one proved more communicative until it was Akerman's turn.

Akerman was busily engaged in writing a letter, and had paid little heed to what was going on in the ward, as deafness prevented him from taking part in general discussions.

"And do you know anything about it. Akerman?" said the Head Sister.

"Yes, Sister," said Akerman, looking up brightly from his writing-pad.

Instantly the light of conquest shone in her eyes, and she stepped forward in triumph. At last the mystery was to be solved.

"What do you know?"

"What is it, Sister?"

The light died away. "About this stout?"

"I don't know anything."

"Then," said the Head Sister, looking solemnly at her watch, "as no one is brave enough to speak the truth in public, I shall sit in my Duty Room for one hour, and during that time I shall expect the culprit to come to me privately and confess his guilt. Otherwise the matter may have to go before the Colonel."

"And that's what you call an ulti—ulti— what?" said Jones.

"An ultimatum," said Kilbride. "And an ultimatum is always a weak thing unless you have the means to enforce it."

And during the hour which ensued no power proved strong enough to break the conspiracy of silence. The lighter-minded members of the ward joked whenever one of their number left the room.

"You are off to confess, Lamb. Mind you tell her all about it."

"You are only just in time, M'Vean. Five minutes to get it done."

But the allotted hour came and went, and the deed was still unconfessed. Only Kilbride, during the absence of Viney, drew the bottle from its hiding-place and placed it silently and unobserved on the center of the table in the Duty Room. There it was found a few minutes later by the Head Sister, to her undisguised annoyance—for to hide a delinquency is bad, but to find amusement in it is infinitely worse.

And from that day to this the deed goes unacknowledged and unconfessed. For no one happened to hear Lamb remark to his friend Jones: "It was worth getting old Buchanan to come over from Ward F. to hide the stout for us, if only to see the disgust on Rotten's face when he heard that the Colonel was not going to do anything about the matter after all."

VII. The Return of the Prodigal.

There was universal regret when Ward B. learned that Rifleman O'Ryan was to go to a convalescent home. His gift for paying charming compliments, his skill in making rapid sketches in the ubiquitous albums, and his indolent good nature, had endeared him alike to staff nurses, probationers, and fellow-patients. No one ever went to borrow a cigarette or a match from O'Ryan and came away disappointed —even if O'Ryan himself had hastily to appropriate the desired object from the locker of a parsimonious neighbor; and if caught *in flagrante delicto* his charming smile and "Shure I'll pay you back when I get the chance," disarmed criticism.

So it was with deep regret and many prolonged good-byes that O'Ryan left his comrades in Ward B. The long day dragged on to its close, while a sense of loss pervaded everything. The authorities were captious and the patients were fractious, and the rub and tear of hospital life came much in evidence. But at six o'clock just as things were becoming intolerable, the door of the ward was flung open and a heated sergeant entered, followed by the downcast figure of O'Ryan, who flung himself into a chair beside his former bed.

The ward gasped.

"Shure, do you think I'm a ghost," said the indignant O'Ryan, "that you have never a word of welcome for me? I ask you, could I stay in the place and have them slobbering over poor

wounded Tommy a minute longer. It is run for show and self-glorification and not for the comfort of the patients, whatever anyone may say."

"But what did you do, Micky?" asked the irrepressible Lamb, knowing well that there was nothing O'Ryan more resented than to be addressed by an abbreviated patronymic.

But this time, in the stress of his emotion, it passed unnoticed.

"I think the cream of it," began O'Ryan thoughtfully "is that the Colonel came to me just before we started and said that he had specially arranged for me to go to St. Quentin's, as it was one of the most comfortable convalescent homes in the county. And I said 'Shure, I would like it fine, if he could speak well of it,' for he is a mighty hard gentleman to please, as we all know.

"So I started in the motor about three o'clock, and when we got to St Quentin's there was Mrs. Thornicliffe —the Commandant, as I afterwards learned to call her—and a number of Red Cross nurses to greet us on the steps. The first glimpse I had of the ward, I thought it fine, but I little knew then how we were to suffer for its perfections. Yet even then there was something about it that seemed unnatural; everything was in its place, every bed was exactly in line, and everyone was covered with a white quilt with pink roses. How I grew to hate the sight of these roses before I left.

"After we had sat in the hall a little time, and let the ladies fuss over us as wounded heroes, I slipped away quietly; for you know it is not easy to remain a hero after they find you broke your leg by stepping in a hole in the dark in England, and not in leading a forlorn hope in France. So explanations being things that do not hurt by waiting, I left the others to entertain the ladies with their adventures in France. We were all wearing wonderful pale-brown suits, with bright-red collars and cuffs, which Mrs. Thornicliffe had designed for the hospital; and we all looked like the fellows you see on the seashore, only we did not feel half as cheerful. All the old patients sat by, never saying a word, and looking as dull as ditch-water, until one of them whispered to me—

"'It is a terrible hard place to get out of. Mrs. Thornicliffe says it is for our own good she keeps us here, but I often wish she would not have quite so much consideration for us.'

"So I slipped into the ward and began to tidy my things"—here a smile went round the ward, for O'Ryan was notoriously the most untidy man the hospital had ever known—"and when everything was in order, I lay down on my bed to rest, as my leg was beginning to ache. Presently Mrs. Thornicliffe came into the ward, and the moment she saw me she rushed to me like a cat pouncing on a bird.

"'Really, O'Ryan, while you are with us you must remember to obey the rules. No smoking is ever allowed in the wards, and no patients may lie on their beds. Just think how it creases them.' It seemed to me if that were the case, the best thing to do was to get out of the ward as quickly as possible; and then, for the first time, I noticed, pinned up on the wall, by the side of the printed regulations for military hospitals, was a typewritten list of rules of their own making—

> No smoking is allowed in the ward.
>
> No patient may play cards for money under any circumstances.
>
> No patient may leave the grounds without permission from the Commandant.

and I do not know how many more besides.

"While I was studying them, Mrs. Thornicliffe came along and said—

"'I hope you will do your best to

keep the rules, O'Ryan.' And I said—

"'Shure, Sister, I come from a law-abiding country, and although I hoped before I came here that there would be no rules and regulations, yet being as there are, I will do my best to please you.'

"Instead of looking pleased at my words, she grew as black as thunder, and said—

"'Kindly remember not to address me as Sister. I am the Commandant of this hospital. There is no question of obeying rules just when you feel inclined. I am responsible to the War Office for the discipline, and must see that rules are obeyed.'"

The ward smiled, for O'Ryan's capacity for rule-breaking had been one of his most endearing qualities.

"So I went out and sat in the sitting-room, which was full of fluffy cushions you were not to crease and flowers you might not handle, and I dropped into a hard chair and felt tired of everything. And when tea-time came there was a splendid tea put on the table, but never a thing could I touch. So I said to myself, 'Mick, my boy, this is bad,' and I slipped out of the French window while Mrs. Thornicliffe was busily pouring out cups of tea, and was away out of sight before she missed me. I went through the big gates and down the road to the village, and there stood the Barley Mow ready to my hand, and in a minute I knew what I had been wanting all afternoon. In I went, in my pierrot clothes, round red collar and slashed sleeves, and the barman says to me, 'We are not allowed to serve Mrs. Thornicliffe's patients.' And I says to him straight, 'Mrs. Thornicliffe be hanged. I am a *bona-fide* traveler. Shut your eyes, man, and you will never see the red slashings and Toby collar, and who's to know I am a patient then?' Having a keen eye to business he saw the reason of it, and I gulped down a glass of whisky and was feeling myself again, when poor old Pat Simmons, who lost his right leg at Armentieres, hobbled past, and I hurried after him and was having a word with him, when I saw Mrs. Thornicliffe making frantic signals to me, from the park gate. 'O'Ryan,' she says, in a voice like a bull, 'must I speak to you again? You tell me you wish there were no rules and regulations, but surely you have much to be thankful for, and should obey our few rules gladly. How would you like to be like that poor mutilated man there?' pointing to Pat, who was hobbling along behind.

"With that I lost my temper entirely. 'Is it wishing to insult me, you are?' I cried. 'I may not have been out to the Front yet, but I have looked death in the face more than once in my life, and shall not be afraid to do so again. So why do you compare me with a poor lorn creature who will never know another day's real employment?'

"'I am afraid you have been drinking, O'Ryan,' says she in a refrigerator voice. 'Remember I am responsible to the War Office and rank as a lieutenant in the army, and a bad report from me can cancel your sick furlough.'

"'Then I had better see Mr. Thornicliffe about it,' I answers.

"'Mr. Thornicliffe has nothing whatever to do with the management of this hospital. I am the Commandant.' I saw in a minute how the wind lay. 'Then,' says I, 'will you kindly telephone to the Colonel of the Military Hospital at Blacktown and say I wish to return.' Away she went, looking blacker than ever, and I sat down in the ward on a hard wooden chair and gazed at the roses on the quilts and the red crosses on the curtains of the lockers until my head swam. I was all alone, as everyone else was in the sitting-room, listening to a reciter who was telling them about a little girl who behaved as she should do in hospital,—I believe she died in the end, though:—

"Nay, you remember our Emmie,
you used to send her the flowers,
How she would smile at 'em, play with
'em, talk to 'em hours after hours.
They that can wander at will, where the
works of the Lord are revealed,
Little guess what joy can be got from a
cowslip out of the field.

"Just at this point I heard Mrs. Thornicliffe's voice at the other end of the ward, but it was too dark to see what she was doing. 'He is quite undisciplined,' she was saying. 'He could never have forgotten himself and spoken to me the way he did unless he had been intoxicated. Of course such ingratitude is very rare, but sometimes it almost seems as if one could do too much for the soldiers.'

"'Hush, my dear,' said Mr. Thornicliffe in a soothing voice. 'You must remember all the soldiers have done for us.'

"'But he has never been to the Front,' she said in an injured tone. 'That makes it all the more inexcusable.'

"Just at that moment she caught sight of me, and, sweeping down the ward, said: 'O'Ryan, I have telephoned to the military authorities at Blacktown to tell them that I cannot possibly keep you, as you are quite unamenable to discipline. They are sending an escort for you shortly.'

"For all the world as if she had given orders for a firing party, and I was about to step into my grave. I think I was even gladder than she was when I heard the motor draw up at the door and saw the sergeant get out. She led him into the hall, where I was standing with the other patients—for no one felt inclined to settle to anything while such stirring events were going on,—and she took her finger and pointed at me, saying, 'That's the man.' 'Yes,' says I to the sergeant. 'Shure I am the happy man who is escaping from here.' And with that I stepped into the car, and I am back where you see me now."

Ward B. soothed and pampered O'Ryan until his ruffled feelings were calmed, and no hero returning from the war could have been received with greater honor or listened to with more deference. The authorities, on the other hand, viewed his case with a divided mind—some condemning him as one who had wrongly set discipline at defiance; others who knew Mrs. Thornicliffe, condoning his deeds as those of one who acted under great provocation.

In the fullness of time O'Ryan summed up the situation thus—

"Those convalescent homes are all very well for docile people who like to be fussed over, but for plain downright men like you and me they are no better than a gilt canary cage with glass sides, in which you are afraid to move."

"But O'Ryan was always so headstrong," said the puny Jones admiringly.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AN ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT.

Poof! how the sun baked down on the little court-house. The county magistrate looked round at the closed windows, and shrugged his shoulders, as it was obvious to him that none of them were made to open.

The object that caused the magistrate to be sitting rather beyond his time, and much against his inclination, was a small boy of some ten years of age, with flaming red hair, white eyelashes, many freckles on a fair skin,

and bright, penetrating, humorous brown eyes. He had been taken up for attempting to pick the pocket of an officer in his Majesty's army. At least, so Police Constable XX 24 said in his evidence; but the officer, who stood there lazily staring through his eyeglass at the small culprit, seemed to have his doubts about the matter. He argued, for instance, how could a boy with any sense think for a moment that an officer in his Majesty's army in war-time would have anything worth stealing on him? And, by Jove! the boy looked as if he had plenty of sense; and he polished up his eyeglass afresh as he glanced at the little ugly face.

The heat did not seem to affect the culprit, who looked round the stuffy room with a fearless eye; he did not seem to have any qualms as to his not being let off. The magistrate was a kindly old man, who was known to come down with a thunder of disapproval on wife-beaters only, or such like.

"But you say, constable, that you did not find anything on the boy that did not belong to him?"

"No, yer Honor. 'E was standin' just lookin' at the captain, idle like, who seemed to be waitin' for some one, as I 'ad seen 'im there for some minutes. Then, yer Honor, I saw the boy, as plain as possible, snatch the 'andkerchief from the captain's sleeve. The captain was standin' like this."

Police Constable XX 24 did a little personal imitation, much to the amusement of the court.

"'E was standin' strokin' 'is mustache with 'is right 'and, an' 'is left was swung careless like across 'is 'ip; an' just peepin' out from the left sleeve was a khaki silk 'andkerchief."

It was then that Police Constable XX 24 collared the culprit and accused him of stealing the handkerchief, telling him to "come along quiet"; and he dragged the captain into the affair, much against his will.

The captain had murmured with surprise, "By Jove! how awfully energetic the local police are, and on this hot day, too! Handkerchief! No, I don't seem to miss it. But if you say I do I suppose I must, as of course you know best, my man."

Then Police Constable XX 24 began to feel an inward uncertainty as he marched the two off.

The magistrate dismissed the case with a warning to the boy to avoid the danger of mixing in bad company.

"Thank ye, yer Honor!" and the boy was gone, but not before both the magistrate and the captain had realized that he had glanced from one to the other with an amused look that spoke volumes.

Captain Mowbray stood for a few moments on the court-steps stroking his mustache, deep in thought. He hailed a waiting taxi-cab, and by a mere movement of his eyebrow ushered a small, red-haired boy therein, who had presumably been awaiting some such result.

When they had driven out of the town about a mile the captain addressed his companion, "I say, my son, it was neatly done, that trick of yours. How did you do it?" The captain turned the light of his eyeglass on the ugly little face.

The boy grinned with fervency into the single eyeglass. "Which sleeve is it up now, sir?"

"Couldn't say at all, my son; you've fairly flabbergasted me. But don't do it again, sonny; it doesn't pay, I promise you. You'll be sorry for it some day."

The brown eyes sought the floor of the cab for a moment, and the captain became engrossed with the passing scenery.

"Sir, you're a real sportsman for not speakin'; an' I didn't want to steal the 'andkerchief; but ye looked so mighty lazy or bored or somethin' that I thought I would like to see what ye

would look like when ye weren't bored."

"Perhaps you're right, sonny, and it would be better to show a little more feeling, and then I shouldn't arouse the spirit of mischief in the breasts of such as you. And as for not speaking, sonny, why should I when speaking only means further trouble without really mending matters? But think better of it, my son. Any way, I'd be really glad to learn that trick from you. But where did you learn it, by the way?"

"My father learned me a lot of tricks like that; only 'e's in —'Click!'" The boy made a clicking sound with his teeth and lips, and a movement with his right hand as if turning a key in a lock. Then he continued, "An' 'e's not likely to come out yet, an' mother an' I are mighty glad. A father like that doesn't do much good to one in life! Now, sir, which sleeve is the 'andkerchief up?"

"Neither, my boy"; and Captain Mowbray drew the khaki handkerchief from the breast of his tunic.

"When did yer put it there, sir?"

"Directly I felt you put it up my other sleeve."

The boy gasped a moment, but soon recovered his equanimity. "Ye felt me put it there?"

Captain Mowbray nodded, and stifled a yawn.

"Who was that beautiful lady, sir, who drove by? 'Course, if she 'adn't an' you 'adn't saluted, I shouldn't 'ave got the 'andkerchief back without the copper seein'."

Captain Mowbray remembered every single little incident of the afternoon, but the culprit failed to get an answer to his last question.

"Where are you takin' me to, sir?"

"Taking you, my son? Oh, just for a little outing. Thought you might like some lunch."

"Golly!" ejaculated the culprit, and then he gave a long, low whistle.

"Ever thought of going into the army, my son?"

"Yes, sir. I do play the drum in the Boys' Brigade."

Captain Mowbray's eyeglass fell with a faint flop against his tunic. He then opened his mouth as if to speak, but thought better of it. "Ah, well! here we are. Out you pop."

The culprit popped out accordingly. It was at an old-fashioned inn, where they lunched sumptuously on things that well pleased the heart of the culprit.

Captain Mowbray lit a cigarette, tilted back his chair, and watched the boy, who was engrossed with the delightful process of eating gooseberry-tart and cream. "Then I take it from you, sonny, that you have thought of the army?"

"Yes, sir. Got anything goin' that might suit me? Lancers, ain't you?" And he eyed the captain's badges and the ribbons on his breast with a certain amount of awe.

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Eleven goin' on twelve. I'm small for me age, they say; but I guess I ain't wantin' in the upper story."

"No, I guess not."

There was a world of meaning in the captain's reply, and he smiled slightly behind a strong brown hand. "Well, sonny, we want a drummer-boy; the last one went out before I came home on furlough."

"Do you mean dead, sir?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I do. Do you mind risking it? Don't do it if you think by any chance it will bore you, for to be bored is the very worst evil that can happen to you."

"Bored! Lor' lummy! it's the very thing I should like, sir; you just gi' me the chance."

By-and-by "the culprit" had his chance, and he took it like a plucked un.

* * * * *

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend. And take me to the

"And do you know anything about it, Akerman?" said the Head Sister.

"Yes, Sister," said Akerman, looking up brightly from his writing-pad.

Instantly the light of conquest shone in her eyes, and she stepped forward in triumph. At last the mystery was to be solved.

"What do you know?"

"What is it, Sister?"

The light died away. "About this stout?"

"I don't know anything."

"Then," said the Head Sister, looking solemnly at her watch, "as no one is brave enough to speak the truth in public, I shall sit in my Duty Room for one hour, and during that time I shall expect the culprit to come to me privately and confess his guilt. Otherwise the matter may have to go before the Colonel."

"And that's what you call an ulti—ulti— what?" said Jones.

"An ultimatum," said Kilbride. "And an ultimatum is always a weak thing unless you have the means to enforce it."

And during the hour which ensued no power proved strong enough to break the conspiracy of silence. The lighter-minded members of the ward joked whenever one of their number left the room.

"You are off to confess, Lamb. Mind you tell her all about it."

"You are only just in time, M'Vean. Five minutes to get it done."

But the allotted hour came and went, and the deed was still unconfessed. Only Kilbride, during the absence of Viney, drew the bottle from its hiding-place and placed it silently and unobserved on the center of the table in the Duty Room. There it was found a few minutes later by the Head Sister, to her undisguised annoyance—for to hide a delinquency is bad, but to find amusement in it is infinitely worse.

And from that day to this the deed goes unacknowledged and unconfessed. For no one happened to hear Lamb remark to his friend Jones: "It was worth getting old Buchanan to come over from Ward F. to hide the stout for us, if only to see the disgust on Rotten's face when he heard that the Colonel was not going to do anything about the matter after all."

VII. The Return of the Prodigal.

There was universal regret when Ward B. learned that Rifleman O'Ryan was to go to a convalescent home. His gift for paying charming compliments, his skill in making rapid sketches in the ubiquitous albums, and his indolent good nature, had endeared him alike to staff nurses, probationers, and fellow-patients. No one ever went to borrow a cigarette or a match from O'Ryan and came away disappointed —even if O'Ryan himself had hastily to appropriate the desired object from the locker of a parsimonious neighbor; and if caught *in flagrante delicto* his charming smile and "Shure I'll pay you back when I get the chance," disarmed criticism.

So it was with deep regret and many prolonged good-byes that O'Ryan left his comrades in Ward B. The long day dragged on to its close, while a sense of loss pervaded everything. The authorities were captious and the patients were fractious, and the rub and tear of hospital life came much in evidence. But at six o'clock just as things were becoming intolerable, the door of the ward was flung open and a heated sergeant entered, followed by the downcast figure of O'Ryan, who flung himself into a chair beside his former bed.

The ward gasped.

"Shure, do you think I'm a ghost," said the indignant O'Ryan, "that you have never a word of welcome for me? I ask you, could I stay in the place and have them slobbering over poor

wounded Tommy a minute longer. It is run for show and self-glorification and not for the comfort of the patients, whatever anyone may say."

"But what did you do, Micky?" asked the irrepressible Lamb, knowing well that there was nothing O'Ryan more resented than to be addressed by an abbreviated patronymic.

But this time, in the stress of his emotion, it passed unnoticed.

"I think the cream of it," began O'Ryan thoughtfully "is that the Colonel came to me just before we started and said that he had specially arranged for me to go to St. Quentin's, as it was one of the most comfortable convalescent homes in the county. And I said 'Shure, I would like it fine, if he could speak well of it,' for he is a mighty hard gentleman to please, as we all know.

"So I started in the motor about three o'clock, and when we got to St Quentin's there was Mrs. Thornicliffe —the Commandant, as I afterwards learned to call her—and a number of Red Cross nurses to greet us on the steps. The first glimpse I had of the ward, I thought it fine, but I little knew then how we were to suffer for its perfections. Yet even then there was something about it that seemed unnatural; everything was in its place, every bed was exactly in line, and everyone was covered with a white quilt with pink roses. How I grew to hate the sight of these roses before I left.

"After we had sat in the hall a little time, and let the ladies fuss over us as wounded heroes, I slipped away quietly; for you know it is not easy to remain a hero after they find you broke your leg by stepping in a hole in the dark in England, and not in leading a forlorn hope in France. So explanations being things that do not hurt by waiting, I left the others to entertain the ladies with their adventures in France. We were all wearing wonderful pale-brown suits, with bright-red collars and cuffs, which Mrs. Thornicliffe had designed for the hospital; and we all looked like the fellows you see on the seashore, only we did not feel half as cheerful. All the old patients sat by, never saying a word, and looking as dull as ditch-water, until one of them whispered to me—

"'It is a terrible hard place to get out of. Mrs. Thornicliffe says it is for our own good she keeps us here, but I often wish she would not have quite so much consideration for us.'

"So I slipped into the ward and began to tidy my things"—here a smile went round the ward, for O'Ryan was notoriously the most untidy man the hospital had ever known—"and when everything was in order, I lay down on my bed to rest, as my leg was beginning to ache. Presently Mrs. Thornicliffe came into the ward, and the moment she saw me she rushed to me like a cat pouncing on a bird.

"'Really, O'Ryan, while you are with us you must remember to obey the rules. No smoking is ever allowed in the wards, and no patients may lie on their beds. Just think how it creases them.' It seemed to me if that were the case, the best thing to do was to get out of the ward as quickly as possible; and then, for the first time, I noticed, pinned up on the wall, by the side of the printed regulations for military hospitals, was a typewritten list of rules of their own making—

> No smoking is allowed in the ward.
>
> No patient may play cards for money under any circumstances.
>
> No patient may leave the grounds without permission from the Commandant.

and I do not know how many more besides.

"While I was studying them, Mrs. Thornicliffe came along and said—

"'I hope you will do your best to

keep the rules, O'Ryan.' And I said—

"'Shure, Sister, I come from a law-abiding country, and although I hoped before I came here that there would be no rules and regulations, yet being as there are, I will do my best to please you.'

"Instead of looking pleased at my words, she grew as black as thunder, and said—

"'Kindly remember not to address me as Sister. I am the Commandant of this hospital. There is no question of obeying rules just when you feel inclined. I am responsible to the War Office for the discipline, and must see that rules are obeyed.'"

The ward smiled, for O'Ryan's capacity for rule-breaking had been one of his most endearing qualities.

"So I went out and sat in the sitting-room, which was full of fluffy cushions you were not to crease and flowers you might not handle, and I dropped into a hard chair and felt tired of everything. And when tea-time came there was a splendid tea put on the table, but never a thing could I touch. So I said to myself, 'Mick, my boy, this is bad,' and I slipped out of the French window while Mrs. Thornicliffe was busily pouring out cups of tea, and was away out of sight before she missed me. I went through the big gates and down the road to the village, and there stood the Barley Mow ready to my hand, and in a minute I knew what I had been wanting all afternoon. In I went, in my pierrot clothes, round red collar and slashed sleeves, and the barman says to me, 'We are not allowed to serve Mrs. Thornicliffe's patients.' And I says to him straight, 'Mrs. Thornicliffe be hanged. I am a *bona-fide* traveler. Shut your eyes, man, and you will never see the red slashings and Toby collar, and who's to know I am a patient then?' Having a keen eye to business he saw the reason of it, and I gulped down a glass of whisky and was feeling myself again, when poor old Pat Simmons, who lost his right leg at Armentieres, hobbled past, and I hurried after him and was having a word with him, when I saw Mrs. Thornicliffe making frantic signals to me, from the park gate. 'O'Ryan,' she says, in a voice like a bull, 'must I speak to you again? You tell me you wish there were no rules and regulations, but surely you have much to be thankful for, and should obey our few rules gladly. How would you like to be like that poor mutilated man there?' pointing to Pat, who was hobbling along behind.

"With that I lost my temper entirely. 'Is it wishing to insult me, you are?' I cried. 'I may not have been out to the Front yet, but I have looked death in the face more than once in my life, and shall not be afraid to do so again. So why do you compare me with a poor lorn creature who will never know another day's real employment?'

"'I am afraid you have been drinking, O'Ryan,' says she in a refrigerator voice. 'Remember I am responsible to the War Office and rank as a lieutenant in the army, and a bad report from me can cancel your sick furlough.'

"'Then I had better see Mr. Thornicliffe about it,' I answers.

"'Mr. Thornicliffe has nothing whatever to do with the management of this hospital. I am the Commandant.' I saw in a minute how the wind lay. 'Then,' says I, 'will you kindly telephone to the Colonel of the Military Hospital at Blacktown and say I wish to return.' Away she went, looking blacker than ever, and I sat down in the ward on a hard wooden chair and gazed at the roses on the quilts and the red crosses on the curtains of the lockers until my head swam. I was all alone, as everyone else was in the sitting-room, listening to a reciter who was telling them about a little girl who behaved as she should do in hospital,—I believe she died in the end, though:—

"Nay, you remember our Emmie,
you used to send her the flowers,
How she would smile at 'em, play with
'em, talk to 'em hours after hours.
They that can wander at will, where the
works of the Lord are revealed,
Little guess what joy can be got from a
cowslip out of the field.

"Just at this point I heard Mrs. Thornicliffe's voice at the other end of the ward, but it was too dark to see what she was doing. 'He is quite undisciplined,' she was saying. 'He could never have forgotten himself and spoken to me the way he did unless he had been intoxicated. Of course such ingratitude is very rare, but sometimes it almost seems as if one could do too much for the soldiers.'

"'Hush, my dear,' said Mr. Thornicliffe in a soothing voice. 'You must remember all the soldiers have done for us.'

"'But he has never been to the Front,' she said in an injured tone. 'That makes it all the more inexcusable.'

"Just at that moment she caught sight of me, and, sweeping down the ward, said: 'O'Ryan, I have telephoned to the military authorities at Blacktown to tell them that I cannot possibly keep you, as you are quite unamenable to discipline. They are sending an escort for you shortly.'

"For all the world as if she had given orders for a firing party, and I was about to step into my grave. I think I was even gladder than she was when I heard the motor draw up at the door and saw the sergeant get out. She led him into the hall, where I was standing with the other patients—for no one felt inclined to settle to anything while such stirring events were going on,—and she took her finger and pointed at me, saying, 'That's the man.' 'Yes,' says I to the sergeant. 'Shure I am the happy man who is escaping from here.' And with that I stepped into the car, and I am back where you see me now."

Ward B. soothed and pampered O'Ryan until his ruffled feelings were calmed, and no hero returning from the war could have been received with greater honor or listened to with more deference. The authorities, on the other hand, viewed his case with a divided mind—some condemning him as one who had wrongly set discipline at defiance; others who knew Mrs. Thornicliffe, condoning his deeds as those of one who acted under great provocation.

In the fullness of time O'Ryan summed up the situation thus—

"Those convalescent homes are all very well for docile people who like to be fussed over, but for plain downright men like you and me they are no better than a gilt canary cage with glass sides, in which you are afraid to move."

"But O'Ryan was always so headstrong," said the puny Jones admiringly.

Blackwood's Magazine.

AN ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT.

Poof! how the sun baked down on the little court-house. The county magistrate looked round at the closed windows, and shrugged his shoulders, as it was obvious to him that none of them were made to open.

The object that caused the magistrate to be sitting rather beyond his time, and much against his inclination, was a small boy of some ten years of age, with flaming red hair, white eyelashes, many freckles on a fair skin,

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"Perhaps you're right, sonny, and it would be better to show a little more feeling, and then I shouldn't arouse the spirit of mischief in the breasts of such as you. And as for not speaking, sonny, why should I when speaking only means further trouble without really mending matters? But think better of it, my son. Any way, I'd be really glad to learn that trick from you. But where did you learn it, by the way?"

"My father learned me a lot of tricks like that; only 'e's in —'Click!'" The boy made a clicking sound with his teeth and lips, and a movement with his right hand as if turning a key in a lock. Then he continued, "An' 'e's not likely to come out yet, an' mother an' I are mighty glad. A father like that doesn't do much good to one in life! Now, sir, which sleeve is the 'andkerchief up?"

"Neither, my boy"; and Captain Mowbray drew the khaki handkerchief from the breast of his tunic.

"When did yer put it there, sir?"

"Directly I felt you put it up my other sleeve."

The boy gasped a moment, but soon recovered his equanimity. "Ye felt me put it there?"

Captain Mowbray nodded, and stifled a yawn.

"Who was that beautiful lady, sir, who drove by? 'Course, if she 'adn't an' you 'adn't saluted, I shouldn't 'ave got the 'andkerchief back without the copper seein'."

Captain Mowbray remembered every single little incident of the afternoon, but the culprit failed to get an answer to his last question.

"Where are you takin' me to, sir?"

"Taking you, my son? Oh, just for a little outing. Thought you might like some lunch."

"Golly!" ejaculated the culprit, and then he gave a long, low whistle.

"Ever thought of going into the army, my son?"

"Yes, sir. I do play the drum in the Boys' Brigade."

Captain Mowbray's eyeglass fell with a faint flop against his tunic. He then opened his mouth as if to speak, but thought better of it. "Ah, well! here we are. Out you pop."

The culprit popped out accordingly. It was at an old-fashioned inn, where they lunched sumptuously on things that well pleased the heart of the culprit.

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"Yes, sir. Got anything goin' that might suit me? Lancers, ain't you?" And he eyed the captain's badges and the ribbons on his breast with a certain amount of awe.

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Eleven goin' on twelve. I'm small for me age, they say; but I guess I ain't wantin' in the upper story."

"No, I guess not."

There was a world of meaning in the captain's reply, and he smiled slightly behind a strong brown hand. "Well, sonny, we want a drummer-boy; the last one went out before I came home on furlough."

"Do you mean dead, sir?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I do. Do you mind risking it? Don't do it if you think by any chance it will bore you, for to be bored is the very worst evil that can happen to you."

"Bored! Lor' lummy! it's the very thing I should like, sir; you just gi' me the chance."

By-and-by "the culprit" had his chance, and he took it like a plucked un.

* * * * *

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend. And take me to the

and bright, penetrating, humorous brown eyes. He had been taken up for attempting to pick the pocket of an officer in his Majesty's army. At least, so Police Constable XX 24 said in his evidence; but the officer, who stood there lazily staring through his eyeglass at the small culprit, seemed to have his doubts about the matter. He argued, for instance, how could a boy with any sense think for a moment that an officer in his Majesty's army in war-time would have anything worth stealing on him? And, by Jove! the boy looked as if he had plenty of sense; and he polished up his eyeglass afresh as he glanced at the little ugly face.

The heat did not seem to affect the culprit, who looked round the stuffy room with a fearless eye; he did not seem to have any qualms as to his not being let off. The magistrate was a kindly old man, who was known to come down with a thunder of disapproval on wife-beaters only, or such like.

"But you say, constable, that you did not find anything on the boy that did not belong to him?"

"No, yer Honor. 'E was standin' just lookin' at the captain, idle like, who seemed to be waitin' for some one, as I 'ad seen 'im there for some minutes. Then, yer Honor, I saw the boy, as plain as possible, snatch the 'andkerchief from the captain's sleeve. The captain was standin' like this."

Police Constable XX 24 did a little personal imitation, much to the amusement of the court.

"'E was standin' strokin' 'is mustache with 'is right 'and, an' 'is left was swung careless like across 'is 'ip; an' just peepin' out from the left sleeve was a khaki silk 'andkerchief."

It was then that Police Constable XX 24 collared the culprit and accused him of stealing the handkerchief, telling him to "come along quiet"; and he dragged the captain into the affair, much against his will.

The captain had murmured with surprise, "By Jove! how awfully energetic the local police are, and on this hot day, too! Handkerchief! No, I don't seem to miss it. But if you say I do I suppose I must, as of course you know best, my man."

Then Police Constable XX 24 began to feel an inward uncertainty as he marched the two off.

The magistrate dismissed the case with a warning to the boy to avoid the danger of mixing in bad company.

"Thank ye, yer Honor!" and the boy was gone, but not before both the magistrate and the captain had realized that he had glanced from one to the other with an amused look that spoke volumes.

Captain Mowbray stood for a few moments on the court-steps stroking his mustache, deep in thought. He hailed a waiting taxi-cab, and by a mere movement of his eyebrow ushered a small, red-haired boy therein, who had presumably been awaiting some such result.

When they had driven out of the town about a mile the captain addressed his companion, "I say, my son, it was neatly done, that trick of yours. How did you do it?" The captain turned the light of his eyeglass on the ugly little face.

The boy grinned with fervency into the single eyeglass. "Which sleeve is it up now, sir?"

"Couldn't say at all, my son; you've fairly flabbergasted me. But don't do it again, sonny; it doesn't pay, I promise you. You'll be sorry for it some day."

The brown eyes sought the floor of the cab for a moment, and the captain became engrossed with the passing scenery.

"Sir, you're a real sportsman for not speakin'; an' I didn't want to steal the 'andkerchief; but ye looked so mighty lazy or bored or somethin' that I thought I would like to see what ye

would look like when ye weren't bored."

"Perhaps you're right, sonny, and it would be better to show a little more feeling, and then I shouldn't arouse the spirit of mischief in the breasts of such as you. And as for not speaking, sonny, why should I when speaking only means further trouble without really mending matters? But think better of it, my son. Any way, I'd be really glad to learn that trick from you. But where did you learn it, by the way?"

"My father learned me a lot of tricks like that; only 'e's in —'Click!'" The boy made a clicking sound with his teeth and lips, and a movement with his right hand as if turning a key in a lock. Then he continued, "An' 'e's not likely to come out yet, an' mother an' I are mighty glad. A father like that doesn't do much good to one in life! Now, sir, which sleeve is the 'andkerchief up?"

"Neither, my boy"; and Captain Mowbray drew the khaki handkerchief from the breast of his tunic.

"When did yer put it there, sir?"

"Directly I felt you put it up my other sleeve."

The boy gasped a moment, but soon recovered his equanimity. "Ye felt me put it there?"

Captain Mowbray nodded, and stifled a yawn.

"Who was that beautiful lady, sir, who drove by? 'Course, if she 'adn't an' you 'adn't saluted, I shouldn't 'ave got the 'andkerchief back without the copper seein'."

Captain Mowbray remembered every single little incident of the afternoon, but the culprit failed to get an answer to his last question.

"Where are you takin' me to, sir?"

"Taking you, my son? Oh, just for a little outing. Thought you might like some lunch."

"Golly!" ejaculated the culprit, and then he gave a long, low whistle.

"Ever thought of going into the army, my son?"

"Yes, sir. I do play the drum in the Boys' Brigade."

Captain Mowbray's eyeglass fell with a faint flop against his tunic. He then opened his mouth as if to speak, but thought better of it. "Ah, well! here we are. Out you pop."

The culprit popped out accordingly. It was at an old-fashioned inn, where they lunched sumptuously on things that well pleased the heart of the culprit.

Captain Mowbray lit a cigarette, tilted back his chair, and watched the boy, who was engrossed with the delightful process of eating gooseberry-tart and cream. "Then I take it from you, sonny, that you have thought of the army?"

"Yes, sir. Got anything goin' that might suit me? Lancers, ain't you?" And he eyed the captain's badges and the ribbons on his breast with a certain amount of awe.

"How old are you, sonny?"

"Eleven goin' on twelve. I'm small for me age, they say; but I guess I ain't wantin' in the upper story."

"No, I guess not."

There was a world of meaning in the captain's reply, and he smiled slightly behind a strong brown hand. "Well, sonny, we want a drummer-boy; the last one went out before I came home on furlough."

"Do you mean dead, sir?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I do. Do you mind risking it? Don't do it if you think by any chance it will bore you, for to be bored is the very worst evil that can happen to you."

"Bored! Lor' lummy! it's the very thing I should like, sir; you just gi' me the chance."

By-and-by "the culprit" had his chance, and he took it like a plucked un.

* * * * *

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend. And take me to the

colonel at once." So spoke a breathless and dusty soldier.

What had been a family mansion was now a mass of tumbled bricks and charred timbers, all except the kitchens and some lean-to out-houses. These were used for the officers' quarters, and the few men that they had left to them were billeted in the cellars beneath the wreck of what once had been a beautiful French chateau. They were supposed to be taking a well-earned rest, but had come in contact with several stray scouting companies of the enemy, and had lost a number of good men; and now they were awaiting fresh orders. They thought they would be required to escort some long-delayed transports, but the orders had not come yet.

"Yes; what is it?"

"He's missing, sir!" It was the breathless soldier who spoke; he was a sergeant, and had come back with his three men from doing scouting duty.

"Who's 'he,' might I ask?" snapped the colonel.

"Our drummer, sir; Sunny Jim."

"Want some men and an order to go back and look for him, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, off with you. He's the most amusing monkey I've ever come across, and I'd be very sorry if he got into the enemy's hands—Yes, Captain Mowbray, what can I do for you?"

"Will you order me to go with the party, sir? You know that he is my protege."

"Oh, very well, if you must I suppose you must; but, mind, great care. No lives must be lost, and our position must on no account be given away."

They went, that small band of men. They hunted about for the better part of the scorching afternoon, and at last they found him in a small copse not far away from the chateau. He lay there quite still and frightfully wounded beneath a silver birch-tree, the white bark of which was bespattered with his young blood. Captain Mowbray stooped over him and felt the lad's heart, which was still faintly beating; then he lifted the light body in his strong arms.

As the small band passed the sentry, and he challenged them with the old words of "Who goes there?" as if in answer the eyelids fluttered and lifted themselves off the brown eyes, and they looked straight into Captain Mowbray's lazy gray ones, as he put the little figure gently on the ground out of the sun, in the shelter of a pile of bricks.

"I kept 'em away, sir, an' I'm going out like the other chap did."

The eyes closed once more and Captain Mowbray supported the young head on his knee. Then the voice uttered a few unintelligible words and again was silent; he was evidently going fast. Suddenly he again opened his eyes as the surgeon stooped over him.

"Hopeless?" The captain formed the one word with his lips, and the surgeon answered, "Quite!"

"Captain, stoop lower. I—I—want to whisper something. Sir"—

The captain stooped lower, and took one of the little, dirty, blood-stained hands in his. "Yes, my son, I can hear. Is it anything that you want?"

The brown eyes opened wider, and a weak laugh came from the poor, drawn lips. "Thank ye, sir, for once more callin' me that. What was it—that—the magistrate said ye would—have been—if—if he had found out—that you had helped—me—out of that scrape?"

"An accessory after the fact."

"Yes—that was it. An' if ye ever told any lies—in court—what would he have said then?"

"That I had committed perjury."

The smile still lingered on the lips.

Captain Mowbray and the surgeon thought that he was gone, and had not heard the captain's last answer; but they were mistaken, for as the surgeon put out his hand to sign to the other man to put the boy down he suddenly half-raised himself, and the weak voice seemed quite strong again.

"We're quits now, sir. I told 'em that I had run away miles—an' did not know where I was—an' the more they hurt me an' the more they made me talk the more lies I told. Put me down now, sir; I'm afraid I've dirtied your clothes. I'm a long while goin', sir. I'm sure you're really bored this time. I"—

Captain Mowbray's eyeglass fell with a sudden tinkle against the boy's breast; but he did not notice it. The captain took it carefully up and polished it with a dirty handkerchief, before fixing it in his eye again.

Again the boy raised himself, and the badly mangled hand went up to the flaming red hair with his last salute, and again he laughed, but this time with almost his natural strength, and fell back against the captain's knee for the last time. For he had gone on his last long journey.

"Yes, quits, my son! But I'm on the right side this time."

Then the captain laid the little body gently down, and took from his breast a khaki silk handkerchief, with which he covered the small ugly face.

Yes, quits! And the men who were standing there bareheaded saw that the captain's eyeglass wanted a deal of polishing.

Again the hot sun beat down as they dug the grave of Sunny Jim, and there was not a dry eye there, from the colonel downward, as the solemn words were read over him: "Dust to dust!" And afterwards, when they were relieved, not a man forgot to salute the tiny grave as they went away.

Chambers's Journal.

THE NEMESIS OF NEUTRALITY.

President Wilson's plea for an army adequate for the defense of the United States, and presumably for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine (on the essential importance of which he insisted), was something quite new in a Democratic Message. This, together with his excoriating denunciation of the German-Americans who have turned against their adopted country in the criminal interests of the country of their origin, and his recent uncompromising demand for the recall of the German Attaches, is a sign that Nemesis has overtaken him. He tried to be neutral in his attitude to the issues of the war, and now events are proving too strong for him. We do not mean of course, that he was wrong in his determination to remain physically neutral—to remain neutral in the ordinary sense of taking no part in the fighting. Certainly he was well advised in that, and in any case we have no right or duty to criticise him. But what is fairly open to our judgment and criticism is his paradoxical attempt to remain neutral on a moral issue. It is this attempt which is now being visited by Nemesis. Mr. Wilson's new military policy, and his refusal to allow the German Attaches and German-American intriguers to try to drag American industries down to ruin, are all to the good, and have naturally been received with much favor in the United States. But is it not true that these sound acts have been imposed upon Mr. Wilson by the force of circumstances, and by nothing else? At

the beginning of the war he set up a paradox that the moral issues of the war did not concern Americans. The vast majority of American citizens thought otherwise; but Mr. Wilson went on his way, and now this new Message shows that his notion that the Germans and the Allies were all good fellows, unhappily engaged in quarreling about some European policies which could not possibly concern the United States, cannot any longer be sustained. The moral issue touches him very closely indeed.

The strange thing is that his belief in a bogus form of neutrality still attracts and haunts him. One can see it passing spectrally through his Message, and causing him to say things which are in contradiction of his new policy, and indeed making his principles mutually destructive. The denunciation of the German-Americans who have conspired criminally is all plain enough. But having seemed to be inspired up to this point by the fine scorn and indignation of a just ruler who sees the peaceful order of American life being thrown off the line by every kind of vile conspiracy, he then yields to his old paradox that he must keep the balance even on a small issue. Having flayed the sympathizers with Germany, he must at least chastise the sympathizers with the Allies. He shuts his eyes to the fact that all the troubles which have been brought upon the world, and in a very large measure upon America herself, are purely fruits of a debased morality—the result of Germany's immoral determination to tear up all treaties, disregard all civilized customs, and renounce all scruples which stand in the way of her lust for domination. He therefore goes on to say:—

I wish it could be said that only a few men, misled by mistaken sentiments of allegiance to the Governments under which they were born, have been guilty of disturbing the self-possession and misrepresenting the temper and principles of the country during these days of terrible war, when it would seem that every man who is truly American would instinctively make it his duty and his pride to keep the scales of judgment even and prove himself a partisan of no nation but his own. But it cannot. There are some men among us and many residents abroad, who, though born and bred in the United States, and calling themselves Americans, have so far forgotten themselves and their honor as citizens as to put their passionate sympathy with one or other side in the great European conflict above their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States. They also preach and practise disloyalty.

He says as precisely as ever that Americans have "no part or interest in the policies which seem to have brought the conflict on."

Shall we appear to overstate our feelings if we say that we are shocked, and that our blood freezes at the deliberation and detachment of those words? "No part or interest in the policies which seem to have brought the conflict on"! No part or interest in the tyrannical suppression of the tiny State of Serbia, no part or interest in the violation of the solemn pledge to respect the integrity of Belgium, no part or interest in the long preparations for setting at naught everything that stands for the sanctity of international good faith on which the relations of the various peoples were gradually being established and on which the hopes for the future of mankind depended! These things were not worth even a protest. Here was an issue between right and wrong if ever there was one, even before the horrors of Belgium were committed. We should be grieved indeed to think that the day will ever come when Americans cannot be found passionately to take the side of right against wrong even at the cost of dis-

turbing the "self-possession" of a State Department at Washington. Thank Heaven! there are Americans in countless numbers who are not afraid even to use the language of exaggeration when they contemplate the significance for their own country, as well as for the rest of the world, of Germany's attempt to substitute blood and iron and terror for the sanctions of international good faith.

In Wordsworth's lines:—

High Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.

It is the nicety of the calculation that petrifies us. Mr. Roosevelt has called Mr. Wilson a "Byzantine logothete," by which we imagine he meant that he was a mere phrase-maker—a "Byzantine baboo," so to speak. But in its primary sense a "logothete" means one who audits accounts—a meaning which Mr. Roosevelt may like to associate with Mr. Wilson's literary flourish about "strict accountability."

If Mr. Wilson were not a man of notorious high-mindedness, we should think that the user of many of the arguments which appear in his Message had an eye only to a future Presidential election. Much in the Message almost suggests the "Editor's Creed" as set forth by Lowell. The balance which will avoid all offense to clients is disconcertingly perfect:—

This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' South by North.

One passage in the Message leaves us really bewildered. It is this:—

We insist upon security in prosecuting our self-chosen lines of national development. We do more than that, we demand it also for others. We do not confine our enthusiasm for individual liberty and free national development to incidents, movements, and affairs which affect only ourselves. . . . We have made common cause with all partisans of liberty on this side of the sea, and deemed it as important that our neighbors should be as free from all outside domination as we ourselves should be.

That is excellently said and excellently sound, but why should Mr. Wilson withhold any expression of sympathy from us poor people in Europe who fight for nothing more than this same security? We do not fight to force anything on anybody. Why does he denounce those who do passionately sympathize with his principle when it is put into practice? We cannot think of any answer, and we should be enormously grateful to anyone who could persuade Mr. Wilson to say what his answer may be.

The Spectator.

THE CONVERSATION BOOK.

I 'ave a conversation book; I brought it out from 'ome,
It tells the French for knife an' fork an' likewise brush an' comb;
It learns you 'ow to ast the time, the names of all the stars,
An' 'ow to order hoysters an' 'ow to buy cigars.

But there ain't no shops to shop in, there ain't no grand hotels,
When you spend your days in dugouts doin' 'olesale trade in shells;
It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres an' such—
But when it comes to talkin', why, it doesn't 'elp you much.

There's all them friendly kind o' things you'd naturally say
When you meet a feller casual-like an' pass the time o' day—
Them little things as breaks the ice an' kind o' clears the air,
Which, when you turn the phrase book up, why, them things isn't there!

I met a chap the other day a-roostin' in
a trench,
'E didn't know a word of ours nor me
a word o' French;
An' 'ow it was we managed, well, I
cannot understand,
But I never used the phrase book,
though I 'ad it in my 'and.

I winked at 'im to start with; 'e grinned
from ear to ear;
An' 'e says "Tipperary" an' I says
"Sooveneer";
'E 'ad my only Woodbine, I 'ad 'is thin
cigar,
Which set the ball a-rollin', an' so—
well, there you are!

I showed 'im next my wife an' kids, 'e
up an' showed me 'is,
Them little funny Frenchy kids, with
'air all in a frizz;
"Annette," 'e says, "Louise," 'e says,
an' 'is tears begun to fall;
We was comrades when we parted, but
we'd 'ardly spoke at all.

'E'd 'ave kissed me if I'd let 'im, we
'ad never met before,
An' I've never seen the beggar since, for
that's the way o' war;
An', though we scarcely spoke a word,
I wonder just the same
If 'e'll ever see them kids of 'is . . I
never ast 'is name!

Punch.

AMERICA MAKES READY.

The coming season in Washington is one of extraordinary interest to the student of the Great Neutral's affairs. For the Government, reviewing a period which the *New York Tribune* calls "the most disgraceful and shameful in American history," are resolved upon huge military preparations by land and sea. Equally resolved upon a policy of "Keep Out" are the cosmopolitan masses, whose attitude is perfectly expressed by the *Tribune* itself—perhaps the sanest, most conservative journal in the United States.

"There are thousands of Americans who hope to see the Allies win," this able newspaper reminds us; "but there are millions totally unconcerned." The thousands, let me explain, are the cultured and traveled elite, so well known and welcomed in Europe; the millions are America in the mass, whom official Germany despises as the one nation of negligible military strength. To Berlin, America's professed humanity is mere sentiment. America's murdered citizens are redeemable at $5,000 a head, as per invoice in the *Lusitania* deal.

Each minatory Note of Dr. Wilson was effectively countered by the German Press. "What harm can America do?" asks the *Montag Zeitung*. "She has no army and her fleet must stay at home. Her threats are ridiculous." We have seen the malign power of the German-American, his outrageous propaganda of arson and bombs so bitterly revealed by the Press of the Atlantic coast.

German agents are busy in Mexico and Brazil, in Chile and the Argentine. "What can America do?" The mischievous query runs from Valparaiso to Vera Cruz, till American prestige is undermined and all the old warnings of statesmen take a deeper note in American minds. "Carry the Big Stick and speak softly," was Theodore Roosevelt's counsel these ten years. "Build and maintain your Navy, or quit trying to be a great nation."

Rear-Admiral R. D. Evans, Roosevelt's naval adviser, told the nation that conditions were utterly changed. "Time was," I heard that earnest sailor say, "when we were self-contained. We had no colonies, were apart from all ri-

vals, and so remained for forty years after the Civil War. But what's our new position? We hold the great Philippine group, near Japan. We have Hawaii and Guam in the Pacific. We're the guardians of Cuba and San Domingo. Puerto Rico is also ours, and there's the Panama Ditch to defend, just as Britain does the Suez Canal. Lastly, there's the Monroe Doctrine defending the two Americas against further European encroachment." In a word, the American writ was to run from Alaska to the Argentine.

War-Secretary Dickinson and General Wood, Chief of Staff, sent to Congress a secret document on America's unpreparedness for war. It was shown that in thirty days 200,000 troops could be landed on the Pacific coast by "a foreign country." And in the three States west of the Rockies—California, Oregon and Washington—there were but 3,000 Regulars to meet this invasion and 5,000 raw Militia.

Mr. C. J. Bonaparte, a former Naval Minister, likewise appealed for a powerful fleet. "I ask for Congress a hearty support from public opinion in liberal provision for national defense." The veteran General F. D. Grant raised a shrewd voice; high Staff officers like General Nelson A. Miles explained how "the existence of a free Government depends on the principles and character of its defenders."

All this seed fell upon unresponsive ground, because "Bryanism" or peace-at-any-price is an abiding factor in the United States. The melting-pot of nations sees Life itself as sufficient battle. Here all the world's races compete and see to the north of them a frontier line of three thousand miles without a single soldier to guard it, or a gunboat on the Great Lakes. Magyar and Pole, Italian and Dane, Irish and German, Bulgar and Greek—all these, and more, work side by side in keenest competition. Then why should States have less wisdom than untutored individuals?

"Force," Mr. W. J. Bryan tells his people, "represents the old system. Suasion is the new way of universal brotherhood." The famous pacifist would close the ancient Book of History and hide the smears of blood on every page. "Already the jingoes of our own land have caught rabies from the dogs of war! Shall opponents of organized slaughter be silent while this disease spreads? Surely *some* nation must lead the world out of the black night of war into the light of day, where swords are beaten into ploughshares. Why not make that honor ours?" And the visionaries echo "Why?"—especially people who live a thousand miles from any sea and view war as an imbecility too wicked for decent words.

Hence three schools of opinion, of which Bryan's is by far the most powerful, though not so loud. Then there is Roosevelt's party, which ridicules "a milk-and-water policy" set against one of blood and iron. The ex-President pours scorn on America's "ignoble part," and the military weakness which has made her contemptible. Yet his "Big Stick" policy has no great following.

Dr. Wilson is naturally reticent. With perfect grasp of internal difficulties, the President masks his purpose for the time in cautious platitude and Biblical quotation. Mr. Bryan opposes both his rivals. Roosevelt (he says) may well defend militarism by Old Testament quotations—Does not the rough-riding Colonel consider Christ a bit of a mollycoddle? But the late State Secretary did not expect Dr. Wilson to misrepresent Ezekiel, "who only favored resistance to attack"—a condition which does not threaten America.

And truly our outlook is not that of the United States at all. Says the *New York Tribune*: "It is an inexcusable blunder for the British to persist in the notion that America sees things as they

do, or accepts the British view that this war is for civilization. . . . There is no appreciation of the fact—if it be a fact—that America's future is being settled on European battlefields." For which reason the American people will sharply challenge the preparations to which the Federal Government are now committed in view of foreign and domestic humiliations suffered during the Great War.

I am often asked "Why have they endured these affronts?" I reply that cosmopolitanism—the struggle for wealth and the jarring elements of population—tend to blunt the national spirit. In New York City alone dwell 800,000 Jews; and the Germans wield formidable powers in industry, banking, and finance. The very day that President Wilson sent the second *Lusitania* Note, Mr. Meyer, an ex-Minister of Marine and the son of a German immigrant, warned the nation that Prussia would put her words into deeds. "And woe betide the country," added this ex-Cabinet Minister of the United States, "that dares to range herself on the side of Germany's foes!"

Meanwhile Washington is arming on a great scale, feeling it absurd that Portugal, with a smaller population than Ohio, should maintain a greater army than America, which has a hundred millions to draw upon and guard on a Continental scale. The new campaign opened last December when, at the opening of Congress, Mr. A. P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, threw a bombshell into the "general policy of peace, with its trust in isolation, reserves of untrained men, and all our unorganized wealth."

Mr. Gardner's speech fired the United States. If Japan could send troops to Europe, she could land them far more easily on American soil. A National Security Commission was called for, "to inquire into our weakness and study foreign systems." The report of General Wotherspoon, late Chief of Staff, was sufficiently alarming, for on a peace footing the mobile army consisted only of 2,738 officers and 51,344 men, with 746 officers and 17,201 men for coastal defense.

Even this small force was scattered in island jungles and Alaskan snows, in China, Mexico, and the Canal zone. As for the Militia of the various States, these men are expected to put in twenty-four hours' drill in a twelvemonth, yet a very large proportion failed in this! For the U. S. Cavalry General Wotherspoon could only find 550 horses. Of transport wagons the State Militia were 5,836 short, and the Artillery needed 316 more guns to bring it up to barest requirements.

America had the men, of course, it was pointed out. But war is no longer a leisurely affair like that of North against South, which took two full years of military development.

The late Chief of Staff would use the Federal Army as a training school for American soldiers—a two or three years' course, then five years in the reserve until a powerful force, at least 500,000 strong and perfectly equipped, was ready for instant action. The Swiss system was pointed out as the selfless ideal of national defense—efficient, democratic, and of small cost.

War-Secretary Garrison will accordingly present Dr. Wilson with a new army program calling for half a million men in the first line, equipment for as many more, a new military academy—another West Point—on the Pacific coast, and more big guns for coast defense. A strong committee has been formed of Cabinet Ministers, Senators, and Congressmen. There is also a Board of Inventors, with the great Edison at its head. Both President Wilson and Naval-Secretary Daniels are agreed upon doubling the naval estimates of the next five years at a cost of $248,000,000.

America's inventive genius is to be mobilized. "War of today," Mr. Edison says, "is a matter of machinery and brains. Had we twenty years ago possessed such a Board as we have now we should be controlling the airplane and submarine." Battle and scout cruisers of enormous size and power, mine-layers and destroyers are to be laid down at once in State and private yards. The new electric Dreadnought *California* is a novel warship of 32,000 tons, of which great things are predicted

Capital ships have pride of place—though Washington held its hand for a while, undecided till that mighty war of wits between Fisher and Von Tirpitz showed the submarine to be after all the inferior factor in sea-power. On the army, too, huge sums are to be spent, linking up the Federal forces with the State Militias in the manner proposed by the so-called Dick Law, a shrewd enough measure which fell flat in piping times of peace.

So not all the guns and munitions of American make are for the Allies. Vast quantities are turned over to the U. S. Government by the famous factories of Bethlehem and Bridgeport, Hartford, Springfield, and Waterbury. Newspapers and magazines trumpet the "Get Ready!" note. Politicians repeat President Wilson's Ezekiel message to Mr. Seth Low: "But if the Watchman see the sword . . . and the people be not warned——"

Meanwhile Mr. Bryan and his followers sing of Peace and prepare to fight for it in the coming session of Congress. They decry all "preparations," and express utter horror at the sight of "the most civilized and enlightened nations of Europe grappling in death struggles—absorbed in retaliations and competitive cruelties, blind to all neutral rights and deaf to humanity's appeal."

Into this protest Colonel Roosevelt crashes in deep diapason of scorn. So the American curtain rises on a lively scene, with "Keep Out!" as the people's cue and "Get Ready!" that of the Government and their professional advisers, already embarked on a campaign of national warning and teaching so as to show where national danger lies. It will be strange indeed if, from the welter of this World-War—which leaves the belligerents poor and prone—the pacifist United States emerges as a military Power, formidable alike on land and sea.

Lord Rosebery finds this "a disheartening prospect," but those of America's inner counsels who know the problems to be faced have one fear only—that due awakening and adequate preparation may come too late for national salvation.

Ignatius Phayre.

The Outlook.

THE TALK OF PEACE.

During the past week the atmosphere has been surcharged with peace talk, peace rumors, and a general sense that peace may be coming a good deal nearer than has hitherto been supposed possible. When we say this we are not, of course, thinking of Mr. Ford's ridiculous "Peace Jolly." Mr. Ford is a great advertiser and a great industrial organizer, but the notion of his being able to make peace is about as sensible as the notion of Mr. Asquith or Lord Lansdowne making a motor-car. It is an amusing example of the transatlantic view, or rather the view of a portion of our American kinsfolk, that because a man is very rich he is therefore entitled to thrust his hand into the

delicate machinery of peace and war, and to forbid a struggle which, judging from the point of view of dollar diplomacy, he considers wasteful and unnecessary. We need not, however, bother about Mr. Ford. He will soon find that he has entered a region where private wealth will not serve him, and where men whom he could buy up a thousand times over will have far more power in the u'timate decision than he and all his fellow-millionaires and fellow-self-advertisers. The mighty issues fraught with the destinies of Europe—that is, of half mankind—will be handled, in the first place, by great statesmen, great soldiers, great sailors, and great diplomatists, and the final verdict will be given by the general voice of the contending peoples. Self-important and boisterous, if well-meaning, gentlemen like Mr. Ford will exercise no more real influence upon them than the fly who sits upon the wheel and imagines that it makes it go round.

If we turn from Mr. Ford's comic relief to the serious side of the peace problem, it may be worth while to lay down once more some of the conditions which will govern the Allies in dealing with German and Austrian offers when they do come, either directly or indirectly, for their "first feelers" will, in fancy, not be long delayed. This does not mean, of course, that there is any immediate prospect of peace, but, just as happened in the Seven Years' War, the Germans will in all probability think that they may put themselves right with some of the neutrals, and especially improve their much-damaged position in America, if they *appear* to be very reasonable in regard to peace terms. Now to make a peace you have not only to consider the terms of peace, but with whom the peace is to be made. We want on the present occasion to deal shortly with the matter from both these points of view. First as to the terms. This is a comparatively easy problem. They remain in principle the terms stated by Mr. Asquith at the beginning of the war:—

> We shall never sheathe the sword until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

To this, of course, must now be added the condition that Serbia must not merely be re-established among the nations, but that her courage, her constancy, and her loyalty to the Allies must be rewarded by the creation of a Greater Serbia, while the unhappy Bulgarian people must, if they persist in their policy of treachery and cruelty, receive the punishment they deserve. Again, Poland must be evacuated by Germany, and when we say Poland we mean not only Russian Poland but Prussian Poland also. It is, however, premature to go further beyond Mr. Asquith's general statement. More important at the present moment is it to make it clear that when we make peace we mean to make a lasting and not a patched-up peace. We are fighting for security and for nothing else, and that security we must obtain unless our peace terms are to form but a stepping-stone to a new war such as is already being looked forward to by many Germans. For example, the *Times* correspondent in New York tells us that the well-known Professor of Harvard, Dr. Munsterberg, after declaring that peace will come sooner than most of us expect, adds that the first feeling of Germany when she comes home from the war will be to rebuild her barracks, and that "ultimately the physical test will have to be renewed." In other words, Germany will prepare for a second war, as Rome

after the first Punic War prepared for the second, and after the second for the third. We can tell Professor Munsterberg that the Allies fully realize this without his kind enlightenment, and mean to take steps to prevent a recurrent war.

The first, perhaps the most important, step in making peace a real peace is to take care that it is made with the right and not with the wrong people. If we make peace with the German Emperor and the ruling military and Junker caste in Germany, or rather in Prussia, all we shall do will be to help to keep in place the enemies of peace and of mankind—the men who willed the war, and made the war, and very nearly succeeded in crushing out human liberty. We are not going to help to rivet Prussian chains and Prussian tyranny upon the rest of Germany, and to allow the sharpening of a new sword against ourselves, merely for the pedantic reason that we can only deal with the *de facto* Government and must not look beyond the Lords of War. What we must do is to follow the example set, and wisely set, by Germany herself in 1871. The newly founded German Empire refused to make peace with Gambetta's heroic Provisional Government. They had no assurance, they declared, that that Government really represented the people of France. Accordingly they stated that they could only treat with a body elected *ad hoc* by the nation. The National Assembly was called into existence by the Germans in order that Germany might secure a firm foundation for peace, and bind the whole country, not merely the Government, by the Treaty of Frankfort. We must do the same. When we make peace it must be with the German people.

Once more, the terms of peace must provide security, and security not merely for the Allies, but for the whole world. The Germans have set fire to one half of the globe, and we must not give them any opportunity to try to recoup themselves for their disaster—for such it is—by setting fire to the other half. No doubt if we were to be so mad as to leave the Germans with their Fleet intact, even if we had diminished their territory, exacted a huge indemnity, and reinstated the possessors of the lands they had ruined, they would try, like the logical people they are, to call a new Germany into existence to redress the balance in their favor. Europe having proved too hard a nut to crack, they would turn their eyes upon America. They would say of the South American Continent as Marshal Blucher said of London: "What a continent to plunder!" Next, they would methodically work out plans for the conquest and control of South America, a preliminary, if the United States objected, being, of course, the destruction of the American Fleet and the holding of the great coastal cities to ransom. A certain number of people here and in France and Russia who take superficial views of world-policy, and who have been annoyed by President Wilson's type of neutrality, will no doubt be inclined to declare that action of this kind would be no business of ours, and that the Americans, owing to their indirect encouragement of Germany by protesting against our blockade and so forth, would merit all they got. That, however, would be a very ignoble way of looking at the matter. In the first place, the moment the harrying of America actually began, the feeling for our own flesh and blood—far stronger in the parent than in the child—would flame up here and make us stand forth as the protagonists of the Monroe Doctrine. Whatever some of our people might say owing to temporary annoyance with America for the somewhat sorry part played by her Government during the war, we should never stand seeing New York and Boston bombard-

ed by the German Fleet or the Panama Canal seized and fortified by Germany.

We must not only conquer the Germans, and conquer them thoroughly, and make it impossible for them to relight the flames of war in Europe. We must muzzle the savage dog when we have tied him up, and so prevent him fastening his teeth on any part of the globe. Even if our determination to do this should prolong the war by another six months, it will be worth while. We have had enough war for one generation, and we must be prepared to make any sacrifice required to prevent its recurrence. We have told the world that we are fighting for the cause of humanity, and we must prove it by our acts. The peace must be a real peace, and not merely a breathing-space in which to prepare for fresh wars.

The Spectator.

THE NUNS OF YPRES.

Searching down memory's dim byways for the fading ghosts of my childhood, there comes floating, calm, unannounced, out of some unmapped region of the past, the vision of a young woman who became a nun. I cannot remember her distinctly. For a long time after that event her photograph used to stand on a little table in my mother's drawing room, and a photograph (you must have noticed this) obliterates the real image of a person; it is unfortunately so much easier to remember, that in the end it replaces it altogether. But I remember well the "feeling" she gave me; and that during the cheerful hubbub of tea-table talk, it was pleasant to sidle up near where she was sitting and stay there, and that her smile was much more delightful than other people's effusiveness. I remember, too, the discussion, for the most part indignant, which broke out when her decision was taken. I gathered vaguely that my friend was henceforward as good as dead, or that she had gone at any rate into a kind of prison, out of which she would never return. Some time afterwards (it must have been towards the end of her novitiate) we drove a long way into the country and came at last to high walls with trees peeping over it—so that was where she was. Her mother got out and we drove home.

Perhaps these early impressions have had something to do with the fact that I have always liked nuns; while monks—at any rate young ones—have always inspired in me a kind of instinctive semi-physical antipathy, such as some people say they feel for cats. Perhaps I have been unfortunate in my encounters with them; but the cramped expression in their faces, a restless, smouldering look, very different from the calm self-withdrawn expression of nuns, have impressed me unfavorably. Asceticism which does not bring peace has always seemed to me rather a hideous thing.

But it was not till December, 1914, that I got to know any nuns. I was at Ypres, attached to an ambulance unit working for the French, who were then holding that part of the line. After the battle of Calais they had relieved the English, who in turn came up and took over most of it again early in January, just before the first gas attack. We Red Cross people worked with the nuns, and without their help we could have done little for the civilians, who were continually being wounded or blown to pieces by shell fire. Ypres, we are told, is now entirely ruined, and an absolutely deserted town. In December, 1914, there were still whole streets intact. Many of the inhabitants were living in caves or tunnels running into the bank

of the Yser canal, formerly used to keep wagons or barrels in. These poor troglodytes led a wretched existence; and when they sallied out of their smelly dark holes in search of food or oil or candles, from time to time one or two of them would get maimed or killed. Behind some shuttered, or shattered houses, other people were still living, and it was not uncommon to pass an old woman with a basket on her arm or a respectable citizen hurrying along the empty streets, while now and again a crash, followed by a cloud of smoke, showed that another shell had fallen into the town. I see from my diary that I bought a dozen extra knives and forks in Ypres in preparation for our Christmas dinner, and two frying pans. One had to get into the shop through the private house next door, but commerce was going on in a fashion. How tenacious people are of their homes and habits! There was a farm situated in our salient, about a mile in front of Ypres, where a farmer and his daughter were still living. The mother had been killed, and in the house was a woman sick and dying of a wound. The shells of both sides whizzed and whistled over their heads to and fro; their fields were pitted with holes; but the girl, still rosy and robust, continued to milk the cows and her father to take the milk every day into Ypres. But since people would not leave their homes, there were, of course, a good many casualties among them, and the only hospital was a long room fitted up by the Friends' Ambulance Unit in the Jesuit Lunatic Asylum. Four nuns undertook the nursing. Their devotion is what I remember now with immense respect. They were not only very hard working but extremely cheerful and secure from any touch of fear. It was not a safe place. The railway station and the water tower (constant marks) were quite close, and there was a French battery among the willows, some two hundred yards across the road, which the German shells were always trying to find. Nothing, however, came very near (a few dropped in the long field in front sometimes), till one morning several hit the building. The chapel collapsed, leaving the spire sitting like a huge extinguisher in the middle of the wreckage, another burst into the front door, another into the corridor outside the ward. This is a mistake—bad shooting, we thought; some new fool the other end has got the wrong range. But when an inquisitive Taube appeared and the same thing happened the next day, it was decided that it would be better to pack up and go. The new quarters in the town were very inconvenient for a hospital. The nuns began to press to go back, and after a few days they got their way—and there after all they kept Christmas. A Christmas without children is a flat feast, but nuns are every bit as good as children.

There were only five other nuns, as far as I knew, in Ypres. They lived in a half-demolished convent in the town, and it was there that people injured in the streets were often first taken. I had two kinds of associations with their kitchen; one set extraordinarily pleasant and the other as painful. One of the sisters seemed to me a reincarnation of the friend of my childhood. She spoke very little, and I seemed to remember her smile. The kitchen was the warmest place for miles around, where one could be sure of a welcome and a glass of sweet yellow wine. The last time I remember it, two women were lying groaning and writhing and sobbing on the floor, and the nuns were bending beside them, trying to soothe them in their pain and terror. My friend (for so I thought of her, though I had spoken to her perhaps less than to the others) beckoned to me. I did not understand what she was saying; it was something about someone being such a good girl. I followed her down a passage to the ruined refectory, and there was the body of a young

woman covered with sacking. Her face, when uncovered, looked stern and revengeful. "She was only nineteen," said the nun. We went back again to the kitchen. The bandaging had been done, and when I last saw the nuns of Ypres they were standing in the rain, round the end of the ambulance, speaking some words of comfort to the women lying on the stretchers in the darkness inside.

Desmond MacCarthy.

The New Witness.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. Alexander Fuehr's volume on "The Neutrality of Belgium" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is written avowedly from the German viewpoint, and endeavors to prove that Belgium was not neutral territory when Germany invaded it; that the treaty guaranteeing Belgium's neutrality had been void for many years, and had been so regarded by Great Britain; and that, even if it had been in force, international law fully permitted Germany to invade Belgium under the particular circumstances. It is an ingenious piece of special pleading, but it will scarcely convince anyone who is not already convinced.

The most helpful thoughts of the world's greatest writers, pointing the way to contentment and happiness, have been arranged topically by Beverly R. Potter and published under the enticing title of "The Paths of Peace." There is originality in the arrangement, for the topics have been so selected that they form a continued argument, beginning with Philosophy and ending in Success, concerning the meaning and purport of this earthly existence. The ages are thrown in haphazard, as it were, but the idea is continuous. For instance; the first chapter, on Philosophy, runs thus—Montaigne, Spencer (Herbert), Bacon, Cicero, yet the thought slips from one excerpt to another almost like some careful essay. There is a great catholicity of selection. John C. Winston Company.

The art of much in little seems to be the especial goal that John Troland sets for his striving. Certainly the best poems by far in his collection, called "Wild Posies" (Sherman, French & Co.), are not the more ambitious lays he sings of posies, wild and garden-grown, floral and human; but the snatches of song, four or five lines long, which he sets, each by itself. Each one is a wild posy, a thought caught as it flitted by and set into the short measure of verse.

A glint of summits yet unscaled;
A trail of treasure to be found;
A shimmering of seas unsailed;
A skyward arch that strikes the ground:
  To read this dream the most I ask
  Is fitness for my present task.

"Scally"—otherwise Excalibur—who gives his name to Ian Hay's latest story (Houghton Mifflin Co.)—is a puppy, who emerges whimpering, with a brick attached to his neck, from a pond to which some unappreciative person has consigned him, and enters upon a career of devoted attachment to his rescuers, showing himself, at every stage of his career, the "perfect gentleman" which he is declared to be, in the sub-title. He shares in, or more properly, watches a pretty romance, and divides the interest of the reader with the wooer and wooed. The story is in Ian Hay's most characteristic and humorous vein, and the only grievance which the reader will have against it—and that a serious one—is that it is not four or five times as long.

Boyd Cable's "Between the Lines" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a series of vivid

sketches of what is going on between the lines in the western theatre of war, and also of what may be read between the lines of the official dispatches. These fourteen sketches were all written at the front, in the midst of charges and counter-charges, trench-building and trench-taking. They present the typical Tommy Atkins—rough, good-humored, daring—and they make real and vivid not only the things that he does, but the things that he feels. Of all the multitudinous books about the war, not one has brought it nearer or presented more graphic pictures of its daily happenings There is no straining after effect, no attempt at fine writing; and it is well that the sketches are so touched with humor or their graphic quality would make them painful reading. As it is, its very directness and simplicity give it fascination. Such stories as "The Mine," "Nothing to Report" and "A Hymn of Hate" are not easily forgotten.

The exceedingly conservative views expressed by Dr. Felix Adler in his book, "Marriage and Divorce," will make it unwelcome in many American homes. He allows divorce for only one reason, adultery, and refuses to sanction the re-marriage of the innocent party long after the divorce. It may be that views so radically retroactive are out of date, but there is a place yet for the eloquent plea, made by Dr. Adler, for unselfishness in the marriage contract. The wedding to him is not the joining of two young and romantic souls into perfect concord; but the union of two parts of Society into an establishment which shall perpetuate and benefit Society. "Marriage is pre-eminently a moral fellowship" is his cry. "Sacrifice on the part of parents for children is the rule, not the exception" is his fundamental principle. Therefore the mother must endure a drunken husband, the husband a frivolous and foolish wife. They must live, both of them for the integrity of the family and the state. The two chapters of the little book are written in clear, incisive, scholarly English. The author's views are interesting, his eloquence inspiring. D. Appleton & Co.

The eight sketches or stories in E. Alexander Powell's "The Road to Glory" (Charles Scribner's Sons) tell, in a delightfully graphic and almost rollicking style, eight episodes in American history which are touched upon but lightly by the ordinary historian and are pretty nearly forgotten by most Americans. Yet they are veritable history—these stories of daring deeds—and even though we call the heroes of some of them mere adventurers or filibusters, the territory of the United States would be of far narrower proportions than it is today if they had not challenged fate with a gay heart and ridden forth dauntlessly into strange lands to meet unknown foes. The titles of the chapters are enticing: Adventurers All; When We Smashed the Prophet's Power; The War That Wasn't a War; The Fight at Qualla Battoo; Under the Flag of the Lone Star; The Preacher Who Rode for an Empire; The March of the One Thousand; and When We Fought the Japanese. How we came to acquire Louisiana, and Texas and Florida, how Yankee sailors fought the Malays, how Marcus Whitman rode into the wilderness to save Oregon to the nation, and how Commodore Perry fought the Japanese—these are some of the passages in our history upon which these graphic sketches throw light and the chief actors in which they bring vividly before the reader. There are four full-page il'ustrations.

It is a noble, manly and engaging face which looks up at the reader from the frontispiece of Charles Turley's "The Voyages of Captain Scott"

(Dodd, Mead & Co.) and it is a brave and noble career of which the story is told in the book. The record of the hardships and achievements of Captain Scott's two Antarctic expeditions will live long in the annals of Polar exploration, but, back of all this and perhaps even more enduring, is the memory of the man himself—large-hearted, brave, indomitable and self-sacrificing—disclosed in this story of courageous adventure. Mr. Turley has drawn his material for this volume largely from Captain Scott's own records, closing with the touching letters of farewell and of care for those left behind, which were found in November, 1912, in the tent in which Captain Scott and his companions died. Largely, therefore, this is an autobiography, supplemented by the personal recollections of those who knew him intimately, and prefaced by a warmly appreciative introduction by Sir James M. Barrie, in which are given some glimpses of the boyhood which developed into so noble a man. The book is illustrated with four colored plates, from water color drawings by Dr. Edward A. Wilson, who was a member of both expeditions and one of the comrades whose body was found with Scott's, and by a map and twenty or more full-page plates.

Wellesley College is still youthful, as colleges go, but she has a history and a long list of celebrities among her presidents, professors, and alumnae, and her founder, Henry Fowle Durant, ranks among the most memorable of American Evangelical Christians, and now her chronicles appear in a noteworthy volume, "The Story of Wellesley," written by Florence Converse, and illustrated with sixteen drawings by Norman William Black. What she does not have is a printed record of pranks, for none are here set down, and no report of any was given to the young reporter who asked to be told of a few, when he called the morning after that fire, which began a new era for Wellesley, an era of improving upon her traditions. Miss Converse names her chapters The Founder and His Ideals, The Presidents and Their Achievements, The Faculty and Their Methods, The Students at Work and at Play, The Fire: an Interlude, and The Loyal Alumnae. This last chapter tells of the behavior of the graduates after the fire, and gives some of the really touching letters in which they expressed their feeling towards the beloved common mother of them all. An excellent index facilitates reference to the work which has been eagerly awaited ever since its first announcement. It is simply and agreeably written, and is printed in large type, and the illustrations include views of both old and new buildings; and of the east door and the long corridor after the fire. The frontispiece is a drawing of the chapel doorway. Little, Brown and Co.

Poets, dramatists, novelists, writers of all ages and schools, agree in regarding the husband as prone to absurdity, and, even in Holy Writ, he often cuts a ridiculous figure, so that Mr. Arnold Bennett can hardly be counted as original or censured as unjust although his latest Clayhanger story, "These Twain," barely allows Edwin, its chief figure, a single moment of perfect dignity. Upright, virtuous, kind, generous, he passes from one droll attitude to another, and although an excellent citizen, and meritorious kinsman, he could not be funnier if made by an American humorous journalist. As for his wife, she might have stepped from the series of pictures called "Keeping up with the Joneses," yet she is clever in womanly matters, and as Mr. Bennett's constant readers well know, she has suffered such experiences as

might have sobered a butterfly, but she remains superficially frivolous, with her soul absorbed in trifles. Does Mr. Bennett reflect life as it is, or does he mistake the accidental for the essential in allotting their proportionate space in his presentment of life? His aim is evidently to show the career of the married pair as it appears to each one of them, and few human creatures are wise enough to estimate their own precise value to the human race. They are scandalized by anything which makes any living creature uncomfortable, war, fire, blood, vivisection or the ten plagues of Egypt, but when the objectionable thing impinges upon their own life it is maranatha to them. Mr. Bennett makes his reader sympathize with this feeling, even while aware of its injustice, and he nicely distinguishes between the actuality and its conception in the mind of the individual. His method is his own, not De Foe's or Goldsmith's, or that of any other of his predecessors, and it is anything but French. In his 543 pages are perfectly worded passages of description; excellent analysis, varied conversation. In careful, skillful finish, he is like those conscientious artists who perfect each detail but subordinate all to general effect, until at last they arrive at something very near perfection. George H. Doran Co.

Readers who recall the rare quality of "Christopher" will take up Richard Pryce's new novel with expectations that will be fully realized. "David Penstephen" is the story, up to early manhood, of a sensitive, generous-hearted boy whose parents—well-born and prosperous, but under the influence of the mid-Victorian revolt against convention and dogma—have thought it their duty to dispense with the marriage ceremony. The period of David's childhood and his sister Georgina's is spent in what is practically flight over the Continent—a winter in Florence, a month in Brussels, three months in Homburg—as their story pursues them on one spiteful tongue after another. The writer describes with great skill the effect on the quiet, observant, impressionable boy of these hurried shiftings of home, and of his elders' moods, the alternating indignation and gloom of his father, the growing sadness of his beloved mother, and the steadfast cheer and courage of Betsey, their faithful maid. An alarming illness of the mother leads the father to yield to her silent wish for their marriage, and the unexpected death of two cousins, soon after, brings him back to England a baronet. The difference of judgment which leads David's parents still to defer explaining his status to him, the hints of it which he gets during his school-days, and the final disclosure in the midst of Christmas theatricals at a country-house, are effectively portrayed. With an unusual variety in the succession of scenes, Mr. Pryce has succeeded in combining an extraordinary concentration of interest. David and his mother are people to be loved and cherished, and of the minor characters many will linger in the memory—Katinka, the German nurse-maid; Lady Penstephen, the widow of the former baronet, with her conscientious anxiety to have her world know that she "receives" David's mother, and her painstaking arrangements for the christening of his little brother; the old shopkeeper who introduces David to the theatre; Colonel and Mrs. Tarpalin, under whose roof the plot reaches its climax. Written in a style brilliant yet delicate, full of fascinating detail, fine, sweet and wholesome, the book has the realistic manner and the romantic spirit. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Oxford and the Church of England brought forth the "settlement" idea, and should be credited with the vast

benefit accruing from all such existing garden spots in the bad districts of great English and American cities; but their inner workings have never been better set forth than they are in Miss Lillian D. Wald's "The House on Henry Street." For twenty years Miss Wald and her friends have carried on a day and night struggle for the souls, minds, and bodies of the residents of their chosen field. Their chief had spent two years in a training school for nurses and had added some study at a medical college to the work done in the ward and private room, and she used her knowledge to give a course of instruction in home nursing, and this led to the establishment of a National Bureau devoted to the interests of children, to supervision of immigrants unable to speak the language of the country, and to the dissemination of knowledge to adults, from the police to the President. The latter responded cordially and promptly; the police, although not exactly unanimous, were more amenable to reason than in the days when they were ruled by the owners of bars. In 1908, the example set by Henry Street in giving instruction to exceptional children led to the creation of a separate department in the public schools, and 3,000 young New Yorkers are now under the care of teachers privileged to give them knowledge according to each child's special needs. These are only a few of the deeds done in Henry Street. The large illustrated volume in which are collected, with much added matter, Miss Wald's Atlantic papers of the same title has pictures showing the whole-souled enjoyment with which the colored children enjoy the swings, and games and dances provided for them in their special home and playground, one of the outgrowths of Henry Street. Letters from and by women who lead their fellow-immigrants by virtue of brain power and learning, and by touchingly beautiful family groups further enrich the book. A multitude of anecdotes, each one fertile in suggestion, add to its value and interest, and it should be in every college library. Henry Holt & Co.

It is not necessary to agree with all the conclusions which Norman Angell reaches in his latest book "The World's Highway" (George H. Doran Co.) in order to appreciate the force with which he presents them. There is such a thing as mental unpreparedness, as well as military; and the problems which are certain to confront the United States in the near future are so novel and so large that it is time for intelligent Americans to begin to consider them. The most pressing of these, at the moment, is the protection of American lives and trading rights against belligerent Powers; but there are others which may at any moment become urgent—in connection with the Monroe Doctrine, intervention in Mexico, the Panama Canal, Japanese immigration, our relations with Germany, etc. Mr. Angell's prime concern is with our relation to sea power and the laws which govern it, but he looks beyond these to the service which, as the greatest neutral nation, we may have the opportunity to render to humanity and civilization at the conclusion of the present war, and to the consideration of possible pressure which—without the use of armed force—may be brought to bear, in the future, upon nations which are unduly aggressive. Mr. Angell's happy gift of lucid statement enables him to present the fruits of his study of these questions in a manner illuminating to the general reader.

A VISIT TO THE GRAND FLEET: BY ARCHIBALD HURD

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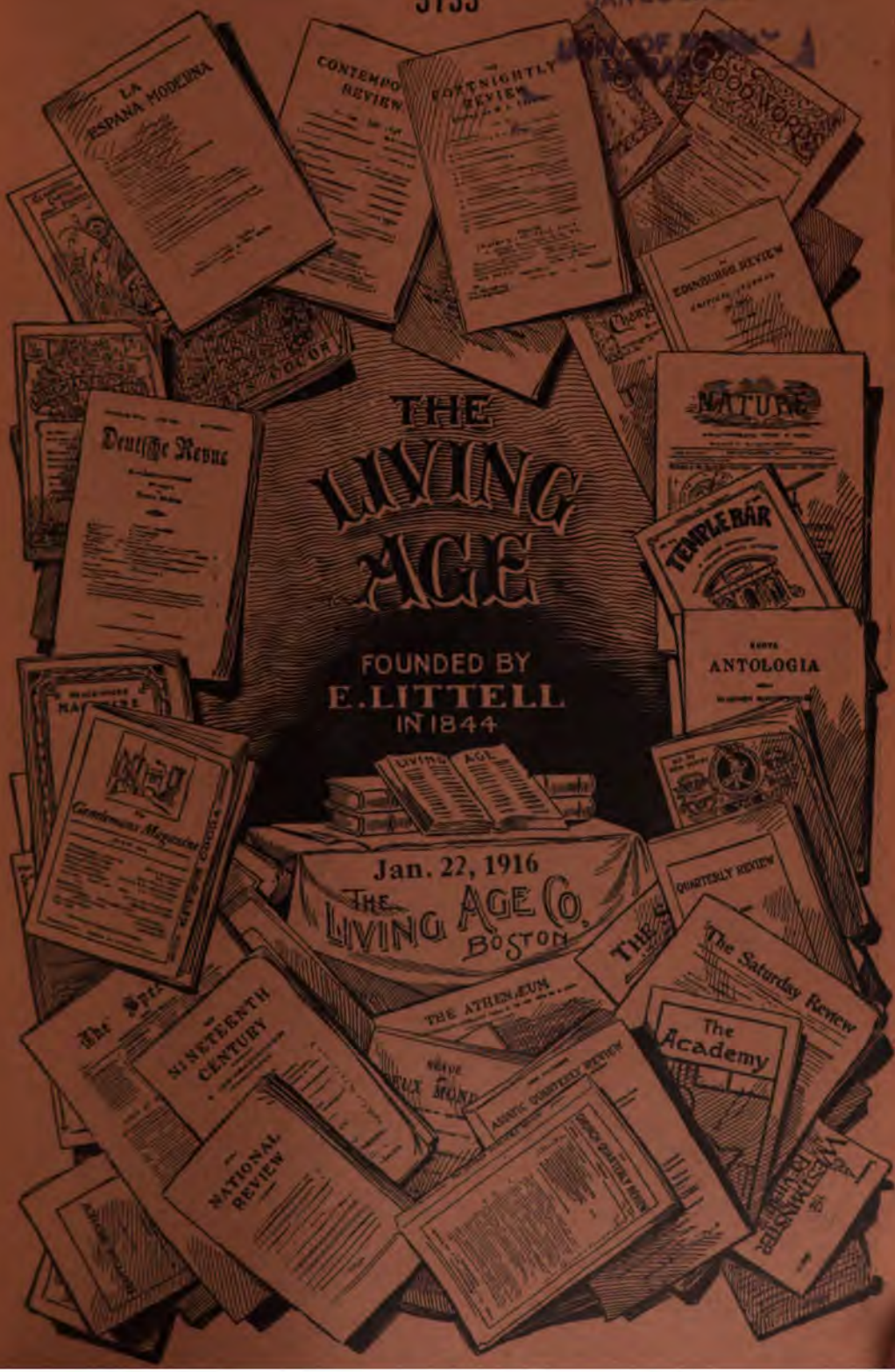

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HE IS DEAD WHO WILL NOT FIGHT.

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Color and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,
Through joy and blindness, he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Julian Grenfell.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Punch.

AS GHOSTS MAY WALK.

As ghosts may walk on August nights
Of lavender and dew,
As ghosts may walk at Peacock Place
Through alleys of clipped yew,
As ghosts may walk in Picardy
The sleeping streets of Rue.

As ghosts may walk where in old days
They made so much ado,
As ghosts may walk that know no pain,
Dear love, I tell you true,
As ghosts may walk, go up and down
My quiet thoughts of you.

R. L. Gales.

The British Review.

A VISIT TO THE GRAND FLEET.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."—Prov. 29, 18.

"Mahanism or Moltkeism?—that is the question!"—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

"We have always been behind-hand in this war."—The First Lord of the Admiralty, House of Commons, November 11th, 1915.

"Through long delays the enemy has seized a new initiative in the Near East, and the Oriental inclination of his war policy raises new perils of peculiar significance to us. Hazardous struggles, vast expenses, hard privations lie before us. Courage! All's well with the Fleet." —Mr. Winston Churchill in a message to the Navy League on Trafalgar Day.

As a nation our position somewhat resembles that of an athletic enthusiast who, knowing little of his anatomy or Swedish drill, practises exhausting exercises, straining the wrong muscles and endangering his health and well being. The situation of this country is, consequently, not without its dangers, but the eventual outcome is in no possible doubt. We are the greatest of all the Powers of the world; if we have not the greatest government, at least there is no alternative. The Empire is securely anchored in the sea; from the inexhaustible resources of the sea we are drawing our strength. There is no ground for pessimism. Pessimism is a crime when we confront determined, well-informed, and highly-organized enemies. Pessimism atrophies the mind, saps the energy, dispirits the nation, and encourages the foes. We must preserve the will to win. If the people of this country (with their rulers) could obtain a vision of what has been done and the greater things which can still be done by the aid of sea power, there would be no feeling of depression, but we should be full of confidence, and that confidence would be shared by the Allies and neutrals to our advantage.

That is the conviction that seizes one on visiting the Grand Fleet, hidden amidst the mists and storms of the North Sea. It has been described as "our sure shield"; it might the better be styled "our incomparable thunderbolt," provided we always preserved behind it an Expeditionary Force of 150,000 to 200,000 men, fully equipped and prepared for instant embarkation, to be launched at any point where the enemy develops weakness, another force being made ready when one is dispatched. The Grand Fleet and the Grand Army are parts of one whole; they constitute one engine of defense and offense.

The Grand Fleet is not the instrument of a weak Power on the defensive—timid, distracted, and confused; it is the weapon of offense of a people who rule nearly one-quarter of the earth's surface, and, as a consequence of successful initiative on the outbreak of war, hold all the world's seas at their command. You must pass in rapid survey the battleships, battle-cruisers, scout cruisers and destroyers under the orders of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe to understand the source of England's greatness; you must watch the operations of some of the 2,300 patrol vessels, mine-sweepers, and other auxiliaries which are the antennæ of the Grand Fleet, if the Navy's ceaseless activity is to be appreciated; you must have some knowledge of the movements of the 2,000 transports and supply ships if you would plumb the naval resources of this country; you must comprehend what it means to carry by sea, in face of the foe, 2,500,000 officers and men, besides 320,000 sick and wounded and nurses, 2,500,000 tons of stores and ammunition, and 800,000 horses, mules, and camels if you would realize the extraneous work which has been done under the protection of the Fleet. We are not pigmies, but

giants, and the Grand Fleet and its extensions constitute a giant's weapon.

It would take a surgical operation to convince an average Englishman that he is a citizen of a country which is not only supreme in industry, commerce and finance, but supreme in the elements of warlike action, if wisely directed. A visit to the Grand Fleet might dispel to a limited degree the darkness of his mental outlook, but within twenty-four hours such a man who owes everything to the sea, would probably be shaking his head dolefully and declaring to his friends: "Yes, we have splendid ships, but too few soldiers; our ships, as the late Lord Salisbury once said, cannot climb Mount Ararat, nor can they drive the Germans back to the Rhine, or defeat them in the Balkans." That is just where the error creeps in. There is hardly anything which our men-of-war with the support of a comparatively small expeditionary Force—in accordance with our peace routine—cannot do, and the tragedy is that neither the nation, nor perhaps even the Government, realizes the character of the offensive weapon which lies to our hands in the British Navy.

What is the consequence? We accept the Fleet as a matter of course and look upon it much as a Crusader in the old days regarded his chain armor. To the average man our naval power is merely a means of defense—and not of offense, except in a strictly limited sense. He regards the Navy's mission as a weapon of offense as practically closed. It sank Germany's cruisers, drove German commerce off the sea, captured, or frightened into port, all German merchant ships, and is now besieging the Central Powers as countries have never before been besieged. The Navy, it is argued, has merely to continue this passive policy and it is doing all that is required of it. This attitude of mind is reflected in the street, in Parliament, and in the Cabinet. The reader of the daily newspaper is impressed day by day with the fortunes, or misfortunes, of our troops in the various theatres of war; Parliament busies itself in the discussion of diplomatic, financial, and army policy; the Cabinet of a maritime country includes among its members only one expert, and he is not an admiral of the fleet, but a field-marshal.* What a change in a hundred years! During the period of our greatest naval glory, the Navy had its representative in the Cabinet as the supreme exponent of the policy of a nation drawing its powers from the sea. From February 19th, 1801, to May 15th, 1804, the great St. Vincent was First Lord, not First Sea Lord, of the Admiralty. Then came an interregnum of a year with a civilian as First Lord; Lord Melville's period of office culminated in his impeachment and disappearance from public life; that is a time upon which Englishmen can look back with little pleasure. Pitt, no mean judge of men, replaced Lord Melville on May 2d, 1805, by Admiral Lord Barham (eighty years old), a man of virile character, great industry, and wide experience; in the following October, largely owing to this officer's wise direction of naval affairs and Lord St. Vincent's forceful administration in the earlier period, Nelson won for us at Trafalgar a hundred years of peace afloat. The order then was age and experience and quick decision in the council chamber; dash, courage, and youth at sea; Nelson was only forty-seven when he died. From the misconception which exists today in all ranks of the nation of the basis of our strength has flowed the disappointment which has tended to create a feeling of depression. We are forgetting the Navy and its mission.

* Lord Kitchener, it should be added, in raising and equipping the new armies, has done what probably no other man in any time or any country could have done. He well deserves the gratitude of the nation.

A visitor to the Grand Fleet is struck by its youthfulness, its mobility, its size, and the extent of the influence which it is exerting. Probably there was never a naval force manned and officered by men so comparatively young. The vast assembly of skillfully co-ordinated vessels of various types is under the supreme orders of an officer who is only fifty-six years of age, and he sets the age standard of the whole force. When the Fleet was last engaged in warlike operations of any importance it was commanded by old men, legacies from a great past. At that period the block in promotion was almost at its worst.

In the earlier part of that year (1841) all the captains at the head of the list were men who had held post-rank ever since the year after Trafalgar. The senior one of them, judged by the date of his commission as captain, was about sixty-eight years of age; several were over seventy; and one, at least, was as much as seventy-eight. Yet it was from among these old gentlemen that the list of Admirals had to be recruited; for then, as now, promotion to flag rank went by simple seniority; and, to make matters worse, there was at that time no regular scheme of retirement for officers of above the rank of Commander.

The consequence was that almost all the Admirals, besides a large number of Captains, were too old to be in a condition to render effective service in their profession; and the political caricaturist was justified, a little later, in representing the typical Commander-in-Chief of the period as a gouty veteran, obliged to promenade his quarter-deck in a bath-chair. Both Sir John Chambers White and Vice-Admiral Edward Harvey were seventy-four when they took up command at the Nore; Admiral Bowles was seventy-nine when he became Port-Admiral at Portsmouth; Sir David Milne was of the same age when he assumed the like office at Devonport; and even on foreign stations Sir Robert Stopford flew his flag at seventy-three, Sir Peter Halkett at seventy-two, Rear-Admiral Charles John Austen at seventy-three, and Lord Dundonald at seventy-five.

And, in spite of such facilities as existed in 1841 for the retirement of officers of less rank than that of Post-Captain, the active lists were all choked throughout with old officers, survivors of the French wars. Of this category there were about 200 Commanders and 1,450 Lieutenants who had received no promotion whatsoever for a period of twenty-six years or more. One officer had been a Commander for forty-seven years; another had been a Lieutenant for sixty years; yet another had been a Master for sixty-one years; and there was a Purser with sixty-four years' service in that rank to his credit. All these officers, however, were set down in the Navy List as being fit for service.*

The Crimean War found the Fleet under the orders of officers well advanced in years. Admiral Sir Charles Napier was sixty-eight, and Vice-Admiral Dundas a year older; while Sir Edmund Lyons, though only a Rear-Admiral, was sixty-four, and Rear-Admirals David Price and Henry D. Chads were sixty-four and sixty-six respectively. We may be thankful that when the war cloud burst in August, 1914, reforms had been introduced which gave the Navy officers supple alike in body and mind.

By a fortunate circumstance in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the present hostilities, it was realized that war at sea could be conducted successfully only by men in their prime, physically and mentally. At the instigation of Lord Fisher, new regulations were passed for retirement for age or non-employment; they had the effect of gradually reducing the seniority of all officers in active employment. While in this respect we may have no advantage over the Germans, who have always pinned their

* "Social England," vi. 14.

faith to young officers for actual sea service and older officers for the direction of naval policy ashore, it is undoubted that we never began a naval war with youth so conspicuously at the prow. Indeed, if war there had to be, the Germans could not have chosen a more propitious moment so far as the British Navy was concerned. Since hostilities opened, we have gained the full advantage from a corps of officers trained in the old sea school and yet readily responding to the demands of this mechanical age; we have also benefited by our system of long service training for lower deck ratings. The German Navy provided a marked contrast. When war broke out, apart from volunteers, who were not very numerous, the German ships were manned by conscripts who had spent either nine months, one year and nine months, or two years and nine months in the Fleet.

The Grand Fleet in all its strength, is manned by men with the sea instinct, who make the sea their profession instead of their naval service being a mere three years' interlude. "The service and training of every man in the British Fleet average at least twice and probably three timas as great as that of the *personnel* of any other navy in the world."* In naval affairs, as in others, training and experience tell. Throughout the month during which the Germans have been prevented from cruising, the various divisions of the Grand Fleet, in spite of submarines and mines, have been constantly at sea in all weathers. The British Navy is more of a sea force than it was when the war began; the German Navy must be less of a sea force than it was. This has been the inevitable result of the silent victory which was achieved by the Grand Fleet on August 3d of last year. While it enabled us to use our military power with dramatic effect against the enemy, it also contributed to raise the standard of our naval efficiency and depress the standard of Germany's naval efficiency. That victory gave us all the sea room which the oceans of the world offer; it imprisoned Germany within an area of water not much larger than a lake.

Our ships are even younger than the officers and men. That is a complete reversal of the conditions which existed during the Trafalgar period. The ships which fought at Trafalgar were, in the main, old ships. There is not a vessel in the Grand Fleet half the age of Nelson's flagship when she went into action. Not a ship of any account belongs to that period anterior to the dawn of the present century. The ships that count most have been built during the past ten years. That statement applies to the battle line, and still more to the light cruisers and destroyers. There is a general impression that because shipbuilding was active from 1909 onwards the nation invested in the Grand Fleet a colossal sum of money. That is a complete misapprehension. Down to March 31st, 1914, the total sum spent in the building of the combatant ships of the whole Royal Navy, including incidental charges, amounted to only £174,000,000, and, of course, all these vessels are not incorporated in the Grand Fleet, and some of the older ones have been lost. Indeed, if we would arrive at an estimate of the cost of the vessels under the command of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, we may safely assume that the entire amount invested in the Grand Fleet does not exceed £150,000,000. That sum appears paltry now in contrast with an expenditure of £1,500,000,000 on the prosecution of the war for twelve months. Yet the Grand Fleet controls the fortunes not merely of this country, but of the Allies.

The day is past when we are permitted to know exactly what is the strength of

* First Lord of the Admiralty, House of Commons, March 26th, 1913.

the Grand Fleet. We must be content with such information as it is certain that the enemy possesses; that is, information contained in official publications, such as Hansard, equally available to ourselves and to the Germans. The Admiralty, in order to satisfy public opinion in the months preceding the war, embarked on forecasts of the number of Dreadnoughts which would be possessed by this country and Germany at certain dates then in the future; on the opening of the war it was also announced that three battleships then completing in this country to foreign orders had been acquired, increasing the British total by three. Consequently, combining the Admiralty forecast with this subsequent revelation of added strength, assuming that the progress of shipbuilding on both sides of the North Sea had been at least not less rapid than was anticipated, and making allowance also for the enemy's loss of the battle cruiser *Goeben*, we obtain the following figures as to the standing of the two navies in the most modern and powerful types of the ships of the line:—

	Britain	Germany
1915—Fourth quarter....	44	22
1916—First quarter.....	47	22
1916—Second quarter....	47	25
1916—Third quarter.....	47	25
1916—Fourth quarter....	49	25
1917—First quarter.....	51	25

These figures must not be accepted as an absolute guide to the relative strength of the two navies confronting each other in the North Sea, because the naval war is being conducted behind a veil,* but they are of interest as conveying a general impression of the immense superiority of the British over the German battle line in ships of the most modern types.

When the question is asked: "Will there ever be a battle in the North Sea on a grand scale?" the disproportion in strength may be borne in mind. It may also be remembered that in length of service, training, and consequently, familiarity with sea conditions, the British naval *personnel* is far superior to that of the enemy. Moreover, since the war began, the British Fleet in successive actions has asserted a moral ascendancy over the Germans. It is impossible to say that the desire of the Grand Fleet to come to grips with Admiral von Pohl's force will never be realized, but it must be apparent that the probability of an encounter is not great. On the other hand, a complete change has taken place in the administration and direction of Germany's naval forces. Admiral von Tirpitz has disappeared—at least for the time—from the Marineamt; Admiral Bachman has been succeeded as Chief of the War Staff by Admiral von Holtzendorff, with Rear-Admiral von Koch in place of Rear-Admiral Bencke as his chief assistant; Admiral von Pohl has taken the place of Admiral Ingenohl in supreme command of the High Sea Fleet. We have yet to learn what these new brooms will do, confronted with forces greatly superior in every respect to those under their control. It is quite possible that these officers will endeavor to justify their appointments.

A visitor to the Grand Fleet is also impressed by the mobility of the naval force. One sees the *Inflexible* and *Invincible*, first heard of after the opening of the war off the Falkland Isands and then appearing in the Ægean Sea; there also are the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Agamemnon* and other battleships, which only the other day were co-operating in the task—hopeless as it turned out without military support—of forcing the Dardanelles; there also is the *Australia* (with her sister-ship the *New Zealand*) which in the early days of hostilities was in the Far Pacific. One

* It is believed, for instance, that the battle cruiser (Dreadnought) *Von der Tann* has been lost by the enemy.

obtains, on viewing the Grand Fleet, a new conception of its world mission. There has never before been an influence so wide and so all-embracing. On any map the secret places of the Grand Fleet are mere dots, just pin-heads; from them radiates a constrictive and offensive power against the enemy which encircles the globe like "wireless waves."

The Empire's great naval strength has been concentrated in the Grand Fleet. The glory of the race is the recognition by our kith and kin overseas of the strategic principle which lies at the basis of Imperial safety and which has given the Grand Fleet its Imperial character. As has been recalled elsewhere,* children used to be told that if they dug a hole anywhere in the British Isles and went on digging and digging they would eventually come out somewhere near Australia or New Zealand. Yet these people who live at the Antipodes, underneath our feet, so to speak, and separated from us by several thousand miles of trackless ocean—with problems and dangers of their own—have sent their ships to share with British ships the bleak fortunes of the North Sea in winter. When they are asked where their main defense on the sea is to be seen, the inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand must point to the ground and remark: "Our ships are underneath there somewhere; we have sent them away." It is a miracle. Men who could do such an act are no ordinary men; they are statesmen, fit statesmen, of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. The battle cruisers, paid for by their money and manned in part by men of their blood, are in the North Sea in obedience to a great principle. These kinsmen had the prescience to accept it. The vessels are not there to guard the British Isles or shipping in home waters; they are there—in the North Sea—to guard New Zealand, Australia, and all the interests of the British people "down under" and elsewhere. That is maritime strategy *in excelsis*. "The advantage of time and place in all martial actions," Drake once declared to Queen Elizabeth, "is half a victory." At the right time these ships are in the right place.

In our pride in our armies—and we may well be proud of them!— we are apt to overlook our squadrons. We have permitted ourselves to be regarded as a Power on the same plane as our Allies—France, Russia, and Italy. Our policy has been subordinated to their policy, and thus we have suffered, and are still suffering. We have elevated the soldier to a pinnacle and forgotten, in some measure at least, the sailor and his long, vigorous, secretly moving arm; we have become the slaves of land strategy instead of the masterful exponents of maritime strategy, which controls the whole situation for the Allies. Because of the Fleet we stand today head and shoulders above all other nations engaged in war; we should lead in strategy and not follow. German hatred against us has reached such heights of frenzy because the arch-enemy realizes that the British Fleet holds the key of triumph for the Allies.

Have we the courage to use it? We have had it in our power from the very opening of the war to dictate policy and not to accept it at the hands of others. The strategy which should be adopted by a maritime Power was illustrated when the Expeditionary Force was dramatically thrown across the Channel in all secrecy; it was instrumental in saving France. It was again illustrated when men were landed at Antwerp, but the movement was made on a petty scale and it was made too late. It was again illustrated—and successfully illustrated—when the enemy was taken by surprise by a small force from India which was landed on the shores of the Persian Gulf. It

* *Daily Telegraph*, November 1st, 1915.

was again illustrated when a few guns and men were sent into Serbia, but this movement again was made on an insignificant scale, whereas if at that time or even later—when we had troops at our disposal—100,000 or 200,000 men had been thrust into the heart of the Balkans to support Serbia, the whole course of the war might have been changed.* It was further illustrated when the Dardanelles scheme was initiated, but the operation, unfortunately, was confined to the navy alone, and undertaken without adequate military support. In each of these cases the strategic principle was sound. It was based upon our command of the sea which embraces *the element of strategic surprise, the possession of victorious sea power.*

Only when one stands on board some long, lean destroyer as she passes down the lines of a section of the Grand Fleet does one realize the overwhelming and marvelous power which resides in our ships of war. Naval conditions have changed, and changed dramatically and to our advantage, since we were last engaged in hostilities on a grand scale. Armies today move little swifter and with less secrecy than they moved a century ago. Navies not only move with startling rapidity, but they can traverse the seas without the enemy being aware of the fact. Take the events which preceded the battle off the Falkland Islands, when Admiral von Spee's squadron was practically annihilated. On November 1st, 1914, the German Admiral, having concentrated under his command every available ship, met the squadron of Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock off Coronel. The British force was hopelessly inferior in gun power and manœuvring ability; the German Admiral had under his orders the best shooting ships of the enemy's fleet. Admiral Cradock made a gallant defense and went down with his flagship, the armored cruiser *Good Hope.* The *Monmouth* was also sunk. That disaster occurred on November 1st. Two days before Lord Fisher, the father of the battle cruiser design and the creator of the Grand Fleet, had taken up the position of First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. On November 11th the battle cruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible* slipped away from England. No one knew, but the First Sea Lord had had a vision. Those two great ships were at sea pursuing the plans laid down by the Admiralty for nearly a month and the enemy remained unaware of their movements. They reached Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands on December 7th. On the following morning, Admiral von Spee, without knowledge of the concentration which the Admiralty had effected, approached. Before sunset the whole of his squadron, except the *Dresden*—she met her fate later on—had been sunk, the British force suffering comparatively slight losses. History records no more remarkable illustration of the element of strategic surprise which resides in victorious sea power. If the Falkland Islands had been a strategic base in the possession of the Germans, the British men-of-war could as easily as not have convoyed half-a-dozen transports for its subjugation. The armada could have passed, quietly and swiftly, from England to the South Atlantic without a whisper of the movement reaching either the German naval base in Berlin or the German authorities in the Falkland Islands. But the incident as it stands is a consummate example of the swiftness and secrecy with which sea power, alone or reinforced by land power, according to circumstances, can strike an enemy which has lost command of the sea.

* It is now revealed that in April last the treachery of King Ferdinand was foreseen. Serbia wished to take the offensive before the Bulgarian Army was mobilized. We were committed in the summer to holding a lengthened line in France, and military assistance was then denied, which in November—too late to place the enemy at a disadvantage—we hurriedly furnished.

The remarkable thing is that this victorious action produced apparently little or no impression upon those responsible for British strategic policy. It failed to convey to their minds an adequate conception of the increased strategic power which has come to us as a direct result of the change from sails to steam. And yet hardly a day passes but some incident occurs which should act as a reminder of the effects which flow from the introduction of the marine steam engine, and particularly the smooth-running turbine. Within the past few weeks a dramatic incident has been reported reminiscent of the difficulties with which great sailors of the past had to contend. The American four-masted ship *Frederick Duggan* was towed into Queenstown Harbor battered and torn after fighting fierce Atlantic storms for eighty-four days on end in a vain endeavor to reach Philadelphia with her cargo of china clay, which she had taken on board at Fowey. Almost from the outset of the voyage she met with furious gales. After many days of struggle the vessel got as far west as Long. 38, when she experienced another storm of greater severity than any previously encountered. The sails were blown into ribbons, and enormous seas swept the decks, filling the cabins and forecastle, and doing damage about the decks. Owing to the pitching and rolling the ship was strained and the decks began to leak; the crew had to work day and night at the pumps. Seamen were injured. Worn out by unceasing labor and exposure, and no headway being possible against the fury of the storm, Captain Hansen was obliged to abandon his voyage, although nearly 2,000 miles west, and run before the gale with almost bare poles. When off the Irish coast he signaled for a tug to enable the vessel to reach Queenstown.

Such experiences were of frequent occurrence during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. In the sail era naval power was uncertain in its operations. Men-of-war were buffeted about upon the seas; it was always uncertain when a ship would reach any particular port in accordance with the strategic scheme in which her movements formed a link. Yet it was during these days that the foundations were laid of the Indian Empire by sea power; it was in this era, by means of sea power, that the British flag was planted in the Mediterranean, on the North American continent, and in the Antipodes. We gained an Empire by utilizing to the full the element of strategic surprise which sea power gives to its possessor.

It is too frequently forgotten that the English people began to found an oversea empire only when they had failed in all their efforts to establish a continental empire. At short range sea power is a feeble weapon; at long range owing to the increased element of surprise it confers, it is invincible. Down to the day when the loss of Calais occurred—it is said to have hastened the death of Queen Mary—every effort was concentrated upon plans for establishing British rule in France; it rested on short range sea power. We had command of the Channel, as we have it today, but the French always had early knowledge of our military movements. Once they realized the peril which threatened them, they were able to counter our military measures. Our efforts were lacking in the element of surprise and, at last, the British forces were driven further back until even Calais was lost.* In this hour of humiliation, a British Empire based on sea power had its birth. It was realized that the British people possessed the instinct of sailors, giving them long reach for conquest, and that in the Fleet lay their military power and all other power. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher,

* The Germans attempted to do the same and ignominiously failed.

and their companions exhibited the virtues of sea power. They advanced the British frontier. Spain—oversea Spain—was taken by surprise time and again. The English seamen made their appearance in the most unlikely places at the most unlikely times. Their nimbleness confused the Spanish dons. Far and wide they swept the seas in their small ships, and created a school of statesmen, whose faith was summed up in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh: "Whosoever commands the sea commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world and consequently the world itself." Faithful adherence to that principle has given us the Empire and has given us also the Grand Fleet which confronts the enemy today.

The seamen of the sail era, maybe, were no great students of history, but they did realize the peculiar value of the supreme weapon placed in their hands. They never forgot that a fleet enabled them to strike the enemy where and when he least expected a blow. Their attitude of mind, their outlook, is illustrated by a story of St. Vincent. In the autumn of 1798 he was at Gibraltar, and Minorca was to be seized. He placed the naval forces for the contemplated expedition under the command of Commodore Duckworth. The preparations were carried out secretly. Every effort was made to deceive the enemy. The troops under Sir Charles Stuart having arrived at Gibraltar and the squadron being provided with provisions and stores, the agent victualer waited upon Lord St. Vincent, who was staying at headquarters with General O'Hara, and, having reported that everything in his department was finished, was permitted to retire to rest in his house in Rosia Bay. Almost immediately afterwards the Town Major informed the General that a Spanish spy, from San Roque, had been discovered in the garrison, trying to ascertain the destination of the expedition, and chiefly to find out for what length of voyage it had been victualed. He asked how the spy should be dealt with. The Governor's first impulse was to have him seized and imprisoned, but St. Vincent exclaimed: "Do not, my dear General, for the world disturb him. Let him go to whatever part of the garrison he wishes. It will be hard indeed if you and I do not only prove ourselves a match for a Spanish spy, but do not turn his visit to our good account."

Forthwith Lord St. Vincent sent post haste for Mr. Tucker, the agent victualer, who was found in bed after his hard day's work. He immediately proceeded to the presence of the Admiral and General. To his amazement, Lord St. Vincent confided to him that it was doubtful if the twelve months' provision prepared for the expedition, which was sailing on the following day, would be sufficient and that he had decided, therefore, to increase it to eighteen months. Mr. Tucker protested that there were not sufficient stores left. Lord St. Vincent pressed him as to what expedients could be adopted.

"There is a vessel in the Bay laden with flour," the agent replied. "Some sugar, raisins, and rice may probably be purchased on the Rock, and, with the remains of wine and biscuit in the naval stores and a supply of peas and pork from the Commissariat, this might suffice to carry out your wishes."

"Very good, sir! Let it be done the first thing in the morning."

In accordance with these plans it was decided to carry out Lord St. Vincent's policy—without any attempt at secrecy. At daylight the waterside at Gibraltar was the scene of great activity. Lord St. Vincent watched the embarkation of the additional stores, wi h one eye on the Spanish spy, who was furtively observing all the hurry and bustle. Gun after gun was fired to en-

force the signal to weigh, the Admiral constantly pressing for dispatch, and exclaiming that, if the fleet did not soon sail, they would lose the Levanter (easterly wind) then blowing, thus further strengthening the impression that the expedition was about to sail for the westward. By the close of day the fleet was under sail, and, completely deceived, the spy departed with his false information. The orders were to keep to the African shore, and no rendezvous was to be given out until off Ceuta and out of view of Gibraltar. By the following morning the wind had shifted to the west, and the whole fleet was out of sight. A month after the ships sailed St. Vincent received the news that Minorca had been taken without the loss of a single man. The Spanish authorities, misled by their spy, imagined that the fleet had left for some distant place in the west, after being filled up with a large store of provisions. And consequently, although the Spanish had plenty of troops at Barcelona, they sent no reinforcements to Minorca, being lulled into security by St. Vincent's manœuvre.* Thus did a great sailor of the past utilize sea power to achieve a strategic surprise.

A hundred years have passed, the days of wood and hemp have gone. We have ships of steel driven by steam engines. There is no uncertainty in their movements. An order being given for certain ships to be at a certain port at a certain time, the Higher Command can rest assured the ships will be there almost to the minute. They are no longer dependent on varying winds. They move from point to point on the world's seas with the same punctuality as an express train on one of our main lines. They not only move in adherence to a time-table, but they move swiftly. Increase of speed has contributed to the element of strategic surprise. There was no period during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars when the enemy had not ships at sea to pick up news of the movements of our men of war. Today the enemy's flag is to be seen nowhere. Whatever agents he may have in the North Sea, he has no means of ascertaining how we are employing transports or other shipping in the outer seas. We possess, in fact, a weapon in the Fleet which is not only more powerful and of longer range, but infinitely more subtle, than any nation has before had at its command, and yet we accept it as though it were merely a defensive shield.

Reviewing the events of the past sixteen months, the nation has been devoutly thankful that when the war cloud burst it possessed an instrument of such unchallengeable strength as the Grand Fleet. It was a ready-made engine. A democracy always engaged in war at a disadvantage; the blessings of popular institutions become curses. A democratic system of government, with free rebate in Parliament, free discussion in the Press, and free expressions of views in public meetings, is a serious handicap to any nation which confronts a people organized for war as the Germans were, and are still, organized. The first act of the German Government was to give its war staffs *carte blanche* and to muzzle the nation; today no one outside Germany knows what the staffs are planning or what the Germans think or how they are really faring. The administration first suppressed public opinion and then poisoned the mind of the nation by distorting incidents and facts in order to inflame the population. The whole of the inhabitants of Germany and Austria-Hungary became either absorbed on the outbreak of war in the military machine or practically dumb, and the elaborately devised organization designed to maintain public confidence

* This anecdote, as here recorded, is related by Captain W. V. Anson in his admirable *Life of John Jervis, Lord St. Vincent.* (London: John Murray.)

came into operation. Every eventuality was foreseen, though most of the military calculations miscarried.

In this country the conditions were very different. We possessed no war staffs in the real sense of the term as Germans understand it. Under peace conditions democracy keeps the expert —naval and military—in a position of subordination. A democracy is ruled by argument, reason, or deception. It places its trust in a committee of politicians representing not the nation as a whole but a part of the nation, and the main business of this committee in normal times is so to manœuvre as to retain the confidence of the electors and prevent them from transferring their suffrages from the "Ins" to the "Outs." Generally the system works well, as our history attests. We have flourished and grown fat under party government. But in war all the conditions are changed. The ordinary functions of government are, if not suspended, at least subordinated to the needs of war. The peace machinery is unsuited to the new conditions on sea and on land, because war is organized violence, and the methods to be employed are those not of the council chamber, debating the pros and cons of this policy or of that, and eventually reach ng probably a compromise, but are more suggestive of the methods of the prize ring. When war comes, a democracy is suddenly confronted with new needs. It requires men of action. The cry is for admirals and generals, who, so long as peace reigned, were kept under restraint and represented not infrequently as fire-eaters and the enemies of the people. But though democracy raises its cry for men to fight its battles, it is unwilling at once to relinquish any of that freedom to which it has become accustomed. It wants discussion in Parliament, a free Press, and unrestricted liberty on the platform. In other words, it cries aloud for "glasshouse war"—the counterpart of "glasshouse diplomacy." The tendency is to pelt the censors, making the most of any slips they make, forgetful that in war—and particularly war as conducted by a sea Power—secrecy is the savior of lives and the talisman of victory. An attack on a Minister will often reveal more to the enemy and prove of greater service to the foe than the disclosure of some concrete fact. Whether or not "glasshouse diplomacy" be possible, it is certain that war—particularly the operations of a sea Power—which is not conducted in secrecy, with every recourse to deception so as to mislead the enemy, is war conducted under every possible disadvantage. The outstand ng successes which we have obtained in the present struggle were planned and carried out in secrecy—without the knowledge of the nation. First, the Grand Fleet was mobilized and had already taken up its stations before either Parliament or people knew exactly what was happening. Secondly, the Expeditionary Force was thrown across the Channel without a word being said to Parliament or people. Those two events exercised, and are still exercising, a dominating influence over the enemy's plans. They were the fruits of the denial of the prerogatives of a democracy; they represented the element of strategic surprise.

When these two steps had been taken, the nation came face to face with the problem—How should it, a democracy, contribute to the victory of the Allies? The question was discussed by Mr. Lloyd George. "What service," he asked, "can Britain render?" His reply may well be recalled: "She can keep command of the seas for the Allies. She could, of course, maintain a great army, putting the whole of her population into it exactly as the Continental Powers have done. The third service which she can render is the main burden of financing the allied countries in their

necessary purchases for carrying on the war, and also help the Allies with the manufacture of munitions and the equipment of war." "Britain," the then Chancellor of the Exchequer declared, "can do the first, she can do the third, but she can only do the second within the limits if she is to do the first and the last." What has been our experience? We have about a million men in France, more men in Gallipoli, more men in the Balkans, and others in Mesopotamia. Has the Grand Fleet its striking force to use by way of strategic surprise? We acknowledged the necessity for such provision in peace. Can we deny it today without relinquishing our supreme power?

Happily, though we have failed to realize the fullest hopes entertained a year ago, for reasons which must be obvious—unless this argument has failed in its purpose—we have not merely maintained but strengthened the Navy, and thus secured a firmer grip on the enemies. We have done that, but, somewhat forgetful of the Fleet, we have also used our armies for short-range warfare and frontal attack after the manner of the fourteenth century, though we have had at our disposal the long arm of sea power and facilities for prompt and decisive intervention. While Germany has paid the price of an overvaulting ambition, we have sustained disappointments owing to timidity, delay in decision, and want of vision—the world vision in which only a sea Power can indulge with safety, as Germany herself realized when she determined to challenge our command of the sea.

It is now urged from Berlin that the contest is between "Mahanism and Moltkeism." The assertion is true. On the one hand are a group of Powers divorced from the sea, and endeavoring to prove that they can succeed in spite of that disadvantage. On the other hand, the Allies control the sea communications of the world; they, and not the enemies, have at their command the supreme powers of rapid movement and strategic surprise. In the contest between land power and sea power, the result can be in no doubt. The initiative which we secured, and have since maintained at sea, can be pursued on land, if governed and governors realize in time the spirit and weapons with which the war can be brought to a speedy conclusion.

For years past many persons have suffered from the delusion that we are as other peoples and should act as they act. On the contrary, we hold in the world a unique position, possess unique characteristics, and can exercise unique powers. When war came there was a widespread impression that it was a matter of soldiers and sailors; events have failed to educate us if it be not realized now that it is also a matter of finance and industry. In war we require a great composite engine of man and brain power; it will not necessarily be exactly the same, in all its parts, as that of any other Power. If we endeavor slavishly to copy others, we may sacrifice sources of strength which none of our Allies can make good. The Grand Fleet and the Grand Army are two sections of one fighting organization which must be co-ordinated with our financial and industrial machinery. We must develop our energy as we can employ it to the best advantage for the furtherance of the common cause; and, when our organization is complete, the Grand Fleet will still remain the spearhead of the British people.

We need in our midst something of the temper of the Elizabethan sailors. They believed in themselves; they believed in the power of the sea; they believed in their cause; they believed in secrecy and surprise; they believed that they were supported by a Power greater than themselves. The mariners who swept the Spaniards from the seas had

the truth in them. Their conception of war rested on the conviction that by the aid of ships they could invade the enemy's territory, however distant, throw him into a state of confusion by taking him by surprise, and then overwhelm him even with inferior forces by striking him where he was weakest. They were no strategists and tacticians trained in schools or colleges, but men who drew their inspiration from the seas. They refused to know defeat. Their conquests over nature in their small craft were not less conspicuous than their victories over their foes. They were pertinacious; they never let go. "There must be a beginning of any great matter, but the continuing unto the end until it be thoroughly finished," Drake wrote to Walsingham, "yields the true glory." Or we may turn for our encouragement to John Hawkins: "We have to choose either a dishonorable and uncertain peace, or to put on virtuous and valiant minds to make a way through with such a settled war as may bring forth and command a quiet peace. . . . Therefore, in my mind," he added, "our profit and best assurance is to seek our peace by a determined and resolute war, which no doubt would be both less charge, more assurance of safety, and would best discern our friends from our foes, both abroad and at home, and satisfy the people throughout the world." Do those words reflect the temper of the British people today? If they do—and can it be doubted?—victory is assured. In our sea power, more supreme than ever before in our history, resides the ability to strike the enemy when and where he least expects to be struck, and thus to crush him. History shows that there is no war so costly and tedious as that pursued at short range and with frontal attacks. We possess a weapon with which we can, if we will, hit our enemies unawares, and bring them to the dust.

Archibald Hurd.

The Fortnightly Review.

WOMEN'S INDUSTRY AFTER THE WAR.*

The inquirer who seeks to envisage industrial conditions, as they may exist after the war, has few economic precedents on which to base conclusions. Economic prophecies made at the outbreak of hostilities have proved to be singularly incorrect. During the early autumn of 1914 we were in the throes of endeavor to mitigate an impending prolonged period of industrial dislocation and unemployment. This year unemployment in the insured trades has shrunk from 6.28 to 0.96 per cent, while 60,000 fewer persons are in receipt of poor relief than in the best month of our most prosperous year, 1913. The last issue of the *Board of Trade Labor Gazette* chronicles a serious shortage of labor in many industries, not only among men but among women. Half-a-dozen small workrooms under the Central Committee for Women's Employment are still open, but they are the refuge of elderly women of the most helpless and unskilled type. The number of children receiving free meals in London has shrunk from 74,201 in September 1914, to 14,168 in September, 1915—a reduction of 60,000. To the poorer sections of the population, in spite of the high cost of living, the war has brought a measure of prosperity which peace has failed to

*Prepared for the Conference of the National Union of Women Workers, October, 1915.

confer on them. Separation allowances for the wives and children of soldiers, who before enlistment were in fluctuating trades, have produced a *certainty* in the weekly budget, the results of which are visible in the improved appearance of hundreds of school children. When we remember the poignant, personal anxiety that must yet be suffered in so many homes, there is a tremendous indictment of pre-war conditions in the assertion made by a poor woman to a friendly visitor in one of our grayest and most hopeless districts: "If them that runs this war can keep it up another couple o' year, I shall be on my feet again."

Certain points for consideration seem to issue from these facts:—

1. Are the industrial transfers now in operation likely to be of long duration?
2. If the present conditions are of a temporary nature, can any measures be suggested which may prevent the inevitable dislocation at the end of the war?
3. Can we hope to improve on pre-war conditions in any steps taken in the work of industrial reconstruction?

It may be well at the outset to meet the inevitable criticism by stating at once that the rapidly changing conditions in industry and commerce have not yet attained a sufficiently static position to enable us to put forward suggestions of any permanent value. Although we have now realized the protracted nature of the struggle for national existence on which we are engaged, it is doubtful whether the lay mind can foretell in the slightest degree the extent to which our industrial and economic resources must be taxed before we can hope for a lasting and honorable peace. We know that nearly three million men have joined the forces of the Crown, but we do not know how many more may be required, nor can we gauge the toll of human life which may be involved. Recognizing, therefore, the difficulties of all forecasts, it is probable that many of those present will sympathize with the point of view of friendly critics, who see a somewhat futile beating of the air in endeavors to poise the mind on what will happen "afterwards," an "afterwards" shut out from our gaze by an iron curtain, which has scarcely begun to lift.

There are, unfortunately, no complete official figures available proving the extent to which boys and girls below and above school age, and adult women, have been transferred to industries hitherto regarded as peculiarly the province of men. A Return issued in May by the Board of Education showed that 3,705 boys and 106 girls normally liable to attend school were excused attendance between February 1st and April 30th, 1915, for employment in agriculture. From September 1st, 1914, to January 31st, 1915, 1388 boys and 49 girls received similar exemption. Among those set free in the second quarter were 49 boys between eleven and twelve years, 22 of whom belonged to Worcestershire, 12 to Somersetshire, 8 to Hertfordshire, and 4 to Gloucestershire. Two thousand one hundred and fifty-six were between twelve and thirteen years of age.

The number of partial exemption scholars, or half-timers as they are usually termed, demonstrated a tendency to increase before the war, the number of those on whom grant was paid having been 71,718 in 1912-13 against 70,074 in 1911-12. The demand for juveniles has increased so much that negotiations have recently taken place between the master cotton-spinners and trade union organizations with the view of asking the Home Office to permit children not exempt for full time labor at thirteen, to be employed all day at the mill. It is also suggested that operatives should be permitted to work overtime

at seventeen instead of eighteen years. Meanwhile appeals are being made by hard-pressed traders for relaxations of educational regulations on the ground of patriotism. Industrial activity has produced a claim on the labor of little children, which if not carefully watched may prove to be an insidious danger for the future welfare of the nation. Consequently many local authorities, hitherto backward in framing regulations, have been forced by conditions to take action. In Manchester a recent inquiry revealed a total of 6,081 school children working for wages, of whom 2,128 were under twelve years of age. Of the total number 2,324 boys and girls were engaged for more than twenty hours weekly, 1,061 working for more than ten hours on Saturdays. 1,851 children were shown to be occupied on Sundays, of whom 30 per cent were under twelve years of age. In other districts of industrial Lancashire, boys who are engaged in half-time employment in the mills work at other occupations in their free time. This is done in direct contravention of Section 3 (sub-section 3) of the Employment of Children Act. The war has also brought an increase in street trading. In London the utmost vigilance was required to combat the evil, and to deal drastically with the undesirable adults who were in many cases employing boys of tender years. It is therefore not surprising to find the Chief Constable of Liverpool in his Report for 1914 expressing regret at the increase in juvenile crime. Figures are given showing that 877 street trading licenses were in force on December 31st, of which no fewer than 675 were granted to children of school age. In London our by-laws have succeeded in driving off the streets boys under fourteen and girls under sixteen years.

The high wages now offered to boys and girls leaving school, more especially in work which may prove to be of a temporary character, only call for increasing care from local authorities. At the outbreak of the war and for three or four months afterwards, great difficulty was experienced in finding work for children who were exempt from school attendance. In London an experiment was made in the establishment of day classes in commercial subjects, needlework, and general education, maintenance grants from the National Relief Fund being obtained in some of the poorer districts. The classes were all in close touch with the Juvenile Advisory Committees of the Labor Exchanges, the Secretaries of which notified all suitable vacancies at frequent intervals. The experience gained was of considerable value, and will be of use in the event of further activities in this direction being needed after the war. Briefly, the results obtained tend to show:—

1. The importance of providing a practical training in craft work as well as in subjects of general education.

2. That a maintenance grant is essential; otherwise the poorer boys and girls drift off in order to pick up odd jobs in the streets.

3. That there must be the closest co-operation between the National Fund which gives maintenance grants, the Labor Exchange which notifies vacancies for employment, and the Local Education Committee which provides the teaching and also organizes the machinery by which the After Care Committees are in friendly touch with the homes of these young people.

In London too, recent developments of the work of Children's Care Committees will enable the Local Authority to build up and maintain a complete register of the school career of each boy and girl, their future occupation, the type of continued education recommended, and details of progress both at the evening institute and at work, at least up to the age of seventeen. Three agencies will be responsible for the wel-

fare of the adolescent. The Care Committee will appoint the friendly volunteer to keep in personal touch with him, and to make this pleasant work effective hundreds of visitors will be needed. The Juvenile Advisory Committee will find employment in any case notified for "action." A free place at an evening institute will be given whenever there is immediate enrollment on leaving school, and the responsible teacher will be empowered to arrange for a personal visit to the employer when irregular attendance at the continuation school is said to be due to protracted hours of labor.

It will be seen that machinery in London which can enable the Local Authority to preserve contact with 70,000 children leaving the elementary schools, presents opportunities for the development of continued education which may have far-reaching results. The war has shown that the country has an insufficient supply of skilled labor. This is partly due in London to the unwillingness of employers to train young people, and to the ease with which they have been able to recruit skilled workers from the country. That this is a short-sighted policy has now been recognized in many industries, and there is an increasing willingness on the part of employers and trade unions to cooperate with the London Education Committee in securing facilities for time off during working hours for general education, for trade theory, and also for the more skilled operations of the industry. Joint Advisory Committees of employers and craftsmen have given practical help in the printing, furnishing, and silversmith trades. There is a general disposition on the part of gas companies and engineering firms to take advantage of educational facilities for their apprentices, and since the outbreak of war their example is being followed by a cable telegraph company, by firms of piano makers, and by an organization representing all the more important hotels and restaurants, which is organizing the training of British lads as waiters.

While the full-time Trade School which provides a thorough initial training in every branch of certain skilled industries, coupled with general education, is undoubtedly the best method of securing the maximum of intelligence, adaptability, and resource from the individual student, at the same time safeguarding moral and physical development during the most important years of growth, questions of accommodation and of expense may render their extension less rapid than the part-time course. But certain essentials in training can only be effectively dealt with in the full-time trade school, and the experience gained there may be of vital importance in dealing not only with problems of reconstruction after the war in relation to adolescents, but also in the transfer of women from work on war equipment to the arts of peace.

The sudden commercial upheaval following upon the declaration of war produced a contraction of employment amounting to 10¼ per cent in the case of men and 8½ per cent in the case of women. Women were mainly affected by the decline in the dressmaking trade, by the abrupt stoppage of production in furniture, by the shortage of sugar in the confectionery trade, and by the limited output in the cotton industry, which had begun some months before August, 1914. By December a marked recovery was apparent; there was increasing difficulty in finding men to meet the demand for labor in many industries, and the number of women and girls on overtime had nearly doubled. The action of the Government in regard to the purchase of sugar had prevented disaster in the confectionery trades. By February employment was normal in the cotton towns and Government contracts in tailoring and shirt-making had mitigated the difficulties of women in

dressmaking and skilled industries. The simplification of the khaki tunic enabled the smaller contractors to undertake work. The increase in the number of women employed was especially noteworthy in the leather trades, which showed an expansion of 36.6 per cent, with 55.2 per cent. working overtime, and in engineering with an expansion of 12.3 per cent, with 39.2 engaged on overtime. In the boot trade 22 per cent, and in the clothing 17.3 per cent, were similarly employed. By February, too, the enlistment figure among the employees of banks and insurance figures was between 20 and 25 per cent, and the returns showed an increasing tendency to secure the services of women to fill vacancies. During the past six months this movement has advanced rapidly. But it must be remembered that the trend towards the employment of women in industries usually regarded as the province of men has been gaining in impetus in recent years. The census returns of 1911 show, for instance, that 117,057 women were engaged in that year as commercial or business clerks, against 55,784, in 1901. In insurance work 4,626 women are recorded, compared with 1,375 in 1901. There were 2,159 law clerks in 1911 against 367 in 1901. Even in the tramway service 607 women were found, as compared with 72 in 1901, and on railways 2,636 against 1,441 at the previous census.

In banks, the increase in the number of women employed is very large. One agency alone has trained, tested, and passed on 973 women to positions of various kinds. Hitherto the work given has not been of a very responsible type, but the calculations to be made need quickness and accuracy. The experiment must be regarded as still in the initial stages, but there seems a likelihood of permanent work for women in the pass book and coupon departments. The salaries given do not compare unfavorably with those obtained by the more competent among women clerks.

The *Board of Trade Labor Gazette* for July, 1915, points out that there is in the boot trade a demand for women workers in departments hitherto exclusively in the hands of men. In London the opportunities available for women in the leather machining trade led to the establishment of short courses of eight weeks' duration at the Cordwainers' College. The women in training came from the more depressed branches of the stationery and printing trades, a good many being folders and sewers. All those who took the course secured good positions on its completion at wages which advanced rapidly. Certain firms have introduced their own training schemes, one firm having taught leather stitching to nearly a thousand women since the beginning of the war, paying them 2d. an hour while learning.

A scheme for the training of women as assistants in the grocery and provision trade has been organized by the London County Council with marked success, and has again emphasized the value of the short full-time course for the training of adults. An intensive scheme by which teaching is given by highly-qualified trade teachers under circumstances as nearly as possible approaching workshop conditions, offers a possible solution to the problem of the transfer of women to other openings after the war.

It has been generally admitted that women have shown much resource and adaptability and a high degree of capacity in accommodating themselves to the changed conditions of industry. The investigators who conducted inquiries for the Report to the British Association on outlets for labor after the war point out that in the metal trades, and especially in the manufacture of projectiles, women are doing "work demanding intelligence of a high degree and involving intricate operations." They are being employed in complicated

processes on shells, on difficult forging work, and on the delicate manipulation needed in producing time fuses.

These women have been mainly drawn from such trades as jewelry, clock, and barometer making, silversmith's work, and even from dressmaking. The possession of craftsmanship involves as a rule adaptability. Similarly the great expansion of work in the clothing trade (coupled, it may be noted, with an increase of wages of 56 per cent as compared with June, 1914), has been met by the influx of women from kindred industries such as baby linen making, juvenile clothing, wholesale and retail dressmaking, bespoke tailoring, underclothing, and the millinery trades. Government demands are so great that factories engaged on private work cannot obtain hands. One of the largest and best wholesale garment-making firms, employing 900 hands, has vacancies at this moment for 200 girls and women. In the boot trade the requirements of the retail firms cannot be dealt with at all. In fact the difficulty of meeting the normal needs of the population appears to be increasing daily, and may, therefore, lead to a period of industrial expansion after the war, drawing back large numbers of women to their usual trades, provided always that we have not reached a time of great financial stringency.

The question of transfer will be a matter of graver difficulty in the case of women employed on railways, on bookstalls, and in driving and distributing goods. Their work involves no hand training, there is more freedom than in the workshop, and the out-of-door life is likely to render them unwilling to take up the monotony of domestic service in towns. Possibly for these women emigration may prove an attractive solution.

In the commercial world the increase of women workers may probably be permanent. After the Boer War many men preferred emigration or other more interesting occupations to a return to the desk and the ledger. Unfortunately, in this far deadlier struggle there will, be many who, alas! can never return and women, in a greater degree than ever before in the history of the world, must therefore seek economic independence. The lighter positions in warehouses, counting houses—general commercial effort—are peculiarly suitable for them.

On the other hand, it may be hoped that the end of hostilities may see considerable developments in our commercial and industrial activities, more especially in trade with our over-sea dominions and with our Allies. A series of more than one hundred pamphlets was published some months ago by the Board of Trade, showing the opportunities existing for new markets for our wares, and the need for greater care and initiative in making known our resources, in pushing our manufactures, and especially in supplying the actual requirements of the market. Extracts are quoted from Reports of His Majesty's Trade Commissioners, and from consular officials, which are a surprising revelation to those who, like myself, were believers in the capacity of the British man of business. Instances are given telling how we have lost ground in Australia in the supply of agricultural machinery because, unlike the Canadian and American manufacturers, our firms are not represented by competent salesmen and travelers. American and Canadian firms, says His Majesty's Commissioner, think it worth while to have huge establishments for the sale of their manufactures in the agricultural line, officered by an experienced and thoroughly capable staff, and to employ each of them, it is understood, over one hundred experts who demonstrate their manufactures in Australia. Without damaging the markets of our friends there appear to be, accord-

ing to these pamphlets, innumerable directions in which the products of our skilled workmen should reach the ends of the earth. But better methods of business need to be adopted, more especially in the systematic use of foreign languages, in the setting up of price lists in foreign translations, and above all in foreign currency (it is astonishing and almost incredible to be told that firms quote for orders in English money). In the extension of English houses abroad, and the employment of technical experts to sell articles of British manufacture there seem to be possible openings for young men more attractive than the casting up of rows of figures or the typing of documents.

The appointment of waitresses in clubs and restaurants has denuded still more the ranks of domestic service. While it is probable that a simpler style of living may be the result of the drain on the national wealth, it seems unlikely that the supply of trained domestics will meet the demand, unless the conditions of work are made more attractive, and domestic service is regarded as a highly skilled industry on a par with dressmaking and the other skilled needle trades. Better teaching in the domestic trade school, the keeping of fewer maids, and those better paid and better equipped, combined with less onerous service, may prove one method of dealing with the problem.

Finally, to secure better conditions of labor after the war, we ought to strive for:—

1. The elimination of the child under fourteen from the labor market, the gradual raising of the school age with regulation of the hours of work and education in the hands of the local education authorities up to eighteen years.
2. A better training of adolescents in the full-time and part-time trade school, with a wider scheme of scholarships and maintenance grants.
3. The development of language teaching and the further training of commercial experts.
4. An increase in the number of trades to which the minimum wage will apply.
5. A further limitation of the hours of work for women in shops and factories. A measure of factory legislation is long overdue.

N. Adler.

The Contemporary Review.

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER IV.

The Shield of Achilles.

Barbara was driving sheep on the fells above Cringel Forest. She looked down and saw the trees bourgeoning into leaf, and rising out of them, on the top of a jutting crag, the old house belonging to Joel Hart. It was an unpretentious place, but battlemented and loopholed, made for defense when moss-troopers paid frequent visits, and not for beauty and comfort. It was, in fact, little better than a fortified farm house; underneath it ran a long dark cellar, where the cattle of the villagers could be driven to safety in times of alarm.

Barbara's keen eyes—keen as an eagle's to scan the broad fell-side—noted the air of decay which had settled upon it, the thicket of brambles among the chimneys, and how a pine, growing out of the rocks, encroached upon the doorway. Behind the house the ground swept steeply up, strewn with shattered boulders and weeping with waterfalls.

"Poor Joel," she said to herself. "He's like Paris, in the book Peter

gave me—beautiful Paris that Helen loved, whose soul ill-matched his fair form."

She thought of her sister's adoration of this man, and was sad. There could be nothing but disappointment in store for Lucy, she felt sure of it, unless the girl overcame her affection and set her heart upon a more worthy object. But she was attracted by the glamour of fallen greatness, by his handsome presence, and she admired his pride. Barbara, with clearer vision, saw a man tossed about by circumstance, without a guiding principle in his life, whose pride was as hollow a thing as a soul ever cherished.

She turned away from Forest Hall, and the disquieting thoughts which Joel roused, and looked up the dale. It wound in sun-swept greenness to Thundergay, where Swirtle Tarn glittered like a silver sixpence. For some days clouds had been gathering there, piled one on the other like wool-sacks, white and soft as wool just now, but stained crimson at sunrise, and black as smoke at night. The light was vivid, and had that peculiar quality of deepening the colors of the landscape, often the forerunner of storm; the purple of the distant hills was more intense, the green of the grass richer, the red of ploughed earth more passionate.

The sheep that Barbara was driving were uneasy, making many attempts to break and turn back. Then the leader, recognizing the summer heaf to which the flocks return in spring, after having wintered in a more sheltered place, set off at a run, followed by the rest. Shading her eyes from the sun, she watched them leap gladly upwards, bleating their welcome to the well-remembered spot—for the bond binding the sheep to their hill-pasture, is as the bond between man and his own hearthstone.

She turned homewards. As she threaded her way among the rocks of the rough path, she came upon Jan Straw gathering wool, which the sheep had left behind them upon the heath and brambles.

"Her was buried in a linen shift," he said, answering her remark that he was busy at a strange gleaning. "Her was buried in a linen shift, fine and white and soft as snow."

"Who?" asked the girl, for she saw that his mind was wandering.

"Her o' the white fingers, white as Lucy Lynn's, white like the linen she was buried in, white as snow."

"Your wife, Jan?" said Barbara, having in her mind's eye a vision of golden curls and a little pale face, which had been buried long before she was born.

Jan said no more, but, turning away, continued his gleaning.

"What are the wisps for?" she asked.

"I mun be buried in woolen," he muttered, "the law says so—it said so then—but she had a linen shroud, the best linen as ever was wove, shining like snow, like them little white flowers she loved."

He stood up, trying to straighten his crooked back, crooked with the toil and poverty of years.

"I mun be buried in woolen," he repeated, "and I's picking my shroud off the brambles. Yon little lass, Lucy, her o' the white hands, she promised to spin it for me and get it wove. It wunna be white like snow, like her own bonny hands, but it'll match my old gray face. I's'll not be buried by the parish. I's'll lie aside her in the kirkgarth below there."

He wiped a tear from his eye.

"Her should have been buried in woolen too," he added, bringing these memories from the abyss of his mind, where they had long lain in darkness, "but her was so white and soft, white as milk and soft as silk, her couldna abide the touch o' a woolen shift. So her was buried in linen, and I paid the fine."

"It will take a lot of gathering, Jan, before you get enough to make a shroud," said Barbara. "But let it be, let it be; leave it for the birds to build their nests of. You shall have a fleece, and a decent bed, too, when you need it, beside her o' the little white hands."

He looked at the girl slowly, from her feet to the crown of her head.

"Thee's a girt lass," he said, "as big as the mistress, and they used to call her daughter o' the giant that lived at Ketel's Parlor. But thee's got a kind, soft voice, Barbara Lynn, like the cooin' o' wood-doves. Wilta gie me a fleece?"

She nodded, and the pale watery eyes brightened.

"The birds is welcome to my gatherin'," he replied, scattering his bundle of wool. "I's'll go and pull rushes. We's gettin' short o' candles down-by," and he shuffled away.

Barbara watched him go. She thought how hard it was to be old and lonely and poor. Jan had bed and whittle-gate at the farm—decency could do no other after a life of honest service—but, as the old man was past work, what use had he for wages? Such was her great-grandmother's argument for refusing to part with a penny of her hoard.

Barbara went slowly down-hill. She had an hour to spare before milking-time, and it was too precious to be lost. She passed along a ledge of the Mickle Crags, found a sheltered spot, and sat down. She could not see Greystones as it lay right below her, but she could smell the turf-smoke from its fire.

There, with her hands clasped upon her knees, surrounded by a wilderness of gray rocks, she gave wings to her mind. All through this Easter-tide she had walked as in a dream; but it was the dream and not the actual that had life. She came and went, rose before dawn, and passed the day toiling upon the fells, but now and again she culled an hour to spend with her book—Pope's "Homer"—at the cave. Sometimes Peter came there and read to her, often the old herbalist Timothy Hadwin accompanied him, and the two men would talk, while she listened, weaving withy baskets, but weaving into her own mind many a wonderful thought. Thus she learned to know the old stories of Achilles and Hector and Helen, of Ulysses and Penelope; she was thrilled with the beauty, pathos and madness of them. The natural objects about her began to take on a new meaning; she was able to feel the freshness of the early world, when men's hearts were fuller of the mystery of things, less sure of their own place in the Universe, and stricken with fear before the veiled faces of the gods.

She likened her mind to the shield of Achilles, which Vulcan forged for him; she thought of it as a great disc engraved with strange pictures—emblems of all that she thought and knew and felt. But as the ocean encompassed the shield—

In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole,

so about her beat the waves of a mystery, which shut in a part of her life, that her inward eye might concentrate upon it, and yet be conscious of the depths surging round.

The human mind is stupendous, she thought, beyond the power of man to understand. When she considered her own mind, and all that was written upon it—its ideas of life, of men and women, of religion and destiny, she was awed with wonder that a thing so mighty should have been forged for her by the hand which gave her life.

Her own existence was too uneventful, too full of commonplaces, too mean, to provide a satisfying food for her strong

intellect. But in "Homer" she found a feast spread. His men and women lived down to the depths of their being, and she lived in them. Hecuba and Andromache! the greatness and bitterness of their lives appalled and stirred her. When she stood upon the heights and saw the mists rise like smoke from the dale, or roll from ledge to ledge down the fell-side, when she saw the beck in spate, when she looked through the gloaming at the ruined outlines of the crags, then she participated in the very thoughts of these great women; then she felt the presence of gods in the mist; then she saw Achilles flee before the angry River; then she saw Troy and the long black ships, and the lines of glittering warriors, and in her own heart she heard the cry of defeated hosts, of exultation, of death, of resignation.

Barbara roused herself from these thoughts. She was lingering too long in idleness. She must go and call the cattle, for milking-time was near. So she came swiftly down the crags behind the house. They were rough and steep, rotten in many places, and drilled with springs. But a little sheep-path led in and out, bordered with bleaberries and parsley ferns. In one cleft a thorn had taken root, and baffled the wind and storms of years; in another grew a holly; but for the most part the place was bare of vegetation. Soon she saw the chimneys of Greystones below her.

Lucy stood in the dairy churning. The door was open, and she could see into the cow-house, and through it, framed as in a picture, the fell-side aglow with the afternoon sunshine. She was tired, her hair was ruffled, and her cheeks were flecked with cream. Her eyes, at times, were almost blinded with tears, and she saw the distant glories through mist. The good green earth called to her, but she was doomed to toil at the churn in the semi-gloom of the dairy while the day fled, while life fled.

She longed to be out in the sunshine; she wanted to plait rush-baskets as she had done as a child, to fish for minnows in the beck, to wander down the dale and smell the aromatic scent of the springing bracken. She looked at Jan Straw, who sat on the doorstep peeling rushes. He was like a worn-out garment; she, too, would be like a worn-out garment before long. Life was hurrying, hurrying by; not long ago she had been a child, today she was a woman, soon she would be old with life behind her. Lucy dreaded growing old. Each morning when she woke she thought that the day must surely bring some change, but it passed as the day before had done, passed in monotonous labor, leaving her a little older, a little sadder, a little less hopeful. Now and then she cherished the thought that she was a woman grown, and whispered to herself of love and home and husband. But today she wanted to cast off all responsibility, to have the mind and outlook of a child.

She paused for a moment to wipe the splashes of cream from her cheeks, and rest her arms. Then her great-grandmother called:

"Lucy!"

It was no use pretending that she had not heard; the tones of the old voice demanded a reply.

"Yes," she answered, reluctantly.

"Has the butter come yet, Lucy?"

"Nay."

"Nay? I doubt the butter will never come to idle hands."

The girl began again, and the thud, thud of the churn was like the angry beating of her heart.

Lucy's unwonted despondency rose from the strange temper of Joel. Usually he was as affectionate as she could desire, but sometimes, without any reason that she knew, he would be taciturn and neglectful. Yet he loved her—she did not doubt it. There was an inconsistency in him, and it puzzled

her. For to Lucy's understanding, character should be simple, and not a thing of complex feelings and contradictory impulses. Though Joel purposed the highest achievements, he rarely attained: though he said that he adored her, he could not rouse his energy to fulfill his responsibilities. She was unhappy, trying to piece together these parts of him, and present a clear picture to her mind.

At last she heard the plop-plop of butter in the churn, and her eyes brightened. When the brain is distracted with questions it is unable to solve, that concern the inner life, it finds relief in turning to outward shows, where something is being accomplished —be it only the coming of butter.

The hind had cleaned out the byre, and shaken down fresh straw. It glistened in the gloom like thick golden threads, soon to be trodden under the hoofs of the cows. Lucy could hear her sister's voice as she drove them from their pasture across the bridge to the milking. They lumbered in single file up the path—red cows, white cows, piebald cows, with straight horns and full swinging udders, their brown eyes looking from under their lashes with an expression of innocent content.

Lucy was in a mood to draw analogies from everything about her, and she thought of the yellow straw and Barbara's hair, and how soon life, with its heavy foot, would beat out its gold.

"If you could have a wish just now, that would come true," she said, "what would you wish for most in the world?"

Barbara leaned her cheek against the warm side of Cushy, her favorite cow, and pondered this question, while the only sound was the swish of milk into the pail.

"Eyes," she remarked at length.

"Eyes? You're not going blind, Barbara?"

"Nay, nay, I've got the best eyes in the dale. I can count twelve stars in the Pleiades, and no one else can see more than six. It's not them kind of eyes I want—it's spirit-eyes."

"Oh, Barbara, do you want to see spooks?"

The girl laughed, and then was silent. At last she said:

"I feel that if we could push a curtain aside, we'd find ourselves in a wonderful world. It's here, about us, on every hand, but we can't get in."

"Spooks!" again exclaimed Lucy. "I've seen a spook. It's the spirit of this old house,—a grinning, gray hag, gray as its name—and it's got you and me in its grip; but I'll get away from it, see if I don't. It takes the very life out of me—haunts me like a shadow."

"Shut your eyes to it," said Barbara. "don't think of it, then it won't bother you."

"Shut my eyes! So I do; but it's my bed-fellow when you're not here. It gets close to me—ugh!—and whispers and whispers——"

"Well, what does it whisper?"

"Horrid things—all about death and sorrow and pain——"

"They're the common lot of us creatures. You won't escape them even if you run away from Greystones."

"I'm off now, at any rate," and Lucy took her milk cans and set out for High Fold. It was her habit to meet Joel at this time, on her way through Cringel Forest, and glean from their short meeting either joy or unhappiness upon which to feed herself until the same hour of the next evening.

The road to the village lay along the beck-side and crossed the stream by an old stone bridge just beyond the falls. The bridge was garlanded in summer with honeysuckle; already the pale green leaves were out—the first green leaves in the dale—and the sight gladdened the heart of the girl. The further away she got from Greystones the happier she grew; she threw off the brooding despondency that had clouded

her spirit all day, and hummed as she walked. The evening air was balmy, the snow had vanished from the fells, spring had come at last.

She had not gone far when she met Peter Fleming on his way to see her great-grandmother. He was swinging along at a good pace, with books tucked under each arm, and whistling like a blackbird. But he turned and walked with her to the edge of the forest. She could not help a momentary wish that Peter, with his honest gray eyes, and open smile were Joel. She could have rested her heart in peace upon him. She would never have been troubled with doubts. She would have been like a bird, buoyed up like a bird on the calm blue waters of the mere, as happy and unconcerned a creature as any on the earth. He had never shown her anything but a brotherly affection, but she knew by instinct that artful fingers, and a pretty face could cause his heartstrings to vibrate. Yet it was Joel, and not Peter, whom she loved.

He left her at the edge of the forest, and she followed one of the many paths by which it was intersected, that led to a clearing where Timothy Hadwin's cottage stood. But his door was shut, so she left his can of milk on the door-step, and ran down to a little dell to meet Joel. She jingled her cans so that he might hear her coming.

He was waiting for her with his back against a tree trunk.

A sweeter trysting-place these lovers could not have chosen. The mossy banks were starred with celandines, now closing with the lengthening shadows; hollies, dense and glossy-leaved, formed a complete screen around, and down in the bottom, among gray pebbles, a spring bubbled up, as clear as crystal and cold as ice, widening into a pool, in which the lovely slim bodies of the sunbeams by day, and the moonbeams by night, bathed and swam.

Joel was in a lively humor, but Lucy would be serious.

"Oh, lad, lad," she whispered, "take me away from Greystones. I'm so unhappy there."

"Unhappy! What or who has been frightening you, Lucy? Is it the old woman?

She shuddered.

"I'm sure the place is haunted."

"So it is—by your great-grandmother. It's not canny to have a great-grandmother, Lucy. She ought to be a ghost by now."

"Oh, I'd rather have her as she is," replied the girl. "She can't get out of the four-poster—at any rate she wont till she's dead. Then"—she shivered again, and moved closer to him—"she would soon be after us, peeking through the bushes, and crying out in that sharp voice of hers: 'Lucy, Lucy, away to your bed!' But, Joel, I wish you would tell her that you want to marry me."

"God forbid," he said fervently.

"Why not, Joel? Don't you want to marry me? She's fonder of you than she is of me."

He plucked a bunch of the little yellow flowers and twined them in her curls.

"You're very pretty tonight, Lucy," he answered, "and you know I want to marry you more than anything else in the world. But it would not help us for me to tell her so, though she does profess to like the looks of me. She likes the looks of her money better."

"What's that to do with it?"

"She'd want to know if I expected her to keep us."

"You could say 'No.'"

"Then she'd want to know if I could keep you."

"You could say 'Yes.'"

"But I can't keep you, Lucy. I can keep myself, not yet, though I have hopes that my luck is changing," he spoke mysteriously.

"Shall we never be married?" she

asked wearily, leaning her head upon his shoulder.

"We must wait a little longer."

"It's always wait, wait, wait, Joel."

"Well, you see, you shouldn't have fallen in love with such a poverty-stricken creature. But I thank God—whenever I thank Him at all—that you did. You're the only soul that has ever cared for me, Lucy. My mother blew the thought of me away as though I had been dust; and old Mally Ray, honest heart, doesn't know the meaning of real love. I don't think her religion approves of the word. Look up, Lucy, and let me see you smile—it's a garden of roses to me, that smile of yours."

She did look up, but to ask in a cold voice:

"How much money have you, Joel?"

"Only a penny piece, but, like the widow's cruse, it's going to multiply."

"Really?"

"You shall see. Some fine morning I'll come riding up to Greystones and carry you off to be lady of Forest Hall."

She gazed at him through the dusk, at his handsome face and lithe figure. He was a glorious make of a man. How could she ever have distrusted him? His eyes were looking into hers with an expression of the tenderest regard, his arms were round her, his voice was whispering endearing words.

So she gave herself up to the joy of loving and being loved, having cast all her doubts and suspicions away as unworthy of her and disloyal to him.

They sat on a fallen tree with arms entwined. It was growing rapidly darker; owls began to hoot in the forest; a damp, sweet smell rose from the undergrowth. They talked bravely, as young things do, of the future.

Then Lucy ran home by the singing beck, up to the lonely house under the crags, happy in Joel's promise that he would soon come for her openly, and ask for her great-grandmother's blessing, which he was sure to get if he came with full pockets.

How they were to be filled she did not know or ask. But Joel had assured her that his luck was changing at last.

(To be continued)

SWITZERLAND IN WAR TIME.

We had passed within twenty miles of Valenciennes, where Uhlans had been seen on the previous night, and yet I still found it difficult to believe that the war could affect anything so routine as the journey to Switzerland. In those early days the war still seemed dreamlike and unreal. At Dole the dream became a nightmare, as we waited in the little station and watched the tragic train-loads of wounded passing in from the battle front in Alsace.

The long journey—twenty hours from Paris to Pontarlier instead of eight—was tedious, but it was not without compensations. If you flash through from Paris to the Alps between sunset and sunrise, the intervening stages lose significance. This tired train that seemed to drag itself through the plains of France gave reality to many a little wayside station which had been nothing but a name, and romance to the gradual transition from the flat country to the first uplift of the hills. Never have I longed more intensely for the first feel of Swiss soil. As the line steepened beyond Dole the train seemed to quicken with new hope, as if it longed to throw off the weight of sorrow and suspense that brooded over France. But we were not to reach Switzerland that night. We could go no further than Pontarlier.

Next morning there were passports to be vised before we could cross the frontier. The entrance to the Mairie was blocked by a crowd studying the telegrams posted outside. This was on August 25. Namur had fallen; the great retreat was fairly begun. Of all this we knew nothing, though we guessed much. The groups in front of the Mairie melted away and reformed again. Those nearest the board read out the telegrams in subdued tones. "For the moment we have abandoned the offensive, but we hope soon to resume it. There is no cause for anxiety." The optimists affected cheerfulness and declared that we were drawing the Germans into a trap. But the optimists were in a minority, and the picture postcards in the shops, which represented the Allies carving up a pie labeled "Germany," brought small consolation.

At last! The train swept out of Pontarlier and carried us with a rush into Switzerland. But even in Switzerland the gloom of war prevailed. Lausanne, where I lunched, was enthusiastically pro-French, but Lausanne knew more than France, for the Swiss papers of course had published the triumphant German telegrams.

I spent the night in Berne and the evening with some Swiss friends in a cafe. My Bernese friends seemed confident that Germany would win and win quickly. A journalist ventured to remark that Kitchener had said that the war would last three years, and he was promptly informed that the Germans would take Paris in three weeks. "Nothing can stop them. I hear they have some wonderful secrets up their sleeve, some new kind of gun against which nothing can stand."

"But even if they take Paris," said the journalist, "they will not have beaten England."

"Oh, if they take Paris they will tell the French that they will let them off with a very slight indemnity if they can persuade England to withdraw, and then England must withdraw."

"Humph," said the journalist, "they are very obstinate, these English."

As to the responsibility for the war they seemed fairly agreed that Russia was the villain of the piece, and they pretended great astonishment that England, the home of freedom, could ally herself to such "a reactionary semi-Asiatic power" for the purpose of crushing civilized Germany. They professed, and I think sincerely, great sympathy for Belgium. They regarded Belgium as an unfortunate little State squeezed in between two quarrelsome neighbors, and they affected to believe that if Germany had not got in first, France would have struck through Belgium at the German manufacturing centers. Their views were typical of the majority of German-Swiss. They believed that Germany was bound to win, and as the war was ruinous for Switzerland, the sooner she could win the better. Had the Allies led off with dramatic successes they would have been almost as anxious for the Allies to win. Their one idea was to get the war finished as soon as possible. But, even in those early days, there was a strong minority in German Switzerland hostile to Germany, and even those who wanted Germany to win entertained no unfriendly feelings against England or France. At the beginning of the war hundreds of English tourists were stranded in Switzerland. Checks and letters of credit resembled a certain famous treaty. Many of these visitors had good reason to be grateful for the courtesy and consideration with which they were treated by their hosts, not only in French, but also in German Switzerland. Resolutions of thanks were forwarded both to the individual *hoteliers* and also to the President of the Republic.

After a short visit to Lucerne I went on to Basle. At the beginning of

August an absurd rumor appeared in the English press to the effect that the Germans had violated the neutrality of Switzerland by seizing the Basle station. The mistake probably arose from the fact that Basle merges into suburbs which stand on German soil. I visited this frontier—a most business-like barricade of wagons and sand-bags and earthworks thrown across a busy street. A very solemn German sentry seemed fully prepared to guard the integrity of German soil, but I was not out for invasion.

It is, by the way, easy to discover oneself in Germany unawares. An English journalist recently booked a ticket between Basle and Schaffhausen, both of them of course Swiss towns. At an intermediate station he left the train for the refreshment room. He was promptly arrested, for the station was just across the frontier. Of course had he remained in the train he would have been safe, for the train was technically Swiss territory. He is now in Ruhleben.

Basle was certainly interesting. From the roofs of the hotels, or from the hill behind the town you could watch the rival energies of the French and German aircraft. By day and by night we heard the great artillery duels in Alsace. One evening I strolled out after dinner and climbed the hill behind the town. The dark plains of Germany lay below, pricked by the distant lights of Baden. The guns were still. An occasional flash may have been summer lightning or the last flicker of a weary battle. There was no other sign of war. The evening was peaceful; the starry sky untroubled. As I strained my eyes towards the distant battle front the bugles suddenly rang out the last post for the Swiss troops quartered on Basle. The whole town seemed to take up the melody and singing voices blended with the bugle notes. This sudden intrusion of music lent an unreal touch to the scene. It was like an opera effect, and for the moment I almost imagined that the war was a stage war, the bugles blown by stage supers, and the lights of Baden nothing but stage lights showing through a painted background. I did not stay very long in Switzerland. Wolff announced one morning that the English army had been surrounded and the General Staff captured. This was not the kind of news one liked to assimilate in a German-speaking town.

France had been anxious on the outward journey, but the gloom had deepened manifold when I again crossed the frontier. I reached Paris on the morning of September 1. The day before, a Taube had dropped bombs on the town, and the consulates were besieged by English and American residents anxious to escape before the siege. It was said that the German guns could be heard in the suburbs. An excited American lady remarked "Surely the Germans won't be allowed to shoot before every American citizen has left Paris." This, you must remember, was in the days when Americans still considered American citizenship as something sacred and inviolate. The *Lusitania* was still afloat.

The Gare St. Lazare was a battlefield in miniature. Two American ladies had come all the way from Geneva with six large trunks and a Pekinese dog, and somehow or other we managed to get both the trunks and the dog to Havre, which we reached fourteen hours after leaving Paris. It was a sad journey. Refugees flying before the dreaded Uhlan invaded us at wayside stations. Alarmists declared that the Germans had made a raid down the sea-coast, that the line was cut and that we should never reach Havre.

My visit to Switzerland was short, but I had learned a lot. I was forced to admire the efficiency and thoroughness of German propaganda. In this great war none of us can afford to neglect

the tribunal of neutral opinion, a fact which the Germans were prompt, and we were slow, to realize. In the first month of the war the German-Swiss heard nothing but the German case, and the German case skillfully argued takes some answering. Truth is not mighty enough to prevail unassisted. We ignored Switzerland for several weeks. Our papers arrived late, or did not arrive at all. The distribution of the White Paper was left to private enterprise. Germany supplied the Swiss press and the leading Swiss hotels with a free telegraph service. We did neither. First impressions are difficult to eradicate, and the Germans certainly enjoyed the first innings on a wicket that had not been cut up. Even so the German-Swiss were much more divided than the French-Swiss. From the very first there was a powerful Anglophil party, and a still more powerful party whose motto was "A curse on both your houses." The Germans, I think, rather overdid their propaganda. Spitteler, of whom more anon, voiced the sentiments of the majority when he complained of the dictatorial tone of war propaganda. Perhaps, on the whole, our *laissez-faire* policy had a certain negative advantage.

Somewhere about October, the Government appointed a Press Bureau which was charged with the task of putting our case before neutral countries. A number of writers were asked to send articles to the leading papers in neutral countries. I was invited to supply the *Bund*, the leading organ of German Switzerland, with a weekly contribution. I did my best, but it was a depressing task. By the time my article had been passed by the Bureau and translated by a Swiss friend—for my own German is colloquial rather than literary—it did not appear till some ten days had elapsed. Try to write today something about the war that will be new and interesting ten days hence, and you will understand why I gave up the impossible after three months.

Meanwhile, my Anglophil friends in Switzerland kept on sending me anxious appeals. Prominent Swiss journalists could not procure English papers. The German-Swiss press complained bitterly of the cavalier way in which we treated them. Germany supplied them with free telegrams, and the German papers arrived up to time. "We print," as a leading Swiss editor said to one of my Swiss correspondents, "all the news we can get. We have every desire to be strictly neutral, but as long as England sends us no copy save the official telegrams, so long as her papers arrive days late, it is obvious that German news must predominate in our columns." I suggested to the Press Bureau that they would do better to drop my articles and spend fifteen or twenty pounds a week in telegraphing interesting items of news, but the expense was considered too serious. I cannot help smiling when Germans accuse us of Machiavelian corruption and bribery to secure a verdict from the neutral press. I can answer for one neutral. The corruption of the Swiss press costs exactly twopence halfpenny a week. A better service of English papers was, however, arranged for, and when I visited Switzerland this year I found in the book-stores various English pamphlets translated into German.

The German-Swiss press has on the whole been fairly honest in its attempt to preserve the proper balance. The *Bund* and the *Neue Zuricher Zeitung* are, for instance, much more neutral than the *Journal de Geneve* and the *Gazette de Lausanne*. The *Journal de Geneve* has, by the way, more than maintained its excellent literary character since the war began. Amongst other distinguished contributors Romain Rolland has given them of his best.

The French-Swiss press is frankly anti-German. The German-Swiss press seems to believe that Germany is invincible, but from anti-French or anti-English bias they are fairly free. They wisely exclude all discussion concerning the causes and the blame for the war and they do not encourage "atrocity" stories from either side. It is to pamphlets rather than to the press that you must turn for evidence as to the real sympathies of the Swiss. These do not entirely coincide with the lingual boundaries. French Switzerland and Italian Switzerland are unanimous in their support of the Allies but German Switzerland is divided. The majority of French-Swiss not only desire France to win; they want Germany to be beaten and punished. They dislike the Germans. In German Switzerland I never heard the French abused, nor did the average German-Swiss contemplate with enthusiasm the prospect of Germany in a position to dictate her own terms. They know too well what this would mean. The Swiss have long memories. Their national struggle for independence against Austria may be ancient history, but though the Morgarten and Sempach belong to another age, there are Swiss alive today who were mobilized against Prussia in 1857. There is, of course, a small but very demonstrative pro-German party, but their pamphlets and writings have called forth some powerful replies from the German-Swiss who distrust Germany. On the whole, I should say that the intellectuals of German Switzerland are pretty evenly divided. No Englishman could desire a more sympathetic treatment of English culture than Professor Vetter's "Die Kultur-Bedeutung Englands." This paper was read to a society of Zurich students, who met together through the winter months for the study of the rival "Kulturs" in a gallant attempt to lift their outlook in the world war above the "mists of commonplace and superficial discussion."

The most important of these pamphlets is "Unser Schweizer Standpunkt," by the great German-Swiss poet Karl Spitteler. The Germans have a way of annexing German-Swiss poets, and they have certainly annexed Spitteler. Good German critics have placed him in the very front rank of German poets, just as Gottfried Keller, the Swiss novelist, ranks as one of their great romantic writers, just as Hodler and Bocklin are considered German painters, and Rousseau a French writer. That is the worst of having no national language. That Spitteler should be anything but an enthusiastic pro-German has greatly distressed the Germans. Spitteler himself seems surprised. He tells us that in his youth he looked to Germany as the fount of inspiration, the country of legend and dream, the land of poetry whose face is the face of home, "wo Berg und Tal uns mit Heimataugen grussen," Germany made him. He has thousands of friends in Germany; his French friends "can be counted on the fingers of the left hand." In fact, he has only three French friends. In Germany he feels at home. In France he feels "surrounded by cold mistrustful strangers." And yet he has written a pamphlet which has enraged all Germany, with the incidental result that his letters to German friends are thrown into the waste-paper basket by the Censor.

The pamphlet is not, however, professedly anti-German. It is a plea for Swiss unity. It is a reproof to the mere partisan of his countrymen, and though only addressed to his German-speaking compatriots, it applies, *ceteris paribus*, to every canton in Switzerland. And not to Switzerland alone. Certain of his sayings might well be taken to heart by all the belligerent nations. Amongst others:—"A warlike press is not a very exalted literature. Is it really necessary that we should poison the bloody wounds of war with ink? . . . he

who dies for his country has at any rate a nobler role than he who merely scolds for it." The pamphlet will live as literature long after its timely counsel is no longer needed.

Spitteler begins by remarking that he is much distressed by the sharp division between French and German Switzerland. "It is no comfort to me to be told that in the event of war we shall none the less stand together . . . must we then have war in order that our essential union shall be demonstrated?" Spitteler is very much alive to the internal difficulties and perils of a country that blends three races and three speeches under one flag. It is all the more important to remember that those who live beyond the frontier are neighbors, "and until something untoward happens, friendly neighbors, while those who live within the frontiers are brothers. The neighbor may turn and fight against us. The brother under all circumstances fights by our side. A greater difference is inconceivable."

It is therefore, says Spitteler, essential that Switzerland should keep her neighbors at a proper distance. "Switzerland is lucky in that she has no foreign policy." Spitteler warns his countrymen that the day they begin to contract understandings and alliances with other countries marks the end of Swiss independence. "Our troops stand alike on all frontiers because we yield to none of our neighbors unreserved trust. Every State robs as much as it dares." The German-Swiss must remember that they are not Germans, despite the fact that "Germany has generously and without jealousy taken the Swiss masters of literature to herself and in some cases placed them above her own." Spitteler reminds his countrymen that they should show a special sympathy towards small States, such as Belgium and Serbia. For the Swiss, "the Serbians are no mere mob"—("*Bande*")—but a people. "No race since Homer's day has produced such magnificent epic poetry." He tells us that the Swiss doctors and ambulance volunteers returned from the Balkan wars with the greatest respect for the gallant Serbians.

Spitteler renders a generous tribute to England when he recalls to his countrymen our diplomatic support on two critical occasions. During the Civil War of 1847, Prussia, Austria, and France supported the Sonderbund, a league of Catholic cantons whose tendency was reactionary and secessionist. Switzerland was in grave danger of sharing the fate of Poland. Palmerston alone was opposed to foreign intervention, and when the Powers issued a hostile manifesto he succeeded in keeping it back until the Sonderbund had been beaten and the foundations laid for a united and independent Switzerland. Ten years later the integrity of Switzerland was again menaced by Prussia over the Neuchatel question. The three races of Switzerland mobilized with equal determination to maintain their independence. Once again England's timely intervention, ably seconded by Napoleon III persuaded Prussia to hold her hand. "England," says Spitteler, "if not Switzerland's only, is at least Switzerland's most reliable friend, and if you reply 'mere egoism,' I can only pray that in our hour of need we may always find such egoists to support us."

The German-Swiss are very impressed with the German contention that France should never have allied herself to Slavs, nor have used against civilized white troops her Turcos and African regiments. Spitteler reminds the Germans of their old alliances and understanding with Russia, and as to the Turcos he points out that war is not a chivalrous duel with code and etiquette, but a death struggle in which any help is welcomed. "If a burglar threatens you with a knife and then remonstrates with you when you sum-

mon your house dog on the ground that you are turning a four-footed unintelligent brute on to a human being, you will probably answer 'Your knife prevents me feeling any shame.'"

This remark infuriated the Germans; but the sentence that caused most offense was Spitteler's reference to the German "revelations" based on documents stolen from the Brussels archives. Spitteler condemns this "fishing for documents in the body of the victim before it has ceased to palpitate. To seem whiter need Cain blacken Abel? It is bad enough to murder your victim. It is beyond all limits to slander him as well."

The peroration is a notable passage in a pamphlet, no page of which is devoid of masterly expression. My rough paraphrase does not reproduce the dignity of the original, but it gives some idea of the fine ideal which Spitteler holds up to his countrymen.

"It is not so difficult to preserve the proper balance if only you can use a certain logical discrimination. You tell me that this is all very well, but this balance involves a great mental effort. Surely not, for it is to your heart rather than to your head that I would appeal. When a funeral passes by, what do you do? You uncover. As you watch a tragedy on the stage, what do you feel? Reverence and emotion. And how do you behave? You listen in sympathetic and undemonstrative silence. Such behavior is instinctive. It does not need to be taught. Well, my friends, we are privileged by a freak of fate to watch from the stalls this grim tragedy that is being enacted in Europe. Sorrow is Lord of the Stage and behind the scenes lurks Death. Turn where you will, the mourning of those that weep must reach your heart, and the note of this hopeless grief is the same in all nations, for sorrow knows no distinctions of speech. Let us therefore uncover ourselves to all that mourn. Thus shall we attain the correct neutral, the correct Swiss standpoint."

Spitteler's pamphlet had a considerable effect. The German method of warfare had an even greater influence in chilling the sympathies of the German-Swiss. The change was very apparent to me on my second visit to Switzerland—a visit by the way which was not designed to avoid the National Registration Act, for I had previously been rejected as unfit, the result of an old accident. I spent over a month in Switzerland last summer, and discussed the situation with leading Swiss in French and German Switzerland. French Switzerland is more united than ever in its support of the Allies. In German Switzerland the pro-German party is still strong, but the anti-German party is certainly no weaker. The extremists on both sides are, however, in a minority. "The best result would be stalemate," is the view of the great majority. They do not want Germany beaten, but they are afraid of Germany victorious. Let me try and summarize in a few paragraphs the opinions of nine German-Swiss out of ten. "We are not overfond of the Germans. We have no sympathy for the ideals of the military caste. Our own army you must remember is the most democratic in the world. We have no officer caste. Anybody with the necessary ability who cares to undertake the requisite training can become an officer, and save for a few staff officers, all our officers are expected to have some other profession. Nowhere did the Zabern affair provoke more indignation than in Switzerland. We are fully alive to their shortcomings. They have no notion how to conciliate subject peoples. Your great achievement in South Africa would have been impossible to them. If Germany were to violate our frontiers the Swiss would fight to the last man. Our difference would disappear with the first shot in

defense of our neutrality. Nor are the Germans very popular even in German Switzerland. We have various nicknames for them, none too flattering. We suspect their economic penetration. Germans are getting too many of the best positions in German Switzerland. We bear no ill-will to anybody. You will never hear a German-Swiss abusing the French, though you will hear plenty of French-Swiss abusing the Germans. None the less, we believe that the German case is quite as good and quite as bad as your case. We think they had to fight, and that if they had not fought now, Russia and France and you would have crushed them in a few years' time. We do not think that Germany has the monopoly of militarists or chauvinists. This war, in our opinion, is due to the jealous hostility of two powerful and quarrelsome groups. The peoples nowhere wanted war, and to us there is something tragic in the spectacle of the best blood of Europe being shed at the dictates of the small cliques that make war. We do not wish to see anybody triumph in this war. We believe that if all lose alike there is some hope that the peoples of Europe will take the control of war out of the hands of the men who make war, but do not themselves fight. If either Germany or France is crushed there will be another war of revenge in forty years. As to the accusations of outrages and so forth we have read your Bryce report and the German reports on French and Russian atrocities, and we discount them all alike. War turns millions of men loose and amongst these you will find plenty of brutes, but we do not believe in organized brutality and though the German conduct of the war is severe we do not believe that they are any more guilty of brutalities than their opponents. War breeds cruelty and lies. Many of us were profoundly shocked by the *Lusitania* incident, by Louvain, by the French use of Turcos, and by your ineffective attempt to starve German women and children. All these things can be defended and are perhaps inevitable in a war of this description, but we do not like them. We are tired of propaganda literature, and all we ask is that your diplomatists and editors on all sides should get to work and make peace. You chatter about the dangers of an inconclusive peace. There is nothing inconclusive about the ruin which another year's war will bring to all Europe."

Switzerland today is a sad and anxious country. She is not losing her sons on the battlefields. In all other respects she is suffering more from the war than any country save Belgium and Serbia. Even before the war Switzerland was overbuilt. Today the situation is desperate. Most of the Swiss hotels have been heavily financed by the banks, and the Government has been forced to issue a sort of indefinite moratorium to keep the hotel industry solvent. But tourists, contrary to popular belief, are not the only nor yet the most important Swiss import. Her other imports have been terribly curtailed by our sea power. Our blockade has hit Switzerland more severely than any other neutral country, for Switzerland has no seaboard. We have found it difficult to prevent American ships carrying American raw materials and American manufactured goods to neutral ports. But Switzerland has to persuade one of her four belligerent neighbors to carry those same goods on their railways, and it is therefore easy for any of the belligerents to control the importation of goods into Switzerland. England may not be able to stop American goods unloading at Amsterdam, but nothing can force France or Italy to place her overworked railways at the disposal of Switzerland. To Germany and Austria Switzerland looks for sugar and

coal, and Germany and Austria are not anxious to supply these, save in exchange for other things which Switzerland can only get by the grace of the Allies. The recent creation of the Import Trust has slightly improved a situation which was very grave.

Swiss neutrality has proved, not only a benefit, but almost a necessity to France, Germany, and England. Switzerland, despite the divergence of her private sympathies, has labored impartially to reduce the horrors of war. It is in Switzerland that most of the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners have been effected. Switzerland is the clearing ground, not only for prisoners but for correspondence between Germany and France. In one month, according to published statistics Switzerland carried over a million letters to and from the prisoners' camps. This little State, the meeting point of three races, is the model for a saner and wiser Europe. French, German and Italian Switzerland preserve their languages and preserve a great measure of autonomy. In spite of differences and disagreements, in spite of different ideals, they contrive to live under the same Government and under the same flag. Internationalism here at least does not spell denationalism. It is to Switzerland that we owe the greatest of all international conventions, a convention which, though often abused, is more often respected, the Red Cross on the white background.

Arnold Lunn.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE METAPHYSIC OF LIFE.

The word "metaphysic" originated as a mere question of arrangement; it has long since become a symbol with many associations. Most people detest the very sight of it; it suggests full-page advertisements for somebody's pills, or a cubist picture of a nightmare. Yet everyone needs a pill occasionally, and there are moments when even cubism touches a sympathetic chord. Life is a flow of details of which the succession is not always harmonious; flying-machines can choose the quietest rectory lawns to go smash on, as Mr. Wells lately so vividly showed us.

Much as we would, we cannot get away from the hoary problem of the "many" and the "one." The "one" stands for order and peace; the many for the chaos of life. We long for peace, we have to live, and that means a series of hard jolts which mostly hurt. Hence the demand for a kind of wagon with good springs which will take the ups and downs easily. Metaphysicians have been working at such a contrivance for ages; there are numbers on the market, and new patterns are always being announced; but few come up to the advertisements.

Most of them fail in adaptability. For example, the aeroplane type is, of course, represented by idealism. Its various patterns work all right as long as they stay high enough among the clouds; but sooner or later they always go crash against some mass of solid fact which refuses to be surmounted. Materialism is a slow affair which hugs the ground and crawls along inch by inch; it avoids the jolts fairly well, but then it never gets anywhere. Our road is laid on this old earth, and we come to grief if we soar too high. Still, we must soar a little. We seem naturally to want to skim just above the surface; that is why the irregularities jolt so much.

Mr. William James and Dr. Schiller have suggested a variety of conveyances

which can be changed at need. This seems excellent in theory, but in reality is too tiring. It involves so many barren attempts, and it is exasperating to have to change just as we seemed to be getting used to something really practicable. Besides, it makes such a litter; our past road is strewn with discarded wrecks. Some people may not mind this, but most of us feel that there ought to be some way of assuring a cleaner record.

Pragmatism has another aspect, however, which is attracting a good deal of attention just now. It thinks that the past metaphysic made a mistake in devoting itself too much to the vehicle; it is impossible to construct anything really serviceable outside ourselves. Pain is largely a subjective matter; we cannot always remove the cause, but an inner prophylaxis will greatly mitigate the effect. The old thought was too much preoccupied with the obstacles and too little with its own interior structure. It felt the pain, but it was too inclined to lay the blame outside and to forget that the feeling is its own. Thus a demand is arising for a metaphysic not of the world, but of life, which shall attain the desired end by internal adaption rather than by external construction.

Hence M. Bergson's brilliant conception of throwing ourselves into the stream of life. Our idea of a hilly road which jars us as we bump over it is all wrong. Our minds think that way, but if we will only learn to appraise our thoughts at their true value, we shall see that in truth all reality flows along with us. It is absurd to worry about the jolts; they simply are not there. What we have to do is just to surrender to the stream with joyful confidence. We do not know where it will land us, but we may be quite sure it is all right. Half the trouble of life comes from the apprehension of the future; but the future is not made yet. There is, in fact, no clear-cut road over which we have to pass. Everything is in evolution, and we create our lives as we evolve. We are not to fritter away our peace of mind in the hopeless search for a "one" to carry us safely over the "many"; our own vital stream is the "one" right at our hand. Devote our attention to that, and the "many" becomes so much food for our development, instead of so many cobble-stones to rack our nerves.

This is certainly a very different view of metaphysics from that of Aristotle's "being as being." And now comes Professor Eucken with a still more developed metaphysic of life. Bergson's plunge has been found only partly to satisfy; that ignorance of our destination rankles. Once in the stream there still appears a vista stretching away into the future. While the old philosophers kept us stumbling along the banks, it now looks as though we have to start struggling with waves. We cannot lie still and merely float.

Eucken is not so optimistically consoling as Bergson. He tells us, it is true, that our old struggles with matter were so much wasted energy; he too insists on a plunge into the reality of life. But he recognizes that this is no easy matter. We have a natural affection for the world, no matter how badly it treats us. We stand shivering and reluctant for a long time before we can break with it. Eucken warns us solemnly that, unless we do, our lives will remain as meaningless as the world is. He has a fine contempt for the "merely human" and imperatively calls upon us to take the road of the spirit. This is by no means the same thing as the idealist flight; it has something of that, but in reality is an adventure into a new world, of which the idealists only caught glimpses. The spiritual world is a world of its own with its own roads and ups and downs. There is no

floating along with the stream of Eucken; evolution may have brought us thus far with no particular effort on our part, but our introduction to the spiritual world means that we must be up and doing. The painful jolts are transferred to a new sphere; but the great difference is that, while the merely human jolts simply hurt and brought no corresponding advantage, spiritual difficulties are so many exercises for getting up strength. Then, too, the road of the spirit has a goal; it leads up to the highest. Humdrum, every-day life, even in its most refined and intellectual aspects, even if occupied in the pursuit of metaphysics after the old way, leads just nowhere. We are always crying for more, we shall find it on the spiritual quest. Every step on that way opens up a new vista which includes and extends the old; some day there bursts upon us the vision of the absolutely Good and True. We can now dispense with makeshift contrivances, counterfeit representations of the "one" made out of common materials; the new metaphysic enters right in by way of the spirit, to see truth face to face. The old thinkers imagined that knowledge *about* the "one" would do; now we call for and can have knowledge *of* the "one."

This certainly looks like a very hopeful way out from all our troubles. It escapes the drawbacks of the old road by just avoiding it; it promises increasing strength to overcome the obstacles of the new one. There is something inspiring about it calculated to revive our jaded spirits. Bergson is a little too hazy about what happens after we take the plunge into reality; Eucken is explicit.

But is he really the prophet we need? Has he a message for the average man, who willy-nilly must dissipate his best energies over sordid matters like food and clothes? That, after all, must be the test. The greater part of life is not lived in the professor's study, but in workshops or behind counters and ploughs. Such places are not favorable to strenuous inner quests. How about the man who is forced to take his spiritual knowledge on trust? Can Eucken guarantee that such an adventure, which, after all, is no slight matter, is really worth while?

This question of guarantees reveals the weakness of the metaphysic of life. Philosophy must attempt to show "whence" and "whither." The old *philosophia perennis* based its answer to these questions on the natural conviction of human thought. It was accustomed to demand a sufficient reason for things, and, applying this inevitable demand to the universe, it arrived at souls and a Creator-God. But it could conceive of no other means of attaining these great facts; it mistrusted its ideas unless they were abstracted from tangible reality. It thought that mere ideas are the exclusive possession of the mind which thinks them, and can mean nothing for anyone else. Eucken's spiritual ascent would appear to it as a climb up the inside of a kind of endless chimney, accessible to no one but himself. Those boundless vistas which seem to open up before him can be nothing more than ingenious pictures on the inside wall; whatever impression they make on him, in themselves they are mere decorations. Professor Eucken would seem to suggest that all our chimneys after a time abut on the same sun-lit roof. But that is just a fascinating hypothesis; there is no proof of it generally available. Suppose we all make our private ascents and seem to arrive at the Highest and Best and Truest; how are we to assure ourselves that this is not merely a proof how wonderfully deceptive our interior decorations are? There is a specious appearance of research about this method of Eucken's. But I can repeat and

verify a chemical or physical experiment; I cannot explore the interior of Professor Eucken's spiritual life. The fact is I cannot even explore my own from the inside. Mental processes happen, but all we are aware of is the ideas which result; the process itself is inaccessible. The spiritual adventure remains a journey along the surface. The plunge into the thickness of the real, as William James called it, is always pulled up short by a material image. That image, which never deserts even our purest thought, is more solid than the thickest armor-plate when it comes to trying to penetrate our own spiritual life.

It would really seem as though the perennial metaphysic has a good deal in its favor, if we can only bring ourselves to examine it dispassionately. All old things are not necessarily worthless.. The old thought was very much alive to its limitations; but it was convinced that there are genuine limitations to all thought. At the same time it was very conscious of its power. Nowadays we want to shake off limitations; but often enough power drops off with them. According to the old way, when a thinker saw the effects of chalk, he said that chalk was there; when he saw the effects of a soul, he said a soul was there; when he saw the effects of the Almighty, he knelt down and worshiped. The point in favor of such a mode of thought was that it was thoroughly intelligible; to this day it is the only one accessible to the man in the street. The sage despises the man in the street; but the contempt is mutual, and if mere numbers count, there is no doubt which side presents the most formidable appearance. While the sage is spinning theories, Hodge is living. His retort is not subtle; it consists in obstinate persistence in the habit of calling an instrument for digging a spade, and the demand that a theory of life shall be as palpable as the spade is. The average man wants to dig up ugly weeds which he calls "sins" and to grow a crop of flowers of virtue. Sins are offenses against God; virtuous actions are pleasing to God; God is an inevitable part of the average man's thought.

The sage sneers at such naive ideas as anthropomorphic; but the point is, are his own ideas anything else? Bergson's imagery is famous; Eucken cannot express his pure spiritual experience except in metaphor. Of course, we know that it is the fashion to scorn the intellect as a clumsy, earth-bound affair which cannot rise to the purest spiritual flight. But would not the result be the same if there were no pure spiritual flight? And is not something which completely defies description more likely not to exist than otherwise? Description is a matter of language; but language is not merely an instrument, it is a universal expression of human nature. Modern philosophers, at least from Kant onwards, have been using language chiefly to abuse what it stands for. If the inside of our private chimneys were really accessible, it is impossible that there should be no method of communicating knowledge about what is found there. It is far more likely that Eucken has climbed a little higher up the outside and gained more extensive views of prospects open to all of us. That is, he has simply been working with what our forefathers dubbed "abstract ideas"; the only difference between his method and that of the man in the street is that Eucken's mind is capable of more thorough abstraction. Every philosopher who uses language must do the same thing; the great contradiction of Kant was that, while he rejected the validity of the abstract ideas of space and time, he accepted the abstract idea of the categorical imperative.

Mr. F. H. Bradley's Absolute is nothing but an abstraction, that is, it

is anthropomorphic at bottom; Professor William James's pluralism was frankly human, the pragmatism by which he justified it even more so. In other words, all our thinkers, of whatever school, in spite of their contempt for Hodge, are in reality thinking just in the same way as he does; only, while he uses his idea of a spade merely to recognize a new one when he wants it and to enable him to dig with it, the philosophers are becoming so preoccupied with the beauty of the idea that they ignore the claims of the humble object from which it originated.

To lump the idea and the spade together as useful tools, after M. Bergson's manner, is short-sighted, since there is something eternal and necessary about the idea, even of a spade, which points beyond mere utility. On the other hand, to explore the idea apart from the spade, as Professor Eucken seems to do, is to enter into a region of uncertainty, since without the actual spade or some material expression of it the mere idea is inaccessible to anyone but Professor Eucken. This overlooking of simple fundamental facts by our leading thinkers is no unimportant matter; natural scientific research would never tolerate it for an instant. The facts on which the old metaphysic was based are indubitable; some of the theories which it produced may have been but hypotheses, but at least they covered *all* the facts; modern systems and methods are no less hypothetical and are constantly leaving this or that fact out of the reckoning. The old way of thinking did not pretend to construct a vehicle for life: it was satisfied to judge by the effects that life was there and was taking this or that road. It discovered by experience that the modification of some or other effect would alter life's direction; but it saw that some aspects of life are beyond its province. What if this point of view left open the way to superstition and myth? Mr. Chesterton has wisely noted that superstition is not all bad, while one myth happens to be true. The old doctrines were intelligible to everyone; the new ones are generally so many esoteric mysteries. If the universe contains both spades and ideas of spades, and if the spade clearly indicates a created world, while the idea of it naturally culminates in an eternal Personal Creator, why should we strain our thought to resolve all into a world of atoms or of mere necessary thought? If we can sin against each other, why cannot we sin against our Creator? If God can *make* man, why cannot He *become* man? If we cannot know each other's minds unless we speak to each other, how can we know the Eternal Mind unless It is revealed to us? If the mass of men cannot keep straight by their own strength, why should it be absurd to conceive of God helping them by His grace?

The metaphysic of life has long been degenerating into a mere game of skill; theories are being judged not by their correspondence to fact but by their relative originality. But it is a dangerous game; while the leaders are playing, the "little ones" are merely bewildered, and there was One who had a serious warning for offenders against the little ones. It is time there was a more general return to a saner and wiser view of things. Metaphysics must be content to show the road and must leave to Revelation the graver task of constructing the wagon.

Anselm Wood.

GOD'S HILL.

I.

This cannot be described as a particularly pleasant story. It is not indeed a story at all in the proper sense but rather a record of aimless incidents connected only in so far as they center round one particular locality. What lends to this history such interest as it may possess is the peculiar character of that locality.

If it be true that all houses where men have died—particularly those wherein they have died by strange and sudden forms—are indubitably haunted one would be led to suppose that Indian bungalows would be queer places. So, in point of fact, they are. All Indian bungalows are to a greater or less degree haunted—this is a mere commonplace, and no sensible man would tell you otherwise—but in so many of them the queer occurrences consist in casual manifestations having no apparent bearing upon anything whatever, and lacking altogether a story to which to cling. There is the bungalow of the Trotting Cat—normal cats do not trot—at Masulipatam, and there is a big Travelers' Bungalow near Hylarpet, where one's servant comes at intervals rather sheepishly and asks if master called; master has not called, but has a curious subconscious persuasion that he did hear a moment or so back something very like the long-drawn "Bo-o-y," which is the domestic summons all over South India. These are interesting in their way, but fail in the last resort because nobody has ever been able to suggest what the Trotting Cat really is, or who is the uneasy sahib who still shouts aloud in the resthouse, or what in the world it can be that he wants. The Forest Bungalow at Barachi—you call this "Burchy"—was equally unsatisfactory, but differed from these, for though in the way of manifestations it was poor—indeed, bafflingly unproductive—it was connected with two very remarkable stories. The first of these was the history of Captain Fernandez, and the second was the very objectionable anecdote of the Hairy Trunk.

The Barachi bungalow was built by Captain Fernandez, and it stood, as should all houses, upon a rock. The rock was called, in the vernacular, God's Hill. In support of this name there could be adduced a nameless and undated ruin, conceivably a small Hindu shrine, which stood perched upon its very summit. There was little else, however, that could be called as evidence, for to look at it was a sable and sinister place. It stood in the wide and handsome valley of the Palamadhi, where the river flows through the big walled plain of Bandha, with the Mohnd and Samsuri Hills throwing an arm round it on either side. From Mamindi, which is a considerable peak of the Mohnds, you may look all over this plain; you may note the river flowing through a belt of paddy-fields; on it you will see Bandha, a goodly city girt with topes of cocoanut and palmyra, with the shiny iron chimney of the sugar factory sticking up like a signpost. You will see the main road entering the plain through a sort of pass or glack at the south end, and winding along over an endless series of terra-cotta brick culverts; and just between you and the road, foreshortened against the plain, there lies this dark and solitary rock—God's Hill. The little village of Barachi you cannot see, for that lies on the other side of the hill, but you can see very well what remains of Fernandez's bungalow, for that was built, as was natural to him, on the side away from men. Fernandez came like

many another villain, of a thoroughly respectable stock—sound Calcutta Eurasian traders. His father had risen to no great eminence, but his brother Daniel, by careful and prolonged obsequiousness, caught the eye of those in high places, throve mightily, cut himself adrift from the pettiness of city retail, and striking south set up the sugar factory at Bandha. Daniel loved Government, but the Captain—the regiment in which he obtained this rank is not now heard of—hated them for that they interfered with the courses of life he loved to pursue. But most of all he hated the English, whose sahibs laughed at his military aspirations, and whose ladies, disdaining the fascination of his flashing teeth and eyes, spoke of him simply as "impossible." This was in the earlier fifties, but before that grim decade was over the turn of Fernandez came—and he damned himself and his house forever by taking it. This is no place to write of the things he did—it does not do to think them of any in whose veins there ran the least drop of European blood—but they drove him south early in '59 upon his brother's tracks to Bandha, and there he built the bungalow the traces of which stand upon God's Hill to this day. He built it about a hundred feet up—a third of the way to the top—hewing a niche out of the rock and cutting a flight of steps in the hill face. There he sat himself down, partly because the place was out of the way, and partly to torment his worthy brother, whom he hated—but did not hesitate to rob.

It is strange how excellent an imitation of the lowermost slopes of Avernus can be produced—if you have but the taste for it—in any reasonably lonely house. The representation achieved by Captain Fernandez at God's Hill must have been, from all accounts, lifelike. That was an awful house. Strange men and sometimes women came and went riding in Fernandez' old-fashioned coach or on one of his many elephants, for he did not lack for money. At times, too, they said, there came Things and Persons quite other than men and women. Not often can there have stood on the face of the unhappy earth a place more evil than this big sad-colored house, and never can there have gathered more foul congregations. It is an historic fact that there were found afterwards in that house shrines, apparently in use, to the most remarkable deities, and traces of doings and practices of a quite unusual kind—even in India. It came, therefore, as no sort of surprise when one wild night a terrible uproar broke out in the place and in the morning Fernandez was not. One end of the house had been struck by lightning and partially burnt, and there was a good deal of confusion inside, but of Fernandez not a trace has been seen from that day to this. True, years later, some workmen came upon a deep well hidden in the rock, and at the bottom of this well there lay some human bones—but there was nothing at all to show they were Fernandez. There were a number of people to whom they might have belonged. But the things the villagers of Barachi saw that night flying about and away from the house would raise the hair of the boldest. This was idle superstition; but there was a curious unanimity in the tradition of a tall thin man riding on a white horse, who fled off madly towards the crests of the Mohnds. This may have been the devil or it may have been Fernandez, but in either event what happened in that house that night no one has yet dared to suggest. Personally I see no need for any devil; Fernandez and the incredibly evil memory he left behind him was devil enough.

It transpired that shortly after this date the Forest Department were

moved to open up some new reserves in the Mohnds, and, seeking a bungalow for their officers, made use of what the lightning blast and the ravages of the Aryan brother had left of God's Hill. The young men of the Forest Department are much used to lonely places, and have sound and sober nerves; very few of them, also, had ever heard of Fernandez. It was therefore as a Forest Bungalow—an ordinary traveler's bungalow for Forest Officers—that it became the scene of the incident of the Hairy Trunk a year or two later. Some connect this with Fernandez, some not. You shall hear.

It occurs here that there may be among those who read some few who have never seen a Hairy Trunk. They have, I believe, a proper designation—Barcelona or Kidderminster or some such thing—but no one knows it. They are just ordinary cowhide trunks, with the difference that the hair is left on all over the outside. There is absolutely nothing whatever against them as articles of luggage, though for some reason one does not see them much in these days. To come upon one in the night in a strange room is not the most pleasant of sensations, but in themselves they are quite harmless and useful domestic articles.

The Hairy Trunk came to God's Hill in an ordinary manner enough. It came one day slung between a couple of droning coolies, with a very old man, who looked like some sort of lower servant in charge. The bungalow watcher, also a man of immense age, watched it coming unsteadily up the narrow ghat of steps cut in the rock, by which alone access was possible to Fernandez' bungalow, and rousing himself with a weary sigh, went forth and inquired whose *saman*—that is to say, luggage—was this. The old man in charge answered with a single word "*Wastaru*," which is Telugu for "They will come." On being asked who would come, he replied again "*Wastaru*." The bungalow watcher then opened up the house in the hopeless and cheerless way of his kind, asking no further questions. They put the Hairy Trunk in the main room of the bungalow, standing against the end wall, and they went away. They never reappeared, and they who were to come came not at all. The Hairy Trunk remained in the main room of the bungalow. There it stood.

About six weeks afterwards there fell a terrible night of thunder and rain, and in the midst of it there rode up to God's Hill a young officer of the Forest Department. It was a terrible night—rain that was more like a thin river flowing over the land, and lightning that was rather flashes of brilliant darkness. The young Forest Officer was preparing to spend a miserable night when he became conscious of voices and lights without, and there entered the Assistant Collector of the District and the Assistant Superintendent of Police. Everything now went merrily: dinner was served in style, and during dinner the history of the Hairy Trunk's arrival was extracted from the bungalow watcher. He, being an old man, said it had been there six months at least. It was the center of much interest, but there was no chink or cranny through which one might catch a glimpse of the interior, and no mark on the exterior whatsoever. It was regarded as disappointing, and it was not till dinner was over and the servants were gone from the room that one bold spirit—it is thought the Policeman—suggested that the Hairy Trunk should be opened once for all.

The servants waiting outside in the passage heard the sahibs discussing a long time among themselves, and the Forest Sahib seemed to be arguing against the others. Then after a time they began to move about the room,

the Hairy Trunk was bumped this way and that, there were sounds of exertion as of men who tried to raise a weight, and at last a crash as of a door flung suddenly back. After that there was no noise at all.

Presently one of the servants peeped into the room; he fled instantly, calling on nameless gods, and summoned his fellows. The three sahibs were still in the room—the Forest Sahib lying back in a chair at table, the Collector Sahib fallen on the floor and leaning against the wall between the table and the Hairy Trunk, and the Police Sahib face downwards inside the Trunk itself. On their faces rested very vivid expressions, or rather, as it seemed, one expression in three stages. The Forest Officer looked keenly and expectantly interested, the Assistant Collector bore a look of startled horror or realization, and the face of the Policeman when they lifted him out of the Hairy Trunk was like nothing that has ever been on earth. In the trunk there was nothing but the almost mummified body of an infant. Experts subsequently said that the infant had been practically, if not purely, white.

There were two theories to account for this curious episode. Hearty young men do not expire from terror at the sight of mummified infants, and in any case at least one of them could never have seen it. One theory therefore was, that the servants had poisoned their masters. But in that case what was the Policeman doing in the Hairy Trunk? In any event this idea could be—and presently was—disproved. The second theory was that the infant had been polished off by pumping poisonous gas into the trunk through the keyhole—which was indeed found to have been sealed,—and that when the Policeman in his zeal threw back the lid this gas rushed out in volumes and overwhelmed them all. But it must have been a thoroughly curious gas; for it killed at ten yards without giving the victim so much time as would move a muscle of his face, it left no smell or stuffiness in a closely shuttered room, and it killed without any of the ordinary symptoms of gas-poisoning.

I once asked a distinguished Doctor Sahib if there was any such gas; he said there was not. I then asked him what he thought it could have been; he said he did not know. Then I said, "If a second Hairy Trunk were left at Barachi would you open it?" He replied with real fervor that he would sooner see me damned.

* * * * *

II.

An able pen has elsewhere written the story of another house accursed—that celebrated place of evil omen, "Sudden Death Lodge" at Karabad. Compared with the case of God's Hill, that was a story easier to tell, easier to explain, more diverting perhaps to read. At Sudden Death Lodge there were decently tangible manifestations, there were certainly clear and definite results. But I never heard of anyone who saw a ghost at God's Hill, nor did it normally bring about the end of those who sojourned within its walls. It simply exercised upon them a perfectly abominable influence; in most cases men sank into a violent and hideous depression of which nothing could clear them, but there were instances where this depression was changed into murderous rages or unspeakable impulses totally foreign to the real character of the victim. One had the idea that something about the place was bearing down upon one, hunting one, assailing one with a steady and fatal assault. There was nothing on earth to account for this, for as Travelers' Bungalows in India go, God's Hill was a delight. It stood nicely up on the hill, it was away from the sounds and smells of the village, its rooms and verandas were

cool and spacious. And yet one could not live there without incredible misery.

Perhaps the best case of this kind is that of Mottram, the District Board Engineer. Mottram was that type of man who is described as "hard bitten"; he belonged to the old school and knew a great deal about India, having experienced—as men in India must, so long as Government discourages early marriages—much varied domesticity of the Oriental type. Similarly, as such men do, he went home on long leave and brought back with him a particularly charming English wife, a good deal younger than himself. Mottram was the last man to see ghosts, or to come under any sort of supernatural influence whatever; he believed in whist, departmental transfers, and the Club, yet on the first night he took his new wife to God's Hill he had an unpleasant experience. About one in the morning Mrs. Mottram—they were sleeping in separate rooms because Mrs. Mottram liked a light and Mottram didn't—heard suspicious sounds from the other end of the bungalow. She went along and found her husband sleeping very heavily, gasping in a peculiar way. Being a wise woman, she woke him up without delay.

"What's the matter, Bill?" said she.

Mottram sat up in bed, and the sweat began to run from him like a river.

"What a rotten dream," said he; "I thought something was trying to strangle me. And yet it wasn't exactly that either."

"Poor old Bill," said Mrs. Mottram. "It's liver."

"I never had a liver in my life," protested Mottram. "It was rather odd. The thing seemed to be pushing me down somewhere. Like when you're coming up after a big dive and some fool puts his hand on your head."

"Have you any fever?" said the practical Mrs. Mottram.

"None," said Mottram. "What on earth was it?"

"Well, never mind now, anyway," said his wife. "Go to sleep again, and I'll sit beside you till morning."

There are only two points which distinguish this from a perfectly common occurrence—the first, Mrs. Mottram's instinct that she ought to sit beside her husband till morning, which really seemed scarcely necessary on the apparent symptoms; and the second, Mottram's undying conviction that by his wife's waking him up that night he was saved from something indefinite but perfectly dreadful.

This last point is corroborated by the experience of another traveler—a Forest man called Carrow. He also was sleeping in a dark room when a squirrel or some such creature in the roof knocked out a tile, which came smashing down on the floor beside him. Carrow awoke full of the most dreadful sensations, and spent the rest of the night with a stable lantern burning in the room. Ever afterwards he was solemnly convinced that if the tile had not fallen and wakened him he would have gone on to some dreadful deed. He also said that when he lit the lamp the darkness that leapt away from him into the corners of the room seemed almost solid and alive, but this I take to be a justifiable imagination. Whatever it was that kept in God's Hill did not materialize even so much as that.

Quite of another type was the case of Captain Welsh. Welsh was coming up from the coast on a solitary shikar trip to the Samsuri Hills, and he made a half-way house at God's Hill. He dined prudently, and went out to smoke a cheroot on the veranda. The feeling began quite mildly with an unusual exhilaration at the prospect of his expedition, a conviction that the shikarri's was far and away the best mode of existence. It was a splendid

thing to go out and kill. There was nothing like it. Then gradually this feeling developed itself into an overmastering desire to kill something then and there, and would brook no possibility of delay. In a weak moment he got out his rifle and went out into the compound, the feeling growing upon him every instant. It was a bright moonlight night, and in a corner near the outhouses he saw the dirty white form of a pi-dog nosing about some garbage. "I never fired so quick in my life," said Welsh afterwards. "Both barrels too. It was done before I knew I'd started. Can't think what made me do it." By all rights, if this were a proper story, the thing should turn out to be no pi-dog at all, but in the morning there it was sure enough—a lean, miserable creature, very much the worse for Welsh's two bullets. Welsh was a stranger to the district and knew nothing of the history of God's Hill, and he always referred to his experience as "a weird go of fever I had at some place in the south." Having shot the dog, he went in to bed, slept excellently, and subsequently had a very successful expedition.

But the question is—If that pi-dog had not providentially appeared, what would Welsh have gone on to do? There seems some ground to suppose that he might have done as Maple did, who got up in the middle of the night and shot his own horse in its stable at the hill foot; or as Payman, who ambushed himself behind the dining-room door while his boy was bringing the coffee and went for him murderously, as he entered, with a carving-knife and the leg of a chair.

There was again the case of Biswell of the Police, who rushed down at dead of night into the village of Barachi shouting impossible things, and had to be restrained by force after attempting half the offenses in the Indian Penal Code—and some outside of it. They said Biswell was mad and took him away, but he was a perfectly sane man going home on the boat, as many can testify. And there was the case of young Gray—another policeman—who rose from his bed at 2 A.M., mounted his horse, tore through Barachi like a dispatch rider and—vanished. This of all the incidents connected with God's Hill approximates most nearly to a manifestation of the supernatural. It would approximate still nearer were there not such an unholy number of big disused wells in the flat fields around Barachi.

Mostly, however, as I have said, the place struck down on one merely with a dreadful depression; picturesque incidents such as those of Payman and Biswell were rare. But a milder form of the thing which affected Mottram was almost universal—and terrible enough it was. Poisonous thoughts, amazing and unspeakable dreams, and above all depression—suicidal depression. And yet there were only two suicides in the place—which is a comparatively small bill for an Indian bungalow of any age. One was a man in the Salt Department. The Salt Department is prolific in suicides; there are reasons for this, but nothing is to be gained by recording these here. This was a man who was bound to have shot himself some day—so it was said. Perhaps God's Hill hastened it a little, perhaps not. The second was a young lieutenant who knew nothing about God's Hill at all, and went there on purpose to do it, so he cannot be counted. That is two; and there would have been a third—a real genuine God's Hill one this time—but for another coincidence. This time it was another Forest Officer—a perfectly healthy and cheerful young man with nothing on his mind to speak of. But God's Hill took hold of him, and he was actually in the middle of writing the customary letters when the District Superintendent of

Police rushed into the bungalow at two in the morning. He had ridden thirty miles and had meant to ride many more before daybreak, for there was sudden news of big trouble afoot among the Mattahs—the little, wizened, intractable aboriginals of the Samsuris. But his horse arrangements had broken down at Barachi, and in he came to snatch an hour's sleep at God's Hill. He made noise enough coming in to enable young Lea to cover up what he was doing; and at four in the morning they went on together and found the trouble almost died out. Whereat the D.S.P. cursed with vigor; Lea less heartily.

Now please note these coincidences. Mrs. Mottram scented danger and got Mottram out of his toils; the tile came down and woke Carrow; the pi-dog appeared as a target for Welsh instead of something more precious; the Mattahs rose unexpectedly, Sinclair's horse arrangements were bungled, and Lea came out of the very valley of the shadow. There were others. Almost it looks as though there were something good that fought the evil of the place, and won about three times in four. In fact, if you think of the grimness of the power and the comparative poorness of the results, it seems that it must have been so.

Let us come then, in conclusion, to the mention of that terrible night when the Good and the Evil fought for God's Hill over the head of the Rev. Claud Bennington, and the Rev. Claud Bennington came through it and told the tale.

* * * * *

III.

The Rev. Claud Bennington was a man and a gentleman, which cannot be said, unfortunately, of all in India who prefix "Reverend" to their names. He was a big man in many senses—a graduate of Oxford and an athlete of some distinction. He was what is commonly called "strong"—a shade too much so, perhaps, though that is a bad quality in the East. Mrs. Bennington was a very timid, rather pleasant little woman, who had come out with Bennington under the impression that all India was like Kipling's Simla—and as a consequence had been nearly terrified out of her wits. There was also at the time of this incident a Miss Jane Bennington, aged five, a lady of much character and charm.

As Government Chaplain, Bennington had a big range of country to get over. His headquarters lay on the coast, and most of his work ran up and down the seaboard tracks, but there were a number of biggish inland towns which had to be visited once in four Sundays or so. Among these was Bandha, where the sugar-works founded by Daniel Fernandez had thriven mightily, so that Bandha had become a large city and a Divisional Headquarters withal. It is a long cry from Bandha down to the coast, and so Bennington usually broke his journey at a place called Messagiri, on the coast side of the Mohnds. But on this occasion of which we speak there fell a storm so dreadful that Bennington, traveling from Bandha with his wife and the child, found the passes of the Mohnds out of the question, and having got with difficulty as far as Barachi was forced to seek shelter in the unhallowed precincts of God's Hill.

As a matter of fact, no sensible person would ever have left Bandha, for from morning onwards it was a day full of warning—black and gloomy, with banks of piled-up cloud everywhere, and sharp gusts of tearing wind. The wise heads of Bandha prophesied a storm of more than usual violence—possibly a cyclone—and Bent, the Divisional Officer, whom the breath of scandal said was attracted by Mrs. Bennington, implored them not to start But Mrs. Bennington was always in a state of nervous

terror when out of headquarters, and Bennington was anxious to get her back to the coast as soon as possible. The carriage was therefore got ready, and away they went, the day meanwhile falling a shade darker, with rumblings of distant thunder, and those sharp gusts of wind settling down into a steady gathering blast from the south-west.

They got within about a mile of Barachi without mishap, but at this point the wind, which had been steadily increasing, ripped up a big tamarind tree at the roadside and fairly hurled it at their heads. The thing crashed away past them on the left, and the carriage slewed and groaned under the blast. Mrs. Bennington began to cry. Bennington got out and tried to turn the carriage back towards Bandha, the only result being that the wind, now striking the vehicle broadside on, all but drove it into the ditch. Any move in that direction was obviously out of the question.

"My dear," said the Rev. Claud, "we shall have to put in at Barachi."

"Oh no," sobbed Mrs. Bennington. "Not that dreadful place,—on a night like this, too."

"I'm afraid there's nothing else for it," said Bennington. "In fact, it'll be a mercy if we even get there."

That was a terrible two miles. The uprooting of the tamarind had been a mere preliminary, and now the wind came up round them in long howling sweeps, that seemed like to beat them out of their senses altogether. It was about three in the afternoon and almost pitch dark, the air full of flying sand, and the smell of wet earth that always comes before rain in India; and by the time they floundered into Barachi, Mrs. Bennington was on the verge of insensibility. Jane, however—this is a very notable point—sat upon her father's knee and took a keen interest in the progress of events. But for the fact that the rocky base of God's Hill stood right between them and the wind, they could never have made the bungalow at all; but in the end it was done, and there they all were huddled in that very room where once Fernandez had dined, and where some time later the Hairy Trunk had stood against the wall.

"I'm afraid it's a cyclone," said Bennington. "But we must hope for the best. This place is built like a fort."

(In point of fact it was that cyclone known generally as the Big, and locally as M'Gillivray's, cyclone. M'Gillivray was an engineer who had just built the railway bridge on the lower Palamadhi. He swore that it would stand, and he sat on the middle of it all night to see. It stood, and M'Gillivray was a made man. But all this by the way.)

Bennington had been in the district seven years, and he knew God's Hill and all about it. Having a broad mind, he was not at all sure what he made of it. He saw no clear and sufficient reason why a particularly evil person should not affect the place he lived in in such a way that his influence survived in some form or another long after his earthly presence was gone; and he was never altogether sure how far, by believing in a devil, one could actually bring it into being. The people round Barachi had a magnificent retinue of devils in their calendar, and so far as God's Hill went, at least the more enlightened European had backed them splendidly. But he held it was a man's part to stand out against the terror of all such places, believing that a place so evil as some made it out to be would not be suffered to exist unbridled. Bennington knew all the stories about God's Hill intimately, and he set great store in his arguments on that string of coincidences we have mentioned—Mrs. Mottram, Carrow's tile, Welsh's pi-dog. It was not for him nor for us to say how far he believed in a constant struggle

between the Something Good and the Something Bad at God's Hill,—probably, I should say, about half. This is important in the light of future events.

An Indian cyclone is not a thing to be taken lightly. Bennington had still hopes that this one would draw off up the cup-shaped valley of the Palamadhi, as they sometimes had done, but at all events it was only commonsense to be prepared. He left Mrs. Bennington and Jane in the big middle room after bolting and barring every door and shutter. The south-end room—which was nearest the wind—was the most vulnerable point, but Bennington closed all the shutters and barricaded the door—which unfortunately opened out through the south wall—with every available piece of furniture in the bungalow. The roof was a matter best left to Providence. He had just finished the work when his ears caught the most heart-rending outcry from his daughter. He dashed back into the main room, and found the child screaming in a paroxysm of terror; Mrs. Bennington was seated limply on the floor, weeping drearily.

"What's up, Lady Jane?" cried Bennington, tackling the more serious case first. "Don't you like this house?"

"Howwid," shrieked the child. "Howwid place."

Mrs. Bennington looked up and said with an air of hopeless finality—

"We shall never see tomorrow, Claud."

Bennington, taken aback for an instant, was trying to think what to say, when suddenly and without warning the thing fell upon him too. His heart seemed to drop with one rush into fathomless depths of despair, a hideous gloom came down and took possession of him, he all but threw himself crying on the floor. As it was, he went into the other room, commended himself to such powers of good as might still remain in the place, mastered himself with a tremendous effort, and returned to the charge.

The storm came up slowly; at six in the evening, after three dreadful hours, it was little more violent than when they had first arrived. The Lady Jane had ceased to scream, but still cried on, defying consolation; Mrs. Bennington wept without sound, but with heartrending bitterness. Bennington still held himself in hand, trying when he could spare a moment from the struggle with himself to comfort the others. It was the child's behavior that frightened him; tears and Mrs. Bennington were no strangers, but the Lady Jane was the soul of courage and had never been known to be afraid of anything. After the first hour Bennington got up and walked about the room, and the Thing that pursued him never left off for an instant. But presently there came and mingled with it an absolute conviction that, come what might, he must not leave that house. This was absolutely imperative, and the more he called it unreasonable the more insistent it grew.

At six-thirty—which was the exact camp hour—the servant entered after the manner of Indian servants and served the usual six-course dinner. The butler apologized for a suspicion of grittiness in the soup, on the ground that half the kitchen roof had been torn away and some dust had fallen down; later, he had to explain the non-appearance of the side-dish by announcing that the matey had been blown bodily over while carrying it across. Otherwise dinner was as usual. Mrs. Bennington ate nothing, and sat staring in front of her; the Lady Jane condescended only to a little pudding, but Bennington ate all he could, for he felt he had a night before him.

After dinner he made a sudden resolution, and practically picking up both Mrs. Bennington and the Lady Jane, he set forth with them to the

village. He said afterwards that he knew it was a risk, but in the other case it seemed a certainty that if he left them there he would have neither wife nor child by morning. The wind sprang at him like a wild beast and tore and raged round him, and the lightning went blazing across the sky in great arrogant strides, but he got them down the narrow flight of steps, and after that it was a little easier. He left them with the butler in the village post office—which even then was almost the only building still intact,—and then with an inward prayer he turned back to God's Hill.

This was about nine o'clock, just at the hour when the iron chimney of the sugar factory at Bandha was torn bodily away, and smashed like a battering-ram through the overseer's quarters, butchering the inmates like sheep. A wave of that same frightful blast, the forerunner of the really disastrous part of the storm, caught Bennington at the foot of the rock steps and flung him against the side. A weaker man would have been knocked senseless, but Bennington stood it and went on up the steps on all-fours. He had an extraordinary feeling of exhilaration, of something that seemed to applaud his advance, and a mad conviction that tonight of all nights the Good and the Evil would fight it out, and that he must be there. As he went up the steps a huge stone came roaring past him like a cannon-ball, but he laughed at it and went on. At the top he tried to stand, but the wind threw him down on all-fours again: as he groveled he saw by the lightning a fresh blast leap round the corner of the hill, and one of the outhouses flew upwards and outwards as though a shell had burst in the middle of it. A tall column that stood in the ruined part of the bungalow came spinning at him and fell round him with the thunder of a bursting wave; but he came through it, and presently he was in the house once more. He went round his defenses carefully, and then planted a chair in the middle of the main room and sat down on it. He was quite cool, for he knew now that it was a battle, and he must fight for his life—or more.

The first hour was the worst. A thousand hideous thoughts attacked his mind, the depression came down on him again like a sea, and he had to hold himself forcibly in his chair. Had he once left it, he said, nothing could have stopped him from dashing out of the house and down the ghat of steps and away. Outside the noise was deafening; roar upon roar of thunder, and above all, the frightful diapason of the wind, the crash and thunder of loosened earth falling down the hill. Inside now and then he could catch the groaning of the tortured rafters, the grind of the masonry, the crackle of bursting woodwork. At moments it seemed as if something were going to happen. Meanwhile, calling on such help as he knew, he sat patiently on in Fernandez' dining-room.

Just after ten o'clock there came the beginning of the end. A more than usually urgent blast, with another at its heels, came flying round the corner of the hill, and the tiles on the south gable stripped and flew like feathers. The rafters, standing out like black bones against the glare of the lightning, groaned and parted; the storm swept down into the room, and the window-shutters flew outwards one after another like a fusilade of small cannonry. Bennington, stirred to action at last, sprang up, and dragging in the furniture from his old barricade, made a fresh one inside the connecting door of his own room. He gave it twenty minutes at most, but for some unknown reason it stood for over an hour and a half. Midnight had gone before the whole world seemed to rise up in one great swelling roar,—the partition door burst

inwards, and Bennington's barricade of furniture came tumbling in like surf on a beach. He himself was thrown against the wall, and made for the door just in time to see the lightning blazing over his head as the roof was lifted bodily away. As he got outside, the ill-fated partition-wall bulged and crashed inwards, and some other more distant part of the house fell like thunder. That was the tail-end blast of the whole hurricane: to its credit stand on good authority, two churches, the Government buildings at Bandha, the railway bridge at Palnur, three rice-mills, and the bungalow on God's Hill.

With the crack of dawn came Bent, white as a sheet, groping his way upwards through the *debris* and the blinding rain. He had borrowed a zamindar's elephant, and come on the heels of the cyclone from Bandha—a Christian act which earned him the ill-natured gossip of at least seven clubs. He found Mrs. Bennington and the Lady Jane safe and sound in the post office—which weathered the storm with *eclat*,—and perhaps it is as well Bennington was not there. It is no discredit to Bent that he made a fool of himself for a few minutes, but these things are better unwitnessed. He discovered Bennington sitting on a rock trying to smoke, and as was natural, they spoke about the bungalow and not of one another.

"That's a nice mess," said Bent.

"I don't think," replied Bennington, "that it's any great loss."

"Oh, I don't know," said Bent; "it was a good bungalow, and you can't build good bungalows for nothing."

But Bent had never stayed at God's Hill.

* * * * *

IV.

That is the story of God's Hill. As said at the outset, it is not really a story at all; it leads to nothing, and it does not explain itself in any way. Never shall we know what it was that carried off Fernandez, or what besides that wholly inadequate infant abode in the Hairy Trunk, or what it was that hung about the place so long and so dreadfully. We shall never even know if these were one or three; nor, if the Thing is even now gone, for, now it is a place where no man has any call to go. The long outline of the foundations can still be traced if one takes the pains, but for all practical purposes three black columns and a fantastic fragment of wall are all that remain of Fernandez' terrible house.

But it is a sombre place still even to those—and they grow in number with the years—who know nothing of the past. In a dull evening of the rains, with clouds banking all around, or in the colorless glare of the hot weather, there is still something a little daunting in the black rock set crudely in the plains and the discolored significant ruins on its shoulder. Around it are the menacing hills where the great beasts keep their lairs, and the thankless fields tilled by a weary people following strange and doleful gods. And if some one of the Benningtonian creed should say that the place had created its own devils—well, what then?

Hilton Brown.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A CHAT WITH SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

I am an uncle. I don't say it in any boasting spirit, but simply to show you that I have a stake in the country. I found my nieces the other evening in the nursery.

Lillah, looking distressingly bored, was lying face downwards on the floor. Phyllis was putting the hands of the clock back, lest, as the ancients had it, bed-time anticipate her.

My arrival was not the signal for a furore.

"Here's Uncle James," said Lillah, without emotion, while Phyllis said nothing at all.

Luckily I knew the way to rouse them.

"Good evening, babies," I said.

When the uproar had died down they decided that I might be of some use.

"Tell us about the War," said Lillah.

"Yes," echoed Phyllis.

"The War," I began, "is a very terrible thing."

"That's what Mummie says," said Phyllis with an air of reproach.

I apologized for having pilfered someone else's *mot*.

"And Daddy says," added Lillah, with obvious effort, "it's a disgrace to sillyvization."

"And he says, damme, he wishes he was a bit younger," said Phyllis with immense gravity

"Daddy says," Lillah went on, "that we are fighting for the flag. Are we?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Do the Germans want our flag?"

"They want everything."

"Why couldn't we give them one like it?" asked Phyllis with deadly common-sense.

"Because they can't even keep their own clean," said I.

"They could send it to the wash," pondered Lillah.

"They will have to," I answered grimly.

"Daddy says we are fighting for sillyvization too. Are we?"

"Your father," I said, "is always right."

"I know," said Phyllis gravely. "I wanted to see if you knew."

"Your Uncle also," I said with hauteur, "is seldom wrong."

There was a ponderous silence.

"Mummie told Daddy," said Lillah, "that you weren't ever very bright."

"Oh, indeed!" said I. I shall say a few hard words to Margaret about that —putting ideas into the children's heads.

"And when we've won," said Phyllis, "will we have sillyvization?"

"I hope so."

"What will it be like—a fairy-tale?"

"Very probably."

"Daddy says it's freedom. What's freedom?"

"Freedom," I said "is—er—being able to do what you like."

"Then won't there be any policemen after the War?"

"Oh yes, we shall keep the policemen."

"Why?"

"Because the streets would look so bare without them."

They looked at me with suspicion; even at that tender age they could not believe in an aesthetic ratepayer.

"Do people like the War?" said Phyllis.

"No," I answered. That was easy."

"Not even the Germans?"

"I think not."

"But if nobody made the big guns there wouldn't be any war?"

"Er—no," I said.

"Then why do people——?"

"Well—er——" I stopped. I could see that my last rags of reputation for brightness were going. I was in the Uncle's last ditch.

"When you are older," I began; but Lillah interrupted.

"And why don't policemen take the people who make the guns?" It was Phyllis's shot.

"And if nobody wants the War what makes it go on?"

"And if it's a disgrace," queried Lillah, "why does Daddy want to go?"

"And why," began Phyllis; but I put up my hand.

"One day," I said, "I must tell you the story of Socrates, who had to drink a very nasty medicine called hemlock."

"What for?" said Lillah.

"For asking too many questions," I said.

"Were the people who gave it to him the people who didn't know the answers?" said Lillah.

"Yes, they were," I said, as I rose.

I took out my watch.

"Good heavens, it's after bedtime!"

"Does your watch say right?" said Phyllis.

"It sometimes underestimates, but it never exaggerates," I said. At that moment Daddy himself appeared.

"Good-night chicks," he said. "Has Uncle James been amusing you?"

"We've been playing with him," said Lillah with gravity.

And if ever there was a *double entendre* I'll swear it was there. And so they went to bed.

"I don't know," I said to George as we went down stairs, "why you called your daughters Lillah and Phyllis; their real names are Scylla and Charybdis."

But George is a dull man, and simply said that Charybdis Watson would have sounded ridiculous.

Punch.

THE POSITION OF THE UNITED STATES.

In view of the increasing tension between the United States and Germany it is not impossible that a serious breach will take place between the two countries. Possibly it would only lead to the severance of diplomatic relations. Conceivably the United States would be involved in war. It is for the United States to decide upon their line of action. No Englishman has the desire to see the United States make war upon Germany. There are many and weighty reasons which, from the English point of view, make American neutrality appear desirable and advantageous. Besides, America's assistance would, at least from the military point of view, have but little influence upon the issue of the struggle. As the British Fleet dominates the sea, the assistance of the American Navy would not be needed. The American Army is so small that its intervention would not have any appreciable effect, and by the time the United States would have improvised a large army the war would probably be over. Great Britain can therefore afford to look upon America's position disinterestedly and with complete detachment.

If we desire to study America's position from the American point of view we can look at it either from that of the people in general or from that of the politician or from that of the statesman. The American people naturally wish to live in peace and to prosper. The vast majority of Americans probably desire that their country should maintain its neutrality, that business should not be disturbed. At the same time the Americans are a proud and patriotic nation, with a glorious military record. They passionately resent the insults and attacks of Germany, and as diplomatic expostulation has proved useless the feeling of anger may prove stronger than self-interest and drive them into war. The politicians who are chiefly interested in doing what is popular, who are out for votes, have so far seemed inclined towards a policy of neutrality profitable to the people.

Although the United States is a most democratic country, the influence of the crowd is not as great as is generally believed on this side of the Atlantic. The chosen few, the statesmen and the intellectual leaders who possess states-

manlike abilities, enjoy an enormous prestige, and their views have often in the past carried with them the whole of the people. It is therefore interesting to consider America's position, not only from the point of view of the man in the street and of the politician who thinks only of the morrow, but also from that of the statesman who looks into the future.

Considered from the point of view of the statesman, America occupies an exposed and precarious position. That position may be very seriously affected by the issue of the present war.

In accordance with the Monroe Doctrine the United States has claimed for itself a paramount position on the American continent and the right of protection over all the States situated in both halves of that vast continent. A glance at the map shows that the thinly populated continent of America lies midway between over-populated Asia and over-populated Europe. Being extremely sparsely populated and being possessed of almost boundless natural resources of every kind, America is naturally the envy of Asia and Europe. According to the Monroe Doctrine the densely populated States of the world may not create colonies on American soil. They can therefore do so only after having defeated the United States. In other words, the Monroe Doctrine is a challenge thrown to all the military States in the world. Some day that gage may be picked up by a redoubtable antagonist.

After the Peace of Vienna in 1815 a regime of reaction set in. Incited by Metternich, French troops entered Spain and restored Ferdinand to his throne. At the Congress of Verona of 1822 the reactionary Powers of Europe resolved to crush democracy and representative government everywhere. Having restored autocracy in Spain, they wished to restore it also in the Spanish colonies of South America. England had kept away from the Congress of Verona. Her statesmen did not wish to see European absolutism and militarism introduced on the American continent. Canning suggested to Rush, the United States Minister to Great Britain, that England would not be passive if the military States of Europe would try to encroach upon the American continent, and proposed that England and America might jointly prevent this calamity. American statesmen gladly received Canning's proposals. They were discussed by the leading men. Mr. Madison, one of the fathers of the great Republic, wrote to Mr. Jefferson, another of the founders of the Commonwealth: "With the British power and Navy combined with our own we have nothing to fear from the rest of the world, and in the great struggle of the epoch between liberty and despotism we owe it to ourselves to sustain the former in this hemisphere at least." Having ascertained the views of the leading statesmen and having obtained their cordial support, President Monroe published on December 2, 1823, a Message which contained the celebrated doctrine and which warned all the world not to encroach upon the American continent.

The Monroe Doctrine, like the neutrality of Belgium, consists of words written on parchment. In the struggle among nations paper walls are ineffective. The Monroe Doctrine has been maintained during well-nigh a century, not because it was reiterated by American statesmen, but because nations desirous of colonizing in America feared a collision with the United States backed by Great Britain. When Napoleon III, during the time of the American Civil War, endeavored to create a Latin Empire in Mexico his action was foiled by Great Britain. The Monroe Doctrine has been observed hitherto largely because the sea and the British Fleet stood between the military nations

of Europe and the American shores. Great Britain with her silent Navy has undemonstratively and unflinchingly defended the Monroe Doctrine in the past.

The British Isles lie between America and the European continent. From the American point of view it would be a calamity if Great Britain should be defeated in the present war, or if the war should end by mutual exhaustion, leaving Germany in the possession of her conquests. Great Britain's defeat, which of course is unthinkable, would make Germany not only mistress of Europe, but would give her also the domination of the sea. The United States and a Greater Germany would become direct neighbors. A Greater Germany, embracing the German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Poland, Belgium, and very likely Holland, a portion of Eastern France and Turkey, would be a State of at least a hundred and sixty million inhabitants. To secure her position throughout the world, and to acquire outlets for her surplus population, Germany would undoubtedly make war upon the United States before it could have created an adequate defense. Great Britain's downfall would be followed within a few years, and perhaps within a few months, by America's downfall.

We need not consider the impossible. Still American statesmen may well think with anxiety that Germany by some means or other might prove completely victorious.

Those American statesmen who are less pessimistic than men who contemplate the possibility of an English defeat will endeavor to gage the consequences to which a drawn war would give rise. German absolutism, German organization, and German ruthlessness would exploit the vast resources of Central Europe and Asia Minor to the full. The struggle for world dominion would be renewed, and the United States would be forced by the instinct of self-preservation to enter the fray should Germany once more attack England. Having ruined all Europe, Germany might ruin the United States as well.

The creation of a military empire dominating all Europe would be a great danger to the United States. Conceivably a Greater Germany might make war upon England, and the United States would feel compelled to come to England's aid. Possibly the new German State would make war upon America, and England would try to assist her oldest colony. In the event of a German-American war, America's position would be exceedingly precarious. The United States has an Army nominally 100,000 strong. In reality she has only about 90,000 soldiers. Of these about 30,000 garrison her oversea possessions—the Philippines, Hawaii, and the Panama Canal. Of the remaining 60,000 men most belong to the Coast Defense Artillery and other immobile units. The United States has perhaps 30,000 mobile soldiers available, backed by about 100,000 Civil Guards and militia of doubtful military value. America's small army and militia are not even sufficient for the defense of the principal harbors. The greatest American ports are fortified only towards the sea. The enormous length of the coasts makes a landing and invasion comparatively easy, and America's vulnerability has been vastly increased by the acquisition of outlying colonies and of the Panama Canal. A powerful opponent who succeeds in seizing the Panama Canal would dominate the precious "inner lines," and could attack the United States with his whole naval and military strength either on the Pacific or on the Atlantic.

American statesmen who reflect on the vastness, the wealth, and the vulnerability of their country, and on the consequences of the war, naturally

dread the rise of a vast military and naval Power which, earlier or later, would convert the United States either into an armed camp or into a shambles. We can therefore well understand that the views of official America are changing; that the pacifist message of a year ago has been followed by a warlike one; that American statesmen are considering even the possibility of joining in a war in which not only European liberty but universal liberty and American independence are at stake.

J. Ellis Barker.

The Outlook.

SERBIA'S THERMOPYLAE.

There has not been a very great deal in the Press concerning the distant military operations in Serbia. The conditions in Serbia lately have been by no means favorable for special correspondence. Only the briefest official and unemotional accounts have come through to the public from day to day of the rapid obliteration of Serbia from the map of the Allied countries. It is all the more necessary that we should read between the lines of the news from Serbia, and that we should try to figure to ourselves what these last weeks have meant for our Ally. We shall not have to read very long or very closely before we find ourselves confronted with one of the worst tragedies in the history of the war—a tragedy the darkness of whose mere horror and deep pitifulness is relieved only by the flashes of a dauntless and unconquerable spirit. It is a tragedy which lacks no circumstance to enhance its appeal. A small nation is seen fighting against odds that might have served a less devoted combatant as a reasonable excuse for an honorable surrender upon terms. This small nation was treacherously attacked by a neighbor at the precise moment when the grand enemy was massed against her. There could be no hope of victory; but two possible things might by favor of the "God of Battles," be achieved. Serbia might possibly hold the pass for her powerful friends, distantly known to be preparing their aid, and she might at least sell her acres to the enemy at a price. For weeks the Serbian Army and people have followed devotedly these heroic two objects. The pass has been held to the last practicable moment, and the last few acres have yet to be purchased from chafferers who cover the land with their dead and exact a payment in kind from the enemy. Thus for the second time in this war it has fallen to a small nation to show to the modern world that the glory which was Greece and held the pass at Thermopylae is not yet passed away from the world. Serbia and Belgium, as deeply contrasted as nations could well be, stand together in this. The touch of valor has united their fame. Belgium with her ripe and ancient life, with generations of craftsmen and artists behind her, rich in all that gives to a nation its modern cast, finds in the primitive and honorable valor of Liege a natural kinship with Serbia, whose life is at all other points contrasted. The same part has been allotted to Serbia as was allotted Belgium —to hold up the strength of the German arms, to fight for time, and finally to be pounded and driven from her soil.

We must not fail to realize and do full justice to the superb stand of the Serbian nation during these last weeks. Belgium has been better able to receive from us the honor that was due to her. Belgium was near to us. She was quite palpably fighting on our behalf—fighting to keep that "pistol aimed at the

heart of England" out of the hands of Germany. Moreover, our honor was pledged to the defense of Belgium by a definite treaty. Serbia is not so near to us. The conditions of her life, her history, politics, and character are not so familiar. It is all the more necessary for the British people to ponder her achievements and to read between the scant, official record of her late agony the tremendous tale of her great defense. It has been more than a series of military operations—more than the rearguard actions of a retreating army. It has been the defiance and retreat of a whole people. At Nish we hear of house-to-house fighting, in which even the women shared. We have to consider what this implies in the face of an invader who in Belgium took advantage of a few stray shots in the street to exact from Aerschot and Louvain the full penalty of massacre and pillage. We hear at Pirot of deeds committed by the savage Bulgars so atrocious that even the Germans had to intervene. We have to picture to ourselves not only the retreat of an army but the exodus of a whole people—women and children and old men. Not even a dog might stay. We have been tracing day by day upon the map, not the progress of a civilized campaign, but the shepherding of a whole people towards a wilderness of frozen mountains, and we have seen the mountain roads towards Monastir lined with the starved and the frozen dead. To see this at all clearly or steadily is for people here in England almost impossible. The imagination cannot receive it. Where we catch a glimpse of the thing in its simple truth it is not possible to look it steadily in the face. For the eyes of the watcher are blurred.

What consolation can we offer to a nation which has for the sake of its independence and its honor come to so great a desolation? It would sound poorly in the ears of a Serbian patriot today to talk of restitution, compensation, or even of an ultimate triumph. Such comfort, apart from its counting in advance upon unwon victories, misses the prime consolation of countries which have suffered like Serbia and Belgium. Their only adequate reward is, not the revenge or restoration they may obtain from future victories, but the honor they have won in their defeat. Serbia in defeat has "earned a place in the story" higher than she could have won by any other means. Not even the late amazing victory of the Serbian armies against the Austrians, when the Serbians turned upon the invader and inflicted upon him one of the severest and most decisive defeats of the war, could win for Serbia the high place in history, which is now imperishably her own. It may be urged that such honor as Serbia has won is desired by no nation, and that Serbia would sacrifice her story for a few roods of her soil and a small proportion of the lives and homes ruined and possessed by the enemy. That may well be. Nations do not seek the honor even of a temporary obliteration. But when such a lot has fallen upon a nation as has fallen upon Serbia honor is the one consolation that remains. It may be a mockery of the sufferers to suggest that honor is now their home and their food. But it would be a deeper mockery to talk cheerfully to a nation of compensation and victory as though the iron of defeat and conquest had never entered into her soul.

This, then, is Serbia's reward at this time—that she has won for herself the respect and gratitude of all nations by holding up to the world a model of patriotism and loyalty. Needless to say this respect, so far as Serbia's Allies are concerned, implies a close and continual regard for her interests. Serbia has played a flawless part in the greatest war of modern times. In July, 1914, she was ready to make painful

sacrifices to secure the peace of Europe. In the first year of the war she dealt her enemy Austria hard blows of an unexpected strength, and made the utmost military use of her small strength in loyal co-operation with the Allies. Thereafter, when the Allied Governments were trying to find a basis for general agreement in the Balkans upon national lines, the Serbian leaders and people showed themselves capable of a large and imaginative grasp of the general position. Serbia was willing to put herself in the hands of her Allies and to compound generously and reasonably with the wishes of Bulgaria. Finally Serbia has held the pass.

Today she stands upon the last edge of her territory, facing towards the desolate regions which a month ago were Serbia. Today these emptied hills and valleys are a camp where the enemies of Serbia—Bulgarians, Austrians, Germans, and Turks—have joined hands, which they are using and abusing to their own ends, which, even when redeemed, will be scarred and wasted. This is the tragic spectacle which we have to get into our eyes. It is all contained in the early telegrams we have received from Nish down to the latest definitive proclamation of the enemy staffs that Serbia is conquered—that the "major operations" are closed. What we have to realize as we read the official despatches from these frozen regions is that they are as near to us in a military and national sense today, and as dear to us in honor, as Antwerp or Calais.

The Saturday Review.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

One must be tidy in a small house. That is one of the constant irritations which attend small quarters. On the same principle, one must try to keep one's ideas tidy if one has a small mind. It is very hard luck that we cannot all have large ones. On the other hand, there is a peculiar kind of comfort only to be found in little rooms, something apart from luxury, yet even further removed from hardship. Also the peace which dwells in a small and well-arranged mind dwells nowhere else. It is not self-satisfaction, but is still further removed from mental strain. Now by small quarters we are not meaning cells or pigsties. We mean something large enough for it to be possible to eliminate the sordid element. And by a small mind we do not mean a little rubbish-shoot, full of cast-off prejudices, stale spites, and dead letters. We mean a decent receptacle, the dimensions of which are known to its owner, which will hold a good deal if neatly packed, but which cannot be stuffed at random. Limits have advantages, even while we admit that space has *the* advantage.

It is a great thing for young people to "live in a large way." The effect of space upon the spirit is difficult to exaggerate. For one thing, plenty of room makes exclusiveness unnecessary, especially where books are concerned. Rubbish is not rubbish if it does not assert its presence, and rubbishy literature has a place in the life of the educated, but not a front place. The sort of novels that we all like to read when we have a cold have not a right to standing-room in small quarters. Dozens of books upon a single subject are also in the way. They bore their owner and give a false impression to his friends. A large number of volumes of theology, for instance, have a very disagreeable effect in a small room, and so have too many books on India or books in foreign languages. Of course, if a man is getting up a subject, at least half of his book-assistants "live

out." The lending library has revolutionized private libraries. It is the books which we "live in" that must be very carefully selected—unless we have space to accommodate all and sundry. A small, well-chosen library is apt to consist rather of the books we feel we ought to like than those we do like; and moments come when we long for rubbish, and because we have none we cannot read at all. Apart from books which help us in our work, there are more frivolous guest-books, which we like to have to spend a few days with us. They were created to live this sort of life, and very few copies of them have any home anywhere; but one has to be careful even among guests whom one admits into small quarters. They often get upon our nerves before we have the energy to pack them off to their more permanent address. The same principle applies in the matter of association. It is embittering to live among those with whom one is out of sympathy, or even exclusively among those with whom one is in intellectual disagreement. On the other hand, it is "oversweetening," if one may use such an expression, to live only among those who think as we think. Life among our co-believers and those whom we admire and warmly like may seem, when it is impossible, to be almost paradisiacal; but when we come to lead it we are apt to find ourselves in a fool's paradise. All the same, there is nothing so foolish as to make life in a small way an imitation of life in a large way. Books and people whom we only half understand, or who are not worth understanding, are not a necessity to any one. Still, it is pleasant just to see their frontispieces and turn their leaves, and there is a good deal to be gained by it.

Another thing which must be accommodated to the size of our house is our manners. They should be—as a rule they are—less spontaneous among those who are "cooped up together." A great many people who quarrel in small quarters would have got on very well in large ones. There is much that we all think which it is better not to say; there is very much, if we are to be shut up closely with the person to whom we should like to speak our minds. Marriage is a very different thing in a palace and in a small flat; so are parental relationships; so is friendship. Small quarters do in a measure make spontaneity impossible. The discipline is perhaps wholesome. Probably the most unselfish manners—though not the most natural—and the most controlled, if not the most noble, tempers are produced under this system of intensive culture. At its best, however, life in a small way, life, we mean, lived in a narrow space, may be a more admirable thing than it often becomes under freer conditions, only we must make up our minds that for those who have what we call the highest standards it is not free.

Conceit is not a very common vice. It is very difficult to judge of, and turns up where we least expect to find it, and so we get suspicious about it and think it is almost universal. Most men and women do not, when they think soberly, exaggerate their own mental capacity. They criticise what they could not mend, no doubt. The man who at the present moment would not give advice to a Cabinet Minister, or even to the War Council, is not really interested in the war. But advice, whether offered to an individual or corporation or even to Providence, is often only a way of displaying a keen interest. It does not mean that we seriously think we know best. If we were suddenly put in a position to act, we should not take our own advice, or not without thinking the question out again. For instance, it is a sheer impossibility to be much interested in any young person and not offer him or her advice.

but for all that a sense of inferiority in the presence of the younger generation is one of the commonest signs of age. It is a warning that we are losing our youth, which often precedes gray hairs, and which is recognized and accepted by the majority of men and women.

Very few of us think ourselves very wise or exaggerate in any way our mental capacity; but we do forget how necessary it is to keep any but a very great mind tidy. We let the whole place be littered up with our fads, though we very well know that our mental premises are not large enough to permit that these useless articles should lie about without disorder. It is true that we value them. We may even think that they are the chips and sawdust of pure truth. All the more should we remember to keep them in a cupboard where the unwary visitor cannot put his foot into them. Again, we will not fold up our more eccentric convictions and show them only to those who ask to see them. Even those rickety conclusions which we know rest upon next to nothing we will not throw away. Then our jokes—those, we mean, which we have in general use—surely they might have a neat corner assigned to them, so as to be less *en evidence*. And some of our treasured experiences which are getting the worse for wear might as well be shelved. We might make a clearance among the flat contradictions which are always clashing against one another, the hard-and-fast rules which act as stumbling-blocks, and the theories which won't hold water. In great minds there is space for all these things—they hardly show—but in a small one they oust what is really valuable, and make a man unable to lay his hand at a moment's notice upon what he wants. If only we would do this, we should add to our reputation among our friends, for the apparent size of a room—or a mind—is immeasurably increased by order and arrangement. Sometimes we think that some great experience has enlarged a man's mind. All things are possible, and spiritual miracles, though they happen, are rare. As a rule, however, we might as well think that his new coat has added a cubit to his stature. A great experience takes a great place in a man's thoughts. It may have very likely forced him to clear away the rubbish that choked his mind—that is all.

The Spectator.

THE DECAY OF PANTOMIME.

The future chronicler of the early decades of the twentieth century will be confronted with one very interesting phenomenon. I refer to the elimination from the stage of that type of humor which is known as "knock-about." The passing of the old order may be seen in the disappearance of the red-nosed comedian from the music-halls and in the replacement of the old Christmas pantomime by that tasteless and vapid performance known as the "children's play."

Mr. W. R. Titterton, in his brilliant little book, "From Theatre to Music Hall," has noted the change. He thinks it is fraught with evil. So do I. But I am not sure that I agree with him in ascribing it to a determination of the rich to filch their pleasures from the poor. I do not think we need discern any political significance in it. Rather am I inclined to regard it as one of the many misfortunes—all of them, I suppose, more or less inevitable—that have followed in the wake of the Education Act of 1870. It hardly needed Pope to tell us that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." *That* is a matter of common observation. Most assuredly the "lit-

tle learning" that has been somewhat laboriously acquired during the last two generations under the resistless tutelage of the State has had a disastrous effect upon the public taste. It has tended to produce an entirely false standard of "gentility." The results are before us. And it would appear that the people love to have it so.

The change is the more to be regretted in that pantomime—for I am not now concerned with the music-hall—is a typically British institution. Many of the old legends and stories which form its basis are, of course, of foreign origin, but their treatment on the stage is characteristically, exclusively English. I do not suppose that any reader of this article is so young that his memory does not go back to those golden days of Drury Lane when Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell were the principal mirth-makers of London. For me, they remain among the most imperishable possessions of my boyhood. You would look in vain for the counterpart of such an entertainment in any country on the Continent.

Learned writers have traced the pantomime back to the Eleusinian mysteries, seven centuries before the Christian era. Others have seen in it a development of those funeral mimes who in olden times used to perform their antics at the graves of certain people of importance.

We need not be so meticulous. In England—which is the real home of pantomime—the first pantomime was produced in 1702. (I am not aware, by the way, that the bicentenary of that momentous event was appropriately commemorated in this country fourteen years ago.) Its author and producer was one John Weaver, a dancing master by profession, and the friend of Steele and Addison. It was entitled "Tavern Bilkers," and, by a happy augury, appeared at Drury Lane.

It was, however, John Rich—a name that should surely find its place in the Child's Kalendar of Saints—who secured for the pantomime a permanent footing in England. There is a tradition (I sincerely hope it is nothing more) that Rich's attention was first drawn to the subject by the success of some performing dogs he brought from Germany. These dogs were cast for parts in "Harlequin Executed; a new Italian mimic scene between a scaramouch, a harlequin, a country farmer, his wife, and others"—A Boxing Day pantomime of 1717.

Rich's performances as Harlequin excited the admiration of his contemporaries—particularly the one in which he appeared as Harlequin hatched from an egg by the heat of the sun. His greatest scenic triumph was "The Necromancer"—a comic version of the German legend of Dr. Faustus. It was produced at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1724. One of the incidents in this performance was a dance of devils, which so frightened the audience that they fled helter-skelter in all directions. Rich had planned the thing as a practical joke. It proved only too successful.

The early pantomimes were, for the most part, rather crude affairs, and the acting was invariably carried out in dumb show. A recent writer has given an interesting description of these primitive entertainments: "A pair of virtuous lovers were accorded the aid of a good fairy in resisting the wiles of a demon who planned their destruction, and whose efforts were seconded by a tyrannical father and a disappointed suitor. The latter pair, in pursuing the elusive couple, experienced every kind of accident and misfortune, characterized by endless tricks and tumbling, until they became clown and pantaloon; while the happy couple, still eluding the relentless pursuit, were transformed into harlequin

and columbine, and happily united by their good fairy."

Thackeray, who with all his faults was a typical Englishman, dearly loved the pantomime. Readers of "Round About a Christmas Tree" will readily recall his tribute: "Very few men in the course of nature can expect to see *all* the pantomimes in one season, but I hope to the end of my life I shall never forego reading about them in that delicious sheet of the *Times* which appears on the morning after Boxing Day. Perhaps reading is even better than seeing. The best way, I think, is to say you are ill, lie in bed, and have the papers for two hours, reading all the way down from Drury Lane to the Britannia at Hoxton."

The New Witness.

Unfortunately, in our own day the pantomime is going through a temporary eclipse—for that it is only temporary I shall continue to believe, in spite of all appearances. It is my faith that the war in which we are now engaged is going to prove the precursor of an era of recovery. Already there are signs of revival in our midst of a religion which the majority of Englishmen have long since discarded. And can it be doubted that the same process will operate in the worlds of art, drama and literature? I am quite sure of this: that of all the familiar figures of the past there is none whose return will be hailed with more genuine delight than that of our old friend Harlequin.

T. Michael Pope.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The two brothers who figured in L. Worthington Green's story of "The Boy Fugitives in Mexico" reappear in his just-published book "Two American Boys in the War Zone" and pass through even more thrilling adventures and achieve even narrower escapes in their attempt to get out of Russia over the Caucasus, at the outbreak of the present war. Every chapter brings a new and more startling peril, and if the boy reader were not aware that the author is under a moral obligation to extricate his heroes safely he would have some nervous moments when following their adventures from one crisis to another. At least, he will not be inclined to lay the book down until the last page is reached. There are five or six spirited illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Co.

In "The Spirit of England" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell groups thirty or forty brief essays, in part reminiscent, in part reflective, the central purpose of which is to derive from the events and experiences of the past encouragement and inspiration for the present. Mr Russell is far enough from being a "militarist." In public life and as a writer his influence has been consistently given on the side of peace; but he has sense enough to recognize a crisis when it comes, and to realize the truth of the sentiment which he quotes from the historian Froude, that "the spirit of a great nation called into energy on a great occasion is the noblest of human phenomena." Great Britain now confronts a great occasion, and the spirit of the nation is rising to it after a fashion which confirms Froude's statement. Mr. Russell's essays are helpful and suggestive by reason of the light which they throw from the history of the nineteenth century upon the great crisis of the twentieth.

That an American woman should have bought a little house in a French hamlet, thirty miles from Paris, in June, 1914, and established herself

there alone with her books and her household belongings, with the intention of living there peacefully for the remainder of her days, and within three months find herself in the center of bombardments, evacuations, and the blowing up of roads and bridges, and finally, one of the great battles of a great war constitutes a memorable experience well worth being recorded. This is the story—the true story—which Mildred Aldrich tells in "A Hilltop on the Marne" (Houghton Mifflin Co.); and it is all the better and more thrilling for being told in intimate letters written from day to day to American friends. She was an intrepid soul, making up her mind, at the outset, to "stay on," and having her decision justified by coming through one peril after another, and finding more than one opportunity of being useful to the French and English soldiers who came that way. Her cheerful courage and her sense of humor relieved a situation which otherwise might have been intolerable; and the same qualities impart a lively and piquant interest to her narrative. Five pictures from photographs and a map illustrate the book.

That quite young children may be led to form the poetry habit, especially that they will understand and appreciate nature poetry, that they may be beguiled by picture books to stories of travel and history, to fairy tales, Bible stories and worth-while books in general, and that the average parent underestimates the capacities and longings of a child's mind—these are the truths emphasized and illustrated by Clara W. Hunt, in her wise and suggestive little book "What Shall We Read to Children?" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). Miss Hunt writes from a long experience as the head of the children's department of the Brooklyn Public Library, where it has been largely her business to supply the deficiencies of parents and teachers in this direction. Fond mothers and fathers who read her cheerful and helpful pages will be surprised to learn how stupid they have been in the past and will be guided into wiser ways in the future.

In "The Story of Our Bible" (Charles Scribner's Sons) Harold B. Hunting makes a serious and very successful attempt so to weave together the results of modern research and discovery as to show just how—in the view of modern scholars—the Bible grew to be what it is. The book is not written for special students on the one hand, nor for children on the other, but for the average lay reader who may be curious as to the conclusions reached by modern Biblical scholars, but may lack the leisure or the training to read their often ponderous volumes. The book is not "written down" to the lay comprehension, in any condescending sense; but it is engagingly clear and intelligible; and beginning—somewhat unexpectedly—with the New Testament writings, and the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles, it seeks the sources of the Old Testament writings and history with which those teachings were closely linked. There are twenty-five or thirty full-page plates, four of them in colors.

Certainly no true lover of dogs can fail to enjoy Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's "Dog-Stars" (George H. Doran Co.). The three "luminaries in the dog world" as Mrs. O'Connor characterizes them in her sub-title are "Beau" or Beauregard, an affectionate and long-suffering mongrel cur, who sought refuge with her from his persecutors; "Max Gladstone O'Connor," a very intelligent and much beloved collie, cheerfully purchased by an indulgent husband and father in place of a tweed suit for his boy, and filling many pages with his biography; and "Coaxy," a gay little puppy, who got his mistress into trouble

by his untimely belligerency. Mrs. O'Connor is the wife of "T. P.," long-time member of Parliament, and a highly successful journalist, and her dog-biographies are interspersed with bits of personal, literary and political reminiscence, brightly told. Five colored pictures of the "luminaries" decorate the book.

In "Over There" Mr. Arnold Bennett tells of his experience in Belgium under the conduct of staff officers of the Allies, and of what he there saw of the efforts made by the Germans to convey culture and the other blessings of civilization to the benighted inhabitants. It is painful to behold Mr. Bennett's incredulity as to the sincerity of these energetic missionaries, and his comments on the measures which they have taken to annihilate historic edifices of no military value betray something very like disrespect for the Kaiser and the merry men, great and little, who have the honor of carrying out his more or less inspired behests. Even for those citizens of Belgian towns who after a certain absence returned in the uniform, and with the pleasing manners of German warriors he has no praise, but when he considers Ypres, he is sadly unjust. Here was a town that for eight centuries had existed and before which the Germans had been unkindly repulsed, a year ago, by an inferior force, although their aims were of the highest and their methods the most modern. Now it has seventeen inhabitants, and only a few walls to mark the sites of its public buildings, consecrated or secular. The moral is "Irritate not the Lord's anointed." Mr. Bennett found a little comfort in a visit to the commander-in-chief, the great man who, according to Mr. Kipling, taught Pharaoh to do better than he had ever done. Of him Mr. Bennett says, "When he talks of the Germans, he has a way of settling his head and neck with a light, defiant shake well between his shoulders. I have seen the gesture in experienced boxers, and in men of business when openly or implicitly challenged. It is just as if he had said: 'Wait a bit! I shall get even with that lot—and let no one imagine the contrary!' From the personality of the man there emanates all the time a pugnacious and fierce doggedness." In his chapter on Paris, the city in which the streets are now held chiefly by soldiers, and widows and orphans, he tells of seeing a "horse-bus jogging along the most famous boulevard in the world." All the public motor cars are serving the State. At the front one sees an abandoned main railway line, its rails rusting, its signal-wires hanging in festoons. "The very front of the front . . . was the most cheerful, confident, high-spirited place I had seen in France or in England either," he writes in dismissing the subject. To ask him or any other man of the warring races to be absolutely impartial is nonsensical. He must be taken with allowance like Lowell in the second series of the Biglow papers; like Mr. Kipling when he claims Jehovah as tribal God of the British Isles, but his little book places the situation clearly and vividly before one's eyes. George H. Doran Co.

With the most paradoxical of titles—"The Practical Mystic"—Katherine Francis Pedrick attempts to make workable a theory of mysticism which certainly outruns most latter-day utterances. She accepts Bishop Berkley most frankly and reasons out her argument on his lines. It is all charmingly done, the author's clear and even distinguished English making easy reading of a subject distinctly foreign to the American mind; her zeal and insight touching to enthusiasm even the man who finds her dogmas impossible to accept. Sherman, French & Co.

"Feminism in Germany and Scandinavia," by Katharine Anthony, is a book to amaze one acquainted only with the comparatively mild types, common to English-speaking lands, for the German and Scandinavian variety does not content itself with hurling a stone through an actual window, but flings boulders through law and morality; demands that illegitimate and legitimate children shall be placed upon the same footing and that their mothers be held equally respectable. The German General Women's Union ten years ago demanded equal education for girls and boys, equal opportunity to earn a livelihood, such extension of the state insurance laws as would give all mothers greater economic protection; and equal participation in the rights conferred by law upon certain classes of business. Moreover it desires that women shall be eligible to appointments as justices of the peace and as jurymen, and that the church and community franchise shall be extended to them. Had such suggestions whispered themselves in Martin Luther's ear he would assuredly have hurled his largest ink-stand at the nearest wall, as a mild hint to the probable speaker that his absence would be advisable. But it appears that the male German is not yet thoroughly converted to the doctrine of fraternity for women. In Prussia, 20,000 schoolmasters have signed a public protest against the appointment of female school directors. Dress reform is abroad in Germany and two years ago high heels, tight waists and sleeves, corsets, and bodices fastening in the back were reprehended. The loose blouse was commended, but here a lion stood in the path. How was the loose blouse to be fastened to the skirt without a corset? Mere man might suggest the safety-pin, a luxury costing but ten cents a dozen, even in this year of war prices, for steel manufactured in England, and worth much less two years ago. But between Swedish gymnastics and stage-dancing in Greek costumes the ladies of Europe may yet be saved. For the dances, they may thank America, as America may thank Sweden for the free gymnastics practised in American schools for fifty years. The book is valuable for the varied information contained in it, and for its genuine high spirit and good temper. Henry Holt and Co.

The ancient, and oft-told, story of the wild French nobleman who killed his wife's paramour in a lonesome wood, then had his heart roasted for her to eat at the supper table, has been revised, softened, poetized by William Lindsey in "Red Wine of Roussillon," and a beautiful thing the poet has made of it at that. The lover is a retainer of the lord, who has gone to the Crusades and been, supposedly, killed. Guilhem supposes the Count dead—knows that he seized the lady at her bridal altar and married her against her will—recalls that the Count is a systematic drunkard; and feels free to woo the widow. But he does not confess his love until the very day of the Count's return. Years have intervened, when he could have told; but he did not. So there's only a kiss or two for repentance to weep over; but Guilhem decides that he must allow the Count, stiff after prison, to slay him in the wood because of that kiss. Then the lady suspects before she eats and—jumps into the sea. Mr. Lindsey has certainly robbed the tale of passion; but his profound knowledge of troubadour France, his wit and humor, his thrilling blank verse, his interwoven songs, amply repay the perusal of the poem. It has distinction, fineness and beauty. Houghton Mifflin Co.

PROBLEMS FOR A EUROPEAN CONGRESS: BY FREDERIC HARRISON

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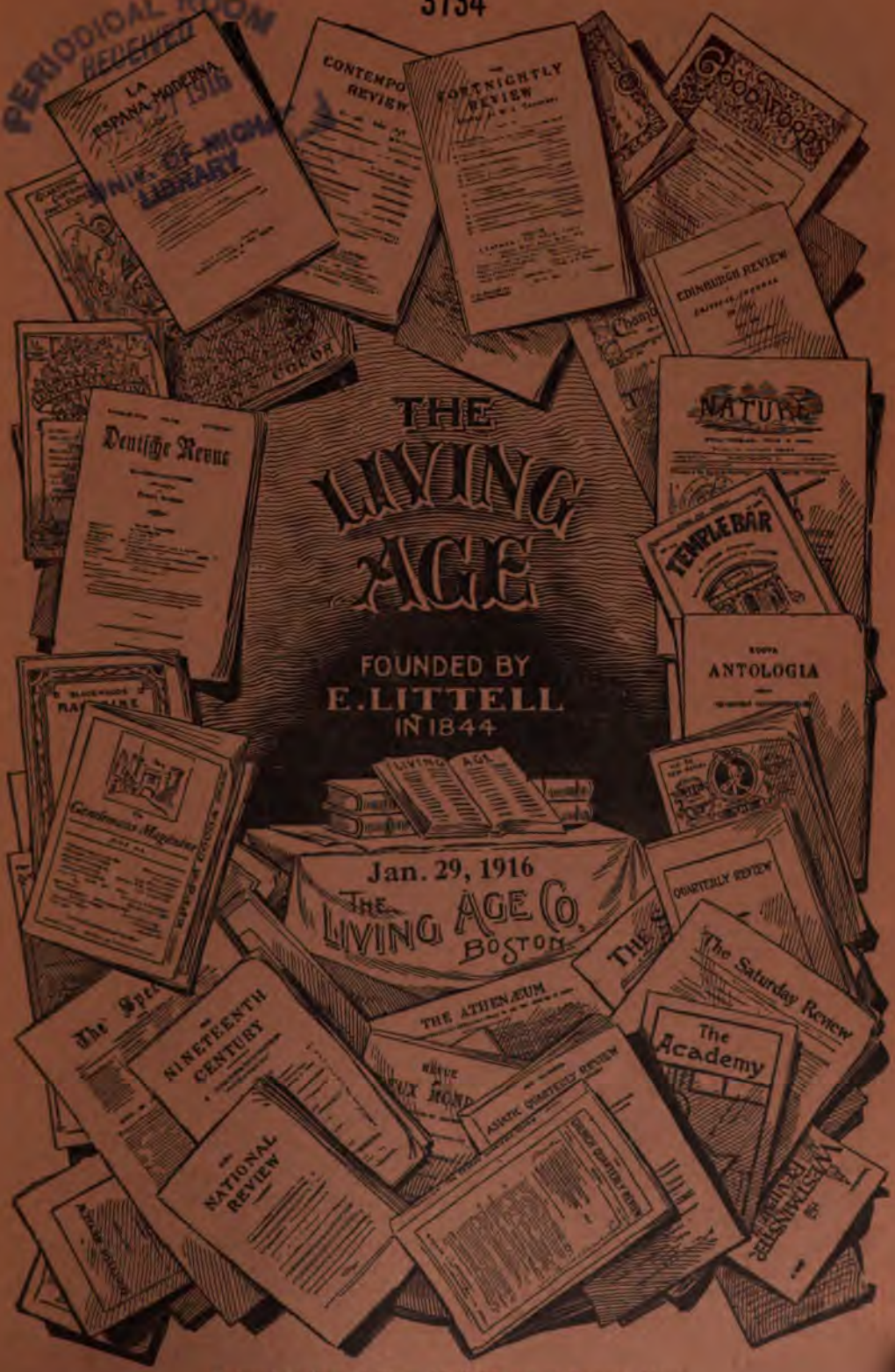

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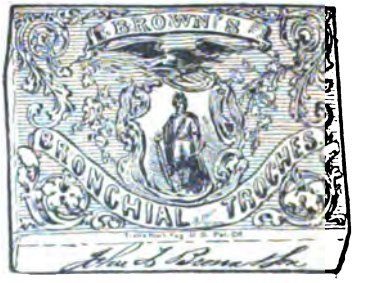

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THE GOODLY HERITAGE.

(1915)

In the palace of our Lord,
Wise and lovely things lay stored,
Deeply hidden, fenced about:
God made man to search them out.
There, held safe from age to age,
Slept the goodly heritage.

Soul was given him for a key
To unlock the mystery,
Heart for hope, and eyes for sight,
Hands to handle it aright:
Through the fastened gates the prize
Gleamed like peeps of Paradise.

There, to bless his future need,
He beheld new forms of speed,
Wondrous shapes in stone and steel,
Cube and curb and rounded wheel,
Steeds with fiery breath that run,
Clad in traces of the sun:

Saw thick darkness change to light,
Feet upmount equipped for flight,
Heaviest mass a lifted load,
And the world an open road,
Linking up from end to end
Man with fellow man, his friend.

In that vision blest, his eyes
Watched the coming Paradise—
City walls, whose upward span,
Statured to the scale of man,
Sheltered, amid streets of gold,
Fruits and fountains manifold.

So, for that far-distant day,
Sleep and sloth he put away:
For the gain of that great spoil,
Body and brain gave up to toil;
In the palace of his Lord,
Traced and searched and found reward.

Delving amid reefs and rocks,
He undid the magic locks;
Wealth in mine and mountain stored,
Powers that from waters poured,
One by one with eager brain,
These he picked and made his gain.

Thence, with toil from age to age,
Man brought home his heritage;
Wheresoe'er his shafts he drave,
Under wood, or wind or wave,
Thence with ministry of might
Sprang new powers of life and light.

And of all his toil set free
Now he holds the mystery:
Now to heart and hand and eyes
Comes possession of the prize;
As his brain unbinds the spell,
Opens—lo! the pit of Hell!

* * * * *

Through the sundered gates, behold,
  Statured to the scale of man,
Shattered streets more red than gold,
  Blood where once sweet waters ran!

Under cannon-guarded walls,
  Maimed and bruised with bleeding breast,
Sisyphus his burden hauls
  Up to heights that bring no rest!

Scorched with fire, and scourged with steel,
  Blindly into darkness hurled,
Mad Ixion spins his wheel
  Round a desolated world.

Here the Tree of Life gives out
  Sickness from a leprous root:
Tantalus his lips of drought
  Strains toward a poisoned fruit.

Shrinks the fountain to its springs,
  Vintage here lies dead and done;
Icarus has filched the wings,
  Phaeton drives the sun!

Laurence Housman.

The Nation.

A NEW BEING.

I know myself no more, my child,
  Since thou art come to me,
Pity so tender and so wild
  Hath wrapped my thoughts of thee.

These thoughts, a fiery gentle rain,
  Are from the Mother shed,
Where many a broken heart hath lain
  And many a weeping head.

A. E.

PROBLEMS FOR A EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

In this article I shall limit myself strictly to problems of History; I turn to the warnings of the past—not to political problems, nor to schemes for future settlement. For the time being I wish to concentrate attention on manifest lessons of history alone.

One word as to the relations of history to politics—*i. e.* how far the facts of the past are to be employed for the reorganization of the future. To attempt a national or international resettlement without a thorough and a true knowledge of preceding settlements and unsettlements is the folly of Utopian enthusiasm—certain to come to ruin. To rely on historical tradition as decisive for new settlements, as the exclusive factor in reorganization, is the most fruitful source of anarchy and strife. Half the wars and convulsions which have afflicted mankind have been due to a passionate attempt to restore an obsolete past, to renew a former glory, to recover a lost land. I need not enlarge on the story of Persia, Armenia, Greece, Serbia, Poland, the Jewish race, the German Reich. Nor need I remind the readers of this Review of the mischievous bluster of German, French, and British pedants, who so often have broken in upon practical statesmanship with their heraldic battle-cries and banners. The Treitschkes, the Thiers, the Carlyles, with their eloquent histories, have proved dangerous guides for national policy. It is the true test of wisdom in a statesman to define the balance between what has been and what has to be. History is quite indispensable as an instrument of judgment. It may prove a ruinous delusion if taken to be an imperative authority. In all I say here, I limit myself to warnings from the past.

This vastest of all wars in human history must end some day, if only by a process of exhaustion. Even if, as some keen judges predict, there were an inconclusive truce, as in the Napoleonic War, there will one day be a conclusive settlement. Though some of us may not live to see it, we may usefully consider the problems that will await the settlement. How these questions should be settled is another matter; one, in my opinion, idle to consider. It is premature yet to discuss their solution, till we know in what conditions the end of war may arrive and in what kind of relative strength and actual exhaustion the combatant Powers are left. Till then, it is vain trifling to guess about solutions and settlements. But problems and difficulties may usefully now be discussed by those of us who are not absorbed in the terrible strain of the hour.

Obviously, the most important precedent in European history is the Congress of Vienna in 1814-15. To that typical assembly of the nations a new Congress will inevitably recur for guidance, imitation, or warning. Many of the same problems will return; many of the evils and dangers it had to face will be in the eyes of all; many of its errors and vices will be recounted and denounced. The Congress of Vienna was the first of all the great attempts to rearrange the Powers of Europe as a whole and on a great scale. Indeed, the disturbance, sacrifices, and exhaustion had lasted for more than a generation, and had left no single State of Europe, however unimportant, untouched or uninterested. An entire century of marvelous progress and change has made Europe today a different thing, the relative strength of the Powers is altered, and fresh problems have to be solved. But many of the same problems remain and return. And though at present some States in Europe have not been committed to actual war, yet even the

neutral States have felt disturbance and suffering almost as cruel as war.

We are accustomed to condemn the Congress for its undoubted errors and offenses; but it is fair to remember that it opened with some real hopes of restoring Europe as a whole to a lasting peace. The part taken by Britain was honorable, if not brilliant; the dreams of the Russian Tsar were brilliant, if not very practical and not quite resolute; the bold artifices of Talleyrand were a striking proof how a great nation can hold its ground in spite of crushing defeat and in the face of overpowering enemies. There was much in what the delegates tried to do which was right in purpose and valuable in example; and there was a good deal in what it actually accomplished that may be repeated and developed anew.

One great evil of the Vienna Congress —indeed its dominant evil—we may hope now to be away: one all-important condition we may trust will now be in the first place. What so nearly ruined the old attempt to resettle Europe were the dynastic ambitions and jealousies of sovereigns, the personal antipathies, rivalries, and artifices of delegates and Chanceries. Today the chiefs of the four great Allies are incapable of such offenses; nor will their Ministers be open to suspicion. On the other hand in the old Congress the wishes of the peoples were ignored or kept in the background. In the future Congress we may feel confident they will hold the first place. The old Congress was far too ambitious, far too numerous in its constitution, attempted to deal with far too many subordinate questions, and treated them in ways criminally secretive and insolently imperious. We may trust that in the years to come the great Allied Powers will be free from the grasping passions which almost caused fresh wars to originate in Vienna, which in 1913 caused the Balkan States to renew their strife when they had defeated the Turks. We may trust also that the great Allies will, at any rate as a preliminary, settle the main issues that concern themselves as quickly as possible and without interference from smaller and less interested races. At least we may be sure they will not attempt to play the part of an Almighty Providence, resolved as if they were competent to recast the entire map of Europe after their own dogmatic will.

There is one memorable lesson to be taught us in the marvelous way in which France, after Waterloo, recovered her frontiers and her position in Europe, even after the annihilation of her fighting powers and the occupation of her capital and soil. Even after the defeats which we trust the coming year will inflict on the enemy, the vast and indomitable German race will not be utterly prostrate; and any dream of reparceling out the Reich or the Dual Empire from without had better be put aside at once. The Houses of Hohenzollern and of Hapsburg, with all their princely satellites, must be dealt with by their own peoples, not by us. The history of France before Europe in 1814 and following years will serve to show how impossible it will be for Europe to remodel the frontiers of any German people; or even, after all that has happened and all that we believe is yet to happen, how impossible it will be to impose on them any crushing indemnity or any intolerable burden.

On the other hand, it must be remembered there is one great difference between the condition of France after the fall of Napoleon and that of Germany after the eventual defeat of the Kaiser. In 1815 there was no bitter feeling against the French as a nation, on the part of Britain, or Austria, or even of Russia. The Allies were professedly in Paris in order to restore the ancient dynasty and nobility of France to which they had long given a refuge. Napoleon was the son-in-law of the Austrian Em-

peror. Large, wealthy, and prominent parties in France welcomed the Allies and hoped much from their hands. All this is different now. As yet, we know of no body of any influence in Germany which is not devoted to their cause and their sovereign. But then, all the Allies are filled to a man with burning detestation of the crimes, treacheries, and enormities of the whole German people, a detestation unexampled for centuries unless in the worst outbursts of religious warfare. France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia have suffered outrages over which every order of men in Germany have gloated. It is doubtful if any one of the Allies either could, or even should, trust implicitly any stipulation, treaty, or signature of a German diplomat or sovereign. Diplomacy to a German has been proved to mean one continuous tissue of falsehood, forgery, treachery, and fraud. It is difficult to see how the Allies after victory can regard any Treaty signed by a German as worth more than the paper of their huge swindle the paper State debt. It will be difficult to make a Treaty of Peace with a nation which the peoples of the rest of Europe regard as alike treacherous and infamous, bent upon any crime and any artifice which could tend to destroy or terrorize their opponents.

Let us consider a few of the principal lessons to be drawn from the settlement of Europe: firstly, the Treaties of May 1814 and so on to the second Peace of Paris in November 1815. We trust that the hopes of the Powers who will end this great War will be as fervently set on a lasting pacification as were the sovereigns and statesmen of 1814, and that they will be free from the Utopian and romantic anticipations of the *ideologues* and sentimentalists of that age. Again, in many ways, the settlement was disturbed and delayed by the presence of some sovereigns and royal persons who held a vague and special authority, and who induced an immense waste of idle ceremony and misleading entertainment. The next great Congress will never have it said of it that "it dances but gets no farther." The sovereigns of Germany and of Austria will not be there; and we do not think that George the Fifth, the Tsar, Victor Emmanuel, or Kings Peter or Albert will desire to attend in person. With the dominant place of the French Republic in the future settlement we may be sure that the Congress will not be absorbed in dynastic pretensions nor wasted in ceremonial extravagance.

From another fatal defect in the constitution of the Vienna Congress, the next Congress will assuredly be free—I mean the preposterous number of States and bodies that claimed and obtained a seat. Something like twenty sovereign States were represented, besides other religious and lay bodies. The German Empire and the Dual Empire now practically represent vast aggregates of principalities in Central Europe. We trust that when France, Russia, Belgium, and Serbia are again free of the invader the belligerent Powers will settle at least the dominant problems of territory, compensation, and protection, both rapidly and firmly, without the intervention of non-combatant neutral States. Above all, we may trust that the Powers which have borne this appalling strain will not by their disputes and their delays give cause for a renewal of war, as the Congress of Vienna of 1814 was broken up by the return of Napoleon from Elba, bringing to naught some nine months of futile debates.

The first problem that awaits a new settlement, of course, is that of Belgium, just as it was in 1815 one of the foremost questions before the Congress, and perhaps involved the most flagrant of its errors. The attempt to unite Belgium and Holland in order to make the new kingdom of the Netherlands a strong buffer between France and Prussia was

the first grand blunder; and we may be sure that no similar false step will be committed. The history of their early separation may serve as a warning that no addition to the territory of Belgium can be thought of as a source of strength; and the more recent history of the Duchy of Luxembourg may make it very doubtful if it can be successfully united with Belgium, unless it be so with the genuine desire of the peoples of both States, and with the entirely disinterested support of the States which surround Belgium, of which Great Britain is obviously one.

There will then be the secular dilemma that Antwerp, the only first-class port of Belgium, can only give access to the Channel by passing through Dutch territory. Holland as yet is certainly a neutral State, and justly tenacious of its punctilious neutrality. It would be ill-advised of the Powers to attempt to reopen the complex and dangerous question of the passage of the Scheldt—a problem far too obscure for me to touch on this occasion. And then comes that other problem of the same order, even more complex and more dangerous, the commercial intercourse of the Rhine countries to the mouths of the Scheldt, the Rhine, and the Meuse, and their easy approach to the Northern Sea. It would fill a volume were one to attempt to trace the history of these questions. Nor can it be denied that all Germany, and especially its whole westernmost regions, do loudly call for trade routes to the sea on their northwest side. How to secure this without allowing them to dominate their smaller neighbors in the Low Countries is indeed a problem of profound difficulty.

But these waterway and commercial problems are all bound up with the larger problems of the permanent defense of the independence of Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, and Denmark, all four of which now are open to be engulfed or controlled by their mighty neighbor. Heligoland, and the Kiel Canal, are both of crucial importance for the defense of Germany at sea, whilst they are the most formidable resources of the German Navy in its designs upon Britain. The proposal that both should be destroyed as maritime bases of war could only be carried out when Germany was utterly crushed and prostrate before united Europe. It would be an unforgivable humiliation on this great Empire, an inevitable ground for future war, as bad as the case of Lorraine and Metz. It will require all the wisdom of the victorious Allies to neutralize or disarm the Kiel Canal—which is one of the most dominant positions in Europe and a standing menace to all the Powers that touch the Baltic, and indeed to Britain and to France.

Both Canal and Heligoland and the mouths of the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula, have a wholly new importance since the Peace of 1815, in that the mighty German Powers control the whole coast between Holland and Russia, and can issue out from the Baltic or withdraw into the Baltic unseen, by surprise, and unassailable from without. In addition to this, Germany is now mistress in effect of the Jutland Peninsula. This commanding position is thus a concern of the first importance to all the Scandinavian and Baltic Powers, as well as to Denmark and Holland, which retain their independence only on sufferance, so long as Germany does not find it her interest to absorb them.

For my part, ever since 1867, I have continually recommended as a vital policy for England and France to form a defensive league of protection for Belgium, Holland, and Denmark. For nearly forty years I have labored to bring Britain into a close alliance with France and to form a great defensive coalition of the smaller States of Northern Europe. The close of this War should render such a policy more easy

than it has been now for a generation. After nearly a century of jealousies, apprehension, and even war with Russia, Britain and Russia again, as in 1815, are cordial Allies, having none but united objects in view. The secular jealousies, hostilities, and fears that so long separated Britain and France are at an end. And so is the fear, rampant in 1815, that Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, or Prussia could have reason to expect aggression from France. The problems today are simpler. There is but one peril over European statesmen. If the peace we all seek and pray for does not frame some scheme under which the smaller nations of Northern Europe can be guaranteed by the combined power of Britain, France, and Russia, the greatest opportunity, the fairest hope of our age, will be lost forever.

Next to the restoration of Belgium and Northern France the most urgent problem for settlement will be that of Poland, or rather, of the Polish race. A valuable book has just been published by an old colleague of Mr. Gladstone—Lord Eversley. In *The Partitions of Poland** we find a lucid and authoritative account of the story of Poland and the three great attacks by Prussia, Russia, and Austria, in 1772, 1793, 1795, in which the ancient Kingdom of Poland was finally parceled out between its three powerful neighbors. A great and mischievous fallacy lurks under the historic title of Kingdom of Poland. In the eighteenth century that comprised a vast country, of which two thirds was inhabited by people of non-Polish race, largely differing in blood, in language, in religion. In fact, the original Polish kingdom was made up of various territories somewhat like the Austrian or Turkish Empires. It was held together by a clumsy and loose elective monarchy, the confusions of which invited and almost justified intervention.

Those who will consult the instructive maps in Lord Eversley's book will see at once the vast area of the original Poland, the parts of it annexed by the three neighbors in the three successive annexations; and in the ethnographical map (p. 317) they will see in what districts the Poles were the majority of inhabitants, and in what proportions they stood to Germans, Slavs, and other races. In fact, it was only in the lands watered by the Upper Vistula and its affluents that the Poles were a dominant majority, whilst in two thirds of the ancient kingdom the inhabitants were not Poles at all. Poland, as it existed before the first partition, stretched into immense regions, which ever since the opening of the nineteenth century have been intensely Russian in character and history. It extended into other regions which since the nineteenth century have been intensely German and Austrian. It follows that any idea of restoring the old Kingdom of Poland is preposterous. The schemes of Napoleon, of the Tsar Alexander the First, and of the Congress of Vienna, inevitably limited their action to the Duchy of Warsaw, the Kingdom of Poland in which the Poles were in overwhelming majority.

After all that has happened of late, none of us are likely to follow Carlyle in defending or excusing the attack on Poland by Frederick the Great in 1772. Europe is groaning under the enormities of Prussian aggression which Frederick inherited and reduced to a scientific system. But without attempting to palliate the other crimes of Frederick, it cannot be denied that the territory seized by him in 1772 on the lower regions of the Vistula was quite trifling in extent compared with the territories seized by Russia and Austria in that year. It was a mere strip compared with the enormous districts absorbed in 1793

*With illustrations and maps. 8vo. T. Fisher Unwin.

and 1795, when Frederick had long been dead. The comparatively trifling areas acquired from Poland by Frederick in 1772 were largely inhabited by Germans, and they lay so interlocked with true German lands that their absorption seemed inevitable. The unpardonable offense of Frederick lay in his masterful pressure on the two Empresses of Russia and Austria to join with him in a career of combined robbery, the issue of which we have seen in 1914-15. Though the share of the plunder taken by Frederick was but small, though it lay almost inviting him to seize it, though it has proved to be of lasting and indispensable value to the German people, and indeed to the civilization of Europe, yet the memory of the greatest of modern kings must bear the charge of a public crime against the peace of the world, the poisonous consequences of which we suffer today, and our descendants will suffer from generation to generation.

This, however, remains to be said. So soon as the tyranny of the invader has been lifted from the soil of Belgium and of France, and the power of Prussian domination is at an end, the first great task of the Allies will be the restoration of the Poles to a condition of peace. For nearly a century and a half now the heroic efforts of that noble people have been the disturbing cause of European dilemmas. They have maintained their national faith, their religion, their literature, their aspirations, in the face of mighty oppressors. Their historic offenses and anarchic madness have been expiated by generations of bloodshed and torture, They have grown stronger, wiser, prouder—more prolific, more numerous by a century of suffering. The time has come when Europe must do them justice, if Europe is ever to be at peace again, ever again to feel conscious of its honor and good faith.

In what way peace and prosperity are to be restored to the Poles it is as yet in vain to speculate, whilst the entire soil of Poland and so large a part of Russia is under the heel of the Prussian invader. I will only make two suggestions with great hesitation, and both are simply the record of historic facts. It is certain that the old Kingdom of Poland was itself so completely the result of war and dynastic adventures against non-Polish peoples that it would be contrary to the principle of nationality to think of restoring it in its entirety. And the Polish race is so mingled with other races in variable proportions that it must be a very difficult problem to decide what particular territories are truly Polish. Secondly, the unhappy issue of Napoleon's Duchy of Warsaw of 1809, and of Alexander's Kingdom of Poland as settled at Vienna in 1815, would suggest that a truly independent Poland would be almost impossible to create, or to make strong enough to stand. Altogether I think that the most practicable solution would be a restored Poland with local self-government under the protection of Russia, and guaranteed by the Allied Powers of Europe.

If it would be in vain to dogmatize about the future of Poland, while the very future of all free nations in Europe is in the balance, it would be even more futile to speculate as to the future of the Dual Monarchy of the Hapsburgs, about the resettlement of the Balkan confusion, and the final destiny of Constantinople and the Turk. Those who consult the very useful work of C. Ernest Fayle, *The Great Settlement*, and the eight maps therein, will see the infinite complications involved in all these three problems, which, as the French say, "leap into one's eyes." Turn to his racial map of Central Europe with fifteen different races—seven of them in Austria, four in Russia, two in Germany—seven of these being Slavs, two of Latin, and two of Asiatic origin. Turn to Mr. Fayle's map of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, made up of some twenty

territories with separate histories, and for the most part separate races—usually found more or less intermingled—the German race of Austria being little more than one third in number, and the Magyars being less than one half in Hungary. Of this Dual Monarchy, made up of the oppressions and intrigues of five centuries, it seems as impossible to imagine any permanent reconstruction as it is impossible to imagine its permanent continuance.

But when we turn to the Balkan imbroglio, with its twelve Powers claiming historic rights, and eight or ten different races with different religion, manners, language, and ideals—nearly all being the issue of old wars, and all filled with mutual jealousies and hates—the future is even more obscure, as their past history was even more complex. Today Germans, Hungarians, Russians, Slavonians, Greeks, and Turks are engaging in a desperate internecine struggle for the hegemony of the Balkan peninsula and command of the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles—the most commanding position in all Europe. As the struggle is today at its height, I forbear from words. Dimly, perhaps, in a distant future, we may see this under the control of Russia with a solid guarantee of united Europe.

For all the problems of the Near East we now have the very important and exhaustive book of a "Diplomatist," edited by Lord Courtney of Penwith.* The editor very justly says "This is an original, thoughtful, and a thought-provoking book. It invites to inquiry and reflection." We may also add that it is a mine of information by one who has been able to study these complicated problems at first hand. The book was written shortly after the Treaty of Bucharest which closed the second Balkan War, dated August 10, 1913. As the author's own Preface is dated August 30, 1914, and the book has only a few brief notes written after the British Declaration of War on the 4th of August, 1914, the entire work of our "Diplomatist" is composed from the pre-war point of view, and it does not directly deal with the urgent problems of our day. But no one should attempt to touch them, and certainly no statesman or publicist should hereafter come to solve them, unless he has mastered the facts and weighed the conclusions to be found in the 428 pages of this closely packed volume.

In such a book, written nearly two years ago, and printed before the sixteen months of world-wide war, it was inevitable that some forecasts should fail, whilst some striking forecasts have been verified. Of the successful anticipations perhaps the most important is the warning that the condition of the Near East, as left in 1913 by a series of inconclusive settlements, made a vast European war inevitable. Of the unsuccessful previsions perhaps the most unlucky is the hailing as the most notable result of the Balkan struggle the recognition of Albania as a State, and belief in the future of Prince William of Wied. Who now regards the Balkan States as "pacific peoples"? Who now considers the Ottoman Revolution, achieved by the Young Turks, as an epoch-making event such as the French Revolution? After all, nothing short of Omniscience could enable a mere mortal in 1913 to imagine the state of Europe at the end of 1915. No one can pretend to question the author's judgments unless he can claim to have an equally deep first-hand knowledge of the facts. As for myself, all that I would venture to suggest as wanting in this survey is the dominant underlying fact that the real danger to peace and civilization in Europe always lay in the sleepless ambition of Prussian militarism to force its way down through the Near East to the Far East.

**Nationalism and War in the Near East.* Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1915.

The "Diplomatist" truly saw that "German nationalism in the form of militarism is the most dynamic force for political disturbance"—a remark put in the somewhat abstract form of "isms" dear to the dogmatic mind of the Professors in the Carnegie Endowment. But he fully grasps and explains the disastrous effect of the Treaty of Bucharest, which "was imposed against the teachings of equity, of ethnography, and of experience." As he shows us, the net result of the two dreadful wars in the Balkans left an aftermath of wars of extermination and seeds of future wars of annexation. The danger to Europe lay in this, that the racial and religious rivalries in the Balkans ultimately fell back on the long "duel between the Slavonic and Teutonic Powers." To France, to England, to the minor States of the West, it might seem a matter of indifference to which petty Princedom the mountains of Macedonia were allotted, or whether the Serbians could send their produce to the Aegean or to the Adriatic. But when Austria, the tool of Germany, was bent on reaching the Aegean Sea and the Sea of Marmora by hook or by crook, and sought this by producing a state of internecine war and anarchy in the whole Balkan peninsula, and this the mighty Slavonic Empire of the North could not see unmoved, then this region of inclement mountains and of dangerous defiles became a vast arsenal of explosives, and made the long-foreseen war of Armageddon inevitable. But the real *causa causans* of all these horrors was, and is, the infernal delirium of the Prussian Junkertum "to hack its way through its neighbors" to a World Empire. The diplomatist closes his remarkable book with the striking warning that "by allowing a region in Europe to remain in a condition of endemic war Europe has been exposed to epidemics of war." Too true. His solution, that the best precaution against this would be "democratic diplomacy," does not satisfy us. Democratic diplomacy usually ends in sentimental adventures. The only precaution we should have taken would have been a system of national and international military defense.

Let us listen to the experience of our "Diplomatist." We shall see how he bears out the evidence of Dr. E. J. Dillon, M. Reinach, and other writers, home and foreign, who have studied the Near East problems on the spot, that between the Danube and the Aegean Sea three mighty Empires and six ambitious principalities have been for generations contending for mastery, the latter indeed hating one another with the fury of wild mountaineers, and fired with the restless passions of ignorant clansmen. Bulgar hates Serb, Albanian hates Greek, Greek hates Bulgar and Turk, Roumanian hates Bulgar and Serb, even more than Prussian hates England. The internecine feuds and vendettas of these hill tribesmen, especially Albanians, Montenegrins, and Serbs, are such as have long been unknown in modern Europe of the West; and can be best understood if we remember the murderous feuds between Clan Quhele and Clan Chattan as described by Scott in *The Fair Maid of Perth.* If Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece, are externally more near to our Western civilization and to settled habits of civic policy, they are under the influence of German princes and of personal intrigues such as that by which Borgias. Medicis, Sforzas, Dukes and Popes, kept Italy in a ferment during the Renascence four centuries ago.

Into this welter of tribal animosities and insensate ambitions the Germanic and the Russian Empires for generations have plunged their arms and their statecraft, bent on maintaining their own prestige or power, and on preparing for ultimate domination. To the south of all these interminable risings and intrigues, the Ottoman Empire struggles

with heroic valor and murderous desperation to defend its hold on Europe, from which it is being forced back decade after decade. Still, up to today, the Turk holds the great dominant prize of all—on which the eyes of Russian, German-Austrian, and Greek, if not Rouman and Bulgar are set—the wonderful Byzantine stronghold on the Golden Horn, with its northern and its southern impregnable gates, and its easy transit to Asia across the Bosphorus.

Constantinople indeed, with its peninsula in Thrace, with the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, is the most crucial point in all Europe, the only impregnable stronghold, the master-key of the Near East, the pass between Europe and Asia. The genius of Rome, which some sixteen centuries ago removed the Italian Rome to the Byzantine Rome, and maintained there for eleven centuries a Christian Roman Empire that defended Europe from Islam, has so deeply impressed the imagination of Christian Europe and of Mussulman Asia that it is hopeless to dream that East and West, North and South, Christian and Mussulman can ever forget its importance or cease to crave it. And to this fatal apple of Discord, cast into the midst of our Olympian council-hall, is added the perennial strife of the six races which seethe round the remnant of the Turkish Empire, and are alternately goaded on or crushed by the two Northern Empires.

When we consider first the enormous value of the Golden Horn to the great Empires of Eastern Europe, and then the passions and the ferocity of the small Balkan races, it seems hopeless to expect any peaceable settlement for generations. Yet, in the time to come when Europe is at peace at last—or at least has ceased to be at open war—some provisional settlement will have to be found. There will be these two main problems—the possession of Constantinople and its great water-gates to the Black Sea and to the Aegean—and then, how is peace to be kept between the Balkan rivals.

With regard to the first problem, the reach of coast and sea from Kilia on the Euxine to Kum Kaleh at the point of the Dardanelles is so long, the naval resources of the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora are so vast, and the importance of this position is so vital to the Great Powers, that it would be idle to entrust it to the hands of a minor Power like Greece, much less to the ambition of Serbians, Bulgarians, or Roumanians, for they are essentially landsmen not seamen. A position of such unique value can only be held safely by a great Empire having endless millions of wealth and men. To force the Mussulman out of it—"bag and baggage," as Slavonic fanatics and British Radicals cry out, would rouse unquenchable hostility in Asia, and would cause undying trouble to British and Russian Asiatic dominions. To hand over the entire charge of this incalculable prize to Russia would lead to endless hostility from the Balkan princedoms, as well as from Roumania and Greece. None of these are strong enough to hold such a prize, yet they would fiercely resent its falling into the hands of a strong Power.

In this dilemma perhaps the best provisional settlement—or rather the least dangerous arrangement—would be for the Allies to administer the remains of European Turkey—*when they have got it*—much as we hold Egypt—with the Sultan still in technical sovereignty, and the military suzerainty of the Russian Tsar, as trustee for Western Europe. Santa Sophia would still remain technically Mussulman, but the military and naval power of the Golden Horn, of the Bosphorus, and Dardanelles Straits would be administered by Russia, under strong guarantees to Europe, that is to say, to Europe west of the Rhine and

south of the Alps and Pyrenees. The key of the passage from East to West —as a provisional settlement—would be still in the formal possession of Islam and the East, but under the collective guardianship of the Western Concert.

If the keys of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles can only be held permanently and securely by a great Empire, the same thing is true of the maintenance of peace and tolerable order in the whole Balkan area between the Danube and the Aegean. Of the rival races and principalities no one is strong enough to dominate the rest; and it is now plain that confederation is a mere prelude to internecine war. The stupid, brutal, external weight of the Turkish master did for years keep some sort of peace and civilized order. If the regenerated Russian Empire were to take up the task as a trustee of Western Europe, much as we ourselves keep order in Egypt and in the Indian Northwest, this perhaps would be the solution easiest to accomplish and most likely to endure. If the Golden Horn and its gateways, with the Balkan peninsula, ever fall under Prussian domination, the peace and prosperity of Europe will have waned, and the sun will have gone down on the Eastern Empire of Britain.

Frederic Harrison.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

JAPAN UNDER HER NEW EMPEROR.

I.

The recent installation of His Imperial Majesty Yoshihito, Haru-no-miya on the "throne of a lineal succession unbroken for ages eternal," was a mere formality, for the reign actually commenced about three and a half years ago: but it revealed the soul of Japan of our day. The ceremonial observed on the occasion did not depart in any important respect from the ritual performed at previous coronations. These old-world ceremonies, however, formally invested with power the first Japanese sovereign who has commenced his Imperial career as a limited monarch, and whose intellectual outlook, sympathies and habits are unlike those of any of his 121 predecessors. Thus does contemporary Japan cling to the spirit of the past in matters ceremonial, while steadily improving her political and economic institutions.

II.

No Emperor of Japan was prepared to rule with the care that has been bestowed upon the training of the present sovereign. His father and predecessor, His Imperial Majesty Mutsuhito, spent the first fifteen or sixteen years of his life entirely cut off from the world of action, surrounded by an atmosphere of effeminacy; and, during these years, he learned little besides polite literature, versification, and painting. Emperor Mutsuhito's predecessors, for hundreds of years back, spent their lives in the Imperial *sanctum sanctorum*, isolated from the rest of the world, and, since the Shoguns, who were the *de facto* rulers, would not permit them to rule, they could not have utilized the knowledge of statecraft, even if they had received training in political science. Yoshihito, however, was born in altogether different circumstances and surroundings. In 1879—the year of his birth—Nippon had already succeeded in considerably recasting her institutions in European moulds. Some influential persons were carrying on an agitation at the time to induce the authorities to concede political privileges, as it was felt that Europe and America

would not treat Japan as their equal until the popular element had been introduced into the Government. Two years later, on October 12th, 1881, Emperor Mutsuhito promised to give the Constitution. When Yoshihito was about ten years old the Constitution was promulgated, and the powers and privileges of the reigning Emperor and his successors became definitely limited (particulars of which limitations are given in a subsequent portion of this article). A few months later he was formally made Crown Prince. That wisdom which induced his father to concede privileges to the people without much pressure, led him to make the most efficient arrangement possible to prepare his heir to exercise the functions which the Constitution reserved for the Emperor, without exceeding his authority.

In writing of the care bestowed upon the bringing up of the present Emperor of Japan, one must first refer to the efforts that were made to develop his physical strength to the highest possible degree. The death of all his brothers had left him the sole surviving male issue of Emperor Mutsuhito. His health was delicate. His father's solicitude to preserve the direct succession to his throne caused him to subordinate all other considerations, for the time being, to the eradication of his constitutional weakness. He was placed under the charge of medical experts. With a *menage* all his own, he lived in a palace set apart for his residence, and fitted with special facilities for varied forms of physical exercise. Considerations of health led to the abandonment of the plan that his father had originally cherished concerning his education. Emperor Mutsuhito had desired above all things that his son should not be educated in "splendid isolation," but that he should be brought up in the company of boys of his own age at the Peers' School. This institution had been started, in 1877, by the peerage for the education of the sons of noblemen. A few years later the Imperial Household Department had assumed control of the school. Only boys of approved families were admitted to its classes, though some of them belonged to the plutocracy rather than to the nobility. They were taught by the best teachers specially selected curricula calculated to prepare them creditably to discharge the difficult duties devolving upon them in a period of rapid transition. His Imperial Majesty placed Yoshihito in this institution in his eighth year, the Emperor solemnly enjoining the management not to favor the Imperial Prince above his classmates. His delicate health, however, made it necessary, not long afterwards, to remove him from the Peers' School so that he might be constantly under the care of experts, and might be made as strong as possible. This policy soon justified itself. The attention that was paid to his daily routine, diet, and exercise in the gymnasium and in the open air, enabled Yoshihito, in the course of a short time, to overcome the constitutional weakness to which he was predisposed. He gradually developed a body that was sound enough to permit him to apply himself much more assiduously to exacting studies than he had been able to do in earlier years, without in any way injuring his health.

Emperor Mutsuhito set up a high standard for his son. He was required to acquire Eastern and Western culture. In addition to learning his own language and the classical Chinese, versification and painting, that all gentle-born Japanese master, he was taught English, French and German well enough to speak them fluently. He studied the history of his nation and of the world. He obtained an insight into social, industrial, commercial, and political organizations. In brief, the attempt was made to familiarize the heir to the Japanese throne with the principles governing human life in all its aspects, to make

him understand and appreciate the tendencies of the time, and to develop in him the decision of character to take any action which his wisdom might dictate.

Simultaneously with academic education, the present Emperor of Japan was trained in the tactics of modern warfare on land and sea. In this matter, as in others, Emperor Mutsuhito left nothing to chance. His heir, by dint of application, rose from rank to rank until, in 1909, he was appointed a Lieut.-General in the army and a Vice-Admiral in the navy. Aside from the knowledge that he gained through training of the conditions under which hostilities are carried on and wars are won and lost, he found opportunities to come in contact with his future subjects who participated in ordinary drill or maneuvres. The highest military ideals of the West, acting upon the noble traditions of Japanese chivalry (*bushido*) developed in him a fine sense of soldiering, and made him deeply sympathetic with the trials and tribulations of those who fight to conserve national interests and to protect Imperial honor.

Yoshihito's education continued after his marriage, in 1900, to Princess Sadako who is said to have been chosen to be the future Empress of Japan partly because she had a strong physique, and partly because of her strong democratic tendencies. Even after children had been born to them, both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess, as they were until July 29th, 1912, kept up their studies. During the years immediately preceding his father's death, Yoshihito devoted much of his time to acquiring a grasp of practical administration, and had a seat in the Upper House of the Japanese Diet, the sessions of which he attended regularly, taking a great interest in legislation. The Crown Princess evinced a deep interest in many patriotic and philanthropic societies, especially in the Japanese Red Cross, and familiarized herself with their work in some cases by taking part in their activities.

The policy that Emperor Mutsuhito pursued in regard to his successor's education was meant to develop in Yoshihito a deep love for those over whom he would, in the course of time, be called upon to rule, and to invest him with the capacity to express that affection in a manner that would conduce to the well-being of his subjects. In centuries gone by, before the time when the Emperor was prevented from exercising his prerogatives, the future sovereign had been taught to love the people and to promote their welfare; but the affection that the Emperor of the old type had for his subjects was that of a personage who considered himself the lineal descendant of the goddess of the sun, rather than that of a human being for his fellow-men. The education that Yoshihito received did not, in any manner, weaken the pride that he may justly feel in belonging to a "line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal," but it developed the human quality in him. His training has not inclined him to make himself "common"—indeed, he is a man of few words, though he likes to do things for himself; but it has enabled him to gain a first-hand knowledge of the needs and aspirations of his people, and, as a consequence, his sympathy is not only deep, but it is also intelligent. It has naturally taken away from him that desire to isolate himself in the sacred precincts of the Imperial palace, which, as a heritage of the past, clung tenaciously to his father, in spite of his broad outlook on life and his strength of character. The present Emperor, therefore, has been prepared to give something to his subjects that none of his predecessors, including the great Mutsuhito, could give them. That something may be described as democratic rule in its noblest connotation.

III.

The position of the Emperor in the Japanese economy of today provides

him with a wide scope for his energies and influence. The reverence that his subjects cherish for their *Tenno* (Heavenly King), or *Tenshi* (Son of Heaven) has not been diminished by the transition through which they have been passing during the last six decades. It has, indeed, been supplemented by grateful affection for the wise and beneficent part that Emperor Mutsuhito played during the most critical period of Japanese history, and by the promise of the present reign, which opened most auspiciously, and which has already shown evidence of justifying the hopes that the leaders of the people repose in it. The popular attitude towards the Emperor gives His Imperial Majesty an influence over his subjects such as no other monarch, limited or absolute, in the East or in the West, possesses today. Any example of patriotic sacrifice and service that he may choose to set will be followed unflinchingly by nobles and commoners, by rich and poor.

The Emperor of Japan is allowed considerable powers by the Constitution. Though this Instrument is written in language which, with few exceptions, is not ambiguous, it is not easy precisely to describe the Emperor's status in the Japanese Government. The reason for this is apparent. In Japan, as in other countries, the Constitution is a living institution, and is constantly, though perhaps imperceptibly, changing. Since the promulgation of the Imperial Rescript dated "the 11th day of the 2d month of the 22d year of Meiji" (February 11th, 1889), the political development of Japan has had an important effect upon the position of the sovereign, though no change has been made in the phraseology of the Constitution. Such a difference can best be shown by first indicating the powers and privileges that the present Emperor has inherited according to the written Constitution granted by his father.

Articles III and IV of the Constitution declare that "The Emperor is sacred and inviolable," and that he "is the head of the Empire, combining in himself the rights of sovereignty, and exercising them according to the provisions of the present Constitution." According to Articles V, VI, and VII, "The Emperor exercises the legislative power with the consent of the Imperial Diet" (consisting of two Houses, each with power to enact suitable legislation), "gives sanction to laws, and orders them to be promulgated and executed," and "convokes the Imperial Diet, opens, closes, and prorogues it, and dissolves the House of Representatives." Article VIII empowers "The Emperor, in consequence of an urgent necessity to maintain public safety or to avert public calamities," to issue, "when the Imperial Diet is not sitting, Imperial Ordinances in the place of law." It stipulates that "Such Imperial Ordinances are to be laid before the Imperial Diet at its next session, and when the Diet does not approve the said Ordinances, the Government shall declare them to be invalid for the future." Article IX authorizes the Emperor to issue or cause to be issued "the Ordinances necessary for the carrying out of the laws, or for the maintenance of the public peace and order, and for the promotion of the welfare of the subjects," providing, however, that "no Ordinance shall in any way alter any of the existing laws." Article X gives to the Emperor the power to determine "the organization of the different branches of the Administration, and the salaries of all the civil and military officers," and to appoint and to dismiss "the same." It also provides for certain exceptions, defined "in the present Constitution or in other laws." Articles XI, XII, XIII, and XIV give the Emperor "the supreme command of the "Army and Navy," the power to determine "the organization and peace standing of the

Army and Navy," the authority "to declare war, make peace, conclude treaties, and proclaim the law of siege" (a stipulation being made that "the conditions and effects of the law of siege shall be determined by law"). Article XV gives the Emperor the privilege of conferring "titles of nobility, rank, orders, and other marks of honor." In virtue of Article XVI the Emperor can order "amnesty, pardon, commutation of punishments, and rehabilitations." According to Article LV "the respective Ministers of State shall give their advice to the Emperor, and be responsible for it." In other words, the Ministers are responsible to the Emperor, and not to the Diet. This stipulation reduces the Japanese Constitution to a much lower level than, for instance, that of Great Britain.

Recent events have shown that matters in this important respect are changing in Japan, and that though technically the Ministers are responsible to the Crown, that responsibility, actually, is in process of being transferred to the House of Representatives, which corresponds to the House of Commons. I may parenthetically remark that the powers over finance of the Lower House in Japan are much inferior to those exercised by the House of Commons. The Japanese House of Representatives, however, is acquiring greater control over the purse year by year. This subject, though important, cannot be dealt with in this article. Returning to the consideration of Ministerial responsibility, I may point to the recent political crisis in Japan, which clearly shows the increase of power of the Lower House over the Ministers. It would be inexpedient, at this juncture, to make an extended reference to these unfortunate incidents. My statement of the fact, however, is not likely to be challenged.

In actual practice, the Emperor of Japan does not take an active part in politics. He, therefore, can "do no wrong" in reality, and not merely in theory. Whatever blame for misgovernment may rest upon the Administration falls, as it should, upon the responsible Ministers, whom he can dismiss for inefficiency or questionable practices.

Thus, when all is said and considered, it is the duty of the Japanese Monarch to remain unentangled with the controversies of the day, ceaselessly to watch the flow of the deeper currents of life, to give the highest officials helpful guidance when they may seek it, or when occasion may warrant him in volunteering it, and to prevent national disasters by his foresight and decision of character. Emperor Yoshihito, whose formal accession to his ancestral throne took place a few weeks ago, has been specially fitted by the careful training that he has received and by the inclinations and desires that he has cultivated, creditably to discharge the obligations incidental upon his august position.

IV.

It is dangerous to make political prophecies: but I may predict, without much trepidation, that the present Emperor is destined to play a most important part in the history that Japan is now making. Many of the men who helped Nippon to become a world-Power, whereas sixty years ago she was isolated from the comity of nations and internally disorganized and consequently weak, have passed from the scene of human action. Those leaders who have survived them are all old. Some of them have preserved remarkable mental alertness and physical vigor. Count Okuma, the Grand Old Man of Japan, who, at present, is the Minister President, is a notable example. Some of these "Elder Statesmen," the Premier included, have not permitted old age to dull their progressiveness. Others, however, have allowed themselves to become conservative. In the future that awaits Japan,

the conservative element can only act as a brake upon the younger men. Vigorous hands must mould Japan's destiny. There are numerous problems to be solved. The franchise must be extended so that the millions of persons who are now without a vote just because they are not richer than they are, though they are intelligent and literate, must be given their political birthright. In largely modeling the Upper House according to the pattern of the House of Lords, Japan has produced numerous anomalies which, in the interests of progress, must be removed. The powers of the people's representatives over the Ministers must be developed until the will of the people can prevail in all matters pertaining to government. The unequal distribution of wealth between the workers and the capitalists, the protection of the people from merciless exploitation by industrial and trade combinations and monopolists in general, and the equitable adjustment of taxation, constitute a few more of the many other problems confronting Japan today. The younger men, who are rising in influence, will be called upon to push their nation forward on the path of progress, while the men of experience must caution them to moderate their pace, and restrain them from taking wrong turnings. A sovereign who is young, and trained to be alert in mind and body, is certain to use his influence to decrease the power that highly-placed conservatives may exert to resist reform, and is sure to be an acquisition to the progressive forces.

The Contemporary Review. *St. Nihal Singh.*

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER V.

The Waking of the Holy Well.

"Thee'll be home betimes," said Mistress Lynn.

Lucy was standing before the kitchen looking-glass, pinning a flower into the bosom of her cotton gown. She glanced up with a curl of rebellion on her lips, then tossed her head and replied:

"Aye."

"Thee'll mind that now, my lass," continued the old woman; "I'll have no bairn o' mine wandering about Cringel Forest after dark."

"You did it yourself, great-granny," said Lucy with resentment. "Many's the time I've heard you tell of waking the Holy Well till midnight."

"M'appen I did, Lucy," and she smiled grimly; "but I don't choose that you should follow me. You might gang astray."

"Well, I'll be back before dark," answered the girl.

"At nine o'clock?"

"Aye, at nine o'clock! It's a wonder you don't say seven or six maybe."

"So I would if I saw a reason for it; but I don't," replied Mistress Lynn imperturbably. "Go thy wayses now, and come back with a more respectful tongue in thy head. I'll be glad to be rid of thy saucement for a while."

Lucy went out into the sunshine gaily. This was one of her few holidays in the year, and for very shame her great-grandmother could not keep her drudging at the farm when the whole village was bent on pleasure, waking the Holy Well. The day was Tuesday in Easter Week. The sky was blue; the birds were in the full rush of nest-making; the leaves were coming out like magic; everything was light-hearted.

To be sure the new curate had cast a cold eye on the festivities, and even spoken against them from the church at the top of the village street; but his

sour looks and words could not take the sweetness out of the day, or stifle the merriment of his parishioners. They had waked the well on the 23d of April for generations—long before there was a church in High Fold, long before good St. Kentergerne had preached the Gospel to their forefathers. They had waked it in the days when mistletoe grew in Cringel Forest, and when they worshiped strange gods at the Stannin' Stanes on the fell-side yonder. Christianity had merely given the old pagan custom, which it could not stamp out, a Christian significance. No young, upstart curate, with his austere views, could prevent the people from clinging with affection to a festivity, sanctioned by the ages, and providing so bright a break in the routine of their sombre lives.

When Lucy reached the churchyard crowds were already gathered. The well—a stream of water bubbling into a stone trough by the lychgate—was hung with garlands of ferns and flowers; the village street was choked with traffic and booths, where nuts and gingerbread, and gaily-colored confections were being sold by dames in their Sunday best. Timothy Hadwin dispensed powders, balms and essences to the shepherds and their wives—many of whom had come miles over the mountains, and had not been to High Fold since this time last year.

"Sixpence worth o' the linctus, Timothy. It's main good for the cough: my man would have died last winter if I hadn't given him it regular; the snow and the wind was sommat awfu' back the fells."

"A pound o' camomile, Tim, old man. There's nowt like camomile-tea when your innards are no' peacefu' like!"

"Have you any o' that elder-flower water, Master Timothy, what makes your cheeks soft?" whispered a lass, with a hasty look round to see that no young man could overhear her.

But the chief interest of Timothy's stall was a microscope, mounted on a brass stand, through which the folk could examine a variety of interesting objects; a kaleidoscope, and a burning glass.

On the green, in front of the inn, games were in full swing, and in a corner of the churchyard half hidden by the ancient gravestones, a cock-fight drew the male population like needles to a magnet. A big brown bear was dancing to amuse the children; there were jugglers and jesters from the nearest town; fortune-tellers with swarthy skins and coral necklaces, and that dearest of delights to both old and young, a Punch-and-Judy show.

Lucy looked about her for a sight of Joel's tall figure, but he was not to be seen. She wandered here and there, and though she was greeted by merry voices, and answered them merrily enough, she was disappointed. Where was he? and why did he not meet her as he had promised? He ought to have been on the lookout for her coming, not she for his.

But Peter Fleming saw her and ran across the short, bright turf.

"Come and dance with me," he said; "the old blind fiddler is striking up a jig."

Lucy slipped her hand through his arm, but still looked round for Joel. She caught sight of his head rising above a gravestone as he watched the cock-fight. A slight flush mounted to her brow; her eyes sparkled still more brightly, and she tripped down the street to the place where the fiddler sat on a bench tuning his strings, never casting another glance behind.

"Thee's the best dancer in High Fold, Peter," she said gaily; "it's like swinging in the air to dance with you. Come on, lad, my feet can't bide still when they hear the music."

She looked a bonny lass with her jetty curls and blue eyes. She floated through the dance like a feather; she laughed like

a bell. Peter was in a mood to be attracted by her smiles. He had spent his holiday in delightful idleness; he had been petted at home and made much of by the villagers, and, though his head had not been turned, his heart was in a condition to be easily stirred. He enjoyed a flirtation in much the same way as he had enjoyed eating a stolen apple when he was a boy—the excitement of getting it attracted him, and gave a flavor to the thing attained.

Lucy was ready to aid and abet him. She received his attentions with a coy humor, ate gingerbread rabbits with him, danced with him, and gave him a flower from her hair to wear in his buttonhole. But her thoughts were elsewhere, and her eyes again and again strayed in Joel's direction. It was a salve to her wounded feelings to see that he had noticed her, and was standing sulky and aloof on the outskirts of the crowd. She would punish him well, and then forgive him, as she always forgave him, and would always forgive him for worse offenses.

"Where's Barbara?" asked Peter, as Lucy rested on the grass and he fanned her with a dock leaf. His eyes, too, had been straying, seeking for a golden head and stately throat above the throng.

"She's nursing a sick sheep," replied her sister. "Poor Barbara! there is never any fun for her!—not that she wants it as I do, but something always comes in the way to spoil her outings."

"Barbara's an angel," said Peter.

"She is that!" answered Lucy fervently.

He clasped his hands behind his head, and looked up into the face of the girl beside him. He never had any inclination to look at Barbara so; he never lay at her feet and talked nonsense. There was something of a man's attitude towards another man in his way of regarding her. She was strong and self-reliant and high-minded; he only dimly understood her. But that which he did understand drew his deepest reverence. He had two sides to his nature, as most folk have; and though Lucy appealed to the happy, homely, youthful part of him, with Barbara he was a serious-hearted man, who knew that life was no game, and who purposed to live strenuously in his appointed place.

The afternoon wore on towards evening. The sun was getting low, and the church flung a dark shadow on the graveyard. The folk drew together in groups, sat themselves down upon the benches, and streamed in and out of the Wild Boar. Before it, on a plot of grass, the bear was dancing.

It looked mangy and starved. Yet even in its present condition it kept some of the majesty of its early years, when it had been free to wander among the forests of a distant land. Gentle and timid it was among the human beings that stood around, laughing at its clumsy ways, and sometimes prodding it with sticks; but it turned at bay when a snarling dog ventured too near.

The gipsy—a long, lean fellow, whose eyes smouldered—leaned against the horse-trough and piped. He looked, among the fair-haired country folk, as much of an alien as the bear dancing on an English green. His slack, nervy figure needed but a word to make it taut as steel. He had a barbed stick by his side, and a chain, from the animal's collar, fastened to a ring round his wrist. He was much bedizened with colored ribbons and brass buttons.

Peter stood on the steps of the inn and watched the scene with keen pleasure. He liked the bear, although its eyes were dim with neglect, and its fur clotted and evil-smelling. It suggested to him the infinite variety and complexity of life. Its proper home was in distant forests; it had feelings and instincts which he could not even imagine; its destiny had no parallel with his; yet by its patience, gentleness and power to suffer it was

linked with his own nature. He liked the gipsy, for he felt a chord of fellowship between them. Here was one who disdained to sleep, eat and die among the crowd; who lived a roving life in the green lanes, coming and going as he pleased, free as air. Such a life attracted Fleming, who cared more for liberty than a dry bed. He liked the village folk—nay, he loved them though they stood open-mouthed, like children, and were pleased as children at the ungainly ambling of the bear. He knew that they were stolid, narrow-minded; but round them his affections twined. They were the root from which he sprang.

It was Peter's habit to find some likeness between himself and the world about him. Many of his ideas he had imbibed from Timothy Hadwin, who when he was a child had taught him Latin and Greek, and used every opportunity to impress the boy with a sense of the mystery of the universe.

Life touched life through the three kingdoms. The tiniest flower in the hedgerow and the king on his throne were but links in one great chain. It was this sense of his relationship to the whole living creation that gave breadth to Peter's outlook, intensity to his mind, and power to his bearing. He tried to understand, and he deeply loved all nature. His college friends looked upon him as a crank, yet they respected him greatly; for they once saw him bridle and ride a bucking horse that no one else dared approach.

While the gipsy lazily piped upon his whistle, and the bear continued to dance, Peter entered the inn and persuaded the scolding housewife—whose head was fairly whirling with so much coming and going—to ransack her store for some of last year's honey. She gave it to him reluctantly; but, then, he would never be denied anything when he asked for it. He fed the beast with the melliferous morsel and such was the creature's appreciation that he insisted upon following Peter, wagging his head from side to side with a most ludicrous motion, as though coaxing him for more.

"You're a cupboard lover, my friend, I fear," said Peter.

The bear sat down, whoofed and whimpered, while his master twitched at the chain.

"Hungry, eh?" Peter poked him in the ribs. "You look like it; never saw a bigger bag of bones in my life! Here, you fellow, why don't you feed him better?"

"What's that to you?"

"I don't like to see a hungry brother."

"Get up," said the man to the bear; but it would not move, and continued to whimper and look at Peter. The gipsy grasped his stick in one hand, while he shortened the chain with the other. His temper was rising.

"Leave the poor brute alone," interposed Peter; "it's only crying for its supper, like little Tommy Tucker. Nay now, leave it alone."

"Is it yours or mine, master?"

"Why, mine. See what a fancy it's taken to me!"

He laughed good-humoredly.

"I've a notion the beast would make a nice pet. What'll you sell him for, you fellow?"

The gipsy took no notice; he thought that Fleming was fooling him. He raised his stick threateningly, but before the sharp point, which the bear had learned to know and fear, could descend, it was twisted out of his hands.

"Might is right," said Peter, with a broad grin.

The man was angry; his was a nature that could ill brook crossing. He clenched his fists, and came nearer, but he looked twice at his antagonist, and decided that discretion was the better part of valor. Peter was not only broader than himself, but taller, and he had heard that the gentleman was a great wrestler.

"Ho, my good fellow," said Fleming, "are you going to fight me for him? Better come into the inn and settle the matter over a pot of beer."

"What do you want the bear for, master?"

"To play with—poodles aren't in my line. I need something big. Besides, I've an idea you'll be sending him to the knacker's in a week or two, and I'd like to save him from such a fate."

The gipsy looked him over wondering if he were in jest or earnest.

"Honest! quite honest!" said Peter, reading the man's glance.

The gipsy's eyes began to sparkle, and he turned towards the inn.

"Come on, master," said he; "if you wants the bear you shall have him."

They went in, while Jake the rat-catcher called after them:

"Don't let the fellow cheat you, lad. He wouldn't get sixpence for the carcass if he sold it for dog's meat. There isn't a crow-picking on its bones."

Peter and the gipsy were not long within. They came out laughing, the latter wiping his mouth, his dark, lean countenance showing signs of satisfaction.

Fleming pulled his flute out of his pocket, played the tune that the bear's master had been whistling, and the ungainly beast began to dance.

"Eh, lad, yon's a nice new pet you've gotten. Your mother will be main pleased to have it sitting in the chimney-nook," said one of the crowd.

"Take it to bed with thee," remarked Dusty John, who had long ceased to wonder at the vagaries of his son, but was rather pleased with them than otherwise. "It will keep thee warm o' nights."

"Nay, nay, it's ower moth-eaten to have much warmth in it. Best hap it up in camphor, Peter, and get some of Old Camomile's powder to put away the fleas."

* * * * *

Meanwhile Lucy had found Joel. The sun had set, and the rooks were flying home, above Cringel Forest.

"Come with me up the dale," she said softly.

He was not disposed to be friendly.

"Cheer up, lad," she continued. "Let's be kind again."

With a face still lowering, and his whole frame the very embodiment of injured pride, he turned and walked beside her.

He was jealous of Peter, yet sensible that he was to blame, not she.

"You'd better marry Peter," he said at last, breaking the silence.

"Who talks of marrying?" replied Lucy, coolly.

"He's got money and brains. He'd make you a worthier husband than I."

He kicked the stones out of his path and switched the heads off the primroses that were growing by the wayside. The truth was, which Lucy did not know, that he had been betting and had lost. When they came to the edge of the forest, and the open dale lay before them, all gloomy with shadows, Lucy turned.

"Good-night, Joel," she said, and made as if to go. "I'm sorry you're so cross. It's spoiled my day, my only holiday; good-night."

But he flung his arm round her, his anger vanishing like a cloud that has discharged its ill humors.

"Stay," he said. "I know I'm a brute. But let us go back. There'll be more dancing, and we'll trip the moon up into the sky and out of it again. I'm a better dancer than Peter. He's too heavy on his toes—you found that, eh? —rather a clumsy fellow, too loose in the make to be a comfortable partner. Come back. Come and see the rockets and torches. We'll have a good time, lots of fun. Who knows whether we'll see the wakes together again?"

She relented at once, dissolved like snow in the sun, when she heard the pleading tones of his voice.

"But I promised great-granny."

"Stay," he repeated, and began to draw her back to the forest.

"I daren't, Joel; she'd never forgive me."

"Only a little longer."

"Nay."

Yet why should she not stay? Her great-grandmother had enjoyed such occasions to the full when she was young. Why should Lucy not do the same? She might go home, bid the old woman good-night, and when the doors were barred, and the candles out, and Mistress Lynn thought she was safely in her bed, slip downstairs, and escape by the cow-house. She asked Joel what he thought of her plan.

"I'll wait for you," he said, "don't be long. But there's Barbara! She'd never consent. Stay now do, Lucy; don't go in. Let's go back to the village, and you can face the din tomorrow morning. Lay all the blame on me."

She shuddered.

"You don't know what great-grandmother's like when she's roused! But Barbara's at Ketel's Parlor. It's not likely she'll come home tonight, unless the sheep is dead. The sheep don't often die in her hands, for she looks after them as though they were sick bairns. I'll not be long, Joel."

She slipped from his arms like a child bent on mischief, laughing under her breath, yet not altogether at ease—it was no light undertaking for anyone to try and hoodwink old Mistress Lynn.

The great-grandmother looked at the clock as soon as she entered, and seemed grimly surprised at Lucy's punctuality. A cotter's wife rose from the settle and hurried away, so as to get her share of the festivities. She had been keeping the old woman company during the girl's absence.

"Sit thee down now," said Mistress Lynn, "and tell me about the wake."

"I's so tired, great-granny," yawned Lucy.

"Tired! At your age I could dance till dawn and not be too tired to milk the kye at sunrise."

Lucy sat down with an aggrieved expression.

"If you'd let me dance till dawn I'd maybe have had the better grace to tell you about it," she replied with some spirit.

"Well, get away to bed. Thee's got a sharp tongue that it's no gert pleasure for an old woman to hear."

Lucy went upstairs, and moved about for a while, then she sat on the edge of the bed and waited. It was a tedious waiting, but she dared not creep downstairs, and let herself out by the cow-house door till there was some likelihood of her great-grandmother being asleep.

At last she thought that she might venture. She took off her shoes, and slipped noiselessly down; the stairs were made of stone, so they could not betray her by creaking. On the wall opposite the kitchen was a little round beam of light. It shone through a hole in the door, where a knot had come out. Lucy was surprised; she wondered what Mistress Lynn could be doing with a light at this hour. She put her eye to the hole and looked through. She could see the bed, and the old woman's hands, but not her face.

The candle flung a misty light on a pile of glittering coins in one withered hand. Her great-grandmother was counting them, dropping them one by one into a bag.

Lucy was riveted to the spot. She could not tear herself away, even though Joel was waiting, hidden in the copse just below the house. She could hear a faint click as the coins fell against one another. That bag was filled. The thin old hands picked up another, and poured its contents upon the quilt. Lucy watched like one fascinated. She saw her great-grandmother pick up several bags, and count many handfuls of money—some of it silver, some of it gold. She waited

until the candle was put out, and she heard the curtains softly drawn. Mistress Lynn had composed herself to sleep.

Lucy opened the cow-house door and stole out into the night. A clear moon was shining; the foam of the beck looked like white horses tossing in the wind, and the primroses glimmered like stars. Joel was still waiting.

"You can't say that I haven't patience," he said.

Lucy began to speak excitedly.

"I've seen such a sight, lad, such a sight! I've seen great-granny counting her money."

"I knew she'd got a store somewhere," he replied. "I wish I had! It would come in very handy just now."

"But, Joel, she's old, and when she dies——"

"We'll all be rich folk, Lucy."

"And we can be married then, lad, and put Forest Hall in trim, and be happy."

He laughed, but not very spontaneously.

"There goes a rocket over the trees," he said.

"It goes up like my hope," replied Lucy.

But the thing burst and was gone.

"Prophetic, I fear," said Joel.

When they came under the black shadow of the crag on the top of which Forest Hall was built, they paused and glanced up.

The moonlight brought the battlements into relief against the sky, and shone silvery upon the fir-tree, growing out of a niche, and sweeping the front wall with its feathery boughs. The house was very high, strange and frowning, grander than it ever looked by daylight.

Joel gripped Lucy's hand with a sudden excess of feeling.

"I'll never part with Forest Hall," he said, as though he saw in his mind's eye someone who wanted to take it from him. "I'll never sell the old place. If I go down into ruins, it shall go down into ruins with me. We'll fall together."

"Don't talk so fiercely, Joel," replied Lucy, gently smoothing his fingers to take the strain out of their grip. "Forest Hall will some day be refurnished from cellar to garret, and you and I will live there like a pair of cooing doves. Haven't you told me so many a time?"

"Of course, Lucy," he said, relaxing.

They walked on again, and near the outskirts of the forest met Peter and his bear.

"Hulloa, what have you there?" said Joel, while the girl drew back, not caring to be caught alone with him at this time of the night.

"A lap-dog for you, Joel."

"The deuce have you! And what do you expect me to do with it?"

"Give it housing room. You've got an empty shed, haven't you?"

"Two or three. You're a rum chap!" and Joel laughed, for he could never keep his resentment in his friend's breezy presence.

"There's a good fellow. May I put Big Ben—such is his name, I'm told—into one of them?"

"Great heavens! do you want me to take the bear?"

"It's as gentle as a lamb! Would you like to see me put my head in its mouth?"

"No! lead it away, fix it where you like; but I say, Peter, you don't expect me to look after it, do you?"

"Give it lodging only! Jake's going to see to its board. Many thanks, Joel. I'm off tomorrow, but I'll be up to bid you good-bye in the morning. Come along, you limping Ursus, it's time you were abed."

(To be continued.)

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

I.

It is commonly said that in England the true artist is never widely recognized until he is too old to enjoy success; and this is so often the case that we have come almost to believe that great Art can never be on speaking terms with Popularity. Our young poets can hardly be persuaded that there are good lines to be found in Tennyson and even in Longfellow: our younger painters have renounced John and Nicholson since their portraits began to have a market value; and our youngest reviewers, who must at all costs close their half-column with a snap, will never notice a book by H. G. Wells without giving it the unique distinction of a sneer. So the argument goes in an unanalyzed circle: the Crowd is a vulgar pig for not recognizing good Art, and good Art can never exist in a novel that appeals to more than a thousand readers. The fact is, of course, that many bad novels are immediately successful—and a few good ones. But whereas the success of the bad ones will be forgotten in six weeks or in six years, the reputation of the good ones will continue to shine as long as there is beauty in England. Compton Mackenzie's are among the good ones.

I say this with a full realization of the fact that writing is the most important thing in the world, as we have all been told by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who will bring all good things in the world back to Flaubert, and accuses the Kaiser chiefly, I suspect, of not having read "L'Education Sentimentale." I rather think that Mr. Mackenzie would have a good deal to say to Mr. Hueffer about Balzac. But they would, at any rate, agree in this: that the only thing that matters in the long run, after the Germans have been turned out of Belgium and all that, is art; and that the greatest of the creative arts is prose. You may be sure that it is in the interests of the English novel that Mr. Mackenzie is at present helping to turn the Turks out of Gallipoli.

II.

Now art is never purely representational. The mere chronicle of impermanent detail is journalism. And all the young men who come down from Oxford and at once, with the help of a diary of actual conversations, write down all they can remember of what actually occurred, are not artists. Not the least penalty of success that Mr. Mackenzie has had to suffer is that all these productions are carelessly attributed to the influence of "Sinister Street." The artist as opposed to the journalist only records immediate reactions in so far as they may suggest essential emotions. He must discover the essential element in his experience, and from his contemplation re-create by the process sometimes called imagination the essential emotions, the illusion of life. It is difficult, of course, to contain in a single sentence the creation of beauty out of experience that is called art. But what seems to be necessary for the artist is a certain remoteness, the remoteness of "emotion recollected in tranquillity," and a certain tranquillity it is that seems to be the criterion of the finest art. The world of art is as objective, as much "alive" as the world of reality, but it is lapped by a magic air. *Largior hic campos aether et lumine uestit purpureo,* and in this serene atmosphere the figures act and move so that each moment seems immortal, and themselves instinct with motionless life like the figures described by Keats on a Grecian Urn, "forever piping songs forever new."

It may be relevant here to notice that Mackenzie has been heard to say that from Keats' poems he learned to write prose: meaning, I suppose, that Keats was a master in the divination of beautiful words, a master in suggesting emotion by rhythm, which is as much a function of prose as it is of verse, and a master in perceiving the poetic material of life. It will be remembered too that from Keats' preface to Endymion is taken the psychological text of "Sinister Street":

"The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted."

One may say too that had Keats been born a hundred years later he would not have written a narrative poem like Endymion: the conventional form for the poetic material of modern life being the novel. This, I believe, is what Mackenzie himself emphasized in a paper on "Poetry and the Modern Novel," which I have not seen reprinted.

This tranquillity of their creations, this suggestion of distance, of remoteness from accidentals, is an object, often perhaps unconscious, of all true artists. It can hardly, for instance, be for any other reason that Conrad wraps his action in double and triple veils of narrative, removing the tale from one narrator to another. While the infinitely less successful, less sincere, and probably more self-conscious artist D'Annunzio with the same object drags his modern characters clumsily into the tranquillity of an ancient scene, elaborates unreal speeches, and so—I am thinking particularly of *La Citta Morta*—like Reinhardt, piles on "effects" and only loses effect; even his fondness for mutilations is probably intended by the contrasting shock to fix the impression of beauty into the classic tranquillity.

All this is not quite so irrelevant as it seems. My point is that all Mackenzie's novels have this tranquillity, this permanence that is an attribute of the highest art.

"Sinister Street" is not a mere "feat of memory," a journalistic accumulation of automatically remembered detail. And this is partly, perhaps, because not a word of it was written till nine years after the author had left Oxford. In those nine Horatian years the ordinary man would forget all but a broad impression which he would find it impossible to convey to others. But after nine years the selective imagination of the artist, subconsciously ruminating on experience, will reproduce a picture from which only inessential detail has been rejected, the artistic presentation which conserves for us the emotions of living.

Five of those nine years, after going down from Oxford and getting married, Mackenzie spent in mysterious seclusion in Cornwall. Few of his friends ever saw him, and he was reported from time to time to be writing plays, or reading "Alice in Wonderland" to a Sunday School class, or selling with hideous pangs instalments of his library in order to pay for rare Peruvian shrubs; or, if you like to use the sort of big words I have been using, you may say he was contemplating experience. Then in January, 1911, was published his first novel, "The Passionate Elopement." The manuscript had originally started from Cornwall a year before, says the author, with the most solemn ceremonies of sealing-wax and registration; but after it had been successively returned by all the principal publishers in London, it used to be sent off as casually as a post-card. Finally Mr. Martin Secker, who was only just commencing publisher, jumped at it. So Mackenzie came from Corn-

wall at the end of 1910, absolutely unknown, to read the proofs of "The Passionate Elopement," and to accept the chance of theatrical work with Pelissier. Three years later his books were known all over England and America; and his reputation was sealed when Henry James, reviewing The Younger School of Novelists, became positively lucid in benediction of the author of "Carnival" and "Sinister Street."

III.

I have said something about the artist's sublimation of ordinary experience. I should like to add a note about the much misunderstood subject of autobiography in fiction. If an author writes a book about a man at a certain school and a certain university, and happens himself to have been at that school and that university, many people conclude that the book is nothing but an autobiography, a chronicle of the writer's own adventures and circumstances. The misunderstanding, of course, is exactly the same as that of the old ladies who think that a painter is not an "original" or an "imaginative" artist if he uses a model. I look forward to a time when drawing shall be as common an accomplishment as reading and writing; and then perhaps everyone will realize that all good drawing is done from life. All good writers, being engaged on the presentation of life, must use their own experience of it. But it does not follow that they present nothing but their own adventures. For one thing they can arrange, modify, reconstitute. For another they may infer from their own experience in known circumstances their probable experience in other circumstances; or from the reaction of a certain event on themselves its probable reaction on another and hypothetically different character, on, for example, their "hero." Mr. H. G. Wells, whether he writes about the first men in the moon, or about the last men on earth, or about the Imperial College of Science and Technology, is equally using his own experience. I will not develop the argument; but the brief conclusion of it is that some of the characters in "Sinister Street" may be "portraits," some of the incidents in that or in any other of Mackenzie's novels may have actually occurred. But the book is not in any sense whatsoever an autobiography; and I defy any reader to pick out by internal evidence those particular characters and incidents. Or if any reader still thinks that those chapters of Michael's childhood are a mere transcription, the author having admittedly spent some of his early years in Kensington, is he prepared to regard as a mere "feat of memory" the entirely different mentality of a little girl in Islington presented in those equally wonderful chapters of Jenny's childhood in "Carnival"?

IV.

"The Passionate Elopement" was an immediate success, for I see it was reprinted four times within six months of publication, and even *The Spectator* confessed that "as an exercise in literary *bravura* the book was quite remarkable." Yet I doubt if it has ever had quite the appreciation it deserves. To begin with it is no easy task to set your romance in an eighteenth-century spa, and embroider every page of it with exquisite detail without letting a single anachronism slip into the pattern. An exercise of course it is, but one comparable to Flaubert's "Salammbo," written, that is, for the practice of concentration and flexibility. There is no better gymnastic for the imagination than the task of putting life into a piece of deliberate erudition; and in this particular task I am not afraid to say that "The Passionate Elopement" is more successful than "Salammbo." Phyllida, in wind-blown furbelows and

glistering with the daintiest jewelry, dances a minuet that is felt to prelude the solemnity of ordinary life, while Salammbo throned on her elephant is jammed rather uncomfortably in a majestical howdah between bales of archæology.

One might say that "The Elopement" is a long time starting; but at any rate, the theme accords with all those extravagances and rather precious delights over which a young writer lingers, and these, however alluring, do not mask but only decorate the real qualities of the work. It is not a "costume" novel because the characters are not dummies; they are, indeed, so very much alive that we seem to know the whole thread of their lives and not only the particular skein that enters into the knot of the story. That of course is the supreme test, and the minor characters pass it even more successfully than the hero. Those wicked postilions, the brothers Maggs, are really a lovely pair of blackguards. And old Mother Mawhood! Mrs. Mawhood opens the door of Blackhart Farm on page 172: " 'Love o' maids !' said the fat voice, ''tis Fancy Vernon, or I'm not a fat old sinner' "—and she waddles out to the courtyard, towards the scene of the "Welch Main," on page 175; yet we know all that it is possible decently to know about her life, not to mention her daughter Moll, and twenty volumes of the Newgate Calendar would not tell us more than these few pages about the whole horrible underworld of eighteenth-century London. This, of course, is largely due to Mackenzie's gift for writing dialogue which, possibly strengthened by the habit of play-writing and acting, hardly ever deserts him. One has no space to quote, but any reader can find for himself many pages which seem to solve naturally the great problem of dialogue in fiction; the problem of finding a compromise between Meredithian dialogue, frankly idealized, with no more claim to verbal realism than if it were written in blank verse, and the Kodak realism of a stenographic report.

Lastly, I think "The Passionate Elopement" is remarkable for its perception of natural beauty. The author's imagination feeding on the delight of the eyes is richly stored with the changing colors of the sky, the peculiar loveliness of flowers, the variegated procession of the seasons; yet in "The Elopement" every picture is presented through the sophisticated vision of its characters. It would, indeed, be a fascinating study to trace the aspect of the changing months, which is obviously an endless enchantment to the author, as presented in this book (although here by very reason of the eighteenth-century mannerism the strict impersonality of the author is not maintained), then in "Carnival" through Jenny's London eyes, and finally in "Guy and Pauline," where the young lover becomes almost feverishly sensitive to the mutable bloom of the countryside, that mocks his own inability to seize the wild rose loveliness of his fairy's child.

I think "The Elopement" gives more evidence than the other books of having been slowly written, during many long candle-lit evenings of a Cornish winter. But I believe the author has been known to pray for that facility which some have wrongly inferred from the length of one of his books. Certainly every chapter, every paragraph of all his books has been composed and weighed with the deepest thought, not only with delicate verbal scholarship, as witnessed by the proper use of archaic or obsolescent words and by the happy revival of some sonorous Latin formations, but always with consideration of its reference to the work as a whole.

Art, as any artist will tell you, is primarily hard work—an enchanting

slavery, as must be work of any sort that is well done. But few readers can have realized that not only every epithet but every incident in, for instance, "Sinister Street," has been deliberately chosen; that each of the hundred or more characters in that book has his necessary part to play, and each one (with the possible exception of the unnamed stranger on the last page, who always, I confess, seems to me rather an annoying intrusion on that Roman solemnity) has his influence on the unfolding of Michael's character.

I believe, indeed, that "Sinister Street" can claim to be a consistent whole, and that every one of its eleven hundred pages could be organically justified—the function if not necessarily the form of every incident could be defended; and this in spite of the fact that its composition was interrupted by Mackenzie's visit to America in the autumn of 1912, to produce his own dramatic version of "Carnival": by the manufacture for American magazines of a sensational series of pot-boilers, "Metropolitan Nights," written always with curious distinction; by long weeks of illness and intolerable pain that have always haunted him and necessitated in 1913 a migration to Capri; and finally, when the end of the book was already in sight, by the irruption of War.

V.

I seem to have wandered into a consideration of "Sinister Street," which is, perhaps, as well. For although "Carnival" was, bibliographically, his second novel, it is possible that in any definite edition "Sinister Street," considered of course as a single work, would come second and "Carnival" third.

I should like to know how many readers will have observed one reason for this metathesis. I mean that Maurice Avery, whose desertion of Jenny in "Carnival," where he is seen of course only through Jenny's eyes, may seem an arbitrary brutality and therefore a flaw in the tragedy, is much more objectively intelligible in "Sinister Street"; there he enters only as a minor companion of Michael at school, and at Oxford, but the obvious weakness of his character, there seen of course through Michael's eyes, is really a postulate of his subsequent loss of Jenny. Another of Michael's friends, by the way, and a worthier than Maurice, becomes the protagonist of "Guy and Pauline."

The practice of introducing the same characters into different books has both its privileges and its obligations. It tempers the rigidity of the Law of the Author's Impersonality, enabling him to present other aspects of such characters; but at the same time it puts his imagination to the severest test, requiring him to conceive these characters, however incidental their first appearance in the round. And that is really all that need be said about it here—except, perhaps, that it strikes another blow at the "autobiographical" theory of the novel; for if Michael Fane and Maurice Avery and Guy Hazlewood are characters sufficiently distinct to occupy the stage at the same time, it is obvious that they cannot be each a mere echo of the author's personality.

"Sinister Street" was published in two instalments; the first in the autumn of 1913; the second, originally destined for the following January, was delayed by the author's ill-health till last November. It was planned and written as a single work, the pagination is continuous, and it will ultimately no doubt be issued in a single volume. This bisection was in the first place only a concession to the junkerdom of the Circulating Libraries, for whom a six-shilling novel means a certain measure of easy words, bulky enough to satisfy the commercial sense of the subscriber, but not large enough to occupy his

attention for more than a week. It was unfortunate, because much of the criticism the work should have received was side-tracked by irrelevant discussion of its length, although as a matter of fact it is shorter than many of Dickens' miscellaneous entertainments, and shorter than many of the acknowledged masterpieces of fiction. It contains, I believe, about the same number of words as Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," or a little more than half the number in "The Brothers Karamazov." And 250,000 words are not too many for the study of a young man's life, especially if we remember that narrative art is proceeding now in the direction of the *intensive* epic (as, I think, Mr. G. K. Chesterton pointed out with reference to the "Ring and the Book"). I have already said that Michael's life is not a random collection of reminiscences, every incident in the book having been carefully chosen for its psychologic value. Those critics who preach "selection" are apt to forget that selection does not necessarily imply paucity; a thousand incidents may be an artistic selection, or ten may be a chaotic jumble.

"Sinister Street" is a study of influences in modern English life and education; but it is also and primarily the study of a temperament which is exceedingly rare now that socialism is becoming almost synonymous with intelligence. Michael Fane is essentially the contemplative man, the pure individualist, and it is as such that he finds himself drawn finally towards the Roman Church. I don't know if we are justified in inferring that he actually becomes a priest or a Benedictine monk; but if he does it is because, like Stendhal's hero in *La Chartreuse de Parme*, after the excessive and perhaps premature violence of his conflict with the world, he suddenly realizes the inability of the individual to govern more than his own soul. This realization is the whole duty of man. The microcosm is not only the image, it is the actual lever and control of the macrocosm. "Soon will come a great war, and everybody will discover it has come either because people are Christians or because they are not Christians. Nobody will think it is because each man wants to interfere with the conduct of his neighbor." Unexpectedly enough the lesson of "Sinister Street" is the same as that of "The Passionate Elopement," if a work of art in general, and particularly the delicious "Elopement," can be said to have a lesson at all. "Admonish the erring child," says Beau Ripple, "warn the impetuous young woman, chide the libertine reproach the gamester, set an example of continence to all the world, but abstain from direct interference; and if an unpleasant doom overwhelms the object of your interest, pray do not suppose that you would have been able to avert it."

A possible fault in the structure of "Sinister Street" is in the treatment of Michael's years at Oxford, which seems long and occasionally priggish, while a few passages—the digression, for instance, on "Good Eggery"—almost fall into the category of journalism as defined above. But the fault of structure is more apparent than real. The Oxford chapters seem slow when read at the beginning of Volume II, but they fall into proportion if the work is read as a whole; I think, moreover, that they are intended to give the impression of a pause, a long drawn out reflection on the follies of childhood, an almost static calm before the *Sturm und Drang* of the world. Similarly the other faults will tend to disappear in a comprehensive view. This, I must repeat, is not the author's but Michael's view of Oxford, *ex hypothesi* immature —"the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted."

VI.

One cannot of course examine within these limits all the faults of detail that might be detected in "Sinister Street"; but it is an artistic whole composed with an almost pedantical care for "form" and "selection." There is no flaw in the structure of it comparable to that in "Carnival," which almost breaks in half at page 338. I once had the audacity to think that the book would be actually improved if it were made to end on that page, leaving Jenny alone with her sister in quiet tears by the fire in the old house in Hagworth Street on the night after their mother's funeral. It would have been an ending on that gray note with which Maupassant closes "Une Vie," a note somehow more harrowing than any blackness. But of course when I read it again I saw how impossible it would be to sacrifice the incomparable beauty of the Cornish scenes which follow, the scenes of Jenny dancing for the last time for her baby under the apple trees, or talking with Granfa Champion in the garden; of Maurice's return ("too late" is the most tragic of all themes) and of his utter rejection by Jenny which gives her figure the final dignity. No, the break in the structure of "Carnival" is more than compensated. There are, besides, one or two lapses into what I have called journalism, detail, that is, not sufficiently digested or not far enough "removed" from the author (the Suffragette chapter, for example, is really only a clever sketch); there are kindred lapses into sentimentalism, and an excess of London and theatrical slang; all artistic blemishes which probably, as often happens, much increased the book's popularity.

The real fault of the book is in the presentment of Trewhella; the author it sometimes seems almost unconsciously, has made him a mere brute, whose repulsiveness is hardly mitigated by his fine Cornish idiom and Calvinistic imagery. Now "Beauty and the Beast" is not a tragedy but a fairy tale. Certainly I think the tragedy is made possibly more distressing but less tragic, is in fact essentially weakened by the fact that its instrument is only a vile vessel of lust, avarice and bigotry, rather than some noble savage for whom one might have felt some degree of sympathy; that he is one might say Iago playing the part of Othello: this apart of course from the question of whether in the first place the marriage of Jenny to such a grotesque can be made to appear credible, a question on which the author may be given, I think, the benefit of the doubt.

But of course, the great achievement of the book is Jenny herself, a brave, a lovely, a crystalline figure of gaiety and truth.

VII.

I don't think the severest critic could find any structural fault, any so-called "formlessness" in "Guy and Pauline," which was published only a few days ago. The manuscript, by the way, was finished just in time for the author to take up the commission to which the Admiralty gazetted him on April 23d. He reported himself at Sir Ian Hamilton's headquarters without returning to England, so that the proofs have presumably been corrected in the harassed intervals of his work at the Dardanelles. This is not a plea for any special consideration of "Guy and Pauline." The book must, of course, be judged entirely on its own merits, as a work of art; and as such it will be deemed, I think, the most flawless novel the author has yet given us.

The bewildered reviewers who have hardly yet succeeded in focusing "Sinister Street" will find themselves in

the presence of a work considerably shorter than either of the last. Guy Hazlewood is living at Plashers Mead (the house which gave its name to a chapter of "Sinister Street," Michael Fane having shared with Guy its memorable discovery); and the story hardly moves from the little Cotswold town in which it is set. The time too is equally circumscribed, two years month by month, being sufficient for the development of the catastrophe, an arrangement which makes each escaping month seem a step in the emotional problem; month by month the serene pastoral of the commencement, the rosy idyl glimpsed and envied by Michael, unfolds into inevitable tragedy. For a tragedy it is, one of those quiet tragedies in which nobody dies, nobody is to blame, and only a dream is murdered. You might call it, I suppose, the tragedy of delay, and I have heard that it was at one time to have been called "The Thief of Time." I will not describe the "plot," because the plot would have to be a simple enumeration of characters, so inevitably does disaster seem to result, by the lapse of two years, from their relation; and all the action is the slow gliding of golden months, and the growth of love, and the constriction of circumstance, and the rather attractive unpracticalness of delightful people.

Between the Rectory and Plashers Mead, by stream and upland, the tale of love plays itself out, seen alternately through Guy's mentality and through Pauline's; and so real are the characters that they can never be dissociated from the emotional forces they generate, the jealousy of a young man's love or the cruelty of innocence. It is not a conflict of possessiveness and innocence and procrastination, it is just Guy and Pauline and the Greys; and in that English countryside of almost dreamlike beauty, which seems a lucid interspace of modern life, the characters are as tranquilly isolated as any of Turgenev's remote households on the Russian steppe.

VIII.

And that is really why I think "Guy and Pauline" is the greatest artistic achievement Mackenzie has so far attained; an achievement marking a distinct advance along the whole front held by the English novel.

From the first page to the last, not only I mean at moments of tension, but through all the humors of country life—of Guy's economic trials with his deaf housekeeper, of the Rectory, itself like a house in a fairy tale, where existence is a wise harmony of chamber music and horticultural Latin—the spell of tranquillity is never broken. From the first page to the last not only Guy and Pauline, and her beautiful sisters, and the Rector, and his wife, but all the minor characters, Miss Peasey, and the gardener, and Guy's father the schoolmaster (rather like a middle article in *The Spectator*), and the carrier, and Miss Verney (and even Bob), they are all immanent like figures seen in a crystal, a magic crystal in which they live transfigured and immortal. The tragedy of "Guy and Pauline" seems to be enacted from beginning to end in the sphere of tranquillity, while in the other books there are moments, as I think I have shown, when the vision wavers, the crystal clouds.

But consider how many scenes there are in them which one remembers, as one remembers Tess of the D'Urbervilles looking out over the valley, or Madame Bovary, or Odysseus stripping off his rags at the beginning of the 22d Odyssey; vital attitudes in some more lucid air, like that of the figures that move and move not on the frieze of Neoptolemus; as one remembers also a few "vital attitudes" of Mr. Pickwick, and many of Uncle Toby; because what I have called the air of tranquillity

may include in beauty, which after all is only the quintessence of life, any manifestation of life, scenes not only tragic and majestical, but also occasions of the most boisterous comedy. So in Mackenzie's books among the tensest moments of the comic spirit one remembers the fight in the passage in Neptune Crescent, which whelms Michael in the domestic grievances of Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch and Poppy; and Mrs. Frith's ejection from the thin red house in Carlington Road, or Dolly's from the Cafe d'Orange; and one remembers the macabre appearance of Brother Aloysius (some time Mr. Meats) among the blackberries at Clere Abbas, or the hideous night before his arrest in Leppard Street, or Mrs. Raeburn's reception of the three Aunts; just as significantly as one remembers Jenny in scarlet serge dancing under the plane tree at the quiet end of Hagworth Street, and her birthday party in the Studio, and her journey to Cornwall; or Michael and Alan in Richmond Park, and summer afternoon school in the History Sixth at St. James "while the mowing-machine hummed its low harmony of perishable minutes and wasted sunlight"; or Stella, and Michael in the forest at Compiegne, and at Chatillon; or Lily moving like a Piero della Francesca angel among the mirrors at Ararat House.

These are only random examples, given as the pen runs, of Mackenzie's power to transfigure ordinary life with this crystalline vitality; one could never really make an anthology of these occasions because they are all organic parts of the books in which they occur. One might talk a great deal of the technical method by which these results are attained; and one might go on discussing till the end of the war endless questions of style (which is analysis of an author's personality), of his comic vision or of his philosophic conception of the universe. But, after all, it is ultimately for such moments as these, which rank with the most fine creations of English art, that Comptom Mackenzie's work will be remembered after all our international grievances are forgotten.

J. M.

The Bookman.

THE LITTLE COMMONWEALTH.

It was the end of May. I was in Berlin. My hostess asked what I wanted most to see. "A prison!" was my prompt answer. "But you can't. They are under military control," was her equally prompt reply. I produced my card, which showed I was a member of the New York Prison Reform Commission, and artfully remarked: "Our prisons are not very good; yours, I understand, are exceptionally fine." I had struck the right note. Praise of Germany to a German will secure any privilege. Wires were pulled, important people seen, and presently I was before the head of the prison department. This man had been in America; he had seen the horrors of Sing-Sing. He was very friendly. Through me he felt America might be impressed with the splendid prisons of Germany. Willingly he gave me a pass. It was for a woman's prison. Men's prisons are barred to all women. The sight of a woman is supposed to demoralize men inmates.

I carefully refrained from telling this official that in New York I visited men's prisons and mingled freely with the inmates, unaccompanied by keeper or guard. It seemed wisest not to praise American reforms to him, my hostess, or any German. America and her methods are too unpopular.

My hostess acted as interpreter. The prison was a grim, heavily-barred

structure in a poor district. A narrow-faced, narrow-minded, weary head matron received us. For twenty years she had worked behind prison bars. She was now the head of the institution: the first woman to hold such a position. We discussed prison management. This austere person did not believe in modern methods of prison reform. She had become a machine. Prisons were factories; the inmates so many bundles of flesh. Her method with criminals was the same as that used in grinding meat into sausages. Convicts were suppressed, subjugated, ground to bits, and turned out remnants of humanity.

There was a deadly power about the place. It was so well organized—every detail perfect. The equipment put America to shame. There were wonderful blue and white tiled corridors, spotlessly clean. The cells were as complete as a *cabin de luxe* on a steamer. The walls were soft buff color. All the corners were rounded. There were no cracks, no places for dust. Each cell had a neat little bed, a chair, complete sanitary arrangements, and two rows of shelves on which were toilet and eating utensils. These articles in brass and tin shone with newness and cleanliness. The effect was that of a sanitary dairy in white for cows. It demonstrated that a perfect existence of eating and sleeping could be carried on in a room 8 ft. by 6 ft.

But cows so cared for produce pure milk. These convicts created nothing. They probably weren't even thinking good thoughts, for the windows were of ground glass. No speck of sky was visible, nor was there even a barred door to look through. The door was of solid wood, locked day and night. The small bull's-eye in the center could only be opened from the outside, and was for the use of the matron. The convict in her retreat was shut-off from the world as though at the bottom of a well. No human sight or sound penetrated these walls. Even the half-hour of exercise brought little respite. The convicts, 5 ft. apart, filed round a cement court. On every side rose the high prison walls. Only above was there a tent of blue. My visit did not come during the exercise period. I asked to see some of the convicts.

I had been shown the magnificent engine-room, the highly-polished brass boilers, the blue and white tiles, but no inmates. Three cells were thrown open. In one a woman tatting. In another, a woman did decorating. Untaught and untrained, her work was grotesque, but her pictures of the Holy Virgin, to her at least, brought comfort. In the third cell was a mother and a six-months-old baby. The room was vilely close. The window was tight shut. The mother and baby were sickly. The baby crawled over the mother like a drugged fly in a fetid atmosphere. "Can't the window be open?" I asked. "Certainly," said the matron, and opened it.

Later, when I met some of the German Social Democrats, and told where I had been, their first question was: "Were any prison windows open?" According to them an open window is a luxury. In this prison Dr. Rosa Luxemburg, the well-known Social Democrat, is serving a year for uttering words on peace. I was not permitted to see her. Only in the three cases mentioned did I see the inmates. That solitary confinement is affecting these women mentally is apparent. Their eyes have a far-away uncertain look. In one case I laid my hand on the woman's shoulder. Then color came into her face and light into her eyes, and for the moment she was normal.

I asked to see the hospital, but this was denied me. I felt sure women were going crazy under this relentless system. The terms of imprisonment vary from a few days to three years.

It grew harder and harder to conceal my feelings. As I walked through long corridors, past innumerable wooden doors, I pictured the inhabitants. They were hermetically sealed in their cells, like insects in a cocoon, shut off from smiles and tears, speech or sound, every influence that wakens the God in man.

My hostess saw my growing dissatisfaction. She hurried me from the prison. Once in the street, I could no longer contain myself. "They ought to let them talk. They'll go mad." But my hostess flared up. I had no right to criticise. Germany always did what was right. Germany had studied the prisons the world over, and must be employing the most enlightened methods. I didn't try to argue. I fled to the Social Democrats for sympathy. They understood. The German prisons were relentless, but it was what the Government wanted. Prisons and the army produced right results, taught unquestioning obedience. "You see," said one woman, "the Government realizes that its power lies in making people unquestioning machines. Since the war it is the women who have been most rebellious, and there is talk of having a three-year compulsory Government service for them. If they do, I leave the country: it is the beginning of the end."

* * * * *

From Germany I went to England. The prisons in England are under military control. But I had little difficulty in visiting Holloway. This prison has become famous as the retreat of suffragettes. Undoubtedly it is they who have done much to improve conditions. The exterior is like some medieval castle. When the great gate clanks, you feel sure there must be a moat or drawbridge. The interior is clean, but grim and dreary, much like American prisons. But a spirit of kindly paternalism dominates the place. The woman at the head has a motherly heart. No crushed convict bemoaning child or husband pleads to her in vain. Special letters and special visits were permitted. In the morning, cell doors are flung open and remain so all day, even if the convict is in the cell. The exercise is taken in a yard where there is grass and flowers and plenty of sky.

The work, which at that time consisted chiefly of making sacks for the army, was done in workshops. No talking is permitted, though occasional whispers are overlooked. In such an atmosphere the convict is neither greatly improved nor greatly damaged. She is neither hopelessly suppressed nor individually developed. English discipline has been mitigated by a belief that every man has an inalienable right to criticise. There are special prison inspectors to whom the convict may complain. Complaints do not always bring results, but at least there is the satisfaction of protesting.

Holloway is a stage further on than the German prison. It is less efficiently equipped and run, but infinitely more human. But Holloway was not the only place I visited. It was my good fortune to see the Little Commonwealth, an institution which could not have existed in Germany, because subversive of every German principle. The Little Commonwealth is a reformatory, financed by lords and earls and duchesses. That seems odd but it is true. The farm land for this unique place belongs to the Earl of Sandwich. The earl's nephew is the chairman of the executive committee, and the Duchess of Marlborough a faithful contributor. Among the rolling hills of Dorchester, in the south of England, lies this quaint institution. Visitors are always welcome. There is nothing here to conceal. Step off some day as you journey through the land. If you do you will enter the farm-land by a sagging wooden gate. You will see four

low-lying English cottages, amid rolling meadows and ploughed fields. In the center of the land is the community common. A cement court around which cluster the executive buildings, a barn transformed into a gymnasium, dance hall, and schoolrooms, a community store, a cottage, and some offices.

On all sides you will hear the hum of children's voices, gay bits of song, eager, excited, argumentative discussions. There is nothing dead about the place. The children will not pay much heed to you. They are too occupied, but you will receive a warm welcome and true hospitality. You are the children's guest. They invite you to dine and they pay what you cost. Having welcomed you and given you the run of the place, they return to their tasks. Windows and doors are everywhere open. You may wander about as you please. In the fields some boys are working; others are busy building a new cottage. In the kitchen, sewing-rooms, laundry, and store are busy active little girls. Each citizen earns his or her own living, and that means eight hours' hard work a day. The children vary in age from thirteen to seventeen. The majority are delinquent children sent by the Children's Court. When they enter this community they choose their own work. For this they receive regular pay. Out of their earnings they pay for room, board, clothing, and every necessity or pleasure. There is no restriction on color or shape of clothing. You can wear what you like and what you can afford. Also, if you do not like your accommodation in one cottage you may move to another, provided there is room. One of the older girls is usually chosen as housekeeper. A trying position, for the housekeeper of a cottage must buy supplies, cook, keep the accounts, and satisfy her small boarders. At lunch in one of the cottages the cake was heavy. There were dissatisfied comments. Molly, it was evident, would have to improve in her cooking or lose her post. Beside the regular citizens there is a group of eight tiny children, all under seven. These little creatures are orphans. They are cared for by the older children. This mixture of big and little makes life more like the normal and develops responsibility. The little ones are given great care. But they are not spoiled. They are brought up Montessori fashion.

Late in the afternoon, hearing gurgles and chuckles issuing from the bathroom in one of the cottages, I entered. Some three or four year olds, unaided, were taking their afternoon bath. Quite unconscious of me or themselves, they continued their operations. Then it came time to dress, and there was a hunt for clothes. A small man of four could not find satisfactory garments. A glorified naked little Eve of three undertook to help. She got down on her hands and knees, and crept into the cupboard and began a search. Meanwhile Stanley, poised on two sturdy little legs, observing proceedings. Presently Eve emerged triumphant, with a shirt and trousers that matched. I offered my services to Stanley, but he was much more expert than I in arranging his garments. As to Eve, she was far too capable to need any assistance. It is the ability of the citizens that is striking. They are self-reliant, self-respecting, and full of initiative. They don't ask for help, they do things for themselves. They have no school manners, but the utmost good-breeding. The Earl of Sandwich is treated exactly like one of themselves. There are no distinctions. Everyone is treated courteously. Do not think this means perfection. These children, like all others, have their fits of passion, their tantrums, their days of bad behavior. But they are given the opportunity to learn self-control through experience. It is a self-governing community. The

children administer the discipline. Every Friday night court is held. A girl is most frequently judge. The verdict is that girls are better judges than boys, because more original. Boys generally inflict but one penalty, fines. The girl judge is resourceful. Friday evening I attended a court session. White-wigged judges would not have recognized the proceedings. This court was not bound by laws or precedents, it was based on justice and common sense. A small girl of fourteen presided. Connie, aged fifteen, large and husky, in appearance a woman, was charged with swearing. There was a pause. "How do you know that what she said was swearing?" inquired the judge. "Shall I tell you what it was?" volunteered Connie. "No," said the Judge, "because some of the children here may not have heard the words." Then, after reflecting a moment, "I will appoint a committee of experts of two to hear you." Solemnly the experts on swearing retired to listen to Connie. Gravely they returned, and declared the language used unfit for society. Again the Judge paused; then pronounced sentence: "It is very bad of Connie to swear, for she has charge of the little children. She must have her mouth washed out with soap."

But from all parts of the room came little protests and murmurs. "What's the matter?" inquired the Judge. Whereupon the following criticisms were hurled at the bench. "Connie is too big to have her mouth washed out. It would take four of us to do it. That wouldn't be dignified. Such punishments were all right in the early days of the Commonwealth, but we have passed that stage." The Judge listened to the criticisms reflectively. She had no arrogance or false pride. "You're right," she finally decided. "I'll change my sentence. Connie must stay in bounds three days." (That is, keep within the yard).

In such fashion was justice administered. When court was over Connie came confidingly to me. "Please," she whispered, "I want you to know I only swear in my own room, never before the babies." I didn't have to look into Connie's honest eyes to know she was telling the truth.

For three days I stayed in this delectable spot. I literally looked in all the cupboards and under all the beds, and I couldn't find anything wrong. In my ten years of investigations of prisons and reformatories, it was the first one I had found satisfactory. And all this time I haven't mentioned the man who is running it, Homer T. Lane, an American. His greatness lies in the fact that you don't think of mentioning him. He is so big, he has succeeded in eliminating himself. The children do everything. He says his only function is to stir up trouble when things run too smoothly, for experience is the great teacher.

The significance of this work is deeper than is apparent. It is much more than the development of one institution. For what is happening in institutions is an indication of what is happening in the country. It shows which way the wind blows; whether the country is headed toward autocracy or democracy. Look to your prisons if you would see what your country is like. Will New York stand by Thomas Mott Osborne and self-government, or swing back to the old prison system of autocracy and relentlessness? Shall we grow more democratic, like England, or are we tending towards the militarism and paternalism of Germany? If Earls and Lords and Duchesses are democratic enough to give Mr. Lane a free hand in his magnificent experiment, isn't New York democratic enough to insist on self-government at Sing-Sing?

One afternoon, Lord Lytton, Sir Evelyn Ruggles Brise, head of the

Prison Department, and myself were discussing the Little Commonwealth. "My own difficulty," said Lord Lytton, "is to know what to do with these children when they graduate from the Commonwealth. They are so splendid it is hard to find places good enough for them."

And this was said of children who two years before had been picked up off the streets of London as little thieves.

Madeline Doty.

The Nation.

FRANCE.

I.

"French frivolous!" It was the one comment to show that Frank had been marked among other small fry as an individual. The rest was perfunctory: Latin, History, Greek, "Fair," "Very fair," "Satisfactory."

Dick was writing to the boy when the dak-runner appeared in the door of the hut with his weekly budget. He had been telling him how one of his new log-rollers had unlocked a stack of timber in the rapids, diving under a rock in peril of his life to find the master plank which held the pile back. He was thinking how he might bring Marguerite into his letter when the post came. Frank had never known his mother, and he wished him to think of her. For him to have known Marguerite would have been as good as a religion. Most of his letters had some reference to her. He himself had only seen the boy three times in the last ten years, for a few weeks in the winter, hurried visits when the snow filled the valleys where his pines and deodars stood.

Cunningham smiled half sadly, thinking of his own days. "Froggy" used to say, "You Cooning-hum, do me fotty lines." The lines were never done. Froggy was irascible, but he could not make the smallest boy do his impositions, and in the end retribution was vicarious. You were reported among a batch of the worst offenders, which meant Saturday afternoon in "Impot School" or a "swishing." All French people were ridiculous to the schoolboy of those days, their language absurd and their literature childish when it was not indecent. Sometimes a boy came from a French environment. He had to be careful. If he had a decent accent, could roll a sufficient "r," mind his "y's" and "en's" or come out with a casual subjunctive, he was in danger of a "coup derriere." Of course, if he were French, it was all right; one made allowances.

Guillestre, the "Froggy" of Melton in the eighties, was a thin gray old man in a perpetual frock coat, ineffectual and peevish, and in the class-room like a bee on a window-pane. He must have hated boys. Cunningham remembered his exasperated "Barbares!" and the bleat that followed from the class, "Baa, baa, baa baa," when somebody got up and asked "Is that the French for sheep, sir?" What boy is conscious of pathos? Years afterwards, when the little man was dead, Cunningham had come upon a volume of literary essays and the autobiography of a French teacher in England by Francois Guillestre. The book was pure salt, a prose poem infinitely sad but without bitterness. Monsieur had been a political exile from Nancy—it was pronounced at Melton like the name of the milkmaid in the English song; there was a tradition that he had fought a duel and killed his man. To Dick reading between the lines it was clear that Froggy could have opened out unsuspected avenues of

life to an intelligent sixth-form boy, unbarred windows in his soul, and let in all the beauties of old France. But Melton was unimaginative. It was not that Cunningham had been unperceptive so much as unawake. Scott held him and Dumas, and little things like Xenophon crying out "Thalatta! Thalatta!" or Lesbia's sparrows, or Æneas in the underworld. He was tossed on the high waves with Ovid in the ship that carried him to Tomi. Those lines in the *Fasti* haunted him. He could share the Roman exile's wretchedness though his sympathy was never touched by the baiting of Guillestre.

Certain pores were open to suggestion; others closed. No master ever tried to widen these or to clear new approaches. Only one tried to make him work. That was in the middle Fifth, where, overawed by a relentless disciplinarian, a fanatic in drilled prosaic efficiency, he had taken the class in a term's leap. Perhaps it was as well that the disciplinarian disliked modern languages: here at least there was no one to rub off the bloom. If any Melton boy were destined in his maturer years to fall under the spell of France, he would find the rose on her lips and the light undimmed in her eyes. In the meantime she was a country created for the entertainment of English schoolboys, the butt of other lands, with a history nicely contrived to glorify the exploits of one's own people. At fifteen he had stayed a night with his father in Paris on the way to Zermatt. He sent a postcard to his sister Jocelyn, telling her "how funny the froggies were." It was all a huge joke. When his father let him loose to find his bearings he boarded a tram marked "Bastille." Deposited in the empty Place, he had wit enough to save his face by crying, "A bas la Bastille!" before anyone had time to remind him how it had been destroyed. This glimpse of France did not destroy its unreality.

After six years at a public school and a year at Cambridge, Cunningham had had to educate himself, and it seemed that Frank was going the same way. He wondered if it had been a mistake to send him to Melton. He had had his misgivings, but he loved the old school; and he had heard that it had been caught up in the wave of efficiency which was agitating the Services of his own generation. It had come into line. Boys were being encouraged to nibble a little at life on their own account. Frank's letter showed that he was very much alive. He pictured him the young barbarian he had been himself at the same age. "An unawakened ass" was the grown man's comment on his youth.

"You cannot imagine what an unawakened ass I was," he wrote to his son. "And at Cambridge too what little intelligence I had must have been dormant. I was going in for the Classical Tripos and had to take French my first year in the Additionals. It was either that or mechanics. The course was Taine's 'L'Ancien Regime,' the plays of Moliere, and a paper on grammar. I read all the books aloud with your Aunt Jocelyn. She will laugh when you remind her. Unhappily there was no *viva voce*, so by way of protest I pronounced every word as if it were English. I laughed at France just as you do now, and France has had her revenge on me as she will on you. I have never been able to speak the language intelligibly or to follow it when spoken, though the one gift I would crave of a Fairy dispensing talents would be to speak French like a Frenchman. I remember, when I was your age, going with my father to the theatre in Paris. I was fascinated by the quick speech of the actors, and I said to him, 'How well they speak! How clever they are!' and he laughed at me as if

I had said something silly; as if it were as easy for a Frenchman to speak French as for an Englishman to speak English. But I did not see it. They seemed to me to be doing a really difficult thing as if it were quite easy. Even now, when I hear a well-bred Frenchwoman speaking her own language, her mastery of it seems to me as much an art as the most delicate touch on the violin. It is the intonation, the undulation, the impulse, rhythm, challenge, the lingering on a syllable, the halting to leap forward, the rapid attack and recoil which is all the difference between poetry and prose. I have never felt the same about other languages, except Italian and Spanish in a less degree. A German or Oriental speaking his mother tongue is merely employing an instrument contrived by somebody else—or so it seems to me—in a workmanlike way of course, while the Frenchman is the very author of the machine. French is an artist's medium, like music, literature, painting; to call forth the grace that is in it needs the plastic touch, and every intelligent Frenchman is more or less an artist. Your dear mother . . ."

Cunningham let the pen slip from his fingers. It was difficult to write to the boy about his mother. He lit his pipe and went out and sat on the veranda steps, thinking what he should say. The color had not quite left the sky. The tall shaft-like pines that ringed his hut appeared gigantic in the pale moonlight, so that the patch of sky above seemed drawn down to them like an old enameled Chinese bowl of a faint purplish blue, resting on their tips, or like the ceiling of a domed chancel quaintly embossed. It was the color of the roof of the church at Chambery, where he had been with Marguerite. Everything he had seen with her had a peculiar beauty of its own, whether it was a bank of foxgloves in a lane leading down to a wood, the lichened roof of a barn, a beast, or a flower, or an ancient wall, or the immemorial fragrance of some old church—things revealed to them at the same time as if their oneness lent them a new vision, a kind of mysterious initiation of which Earth was conscious and approved, giving them moments in which they heard the rhythm of life together. It was like having two souls.

He wished now that he had told Frank more about his mother. It was difficult to write. Next year he was going home and he would tell him about Megasthene and Avignon; he had met Marguerite there. It was the kind of story that would appeal to a boy.

When Cunningham had been a year at Cambridge his father lost his money in a bank failure and he had to go down. It was all very sudden. Instead of going back to Clare in October he was given a second-class ticket to Bombay and fifty pounds. He was to be an assistant on a tea plantation in Cachar, of which his father had been one of the directors. He accepted this change in his life light-heartedly. Cambridge had been Utopia; he was leaving behind many friends, and he was told that he would have no money to spend on himself for years. But there was a credit side to the account. The shadow of examinations was lifted once for all; his aunt had given him a rifle and a new gun; and he looked forward to having two ponies of his own to ride and polo on Sundays. He was delightfully irresponsible. He may have been an unawakened ass, but he was a happy one.

He found himself with six days to spend between Calais and Marseilles. His father had suggested that he should see a little of Europe before he buried himself in the East. "You should know more than one capital," he said, and made a small sacrifice in the spirit in which parents used to send their sons

on "the grand tour." It was partly out of remorse, partly out of a vague though genuine sense of what he called "the educative value of travel." He gave Dick two bank-notes, and it was the best investment for the boy the unimaginative old gentleman ever made.

Dick did not stay forty-eight hours in Paris. The city depressed him. He spent a morning at the Louvre and left it with a peculiar sense of satiety. Then he went to the Morgue, and was disappointed because there was no corpse there. All the afternoon he was looking into shop windows and watching the crowd. After dinner a second-rate music-hall brought his depression to a head. He searched a railway map for a city between Paris and Marseilles and hit upon Avignon. The name seemed picturesque and familiar. He remembered afterwards that he had seen it in a footnote to one of Cæsar's Commentaries.

II.

Dick always thought of his first day at Avignon as the day of his awakening, as if the scales had fallen from his eyes in a moment through some subtle spell cast on him by the Papal city. Probably it was only a phase of adolescence, the bursting of the chrysalis. If it had not been at Avignon it would have been somewhere else. But Dick is convinced that the miracle happened while he was driving from the station to the hotel.

What is the indefinable charm of old France? Half spiritual, half physical, inhaled with the early morning smell of the streets with the fragrance of roasted coffee and cigarettes, the warm seductive exhalations of the *boulangerie*. It is a smell which, if one shuts one's eyes anywhere even in the most prosaic surroundings, will recall narrow, steep, tortuous alleys, coifed market-women selling flowers, deep-roofed houses with garret windows flush with the walls, tumble-down shops clambering on the back of some cathedral like wrack on the hull of an old ship. Dick's first exaltation was purely physical, as one enjoys the grass and flowers on a cliff after a cold plunge in the sea. He had *dejeuner* under the plane trees in the courtyard of his hotel; he had lain half an hour dreaming in his bath and was hungry as a berserker. As a mere Saxon he had thought of the French as *gourmets*, but he began to see that imagination sanctifies appetite. Every meal was an adventure. Under the planes there was still a slight frosty nip in the air, and the sun's rays creeping through the thin foliage caressed him. It was a perfect atmosphere: the chill of morning melting into the warmth of noon. Every now and then a yellow crinkled leaf fell lazily on his plate. It was pure autumn; the sky had no cloud. Three days before he had been shivering by the fireside in a Devonshire grange, or walking in the teeth of a high rocking wind that moaned all day.

After *dejeuner* he climbed the hill and sat in the garden of the Palais des Papes, still as a stone, watching the ducks and the nursemaids and children. His walk there filled him with a thirst for new adventure. He loved the warm old sun-baked city, and meant to explore every street and alley of it. He lay in the grass turning over the leaves of a French novel which he had bought at the Librairie near the hotel. He spelled out a paragraph here and there painfully, but with a new zest. For the first time in his life he coveted a dictionary; when he came on a new word, he was pleasantly mystified, he could have been happy with "Froggy": but it was a kind of sport—this chase of an unknown symbol, to track it down and find it applied suggestively in a new way until the full significance dawned on him.

In the first chapter there was a letter from a bookworm to a friend inspired by a new novel of Bourget's which he

had read and did not like. Criticism on this led him into much discursive comment on modern French writers, in a way that gave Dick an insight into what peculiar treasure he was likely to find in each. It was written with that suggestion of good hunting which no book-lover can resist. And since *dejeuner* Dick had become a book-lover; it dawned on him that there might be something in French literature which he had missed. The mere titles of the books fascinated him. He scribbled them down, with the names of the authors, on the back of an envelope. There were Gautier, France, Stendhal, Maupassant, Merimee, Loti, Gerard de Nerval, Balzac, Flaubert: he would read these in Cachar. And being a youth of large impulses, upon which he seldom turned back, he went to the Librairie again and ordered them all. In the meantime there was no more fascinating dictionary, he thought, than a shop window in Avignon. What was the meaning of "rouennerie. serrurerie, bourrellerie, pepinieriste, vannerie, chapellerie"? He tried to guess without looking inside. Had the latter anything to do with a hat, or did it concern a place of worship?

The ample-bosomed lady in the Librairie received him with a smile, which increased as the stack of volumes on the counter grew higher. She helped him prettily with the authors' names.

In a moment the volumes were deftly enveloped in thick packing paper and cardboard, and tightly bound with cord.

"Mais comme vous etes habile!" was Dick's carefully prepared compliment.

"Ca ne fait rien. Voila!" Madame smiled charmingly. The packet was as large as his kit-bag. It contained, amongst other classics, seven volumes of Chateaubriand's Memoirs and ten of Dumas', at three francs fifty each. A lasting treasure. Dick flattered himself on his economy, feeling that he might have squandered the gold on cabs and theatres and abortive sight-seeing in Paris. He turned back at the door of the shop and bought two more volumes for his pocket, Flaubert's "Trois Contes" and "La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque." Then he asked madame for her card in case he might wish to send her another order from the East. She was happy to have encountered such a *voyageur*. He went off pleased with the success of his French, grateful at last for the discipline of "L'Ancien Regime."

He called the carriage and left the bundle at his hotel. Then he drove to Villeneuve-les-Avignon, where he basked on the walls of the Chateau d'Andre, looking down on the river. The white, warm old city, with its figs and vines and cypresses and oleanders, made him long to wander in Provence. In the evening the Rhone drew him down to the Jardin de Bertherasse. He lingered there to enjoy the breath of the stream, a strong, sweet-smelling river, with a scent like the sea.

It was dark when he found himself in Avignon again, and he drifted happily into the network of dimly-lighted streets, which kept flinging him up against the enormous walls of the Palais des Papes; sometimes he passed under its flying buttresses. He threaded alleys that led into unexpected gardens, lonely as the desert, Then in the darkness, through the shadow of the planes, the massive back of some great church loomed towards him. He passed through old carved gateways into narrow squares deserted and silent as death. He searched for the street names. How they exuded romance! Often the only light was a hurricane lantern hanging by a chain from an old porch. He passed the Rue des Trois Faucons, the Impasse des Sept Juifs, the Passage du Panier Fleuri. Who

were the seven Jews? He felt sure they had been slain in the Impasse. What was the flowering basket? Was it a Papal miracle? He had a vision of a lady who sat by a window in that quiet street, pale and brooding. The march of life had ceased for her suddenly, and her eyes were always cast down, dwelling on the basket of flowers like Isabella's on her pot of basil. The burghers passing by the entrance of the alley would have a glimpse of the splash of color on the gray wall, and the impression would linger with them far down the street. In the Rue des Ortolans he had a vision of a lackey of the Marquise de Ganges going to this particular market to buy a skewer of *becfigues* and ortolans for his mistress, but the image was soon blotted out by another of an old man who lived in the corner house where the door-knocker had a gargoyle face, and who would sit over the fire reading his bestiary as he stirred the *marmite*, or peering into the coals for the meagre and spotted salamander, or into the air for sylphs blue or ethereal as a sulphur-flame. He found himself by the door of the Chapelle des Penitents Blancs. Who were the Penitents Blancs he wondered? There were other chapels, of the Penitents Noirs and the Penitents Gris. Who were the Penitents Noirs? Were they converts? Could they have been Moors? If so, what was the significance of the Penitents Gris? White, gray, and black perhaps may have been the symbolical colors of sin. One would go for absolution to the Chapelle des Penitents Blancs if one's sins were white; and no doubt the Penitents Gris held a middle place in the scale of transgression. Or were they Orders—White Friars, Gray Friars, Black Friars? He hoped not: it was a solution wanting in romance.

He passed the Rue de l'Arc de l'Agneau, the Rue du Crucifix, the Rue des Douleurs, the Rue des Corps Saints, the Rue d'Oriflamme. What devotion, what idealism, what faith! The people who had evolved these beautiful names, he thought, must have a beautiful spirit. He wished to talk with them, to hear their voices. He felt that the voice of a Frenchwoman falling on his ears in that dark mysterious old street just as the last solemn vibration of the chimes died away must convey something to him—something suggestive of the spirit of the place, its old religion, mysticism, faith, something in harmony with his idea of the loving kindness which must linger in the Rue Petit Muguet, the Rue des Dahlias, the Rue de la Gazelle. He heard footsteps approaching him. There was only one other figure in the street; it was a lady in black with a missal in her hand. They met under the solitary lamp. He lifted his hat.

"Pardon, madame. Can you tell me where is the Chapelle des Penitents Noirs?"

"No, monsieur. I regret I cannot direct you, but I come now from the Chapelle des Penitents Blancs."

Dick lifted his hat apologetically. The lady passed on, she had the air of a *grande dame;* she did not smile. Her graciousness made him feel a boor. He ought not to have disturbed her thoughts, thoughts of devotion perhaps, out of a mere whim. A gentle, devout soul, and a beautiful voice with something of the dove in it, the kind of voice one might expect from the people whose thoughts were preserved in these old street names. A *penitente blanche.* Certainly, Dick thought, the Penitents are the color of their sins.

In the next street he peered through a carved granite porch which must have been the entrance to a chapel or a treasury, or the house of some great *seigneur.* The dim light inside revealed a mean tavern and the shop of a repairer of bicycles. He was trying to read the armorial bearings over the

porch when he heard a loud barking down the street. It was in the Rue du Petit Pommier that he came upon the two men hurriedly and silently clipping the dog. One side of the alley was the wall of a garden, and on the other side there was only one door. The place was an *impasse*. It was not likely that anyone would go that way unless it were to see the inhabitants of the miserable hovel, or perhaps to spy on them.

The men looked up quickly and thrust the beast, which was muzzled and growling savagely, back into the shadow of the wall. Dick caught one glimpse of its head as he passed; he thought it was a deer-hound. He noticed that they were standing under a statue of the Virgin in a niche upon which a flicker of light fell from what seemed to be the only window in the alley. As he passed they dragged the dog into the door. A sudden clang of bells from a steeple over his head reminded him of dinner and his hotel.

III.

The night was warm, with just a touch of freshness in it. Dinner was in the courtyard, which was lighted by lamps hanging from the plane trees. Dick ate abstractedly. He was wondering how much of the spirit of France was preserved in the little library he was taking with him to Cachar when he looked up and saw the Penitente Blanche. Her table was partly hidden from his by an orange-tree in a tub. He had already noticed her companion, whose face was turned away from him. The girl had that curve of the neck and shoulders and poise of the head which most imply gentleness. He felt that he had seen a face somewhere not many hours before which conveyed the same exquisite impression of peace, but for the moment he could not remember where. He wished devoutly that the girl would turn round. When at last she rose the other face came back to him; it was Flandrin's "Jeune Fille" in the Louvre. Perhaps, too, there had been an unconscious suggestion of the Penitente Blanche. They were mother and daughter.

But she was much slenderer than the "Jeune Fille," altogether more *svelte*. And there was more vivacity in her face, a lurking humor in ambush. It was through the spirit that she was beautiful. He could see in a glance as she passed that it was the sweetness of her mind which made her carry her head so, and gave her that drooping curve from the neck to the shoulders. It was strange that the spirit should have so moulded the body in a girl of eighteen; or was it a mould prepared for the spirit? Dick's moralizings led him to the theory that in a person happily born body and spirit help each other, growing together as kernel and shell, giving and receiving. But these high abstractions were far from being detached or scientific.

After dinner he looked eagerly for her in the hall, and saw her standing by the bureau with her mother, talking to a servant. They were evidently distressed. He heard the Penitente Blanche call her "Marguerite." The English-speaking *concierge* with whom he had been talking in the morning told him that the ladies had lost a dog. He did not know what kind, but it was a very valuable dog; he believed it was "employed in the chase." There was reason to fear a theft.

Dick went straight to Marguerite. He felt that she was unhappy and that he could help her.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said, "mais avez-voo purdoo ern sheen?"

She looked at him with a slightly heightened color.

"I'm sor-ry," she said slowly, "I don't speak Eenglish. I understand a little." Then, as his meaning dawned on her, she added in French, "Forgive

me, monsieur; I did not understand. Yes, it is true. We have lost our dog Megasthene."

Dick's sense that he was their *deus ex machina* gave him courage.

"Aysqueel est ern sheen de chasse?" he said. "Eel chasse les serfs, n'est-ce pas?"

"Les œufs!"

"Les cerfs," Dick corrected himself.

"Ah oui, monsieur. Les cerfs. Vous l'avez vu?"

"Je pons que je l'ai voo depuis oon oore dans ern sanglier."

"Dans un sanglier, monsieur!"

Marguerite's bewilderment gave him time to delve in the rubbish-heap of dismembered words which he had carried in his mind since "L'Ancien Regime." If it were not "*sanglier*" it must be "*sentier,*" the two words had come in the same paragraph. He corrected himself.

"Mais j'ai trompay, je voodrais dire un sentier. Sanglier est un cochon, n'est-ce pas?"

And he burst into a peal of infectious laughter in which Marguerite joined despite her tearfulness.

"Voolay-voo vennear avec moi maintenong?" he said encouragingly. "Purtatre je le trouverai pour voo."

Marguerite disengaged her mother from the servants, whom she was still plying with questions, and explained that the English gentleman had seen Megasthene a little more than an hour ago, and he had been so kind as to offer to help them to find him.

Madame turned to him without recognition. She thanked him in pretty broken English and sent the man to call a carriage. Dick was disappointed that he had no longer the excuse to exercise his own unashamed jargon.

But Marguerite did not speak English and as he guided the *cocher* through the still backwaters which he had explored before dinner he felt that he ought to prepare her for the change in Megasthene's appearance.

"J'ai purr queel est ern poo—comment voo dires—dezabeel." Marguerite did not follow.

"Eel a purdoo son habit," he ventured. But as he spoke he saw the carved granite gateway which led into the tavern and the shop of the repairer of bicycles. He called to the coachman to pull up. "Voila le sanglier," he said with his jolly laugh as he jumped out of the carriage. He was going to give his hand to madame, but stopped, remembering the two ruffianly-looking men.

"It will be better if you stay here," he said. "When I open the door call Megasthene. If he is inside he will run to you."

He slipped softly down the alley. It had not entered his head to bring anyone with him. He doubted if the two seedy-looking blackguards would put up a fight. He rather hoped they would; a "scrap" would be fun.

He had not thought it worth while to explain to the ladies why or how he was to find Megasthene in the Rue du Petit Pommier, but his stealthy movements and the sinister look of the place alarmed them. He heard Marguerite say something to her mother. Madame called to him.

"Stop—please stop. Let me call a gendarme."

But Dick was already under the Virgin in the niche, looking up at the lighted window. He gave the door a gentle tap and in response saw a moving light flicker on the wall opposite; someone was carrying the lamp cautiously across the room to the window. He tapped more loudly, and heard quick, angry talk inside, and the shuffling of feet on the stairs. The deep baying of a hound startled the silence of the street. That was enough: he flung the door open and stood in the room. The two men faced him. One held a lamp.

The other measured him, ready to spring, but hesitating; he was short, but thick-set. Dick saw the glint of a knife in his hand. He called softly "Megasthene, Megasthene." As the great dog strained at his leash, the man made his spring. Dick ducked and guarded the knife-thrust with his left hand; the steel grazed his shoulder; as the man lurched forward he struck him with the full force of his right on the chin. He collapsed against the table; his companion, frightened by the crash, threw the lamp down and bolted through the door. Dick grappled with the man on the floor, who kicked and swore impotently. He knelt on his chest and held him by his throat, waiting events. The knife had fallen out of his reach. He was afraid Marguerite and her mother would come. He felt guilty; he ought to have kept them out of it. It was like him; he never saw ahead. He had made too light of it, longing for any excuse to be with them. Soon he heard the girl's voice at the door. The whole affair had only taken two minutes.

"Oh, there you are!" he cried as nonchalantly as he could. "I've got a prisoner. We'll want a gendarme after all. Please don't come in. It is quite dark, and there's such a mess."

But Marguerite had taken over charge. She told the driver to go back and bring the carriage lamps. Megasthene, hearing his mistress's soft voice, received new strength. His leap towards her broke the chain.

"Oh, here's Megasthene," Dick said; "he is better than a gendarme."

Marguerite entered with a lamp, which she held above her head to protect it from the hound's joyful embraces. She paused a moment on the threshold, peering into the dark room like a vestal with a torch directing some rite, a picture of grace and symmetry and purposeful calm. She found Dick in possession, smiling apologetically, astride his foe. She turned to the *cocher*, who followed, and told him to drive off quickly and inform the *gendarmerie*. "Mother is holding the horse," she explained to Dick. Then she saw that he was wounded: his sleeve was soaked in blood. She gave a startled cry of distress. "You are hurt." Dick protested that it was a mere scratch; he could not feel it. But she insisted on dressing the wound on the spot. "Let him get up," she said, pointing to the wretched man on the floor. Dick released his throat.

"You must obey," Marguerite said to him. "This dog is savage and resentful. He has received hurt at your hands. It is his habit to seize by the gorge. See I hold him lightly by the collar, but if I say the word—" she gently removed the beast's muzzle. Then she picked up the knife and threw it out of the door. "Now get up and bring me scissors and a little thread and a needle. You will find them in the *armoire* there, no doubt. Lay them on the table."

The man obeyed sulkily, eyeing Megasthene.

"Sit down on the stool under the clock. Do not budge."

Here madame entered. She received the impression of the squalid interior, the dirt, Dick's bloodstains, and the half-paralyzed ruffian on the stool with the same gentle, sympathetic resourcefulness. Between them they applied first aid; Dick's shirt-sleeve served as a temporary bandage. He felt hugely guilty and yet at the same time impenitently happy. He made what amends he could for the situation he had brought them to by refusing to let into it any hint of melodrama. Poor Megasthene's lugubrious appearance helped with a little comic relief, and he indulged his perversely execrable French until Marguerite rocked with laughter. Even madame's sad face was wreathed in smiles.

The mesmerized prisoner on the stool was almost forgotten. Soon a fat gendarme arrived, splendidly accoutred, followed by two satellites of meaner habit, who took the wretched man in charge. Madame and monsieur and mademoiselle were requested to make their deposition at the *mairie* in the morning. The gendarme regretted that he must put them to the inconvenience of recording their names. Madame—?

"De la Hunaudaye."

"And mademoiselle. The same—?"

"Marguerite de la Hunaudaye."

"And monsieur?"

"Cunningham."

"Coon-ing-hum," the man repeated with an accent that made Dick listen for the invariable sequel: "You Coon-ing-hum, do me fotty lines."

In the carriage, driving back to the hotel, they were all very silent. Marguerite fondled Megasthene; the great beast laid his muzzle against her lap. Dick mused happily on his luck. He lay awake half the night musing. The little twinge of pain as his shoulder rubbed against the pillow reminded him of the girl's soft touch—just the tips of her fingers. The deposition would bring them together again in the morning. What luck he had! He was sure that they liked him. And what a beautiful name—"Marguerite de la Hunaudaye." He had known that she must have a beautiful name. He repeated it again softly, closing his eyes. It was a spell to conjure with; beauty dwelt in it, flowers and honey, the fragrance of thyme, green glades in the forest, the oriflamme, hearts given freely to a cause, fields of bracken and heather, windows in a gray old castle wall overlooking the sea. Surely there must be a Rue de la Hunaudaye somewhere, perhaps in some medieval city of Provence, a quiet dimly lighted street with narrow pavements leading down from the apse of a cathedral to a house which looks as if it had been waiting for centuries, guarding its secret—a house with its upper stories falling over into the street, a porch with a gargoyle door-knocker, under a Virgin in a niche. "Pardon, madame," he muttered, "can you tell me where is the Rue de la Hunaudaye?" He lingered on the syllables softly. They lent freshness to sleep.

Edmund Candler.

The Cornhill Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

COUGHS AND COLDS.

"Francesca," I said, "I'm afraid my cough is no better; wuff-wuff-gruff-ruff-wuff."

"It's your own fault," she said. "If you would only consent to take your cough-mixture regularly you'd have got rid of it long ago."

"Francesca, how can you bring yourself to say such things? I certainly took a good strong working dose yesterday—or was it the day before? Anyhow, I'm sure I took something yesterday, and it hasn't done me a bit of good—gruff-wuff-gruff."

"If," she said, "you want a cough to yield to treatment you must first of all treat it."

"But that's just what I have done," I said. "I've given it all the nice things I could think of. It has had dozens of delectable jujubes, and scores of pastilles, and jars of black-currant jam in hot water; and yesterday I gave it breakfast in bed so as to humor it, and—wuff-gruff-wuff—this is all the return I get for my kindness."

"Well," she said, "you're not the only person in the world who's got a

cough. I've got one myself—hack-hock-hank—and it's every bit as bad as yours, only I don't complain about it to everybody. I just bear it."

"No, you don't," I said. "*You* cough it and *I* bear it. It kept me awake for an hour last night."

"Yours kept me awake for an hour and a half."

"You must be mistaken," I said coldly. "My cough's not the sort that can keep anybody awake except its owner. It isn't a loud cough. It's a gentle cough with a digging movement which is splendidly effective—gruff-gruff-ruff-wuff. Now *your* cough—I'll admit for the sake of argument that you've got one—isn't a real cough at all. It's just a harsh, metallic, choky bark."

"My cough," she said with dignity, "is as nature made it. And, at any rate, I'm using the cough mixture." She poured herself out a dose and drank it down.

"Francesca," I said, "you have great courage. Give me the bottle and let me, too, attack the enemy with this nauseous stuff. There, I've drunk it—wuff-wuff-gruffer-ruffer-wuffer. Bah! it only makes it worse."

"It's made mine much better. I couldn't cough now if I wanted to."

"For heaven's sake," I said, "leave it at that. Let it go. Don't ask it to come back."

"I should be ashamed," she said, "to show such terror of a poor little cough. Compared with your great St. Bernard of a cough mine's only a sort of Yorkshire terrier."

"It's managed to get on my nerves all the same."

"But your nerves," she said, "are such easy ones to get on to."

"Yes," I said, "a child could get on to them, or a curate or a monthly nurse—anything from a boy practising a bugle down to a motor-car."

"And women," she said, "are expected to go through life without nerves."

"Yes," I said, "that's only fair. Women have got to keep the home together, and they couldn't do it properly if they indulged in nerves."

"How anything so irritable as a man could ever manage to be a bread-winner I can't make out," said Francesca.

"We will not pursue," I said, "these investigations into our respective nerve centers. Is anybody else in the house going to have a cough?"

"Well, all the children have got colds, but you've been so wrapped up in your delectables that you haven't noticed it."

"I've noticed that nearly all my handkerchiefs have disappeared."

"Poor dears," she said. "Their own handkerchiefs are so small and so few."

"Yes," I said, "but why do they do them up in balls and leave them on all the armchairs?"

"It's a mute appeal," she said, "to a hard-hearted father. And James has got a bad cold."

"He has," I said; "I've heard him sneezing a good deal more than is compatible with his age and his position as seneschal. Somehow a sneeze and a butler don't seem to fit in together. I suppose the maids are not going to be left out of this."

"Not they. They've caught a nice plump cold apiece. And in a day or two they and James will all be coughing like mad."

"It is," I said, "a most delightful prospect, and all owing to you."

"To me?"

"Yes," I said, "to you. You began it. Every day, when it's about time for the evening paper to be brought in, you start edging nearer and nearer to the library door so as to get first hold on the news——"

"There never is any."

"No, but you think there's going to be, and you sit posted up against the draught between the door and the window, trying to look quite purposeless,

until the door opens and then away you sail in a tornado of sneezes with the paper in your grip."

"You're a wonderful observer," she said. "You attribute it all to evening papers. Now I attribute it all to tobacco. If you didn't smoke so much you wouldn't be so liable to colds, and if you didn't catch a cold nobody else would—so there!"

Punch.

"I never heard such nonsense in my life," I said. "Gruff-wuff-ruff-gruffer-ruffer—if I were laid up with measles my belief is you'd put it down to cigarettes."

"And I shouldn't be far wrong," said Francesca. "Hock-hack-hank-hack—you'd better have another go of mixture soon."

R. C. Lehmann.

THE NEW AMERICAN ARMAMENTS.

President Wilson's Administration is asking Congress to increase its expenditure this year on military and naval armaments by about £30,000,000. A small portion of this is for fortifications, but the bulk is for increases of the army and navy, which seem intended to be permanent, and are at any rate mapped out over a series of years. The effect will be in a few years' time to double the American navy, and to give the United States two military forces roughly corresponding both in training and in numbers to the British Expeditionary Force and the British Territorial Force before the war. The policy is put forward as one of "preparedness," and commended to America as a necessary outcome of the European Armageddon.

There is, indeed, a startling irony in the circumstances. Here is Europe still anxiously wondering whether the war's sequel will be the increase of armaments or their reduction; and here is theUnited States, pacifism's traditional exponent, leaping into the arena, the first to adopt the militarist conclusion and to set an example of fresh army and navy expansion for the rest to follow. Of course, a minority of Americans, mostly belonging to the President's own party, will object. Mr. Bryan is already vocal, and some of the more solid party leaders are very uncomfortable. But, though it is possible that Republican (*i. e.* Opposition) votes will be needed to carry the proposals in Congress, they will certainly go through. The great majority of Americans favor them. They do so because they are convinced that, however desirable a goal disarmament may be, it cannot be reached by one nation's disarming within an armed world. The conviction has been growing among them ever since their own war with Spain; but the events of the last seventeen months have enormously strengthened it.

We need not quarrel with this conviction. It is justified by facts. And the more clearly the futility of a national disarmament (or under-armament) is perceived, the more chance there will be for attention to be concentrated upon international disarmament—that is, for an agreement between the nations, providing such machinery for the peaceful solution of differences as may minimize the risk of war and thus enable armies and fleets to be kept on an agreed scale, as they already often are between the Allies. An international machinery to prevent war, whenever it may be set up, will not be set up in order to prevent war. It will be set up in order to prevent armaments. War is a rare visitation, which each State hopes to avoid by the ordinary methods of diplomacy. It is too remote a risk, as a rule, to be an inducement to the heads of any powerful State to forego more than is immediately necessary that

most cherished of privileges, a "free-hand." But the burden of armaments is there all the time; it is a continual and not a contingent hardship. If after the war there is a growth of armaments all round proportionate to that which the United States is now initiating, the pressure on the impoverished and war-weary nations may provide a greater stimulus to the creation of an international war-preventing machinery than any derivable from war itself. It will become clearer then that relief can only be obtained by international action, and States can only restrict their armaments when they are effectively guaranteed against the risk of having to use them. A fault of many pre-war pacifists—the Little Navy school in this country, the anti-militarist in France, and others elsewhere—was that by encouraging the delusion that the restriction of armaments could be effected separately by each State on its own account, they actually weakened the only strong chain of practical motives which leads up to the prevention of war.

A noticeable feature of American defenses, as now projected, is their predominantly naval character. Seeing that the United States is a vast continuous territory, including nearly every climate, containing nearly every raw material, and in short more self-sufficing than any other country on earth; seeing, too, that it owns very little shipping, and that its foreign trade is not enormous, if we exclude that with England (which in war could always be carried on by way of the Canadian frontier), this preference for the navy is in a sense unnatural. Military "preparedness" could give the United States far more protection than naval for the same money; and from a purely General Staff point of view the most obvious policy would be to restrict the navy to coast defense and train a really large home-service army on the lines of those in South Africa and Australia. Probably the chief explanation is that the money which is requisite for naval "preparedness" is easier for the United States Government to raise than the men which are indispensable for military. A great military defense force has never been raised by any country in time of peace without compulsion in some form; and this would be even more unpopular in America than in England. On the other hand, the United States is unique in that the chief problem before its national Treasury has usually been, not how to raise money, but how to spend it. Its wealth has floated it safely over financial mismanagement which would have ruined any other State; and though of late years the steady growth of expenditure has compelled Americans to take questions of taxation more seriously, the present time of unprecedented prosperity in the United States is an easy time to start spending still more.

That America has been too weakly armed to exert her due weight in the world the present war has continually shown. Mr. Wilson, in spite of his phrases about being "too proud to fight," can be under no delusion as to the main reason why an insult like the murder of Americans on the *Lusitania* was deliberately inflicted by Germany, and has not yet been either apologized for or redressed. Very likely the severity of the *Ancona* Note is partly designed to read the lesson to Congress. Another stimulus to the movement for "preparedness" is to be discerned in the rise of Japan. Though Japan is a belligerent, the war has occasioned to her no weakening losses; and her present activity in manufacturing and selling munitions to the Allies is not only increasing her wealth, but equipping her at their charges with a most formidable munitions plant. There is no good reason why the rivalry between Japan and the United States, which is their only substantial motive for quarreling, and is shared by so many Powers who are

qualified to act as mediators, should not be peacefully adjusted. But (and this is the most real danger behind the new American Armaments) it will not be unless the United States develops a more coherent and intelligent direction of foreign policy. If the policy, which the new armaments are to back, is to be the sort of policy which we witnessed in Mexico in 1914, then there is great risk of trouble. Improvement must come partly, at least, from a greater regularization of the American diplomatic service, permitting of continuous and well-understood tradition. No one in recent times has done more harm here than Mr. Bryan, by his wholesale reversion, when Secretary of State, to the party "spoils system" in diplomatic appointments.

The New Statesman.

PRUSSIAN PURITANISM.

Professor Hugo Muensterberg, in an article defending the German-Americans, has attempted, quite courteously and calmly, to state the difference between what he calls the Anglo-Saxon and the German systems. The Anglo-Saxon, he says, is controlled by the belief in the individual as such, whereas the Teutonic ideals are bound by the belief in the over-individual soul. "The greatest happiness of individual men on the one side, the growth of cultural values, independent of the happiness which they bring, on the other side, that is the world contrast."

Now it would be easy, and not unjust, to quarrel with the horrid language which the professor uses. Cultural values, the over-individual soul: these phrases are ugly because they are vague. They do not mean anything precisely themselves, but rather refer to something which the writer may mean, and they are no guarantee in themselves that he does mean anything precisely. This over-individual soul, is it to him a fact or a metaphor? Is he talking rhetorically or stating a dogma about the nature of man? Is he a mystic, or a materialist trying to hide his materialism from himself in figurative language? That we cannot tell from his own words; but, since we want to understand the German state of mind, we will not quarrel with them, but will try to extract what sense we can from them.

We will, therefore, assume that the over-individual soul is to him not consciously a metaphor; for, if it were, it would be mere nonsense. We take him to mean by it what Morris meant when he said that fellowship is life and the lack of it is death—namely, that the spirit in man is a common spirit, that it frees itself in some common aim from the private interests of the individual. But this has been believed by many men in all ages and countries, and we can hardly think that Professor Muensterberg supposes it to be a belief peculiar to modern Germany, or one generally denied in America and England. Yet he seems to mean that, for he tells us that the Anglo-Saxon system aims at the greatest happiness of individual men, whereas the German aims at the growth of cultural values, independent of the happiness they bring. In this sentence, unless he means merely selfish happiness, he is condemning the German system and approving the Anglo-Saxon, which is certainly not his intention. He cannot mean that in England and America men desire each other's happiness, but that in Germany they are indifferent to it and care for nothing but this growth of cultural values. He must mean that the individual Anglo-Saxon

pursues his own happiness and the individual German aims at a collective well-being; and he shows further on that he does mean this, when he contrasts German thoroughness, carefulness, seriousness, lawfulness, reverence, and self-discipline with the Anglo-Saxon love of pleasure, "which makes education superficial and shallow, empties the churches and fills the dance-halls and saloons, undermines family life, and drives mankind to a senseless chase for wealth and luxury."

It would be foolish to deny the German virtues which he names. The Germans are more thorough, more careful, more disciplined than we are. But the question remains—Is their collective aim spiritual and is ours merely material? Professor Muensterberg assumes that to be so when he talks of the German belief in the over-individual soul and implies that we lack it. But what is this over-individual soul in which the Germans believe? What is the nature of the common aims through which it tries to free itself from the private interests of the individual? It is a curious fact that the Germans always speak of their over-individual soul as German and of their aims as German, just as they speak of all their virtues as German.

But all those who have believed in the common spirit of man, except the modern Germans, have also believed that it was universal or nothing; and they have believed that its aims must be completely disinterested; for, if they are not, they are not aims of the spirit at all. The spirit is common, because its aims are disinterested. The mere banding of men together for some common purpose does not make their aim spiritual; for, if it did, every joint stock company would have a spiritual aim. Now the Germans are banded together as no nation, perhaps, ever was before, and Professor Muensterberg seems to assume, like other Germans, that they must therefore be banded together for a spiritual aim. Certainly we can imagine a State whose aims are spiritual and a people consenting that all their lives shall be ordered by that State because its aims are spiritual. But what are the aims of the German State? Germans are always telling us that the proper aim of a State is power; that it is above morals; that, in fact, it exists only to pursue its own advantage. Now, whether they are right or wrong, that is not a spiritual aim in a State any more than in an individual. It is not the over-individual soul which expresses itself in a State with such an aim, but the over-individual body; and when Professor Muensterberg finds the over-individual soul in the German State he is really denying its existence altogether and affirming the supremacy of the over-individual body.

He tells us that the German successes in the war have been won really in German nurseries and German schoolrooms. "If America believes in preparedness, it cannot buy it in the munitions factories; it can gain it only by developing those virtues which give meaning to the German-American creed." Preparedness is an excellent thing in this world; but it is not the over-individual soul which prepares for war, and a military State like Germany, however much its citizens may have sacrificed themselves for its physical strength, is not a soul, but a body. Yet Professor Muensterberg thinks of it and talks of it as a soul; and this confusion of his is the great error of modern Germany, which supposes itself to be mystical when it is really materialist, which means flesh when it talks of spirit.

We and the Americans have a distrust of the State which is often irrational, often merely selfish; but, in so far as it is rational, it is based upon a belief in the spirit, and on a refusal to confuse

it with the flesh. We believe that it bloweth where it listeth, that it must find its own aims and that these must not be imposed upon it, for if they are they will cease to be spiritual. That is a dangerous doctrine, no doubt, but it is materially dangerous. The other doctrine has its dangers too, and they are dangers to the spirit, as Germany is now proving. For the spirit of Germany now is actually subject to the flesh, the over-individual soul to the over-individual body. And that must be so as long as the Germans believe that their over-individual soul can be German. Our individualism is based upon the knowledge that the common spirit of man cannot be national, but must be universal. In matters of the spirit we are cosmopolitan; for we believe that the spirit is above the nation, and has aims more absolute than any national aims can be. What else does a world religion mean to us or that brotherhood of Christianity in which many Germans still profess to believe? If they are Christians they cannot think that their God is a German God; and if their God is not a German God, then they must be His worshipers in a brotherhood of the spirit which is above all differences of nation or race.

But, with the talk about the over-individual soul and the growth of cultural values independent of the happiness which they bring, Professor Muensterberg evades those difficulties. It is a theological language to him like that used by our old Puritans; and he uses it, as they often did, to hide his renunciation of Christian doctrine. They, too, supposed that if they were indifferent to their own happiness they must be obeying the commands of the spirit, while they were often only governed by passions that made them unhappy. No doubt the worship of the German State makes the Germans unhappy; no doubt they renounce many pleasures and suffer many pains for it. But this renunciation and suffering prove nothing about the nature of that which they worship. Men have renounced and suffered for money, or for a blood-stained idol. If we have learned anything through the experience of ages, it is to value sacrifice according to the object for which it is made. But Professor Muensterberg looks upon our Anglo-Saxon freedom as a Puritan looked upon the games and dances of an English village. His people have renounced it for their over-individual soul and their cultural values, and since they have renounced it they must, he thinks, be seeking something higher. But as the Puritan often did not know why he had renounced, or why he grudged, the simple pleasures of the poor, so, we suspect, the Professor does not know why he and his people have renounced our freedom or why they grudge it to us. They will not state clearly to themselves what is the object for which they have made all their sacrifices; they hide it in talk about the over-individual soul and the growth of cultural values.

But the rest of the world sees now quite clearly what that object is—the mastery of the world and not any spiritual aims whatever. Yet by means of the theological language which Professor Muensterberg and other professors use the Germans have persuaded themselves that the aim actually is spiritual; that the German State is something absolute and divine, and subject to no moral laws. If they have not, why is it that the Professor says not a word against the German conduct of the war; why does he think of the war as a struggle between different "Kulturs," with no standard of right and wrong above them? The German argument to all neutrals always is that their Kultur is higher than our Kultur, and that, therefore, they are justified in all they do. But we say

that, even if that were true and a hundred times more true than the Germans pretend it to be, still it would not justify a single crime of theirs. We say that the spirit of man is above the State, not subject to it. That is the basis of our individualism with all its weaknesses; and if we need anything to confirm us in our belief we shall find it in the present horrible and unnatural perversion of all the German virtues.

The Times.

THE INTERNAL CONDITION OF GERMANY.

An exceptionally informing series of articles on the condition of Germany by a Swede, who has just visited many German towns, has been appearing in the *Times*. The Swede, who was educated in a German University, and spent ten years in Germany, is frankly pro-Ally in his sympathies, though he still counts many Germans among his friends. He is so reasonable in his comments, and so quick to pick out what is significant, that we have no hesitation in saying that his diagnosis of the state of German feeling is as near the truth as any neutral writer is likely to bring us. The moral of all that he says is very plain. Germany is not being "starved" yet, and it would indeed be difficult to starve her in the strict sense of the word, but it is evident that the one thing above all others which is making an impression on her is the blockade. She fears it. When it relaxes she rejoices; when it tightens its grip she becomes alarmed. If the blockade should be weakened, says the Swedish observer, the war "may continue almost indefinitely." What madness, then, to relax it by any deliberate concession! Maddest thing of all to do it in the name of humanity, when a relaxation means not only a prolongation of suffering, but a jeopardizing of the liberties of the world for generations.

The correspondent found that no difficulties were put in his way, either when he entered Germany or when he wished to move about freely. He was conscious of being watched in trains, but no doubt the German authorities are satisfied that they have nothing to fear from Sweden, and are, therefore, even anxious to keep up the appearance of acting as though all their books were "open to inspection." In Berlin he stayed at a boarding-house of the superior sort. Here he was among the *va-et-vient* of professional men and officers from the front. All believed that the war would be over in three or four months. Were not France and Britain held fast in the West, were not Belgium, Serbia, much of the Baltic provinces, and Russian Poland conquered, and was not the way open to the Near East? What, then, remained but the conquest of Egypt and the war would be over? It must be remarked here that, not only on the evidence of a mere Berlin boarding-house, but on evidence collected in all directions, the correspondent was convinced of the reality of the German intention to try to conquer Egypt. Camels and mules are being bought in large quantities and railways are being laid in the desert. There is no excuse for anyone who does not accept the warning. If we take the necessary precautions, we shall have nothing to fear and probably something to gain. But the Germans mean business. The correspondent, in spite of the universal confidence, was not unduly impressed by it. He knows Germans too well not to remember that, in spite of the traveling habit which has been fashionable in recent years, the vast majority of them know extraordinarily little of the resources and temper of other countries. And, of course, want

of experience is made good to their own satisfaction by their wonderful docility in believing what they are told to believe. They see everywhere the great maps covered with colored flags showing the conquered territories, and they believe nothing but that the war is going splendidly for their country. Nevertheless, although Berlin outwardly has been changed hardly at all by the war, the correspondent came across evidence of doubts, anxieties, and even of riots. Accidentally he lighted upon the information that, in the belief of one statistician, Germany could not hold out for more than twelve months unless she could maintain her supply of fat-matters—among which, we may say, copra is not the least important. In November there was a riot of some magnitude in Berlin, and there has been another since then. These food riots—for such they are—appear to be originated by women. In a very curious and enlightening passage the correspondent says that the spirit of German women is giving out before that of German men. He does not mean that they do not work splendidly. They do. They are untiring in their hospital work, and even in hard manual labor such as navvy jobs on a Berlin underground railway, but their grumbling at the cost of necessaries grows louder and louder. They have no idea of accepting privation or—not to put it too strongly—inconvenience in their domestic economy quietly. Here we may congratulate ourselves that Englishwomen have nothing to learn from Germany.

By decree there are two meatless days and two fatless days every week. That is to say, on two days no meat may be sold in shops or restaurants, and on two other days no fat. The law does not touch whatever may have been stored in private houses. Bread, flour, and milk can be bought only to the quantity for which the purchaser holds a ticket. Paraffin oil is almost unobtainable. An interesting point is the cultivation of fresh-water fish—carp, tench, pike, and so on. The Government, contrary to some accounts, have not yet called up the copper supplies. An acquaintance of the correspondent had been instructed to send a list to the Government of all copper articles in his works, but he had heard no more of the matter. The Government have drawn up an inventory, in fact, and have not yet made use of it. Butter varies greatly in price with the locality, but this is true of nearly all forms of food. Butter reached 3s. a pound at one time in Berlin, but has since dropped to 2s. 3d. On the other hand, in one small town in West Prussia visited by the correspondent the maximum price of butter had been fixed at 1s. 6d. a pound. One of the most conspicuous shortages is in rubber. Indiarubber tires may be used but rarely and taxi-cabs are disappearing. Motoring for pleasure is unknown. If Englishmen have rather exaggerated the shortages in Germany, the Germans are also guilty of characteristic exaggerations. They really believe that Zeppelins will help to end the war.

The almost universal confidence is, of course, reflected in any discussion of possible terms of peace, though we do not imagine for a moment that the statesmen of Germany really deceive themselves when they make such statements as that of the Chancellor in the Reichstag last week. The authorities assert what they wish the people to believe, and no doubt they also hope to bluff their enemies to some extent. At all events, the correspondent thinks that the German terms of peace as at present formulated are something like this. First and foremost there must be what is called a "Free Rhine." For that reason the Germans will fight for Antwerp to the last. They mean to persuade or intim-

idate Holland into abandoning her rights at the mouth of the Schelde. Possibly this might be done by the extension of the German Customs Union. Belgium would be treated to the Alsace-Lorraine system. The correspondent came across no anti-annexationists, though they are said to exist. He calls the notion that Germany will be persuaded, except by force, to evacuate Belgium "ridiculous." She has spent vast sums of money, both there and in Poland, on reorganization and on what she fancies is a tactful treatment of the population. Whence is she to recover this money? She is not rebuilding Belgium for love of the Belgians. The grandiose Customs Union with which the fancy of all Germans now plays would include, besides Holland (why not all Scandinavia?), Austria, Bulgaria, Turkey, Roumania, and Greece. Finally, Germany would require freedom to extend as she pleased eastwards without interruption from Britain, and it is promised (if not believed) by the authorities that Britain, France, and Russia will pay for the war.

The moral is worth repeating. Let us use our naval power to the last ounce of its value. Any other policy is perfidy to our cause and our duty. Germany, as we see, is not "starved" yet. But let us not commit the irremediable folly of using that fact as an excuse for supineness. It is worse than folly—it is madness—to say: "Since Germany cannot be easily starved, therefore we will not try to starve her." The Swedish observer has shown us the way, and we are certain that no other opinion worth having would disagree with his.

The Spectator.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

At first sight it might seem that few men had ever been so fortunate as Stephen Phillips. He was famous at an age when most men are creeping dubiously into the penumbra of their reputation. He had a host of friends; and, what is even better for a man's fame and future, his enemies were neither silent nor few, nor uninspired. All that is needed for a man's health and success in the pursuit of his art Stephen Phillips seemed to have won almost at a blow—backers who encouraged him, a publisher who believed in him, leading managers who produced his plays, one or two critics who protested that he was not yet greater than Shakespeare, a public which actually bought his books.

But appearances were in this case even more deceptive than usual. Those who have followed the literary career of Stephen Phillips at all closely will hardly fail to agree that his amazing luck, far from being a friend, was almost his worst enemy. There was more in Stephen Phillips than appeared in even his best work—qualities which are neither in his lyrics nor in his plays. His early success, seeming to present him with exactly the opportunities he needed, in reality tempted him in an altogether wrong direction.

It may here be objected that poets have no right to be led astray by their friends, their enemies, their fame, or any clamor that may be raised. Poets should be majestically aloof and immune from the rumors of their time, like blind Milton composing his sacred epics in the days of an infidel King, or like deaf Beethoven indifferent alike to the noises of a big war or to the even greater noises of Rossini. It may be said that to be affected by what the contemporary world says or does to you is evidence of mediocrity, and that he must needs be a poor poet who is

influenced by fortune good or bad. But is this really so? Excellent poets have also been very accessible, human and sensitive persons in real life, prompt to dislike a bad Press and to be influenced by their admirers. If Dryden had lived today he would have belonged to a press-cutting agency. As it was, he spent half his life writing bad plays because they were popular. Pope was so willing a slave to his reputation that he doctored the dates of his correspondence to appear as more astoundingly an infant prodigy than he really was. Brahms wore the chains of a classic tradition because his friends insisted that he was the inheritor of Beethoven, whereas his enemies confirmed him in quite an unnatural antipathy to Wagner. In the face of these illustrious examples, which could indefinitely be multiplied, it is unreasonable to ask that all genius should go with a Miltonic temperament. Stephen Phillips was not, like Milton, a recluse and a man devoted; nor was he, like Pope, a coxcomb. He was an honestly human being—anxious to do good work, a little too sensitive to criticism, and a little carried away by a disproportionate publicity and fame at the start of his career. He was richly gifted, and possibly a third of his gifts got themselves expressed in his work. The other two-thirds, owing, among other things, to an amazing worldly success at the start of his career, never had a chance.

We have to recall that some fifteen years ago a young poet, a poet who already had won notice and encouragement, composed the tragedy of "Paolo and Francesca." It was clearly a young play. That is to say, it was clearly the play of an author whose sense of language, whose feeling for the theatre, whose exuberance of expression, transcended, for the moment, anything he had, in particular, to say. There was often more sound than sense, more fervor of style than reality of feeling, in "Paolo." But this, after all, was the commonest and least disquieting of faults in a young poet; and there was every reason to suppose in the year 1900 that Stephen Phillips would cast off his poetical adolescence and grow out of "Paolo" as surely and as far as Shakespeare grew out of "Love's Labors" and Shelley grew out of "Mab" and Keats grew out of some of the more luxuriant pages of "Endymion." Was not this young dramatic poet in the hands of Mr. George Alexander—a manager whose temper was as level as his head, who must inevitably prune the shoots of these promising laurels and encourage all those grafts of humor and sense which clearly needed only a little tactful encouragement to put forth fresh leaves? Unfortunately the evil good fortune which we have already noted as lying in wait for the author of "Herod," "Ulysses," "Nero," and the rest, at this point took almost entire charge of the destiny of the author of "Paolo." Fate chose for its first and most fatal weapon the London Press, which went completely off its head in regard to "Paolo." Here was a young author who, above all things, required to be warned and delicately handled—an author whose salvation depended on his growing out of things like "*venturing through forests towards her face;*" and the critics, almost in a chorus, instead of suggesting a chastening of such alliterative music, burst into a chorus of the most extravagant acclamation. This young disciple of the Muses was actually described as writing like Sophocles! Instead of being urged along his improving way, he was received as a finished master and encouraged to remain forever where he was. Is it wonderful that Stephen Phillips, instead of eliminating the faults of his youth, actually set about to improve upon them? Is it, indeed, a matter for astonishment,

in view of the ridiculous way in which London received his "Paolo," that "Paolo," instead of being the first step in the progress of a really great writer for the theatre, remained to the end as on the whole the best composition for the theatre which its author achieved?

There was another fatal circumstance attending the early success of Stephen Phillips. It brought him into a peculiarly disastrous partnership with Sir Herbert Tree. It was a natural partnership; but it was nevertheless deplorable, because at His Majesty's Theatre the poet and his manager mutually encouraged one another in one and the same sovereign and besetting sin. Stephen Phillips had most to beware of a tendency to substitute sounding rhetoric for significant sense. He had to be on his guard against all those short-cuts to sublimity which, intending to be grand, are only grandiose. This was, at that time, exactly the case of Sir Herbert Tree as a producer of plays. Sir Herbert Tree was at that time entering upon that magnificent career of his which, honestly aiming at the sublime and beautiful, has so often hit the costly and extensive.

Sir Herbert Tree encouraged all the young faults of the author of "Paolo." The poet who in "Paolo" wrote "*venturing through forests towards her face;* in "Herod" wrote "*masonry in morning magical;*" and in later years became bound to do that kind of thing automatically. "Herod" definitely committed Stephen Phillips to grow younger year by year, to abound more and more in his faults, and to hide his great natural gifts behind an increasingly mechanical magnificence.

But this article should be less a record of an ill-fated progress—a progress continually accelerated by the clamor and counter-clamor of which in his most impressionable years he was the center—than a record of praise and gratitude for what Stephen Phillips positively achieved. It is significant that the two plays which, more nearly than any other plays in modern times, closed the rift between the English theatre and English literature were both of them produced by Sir George Alexander. "Paolo and Francesca" ranks with "The Importance of Being Earnest" as a play which brought English letters to terms with the successful and orthodox London theatre. Stephen Phillips in "Paolo," in "Herod," and, to a less extent, in "Ulysses" and "Nero," besides showing what in happier circumstances he might have done, showed also more clearly than has been shown by anyone else in modern times that poetic drama is not necessarily an Elizabethan mystery, but that it is a possible and a practical enterprise. Only one thing really is needed—namely, a dramatic poet; and poetic drama is only rare because English poets have seldom cared to be dramatists as well. When a man of real poetic gifts happens, as in the case of Stephen Phillips, to be also an actor with an intimate knowledge of the theatre and the skill to use it, the Elizabethan miracle can once again become a business proposition. Unhappily for the English theatre, the combination of gifts with which Stephen Phillips was endowed is so rarely discovered that when it actually appeared in 1900 the public lost its head, fell to exclaiming like men amazed, and finally lost its poet in a general clamor.

John Palmer.

G. K. C. AS POET: AN APPRECIATION.

It has been said that anthologies are open to two kinds of criticism: first as to the poems they let in and then as to those they leave out. In this respect Mr. Chesterton's selection* from his poetical works resembles an anthology; and one where nearly all the sins, it may be noted, are sins of omission. Certainly those of us who know our G. K. C., not only as prose writer but as poet, must mourn the loss of many old favorites treasured in memory's storehouse. Even the inclusion in the "Religious Poems" of such a jewel as "The Nativity," for example, fails to console us for the disappearance of "The Donkey." And what evil genius can have persuaded the poet to exclude the "Chord of Color," surely one of the noblest love-poems which has enriched our literature for a generation? Or the prelude of "The Wild Knight," or—even for topical reasons—"The Lovely City of Lierre"? The remembrance of the huge calamity which has so lately fallen on Lierre and its environs might have shadowed, but could hardly have spoiled, our enjoyment of that most delightful of all the ballads; a verse-form in which, by the way, Mr. Chesterton peculiarly excels.

Our preliminary grumble concluded, however, we may own with Ulysses that "though much is taken, much remains." And speaking of Ulysses reminds us that the matchless rendering of du Bellay's "Heureux qui comme Ulysse"—probably the finest translation since Fitzgerald's Omar—is here included; though, strangely enough, another notable translation from Charles Guerin, originally contributed to the Problems Page of the *Saturday Westminster*, must be reckoned among the omissions. But here is the "Wife of Flanders" with its noble mingling of pathos and irony; "Lepanto" with its ringing chivalry; and many other poems where chivalry, the cry of a crusader and a champion, is still the leading note.

For this book reveals the Jolly Giant of Fleet Street as something of a Don Quixote; tilting at windmills upon occasion, it is true, but more often at authentic adversaries, foes of social justice and spiritual truth. It is a true knight, and one fearless as was he of Browning's "Childe Roland," who utters the clarion challenge of the "Song of Defeat"; one of the great and memorable things of the literature of progress, commemorating as it does the historic failure of the Progressive cause in London eight years ago:

The line breaks and the guns go under,
  The lords and the lackeys ride the plain;
I draw deep breaths of the dawn and thunder,
  And the whole of my heart grows young again.
For our chiefs said "Done," and I did not deem it;
  Our seers said "Peace," and it was not peace.
Earth will grow worse till men redeem it,
  And wars more evil, ere all wars cease.
But the old flags reel and the old drums rattle
  As once in my life they throbbed and reeled:
I have found my youth in the lost battle,
  I have found my heart on the battle-field.
For we who fight till the world is free,
We are not easy in victory:
We have known each other too long, my brother,
  And fought each other, the world and we.

*Poems. By G.K.Chesterton. Burns and Oates. 5s. net.

In this book of his poems, more conspicuously and luminously even than in his prose, Mr. Chesterton the prince of paradox stands forth as Mr. Chesterton the knight-errant, the doughty champion armed with a splendid seriousness as well as a splendid laughter. The latter quality is, in fact, the handmaid of the former: he can wither a social sham by the broad sunshine of his wholesome mirth or shatter it by the clean wind of his scorn. That storm of scorn, of wrath, sings in not a few of these pages, but the genial breeze of humor is never far away. No undercurrent laughter, however, ripples below the tempestuous strength of such poems as "The Secret People" and the "Song of the Wheels." The latter is a ringing blow on a giant's armor, terrible in its concentrated fury against the new Dives who makes Lazarus no beggar even, but a Thing, a lifeless wheel:

And he said "A screw has fallen, or a bolt has slipped aside;
Some little thing has shifted"; and the little things replied:
"Call upon the wheels, master, call upon the wheels;
We are taking rest, master, finding how it feels."

. . . . .

Yea, the Wheels are mighty gods—set them going then!
We are only men, master—have you heard of men?
O they live on earth like fishes, and a gasp is all their breath.
God for empty honors gave them only death and scorn of death,
And you walk the worms for carpet and you tread a stone that squeals—
Only, God who made them worms did not make them wheels.

It is the voice of a new age which speaks here; a new cry has become articulate, as the cry of the younger victims of mine and mill did in Mrs. Browning long ago. It is the voice of one who feels not for, but *with* the people; translating their wrongs into Poetry's burning speech as truly as if the voice came from their own ranks to interpret their lives to those who sit above, often less indifferent to than ignorant of the mass of want and misery that seethes below. It is well that Poetry should concern herself with these things; that the poet should be seer as well as maker, prophet as well as bard, reading the signs of the times and the portents of times as yet in the making. Never did the multitude more need a poet to divine and utter their wrongs, their wants, themselves; their as yet inarticulate, or but half articulate, mystery and misery. And it is doubtful whether the most authentic of their own voices can do this better than Mr. Chesterton has done it. Certainly we remember no such utterance from any of them as that which burns and rings, like flame and steel welded to one force, in the democratic poems here collected.

But Mr. Chesterton is more than a people's poet; more, if more could be, than a poet of freedom, though the war-poems and the "Rhymes for the Times" would alone suffice to prove him that. He is a poet *sans phrase;* a singer to whom song comes naturally, appropriately, as flowers to spring or spring to autumn. Let his theme be love or war or religion, social cheats or industrial wrongs—let his song laugh as the light or blaze as the lightning, it is song no less; inspired, indubitable, individual, a new power shaping a new work to its will. Even in the ephemeral world of pure polemic, of controversies here today and gone tomorrow, there is an airiness, a lightness which shows that even "the tenth Muse, that of the Press" can upon occasion demonstrate her kinship with the elder Nine; can handle the *Jocasa Lyra* of Mr. Austin Dobson as one who knows the secret of its strings. And when the voice is Urania's it sings like one at home on her grave heights as by the "laughing water" of the valley-lands

below; it takes on (in "The Wise Men" for instance) the child's wisdom and the child's starry simplicity, till we, too, follow the Star with the wise:

And we are little children walking
Through the snow and rain.

S. Gertrude Ford.

The Poetry Review.

SOME NEW DICKENS LETTERS.*

It was in 1845 that Charles Dickens first became acquainted personally with Fanny Kelly, the celebrated actress, who more than a quarter of a century previously had received and rejected a unique proposal of marriage from Charles Lamb. Dickens of course had often seen Miss Kelly on the stage, where, as Forster says, she was "a genuine successor to the old school of actresses in which the Mrs. Orgers and Miss Popes were bred." She had built a little theatre in Dean Street, on the site where now stands the Royalty Theatre, mainly for the purposes of a scheme she was greatly interested in—a training school for young actresses. This was the building that Dickens hired for the production of that wonderful amateur performance of *Every Man in His Humor*, when the actors included himself, John Leech, Mark Lemon, Gilbert A'Beckett, John Forster, and Douglas Jerrold.

Dickens had a passion for all things connected with the theatre, and could, if he had so chosen, in other circumstances have made a success in life as a professional actor. Consequently he threw himself into this amateur effort with all the force of his temperamental enthusiasm. Every detail was under his personal supervision and direction, and thus it came about that he naturally met Miss Kelly in connection with the use of her theatre, and his first letters to her relate to the theatrical matters in hand.

1 Devonshire Terrace,
York Gate, Regent's Park,
Seventh August, 1845.

Dear Miss Kelly,

Mr. Stanfield and I met the other gentlemen concerned in our Play (most of them more or less known to you I believe) last night, and we impressed upon them the ease and privacy of your little theatre, as compared with the Saint James's, which some of them were very anxious to secure, so much so, that I had already written Mr. Mitchell on the subject, and received the assurance of his desire to do anything for us, and to place it at our disposal. In the end they very willingly agreed to come to Dean Street, and we purpose playing there on Monday, the fifteenth of next month, unless I should hear from Mr. Macready (who is very anxious to come, and to whom I have written this morning) that he has any engagement for that night. In which case, but in no other, we shall change the day.*

We propose rehearsing on the stage *on Monday evening next at a quarter before seven o'clock* when we wish to have the float lighted, if you will have the goodness to give directions to that effect. As my servant knows the whole party, I will send him down beforehand, if you will allow me, to attend to the door.

Believe me that I had great pleasure yesterday, in becoming personally known to one whose truthful observation of nature and uncommon art in portraying it, have often afforded me the highest delight. I address you in

*Published by permission of Miss Georgina Hogarth, executrix of Charles Dickens's estate.

*The date was changed to September 20, 1845, when the first performance took place. See Macready's *Diary* for that date for a criticism of the play.

the least ceremonious form, because I have known you in your best spirit for some years; and I feel, somehow or other, like an old acquaintance.

I am always faithfully yours
Charles Dickens.

Apparently Miss Kelly was rather flustered by the advent of the distinguished amateurs of the opposite sex in her Temple of Thespis dedicated to virgin talent, for Dickens gave Forster an amusingly exaggerated account of his interview with her: "Heavens! such a scene as I have had with Miss Kelly here, this morning! She wanted us put off until the theatre should be cleaned and brushed up a bit, and she would and she would not, for she is eager to have us and alarmed when she thinks of us. By the foot of Pharaoh, it was a great scene! Especially when she choked, and had the glass of water brought. She exaggerates the importance of our occupation, dreads the least prejudice against her establishment in the minds of any of our company, says the place already has quite ruined her, and with tears in her eyes protests that any jokes at her additional expense in print would drive her mad. By the body of Cæsar, the scene was incredible! It s like a preposterous dream." However, to Miss Kelly herself "Boz" was of course gravely reassuring:

Devonshire Terrace,
Thursday Fourteenth August, 1845.
Dear Miss Kelly,

As I did not happen to see immediately before coming away, the other night, the gentleman to whom you introduced me (who was most attentive and obliging), and as I am going down to Broadstairs in the interval between this and next Wednesday, I think it best to let you know that we have appointed our next rehearsal for that evening at a quarter before six. I will then appoint an early day with Mr. Stanfield for looking at the scenery, and will communicate it to you before we leave the theatre, as we shall want a carpenter or two to get it done for us.

I know you will be glad to receive my assurance that there was the very best disposition on the part of all the gentlemen concerned the other night to be well pleased with the little theatre and everything belonging to it. *I* was extremely glad (remembering our conversation on Sunday) to observe their good nature.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens.

The play was duly performed "with a success that outran the wildest expectation," and on the following Monday Dickens wrote:

Devonshire Terrace
Monday Twenty-Second Sept. 1845.
My Dear Miss Kelly,

If you will have the kindness to get us a note of our expenses for carpenters and gas etc., and to send it by post to Mr. Stanfield, we shall be happy to square accounts immediately. I am desirous to settle them without delay.

I hope you are none the worse for your anxiety and your exertions. They were both very great, I am afraid, at last.

Faithfully yours always
Charles Dickens.

There followed several other notes relating to the business between them; and the next letter, which is of sufficient interest to quote belongs to some years later, when *Dombey and Son* was being completed at Brighton, during a visit which is apparently not mentioned by Forster:

Brighton,
Fifteenth March, 1848.
My Dear Miss Kelly,

I have come down here to finish my book, and have been working so hard that I have scarcely written any letters this fortnight past. Pray accept this as my true excuse for not having answered yours.

After the 25th I shall be in Devon-

shire Terrace and visible any morning at 11 o'clock.

Faithfully yours
C. D.

The next letter relates to Miss Kelly's Dramatic Readings in aid of her scheme for training young actresses:

Broadstairs, Kent.
Eighteenth August, 1848.
Friday.

My Dear Miss Kelly,

I am staying here, and do not expect, to be very soon in town. If you will write to me as you propose, I shall be happy to advise you to the best of my ability.

I should like your letter to the Honorary Secretary of the Manchester Athenaeum better if it were more direct. I don't think going, like the old riddle, "round and round the garden without ever touching the house" is a good course to adopt towards anyone, but with a plain man of business, of all people, it is a very bad one, and quite certain not to succeed. Surely you could write plainly and say that you, consider yourself entitled to the first scale of remuneration for such things whatever it be, and that you would feel much obliged if he would tell you what it is.

If you write to these gentlemen about the favor of the public and so forth, they will get an impression—be sure of it—that you are a difficult person to deal with, or to hold to a point, and that will be fatal to your design at the outset.

Business, plain straightforward business, is the only quality that will serve you in correspondence of this kind. Anything else is a rock ahead, and you'll go to pieces on it.

Faithfully yours always
C. D.

The final letter, like the first, deals with Dickens's theatrical predilections:

Guild of Literature and Art,
10 Lancaster Place, Strand,
Tuesday, 10th of May, 1853.

My Dear Miss Kelly,

I think it will be best for you to meet us here, if you can, on Saturday at ¼ before 4. Harly acts as nominal secretary with pleasure.

I have taken the St. James's for the 9th of June.

Bring as many large names with you for the Committee as you can.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens.

Dickens's letters to Miss Kelly do not possess the intimate quality of those she received from Charles Lamb, but they form an interesting little link between two of the gifted personalities of that wonderful galaxy of talent which irradiated the first half of the nineteenth century with its brightest beams. *S. M. Ellis.*

The Outlook.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The question "Is War Diminishing?" which Dr. Frederick Adams Woods and Alexander Baltzley put, in the slender volume bearing that title, is answered in the negative by a careful study and compilation of war periods in Europe from 1450 to the present time. The dates of the wars are arranged by countries, and the percentages of war-years are figured by half-centuries in convenient diagrams, so that the record is intelligible at a glance. Denmark, it appears, is the most peaceful of the nations, and the only one that never gives as much as fifty per cent of war years during any half century. For the rest, the exhibit indicates a state of war about half the time. The conclusions suggested by this statistical review, and their bearing upon present-day discussions are presented by Dr. Woods in a very interesting introduction. The compilation, it should be added, was not prompted by

the present crisis, but was undertaken six years ago. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Belgian Cook-Book," edited by Mrs. Brian Luck (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a collection of Belgian recipes, collected from Belgian refugees in England, and exemplifying, in a marked degree, the skill, prudence and ingenuity which have made Belgian housewives famous. There are several hundred recipes, covering all sorts of culinary possibilities; and the editor furnishes a preface to each of the two Parts, into which is compressed a great deal of practical wisdom with a blend of cheerful humor.

"Peter Paragon," by Mr. John Palmer, might very well be called "The Making of a Good Young Man," for its hero aims at perfection, and very nearly attains it. His peccadilloes are mountains in his eyes, and he has the inclinations of a Flagelant although his actual scourgings are mental. He confesses to his mother, and her shriving contents him. The men to whom he shows something of his soul privately smile at his confidences, and vote him a good fellow and perhaps a bit of a simpleton. He can and does use his fists when it is necessary to give a lesson to a bully, and there is a point beyond which he will not endure the insolence of cliques, to which he does not belong, whether they be the street-boys of his youth or his house mates at Oxford. He falls in love with a neighbor's daughter while he is yet a boy, and suffers when she disappears from his world; but when she returns, after some years of absence, an evil thought or two is all the wrongdoing to which he has to confess. The one evil woman whom he has met has protected him against himself, and he has had no secrets from his mother. The author, in describing his virtues, is sometimes over-frank, but never passes the limit of decency, and his style is excellent. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The poems contained in Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer's "A Marriage Cycle" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) are described by her husband, in his touching Preface, as "private and confessional writings, intended for my eye alone." They were given to him by his wife, on the last day of her life, with an injunction to burn them—an injunction which he had not the heart to obey. A few of them he printed in his story of her life; and now, after all these years, he has gathered them into this little volume. Simple lyrics they are, intimate in their disclosure of emotion and experience, almost a diary of passing moods, charged with love, happiness and faith —a faith which did not fail, and a happiness that was not extinguished in the valley of the shadow. Here is one, "The Present Heaven."

I lie and watch the great white clouds drift by.
As far above the earth as Heaven is high.
"How far is Heaven?" I cry.

"As far as east is from the west, so far
Hath he removed."—Can any sun or star
Measure that space afar?

But I know well that Heaven is near today,
And all the world is fair and fresh as May.
My heart's a child at play.

For love floods all my life, like a great sea.
Dear God, does Heaven hold more than this for me,
Peace deeper, joy more free?

Prof. Irving Fisher and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk have produced the first volume sent out by "The Life Extension Institute" and a very creditable book it is. The volume, "How to Live," treats of personal hygiene and has a foreword by ex-President Taft in

which he warns the public that "the insidious encroachment of the chronic diseases" may be far more dreadful than the approach of those more spectacular and infectious fevers before whose invasion mankind quakes. The editors summarize the purposes of the book thus: (1) to provide the individual and the physician with the latest and best conclusions on individual hygiene; (2) to ascertain the exact and special needs of the individual through periodic health examination; (3) to induce all persons who are found to be in need of medical attention to visit their physicians. The subjects studied are: air, food, poisons, activity, hygiene in general. To these are added long and careful notes on food, weight, posture, alcohol, tobacco, avoiding colds, and eugenics. Funk & Wagnalls.

In Prof. Paul Elmer More's collection of essays entitled "Aristocracy and Justice," there is more of Aristocracy than of Justice. Amid the turmoil of this modern world, its barbarism, its socialism, its exaggerated feminism, its easy sweeping aside of the old learning and the old ideals, it is cheering to come upon a mind so sane, so flavored with the classical learning, a mind capable of bowing in idolatry before a god so outworn with the years as Burke. The essays cover a wide reach of thought. Beside the initial one, which gives its titles to the book in part, for it is on "Natural Aristocracy," the writer discusses Academic Leadership, The Paradox of Oxford, Justice, Property and Law, Disraeli and Conservatism, The New Morality, The Philosophy of the War. Unquestionably the one to awaken most discussion will be "The New Morality"; for he sets up Jane Addams and Judge Lindsey as his target and pours shot of sarcasm into their theories. He is old fashioned enough to disagree with most of their teaching. He punctures more than one modern idol of the Sociological Market Place and shows, to his own delight, that all are stuffed with sawdust. In "The Paradox of Oxford" he holds a brief for the old classical learning, for the supremacy of Greek thought, for the actuality of religious belief. Altogether, this is an unusual book for a modern American and a welcome one. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Jessie B. Rittenhouse's "The Little Book of American Poets" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is a companion volume to her recently-published "The Little Book of Modern Verse." The scope of the two anthologies is not exactly expressed in the titles, for both collections are of American verse, the difference being that the volume first published includes only contemporary or twentieth-century poets, while the new volume presents the most characteristic and significant American verse of the nineteenth century. The century line, after all, is arbitrary, for some poets are represented in both volumes, though not by the same selections. Singly or together, however, these charming and attractive books, the contents of which are chosen with admirable taste—while they do not displace such comprehensive anthologies as those of Stedman and Burton Egbert Stevenson—will make a strong appeal to lovers of American verse. The present volume contains about 250 poems, representing 140 poets.

S. Roland Hall's "Short Talks on Retail Selling" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is a collection of hints and suggestions and bits of experience intended to guide salesmen and saleswomen in the art of persuading customers to buy the things offered them. It is bright, humorous and ingenious.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SUBMARINE: BY DAVID HANNAY

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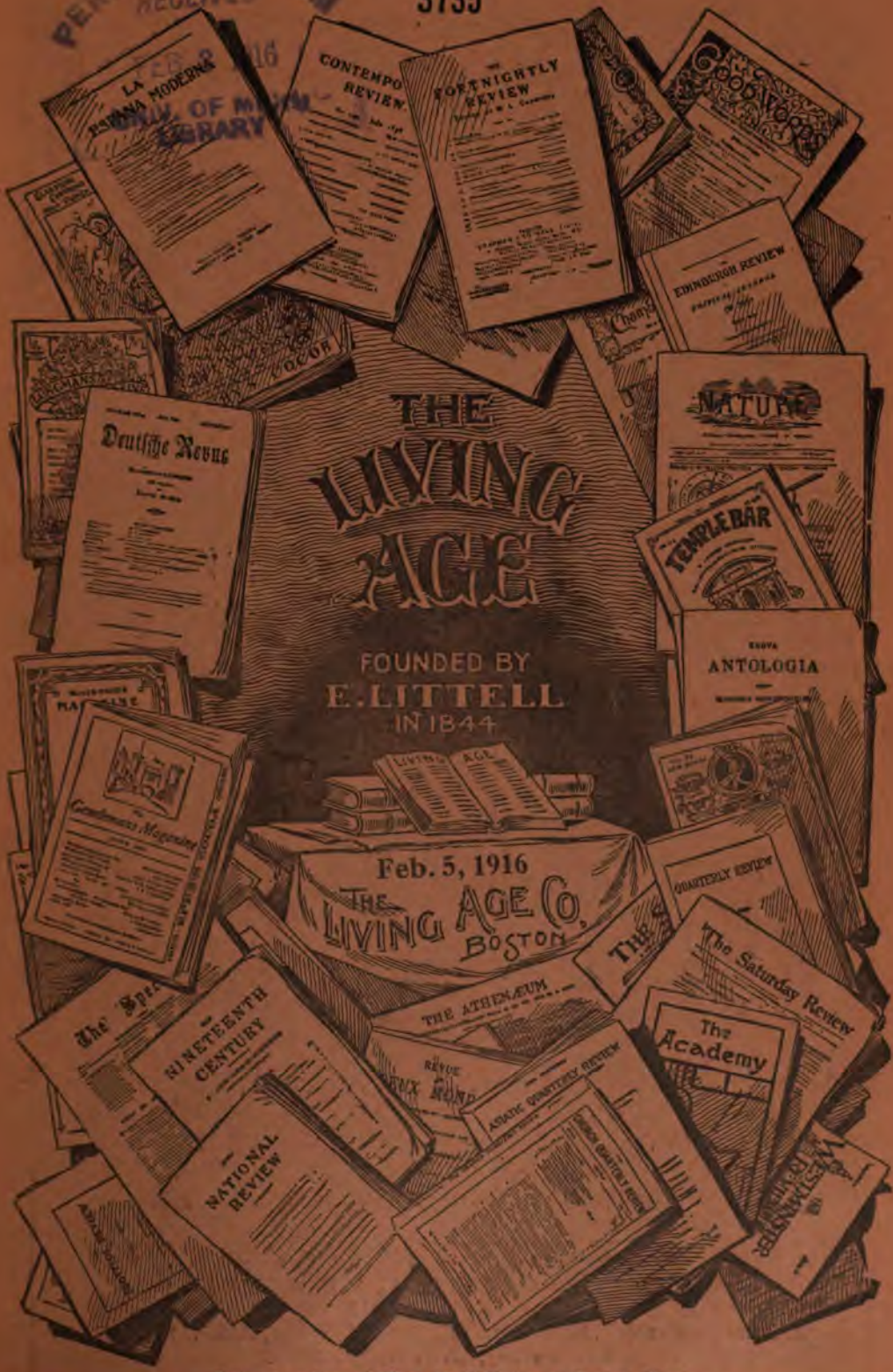

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE HOUSE OF LIFE.

The life of the body's a cage,
And the soul within it
Frets to escape, to be free
Like a lark or a linnet.
But since the struggle's in vain,
She is weary ere long;
She chirps and she sings a little
To assuage her wrong.

Behind the bars she sits brooding
Her evil mishap,
Like a wild little hare or a rabbit
That's caught in a trap,
Till, dazed with despair, she is weary,
And struggles no more,
But plays with the sun and leaf-shadow
That dance on the floor.

They call—they call to each other:
"O Sister so small,
Are you there?" "Are you there, little brother,
Behind the blank wall?"
Like a bird, or a hare, or a rabbit,
Frightened, undone,
The soul calls to another,
That she be not alone.

Katharine Tynan.

The British Review.

SUNRISE ON RYDAL WATER.

Come down at dawn from windless hills
Into the valley of the lake,
Where yet a larger quiet fills
The hour, and mist and water make
With rocks and reeds and island boughs
One silence and one element
Where wonder goes surely as once
It went
By Galilean prows.

Moveless, the water and the mist,
Moveless, the secret air above,
Hushed, as upon some happy tryst
The poised expectancy of love;
What spirit is it that adores
What mighty presence yet unseen?
What consummation works apace
Between
These rapt enchanted Shores?

Never did virgin beauty wake
Devouter to the bridal feast
Than moves this hour upon the lake
In adoration to the east;
Here is the bride a god may know,
The primal will, the young consent,
Till surely upon the appointed mood
Intent
The god shall leap—and, lo,

Over the lake's end strikes the sun,
White, flameless fire; some purity
Thrilling the mist, a splendor won
Out of the world's heart. Let there be
Thoughts, and atonements, and desires,
Proud limbs, and undeliberate tongue,
Where now we move with mortal oars
Among
Immortal dews and fires.

So the old mating goes apace,
Wind with the sea, and blood with thought,
Lover with lover; and the grace
Of understanding comes unsought
When stars into the twilight steer,
Or thrushes build among the may,
Or wonder moves between the hills,
And day
Comes up on Rydal mere.

John Drinkwater.

The Fortnightly Review.

OUR FIGHTING MEN.

The war is like the Judgment Day—
All sham, all pretext torn away;
And swift the searching hours reveal
Hearts good as gold, souls true as steel.
Blest saints and martyrs in disguise,
Concealed ere-while from holden eyes.

And now we feel that all around
Have angels walked the well-known ground;
Not winged and strange beyond our ken,
But in the form of common men.
God's messengers from Heaven's own sphere—
Unrecognized because so near.

Ella Fuller Maitland.

The Spectator.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE SUBMARINE.

The war has now lasted for well over a year, and has been decided on the sea. It is at least eminently improbable that anything can happen to modify the results already obtained. We are therefore in a position to undertake to give an answer to some, if not all, of the questions which were debated before the strife began. The most vital, and by no means the least eagerly discussed of them, was the nature and the extent of the change in naval warfare which must be brought about by the intrusion of the submarine or submersible vessel into the ancient solitary reign of the ship which fought on the surface. The relative powers of the two kinds of craft depended on the relative values of their natural weapons. A submarine can carry guns. A battleship or cruiser is fitted with torpedo tubes. But when they are pitted against one another, the gun of the submarine is feeble indeed as a means of damaging cruiser or battleship, while the torpedo of either of these two is of small or no effect against the assailant who strikes from beneath the surface. The types, the weapon, the method are all practically different. The debate was only the more lively because down to the autumn of last year the disputants were forced to rely on deductions from argumentative premises, or experiments made in conditions which did not allow of a conclusive test. Today we have an ample experience for our guide, and it is of the fullest, the most satisfactory character. We can look back on the speculations of the last months of peace, and on the teaching of a year and a quarter of war. When the two are compared they combine to authorize us to decide what and how much has been proved.

The most thoroughgoing, the most aggressive, statement of a case is not useless because it is not wholly acceptable. It may, when it is made by a competent authority, supply a standard for comparison. No better measuring scale could be desired than Admiral Sir Percy Scott's letter published in *The Times*. It was the more effective because he could not be accused of speaking *pro domo sua*. Sir Percy was above all else a gunnery authority, and might naturally be supposed to be inclined to lean on the side of the weapon he had studied, and, as a natural consequence, to incline to prefer the form of ship of which the gun is the proper armament. The world could not but be startled when it heard him say, "The introduction of the vessels that swim under water has, in my opinion, entirely done away with the utility of the ships that swim on the top of the water." As the present purpose is not to summarize a particular controversy, I shall not inquire whether Sir Percy did not later somewhat qualify these words. A clear statement of claim in its utmost scope is what we seek, and here it is beyond peradventure. The utility of the "ships that swim on the surface" was "to be done away with" by the submarine. You cannot go farther than annihilation. Sir Percy did not leave a bald assertion standing unsupported. He gave reasons and described methods. The ship on the surface, be it as strong as construction and armor can make it, is terribly vulnerable below the water-line, where the torpedo strikes. An assailant below the surface cannot be detected. Therefore the ship on the surface cannot guard herself against the blow from under. The submarine, too, has its difficulties in seeing, but it will work with the aeroplane, which can see and report. The union of the two will—but let us hear Sir Percy Scott:—

In war-time the scouting aeroplanes will always be high above on

the look-out, and the submarines in constant readiness, as are the engines at a fire station. If an enemy is sighted, the gong sounds and the leash of a flotilla of submarines will be slipped. Whether it be night or day, fine or rough, they must go out to search for their quarry. If they find her she is doomed, and they give no quarter: they cannot board her and take her as a prize as in the olden days; they only wait till she sinks, then return without even knowing the number of human beings that they have sent to the bottom of the sea. Will any battleship expose herself to such a dead certainty of destruction? I say, No.

Sir Percy did not limit the power of the submarine to such circumstances as he indicates here. It was also his opinion that "the ships that swim on the top of the water" could be sought out and sunk in harbor, where they lie behind "the so-called protecting boom." "With a flotilla of submarines commanded by dashing young officers of whom we have plenty, I would undertake," he said, "to get through any boom into any harbor, and sink or materially damage all the ships in that harbor." Nor did he predicate that only warships would be assailed in this way. He assumed that merchant ships would be similarly attacked. When told that such treatment of unarmed trading craft would be ruled out as barbarous, he answered in his reply to critics, "All war is of course barbarous, but in war the purpose of the enemy is to crush his foe; to arrive at this he will attack where his foe is most vulnerable. Our most vulnerable point is our food and oil supply. The submarine has introduced a new method of attacking these supplies. Will feelings of humanity restrain our enemy from using it?" Without exactly saying so much, Sir Percy wrote so as to leave the impression that in his opinion the submarine would prove as fatal to the trader that swims on the top of the water as to the warship.

In the main the substance of the admiral's letters was not new to those who had had an opportunity of hearing what naval officers were saying among themselves. Very similar or even identical views had been expressed for some years past, and before the submarine had been developed to its present level of capacity. The doctrine was first effectively stated in public by him, and the position and authority of the writer compelled a hearing which might not have been given to a less distinguished teacher. Sir Percy Scott's arrow flew with the wind, and its ranging power was notably helped by his style of forcible precept. His aim was to give an account of the utmost the submarine could be expected to do. As a matter of course, his statement of the case was not accepted without question, but it is not necessary to detail the whole controversy. The substance of all the replies provoked by his letters had, I venture to think, been already given in the June number of *Blackwood* (1914), and in these words:—

Some of us find it hard to believe that any "man-of-war" which dare not openly confront an enemy and conquer in an exchange of blows, can ever dominate the sea. Victory has never so far gone to those who fight by evasion, by concealment, by striking in the dark, by waiting for the unguarded moment,—points they may score, but they have never won in the end.

The question was whether the submarine with its torpedoes was to displace the ship which commanded on the surface by virtue of its power to give and to resist blows, and by the use of the gun, or whether it was to remain a subordinate weapon. Fifteen months of naval warfare have given us a great body of evidence for our instruction. There has been actual trial by battle, and we now know what we are to expect, at least approximately.

No one can be surprised by the discovery that neither side has been proved

to have been wholly in the right. The submarine has done more, and has done less than it was expected to achieve. In one respect it has shown that it possessed greater resources than were claimed for it by Sir Percy Scott. He figured it as a craft which would depend on the co-operation of the aeroplane, and start for each attack from the shore. Whatever co-operation it has had (and on that point there has been far more speculation or fanciful supposition than evidence), it has proved that it can dispense with the aid of aircraft, and can cruise at no trifling distances from its ports. The German U boat has prowled at the mouth of the Channel, on the south coast of Ireland, and in the Mediterranean, with no small measure of success. As far as we know it has cruised alone, depending on its own power to detect and to attack. The common belief that it would be unable to act by night has been demonstrated to be quite unfounded by the sinking of the *Formidable*. On one point Sir Percy Scott judged better than many of his critics. The Germans have made use of "the new method of attacking" trade, with very little regard to humanity at any time, and on many occasions with none. The submarine, when handled by the Germans, has scored signal successes in the North Sea, the Channel, on the south coast of Ireland, in the Dardanelles and Ægean.

In the hands of British crews it has won in the same manner where it had a target, while the Austrians have to their credit one full victory—the sinking of the *Leon Gambetta*. We all see now that a new and a most destructive weapon has come into naval warfare to stay, and very probably to grow in power. It has altered the scale of values among warships, and that to the detriment of those vessels which are still the bulk of every navy—the battleships and cruisers. On that point we must all be agreed. What remain to be solved are the questions, Whether the submarine has done enough to prove that it can destroy the ship in the old sense altogether? And then if it fails to go so far, What must be the counteraction on the fleet which makes use of them, of the measures taken to guard against its attack?

When it is said that we have experience enough to go by, I do not mean to assert that the facts are known as they will be when the history of the war comes to be written. In most cases there is nothing to go by save the bare statement of the fact that H.M.S. *Pathfinder* or another was sunk by a torpedo launched by a submarine. And even if we had the report of the British officers, we could not know the story as we do, say, the action of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*. The reports of both sides are required to complete the evidence. But however fragmentary the available testimony may be, the mere event is often enough to convey the essential truth. The bald fact, for instance, that the *Hawke* was struck and sunk in daylight by an unseen foe is convincing. A few years ago it was a commonplace that the day when small vessels could hope to escape by speed or handiness from the pursuit of the larger was over. The larger the ship, the better and the more swiftly can she go in all weathers. Yet we see that a craft which was small, and probably even slow, in comparison with the cruiser, could kill by a stroke. The loss of the three *Cressys*—thanks to an erratic burst of confidence on the part of the Admiralty, and to the publication in this country of the German officers' statement to an American newspaper—is a fairly well-known episode. The pith and substance of it is both painful and convincing. Here were three British cruisers—not new vessels, indeed, but still valuable—which were sent down one after another by a single German submarine. First one was mortally wounded, and then a

second and a third as they came to help their consort.

The mere statement of the fact is enough to put the essential truth beyond dispute. It is that the big ship when left to its own resources is terribly vulnerable by the submarine. The age of the vessels is an irrelevant consideration. If the *Cressy* and her consorts had been the three newest cruisers in the British Navy, they would in the circumstances have undergone the same fate. And what were the circumstances? Simply that the three cruisers were not going at a high speed, and that they were without the protection of an attendant flotilla of destroyers. We may put aside all question as to who was to blame, if anybody was, for the absence of these guards. The point is that they were needed, or were held to be. I will go further. Suppose, as was said commonly at the time (how truly I neither know nor care), that the German officer, Captain Weddigen, had information from spy, decoy, or what not, that the three would be at the place where he attacked them, and at the time. Even so his knowledge could only tell him that he had an opportunity. It could not give him the power to strike his blows. That he drew from the nature of the craft he commanded and the deadly weakness of the big ship (for the three cruisers were big as compared to his boat) when assailed by the torpedo launched by a submarine. The disaster had a consequence which passed with little comment, and yet was of the highest significance. The Admiralty gave orders that in future whenever a British ship had fallen to a submarine attack, no other vessel of such size and draught as to be subject to the same danger was to go to her assistance. Let us allow that My Lords did well to give that order, since the rule they set up diminished the danger of loss. It was a novelty, and a sad one. The articles of war still denounce the heaviest penalty on the captain who does not go to the aid of a "known friend in sight." If this reversal of the old rule, this alteration in the standard of honor, was justified, the reason is that something has come into naval warfare which in many circumstances is so much more powerful than the big ship that it must be not assailed but avoided by her.

All this talk, too, of the need for protecting destroyers and so forth has been severely discounted by later events. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett has been allowed to tell the story of the loss of the *Majestic* in the Dardanelles. The moral of his report is obvious to all. It was known that German submarines were in the neighborhood. They had been actually seen at a depth which protected them from the ram. The *Majestic* was guarded by destroyers in a swarm. She was inside a line of transports when she was sent to the bottom by a submarine. We are informed that she was an old ship, only fit to be scrapped, as the phrase goes. But why was this old ship left to incur the danger? Simply because the new were sent away so soon as there was a serious risk that they might be attacked by submarines. There is nothing here which has not been confessed. How much there is of the same character of which we have not been informed, we shall know when the war is over. The Admiralty order and these known withdrawals are evidence enough that the weakness of the big ship is conceded in word and by act.

And yet the submarine has not dominated the sea. It has not, and let us hope it never will, but we shall do well to look carefully at the reasons for the failure, and to estimate its extent with judgment.

There is one aspect of their limited success which we must consider with special care. The Germans undertook to prove that Sir Percy Scott was a true prophet when he said that submarines would be used to destroy seaborne

commerce. In the course of their career of destruction they learned that there is a restraining influence of opinion in the world. They were made to understand how a local success of barbarism can entail its own punishment. The deep offense they gave to the United States taught them that they lost far more than they gained by such a piece of brutality as the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Moreover, they have had to recognize that we can do what they can. Since British submarines have become active in the Baltic their merchant shipping also has suffered. But this, too, is an instance of the power of the submarine. It is one which will make a precedent. What both sides have done in a great war can hardly fail to become an established rule. The enforcement of blockade by the submarine which cannot make prize—except when it is very near its own port—and therefore must needs destroy, has pretty certainly come to stay like the vessel itself. The Germans have failed to enforce blockade by the new method, but they have led to the establishment of the method.

In judging the real significance of the failure of the so-called German "blockade," we have to consider first the question of numbers and then the means used to defeat the attack. It would be idle and unmanly to deny that the British Fleet has asserted its supremacy not by quality alone but also by quantity. It has possessed the advantage of greater numbers to such a degree that there was no possibility of a fair trial of strength with fleets in the North Sea, and this inferiority in numbers has weighed on the use of the submarine by the Germans. Though some of their officers and crews have shown themselves eminently capable of handling these vessels with success, they were not leaders in the use of them, but tardy and, on the whole, unwilling followers of the French and ourselves. There is some doubt as to the number they possessed when the war began, but the figure was probably somewhere between thirty and forty. It was not enough; and though they have built rapidly since August of last year, their additions had to overtake losses, men and officers had to be practised, and in the meantime our means of defense were growing. The character and the significance of those defenses call for careful attention.

There is much in them which is not and ought not to be generally known—or if known, not repeated. But there is one fact which is a matter of common knowledge, and is not attempted to be concealed. These defenses have consisted largely of passive barriers—nets or other guards behind which the big ships can remain in safety. They have not been the only kind of defense used. Our counter-measures have been active as well as passive. Small vessels have been employed to pursue and destroy. Between the active and passive defenses the range and the power for mischief of the German submarines has been closely limited. We have lately heard less and less of successful attacks made by them on merchant ships. Their blockade has been a confessed failure. And this is the more satisfactory because the capacity of the vessels themselves had manifestly been much increased. Before the war it was generally assumed, and even explicitly stated, that they were too delicate to stand a severe blow. Yet it has been proved that they can stand a good deal of battering and survive to be brought into port and refitted. Their surface speed has been raised till they can overtake all steamships except the most rapid. Their armament of guns has been made equal to the beating to pieces of a big steamer such as the *Armenian*. In other words, they can act as commerce destroyers on the surface, and are not confined to the use of the torpedo from below and when unseen. They have repeatedly won when they acted precisely as did the

privateer of old which relied on its guns. Take, for instance, one case among several—the loss of the SS. *Hartdale* on the coast of County Down in March. She was chased for a couple of hours or so, while her skipper, Captain Martin, zigzagged and maneuvred to prevent the German from obtaining a position from which to torpedo him. The German was at last able to launch a torpedo and the *Hartdale* was sunk. But she might have perished by gunfire alone, as did the SS. *Vosges* in the same month. She, too, was pursued, fired at, and was sent down by a shot which hit her on the water-line.

One has to hesitate somewhat before speaking about the anti-submarine operations. Not only are "the when," "the where," and "the how" of our successes concealed for obvious reasons, but the censorship, working in its mysterious way, will not tell us the "how many." We must be content to know that our successes have been "formidable," and to listen with such confidence as we can muster to estimates which put the German losses at forty or fifty, or a number equal to the whole additions made to the German submarine fleet since the war began, and so forth. Yet the main fact is not to be disturbed. The submarine blockade has broken down, and though we may perhaps allow some influence to the German discovery that they were getting themselves into hot water with the United States, in the main it has failed because our counter-measures, active and passive, have been too much for it. What would have happened if the Germans had shown more foresight, if instead of entering on a rivalry of great ship building, in which they were certain to be distanced, they had provided themselves with a hundred and fifty or a couple of hundred submarines, is a question of a might have been. They would, we must assume, have scored many more successes, and our losses would have been greater before they were checked. As it is, while they have undeniably done more in some ways than their admirers generally expected, it has been shown that they cannot pass all barriers, and that they can be caught near or on the surface and destroyed by active light craft. Not once have they intercepted the transport of our army to France. They have not disturbed the main flow of our trade. There are defenses against them, and their activity can be curtailed.

So far so good. The submarine is not the towering, the destructive, the irresistible craft we were told it would be. But does it follow that the change it has made in naval warfare is less than very great? I think not, and because there seems to be no possibility of denying that they have very notably lowered the relative value of those vessels which were until today universally allowed to constitute the strength of a fleet. How great the difference made has been can be explained by a very simple comparison. If at any time down to a very recent date it had been known to an enemy that three British seventy-fours or frigates, or their equivalents, would be found cruising in certain waters at a certain time alone, what effect would the knowledge have had on his movements? He would most certainly have taken every care to keep all his small craft, or any number of his seventy-fours or frigates, or their representatives, less than that small squadron, well out of its way. Today, if it were known that three armored cruisers or battleships could be found at a given place, alone without protecting destroyers, then nothing but a total lack of submarines would prevent an enemy of spirit from attacking them. Their danger would be so obvious that they would be expected to retire, or rather they would not allow themselves to be tied to a discoverable station at all. They would keep at a distance, and on the move perpetually. And that means

that there has been a radical change in the value of the larger kind of ships.

Until the submarine was developed, the status of a ship, her relative value, depended on her size, her strength, her armament, her speed. Whatever was of less force than herself could but flee before her, and if she had the advantage in speed escape was, unless a refuge were near at hand, impossible. She might make use of small vessels for various subsidiary purposes, but she had no need of them for her protection. On the contrary, she protected them. The growth of the submarine has altered all that. Today the big ship stands in need of a guard of little attendants. The difference is radical. It is one not of degree but of kind. The ship which dominated by her independent force is not the same kind of thing as the other type of ship which needs continual guarding by something exterior to herself. One feels that a revolution has occurred in naval warfare when we are told by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, and told truly, that no sooner were German submarines known to be prowling about the Dardanelles than the mighty *Queen Elizabeth* vanished away to an unknown destination. All the best ships followed her, and only those which were but fit to be scrapped were left to undergo the fate of the *Triumph* and the *Majestic*. This is surely a confession of defeat and of failure. The fact that fresh vessels have been designed which can replace the brand-new Dreadnoughts as heavy-gun carriers in waters where the submarine is to be feared does not improve their case. It proves that the British navy can meet the new enemy with an effectual answer, and black would be the prospect if that were not the case. Whatever changes may come on the top of the water or below it, the qualities and conditions which have given Great Britain the leadership hitherto will continue to operate. New things will be found to do the old work. But one is forced to believe that these new things will have to differ very greatly from those triumphs of mechanical ingenuity, the Dreadnought battleship and battle-cruiser. They are enormously strong, but there is something on the sea, which they fear and must avoid, against which they must be protected. They seem not unlikely to be proved to be superfluous. We can use the said something as well as anybody else, and if it can force hostile Dreadnoughts to keep their distance and seek the defense of safe harbors, of what value are these monsters to us? Where are we to rank the giant ship which on the approach of a submarine has to leave the old craft she was supposed to have surpassed to take her place, and seek a safe harbor? When all the poor old craft are used up what is one to do?

David Hannay.

Blackwood's Magazine.

PRUSSIANISM AND THE POLES.

Poland is now completely occupied by the armies of the Central Empires. So far as can be discerned amid the mist which enshrouds the German lines no permanent political or administrative arrangements have yet been made by the conquerors. Poland north of the Pilica is under the military control of Marshal von Hindenburg. South of the same river the Austrian generals have assumed jurisdiction. But general staffs exercise authority for military purposes and for military purposes alone. The temporary governorship of a soldier signifies very little for the ultimate future of Poland.

Yet it is just this ultimate future which is beginning to excite no small in-

terest and fascination in our own country. There is something about the very name of Poland that stirs our blood and rouses all the most chivalrous instincts of our nature. No sooner had Warsaw fallen than newspaper speculation became rife as to the events that might be expected to happen. Even before the German troops had marched down the far-famed Jerusalem Avenue, it was credibly reported that the entry into this ancient capital was to be made the occasion of a great historic pageant. The Kaiser must be there—and the Kaiserin. A Saxon Prince might be proclaimed the new King of Poland. At any rate, these very rumors pointed to the fact that the occupation of Warsaw was much more important in the political than in the military sense.

Most of these statements—as the events have shown—have been premature. Yet the German entry into Warsaw—without the Kaiser—was not unaccompanied with circumstances of pomp and ceremony which suggested a political occasion of no ordinary importance. The few German cyclists and motorists who entered the city early in the morning after the Russian troops withdrew did not remain there very long. For a good many hours not a single German uniform was to be seen in Warsaw. Then on the following Monday Prince Leopold of Bavaria and the German troops entered the city in state.

One figure in that military pageant was especially worthy of note. Duke Ernst Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein, the brother of the German Empress, had always been averse to Prince Bismarck's stern and uncompromising policy towards the German Poles. Along with the late Cardinal Kopp, he strongly opposed in the Prussian Diet the expropriation of the estates of the nobility of Posen. Yet this same Duke Ernst Gunther was prominent among the brilliant staff officers who accompanied Prince Leopold whilst riding through the streets of Warsaw. Did not this show that the German Government realized the need of conciliating the ancient kingdom? Did it not point to some possibility of approximation between Prussianism and the Poles?

It is, of course, impossible for one who is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet to say exactly what the future may bring to Poland. That it is the subject of more than ordinary speculation among the diplomatists of the Central Empires is undoubted. How within the last few days the Austrian Foreign Minister Burian had a conference with the German Chancellor and Foreign Minister Von Jagow on this entrancing subject may be read in the reports which reach us in the daily press! The circulation in the *Chicago Tribune* in a way which suggests the inspiration of the German Embassy, of terms of peace which include the erection of an independent Kingdom of Poland shows that, at least, this desirable possibility is on the lap of the gods. Whether through fear of the menace of Russia or because convinced of the necessity of an additional buffer state, Germany seems inclined to change her traditional point of view in the affairs of Poland.

But has she really changed it? And is there any chance of her meeting the independent aspiration of the Poles? Of course, if she were, in conjunction with Austria, to give independence to Poland absolutely, if she were to give up Posen and Austria to give up Galicia, then it would be very difficult to conceive Poland refusing the gift thus freely offered.

But would even this event signify any approximation between Prussianism and the Poles? Could it mean that the new Polish kingdom would become militarized, like Turkey, under the guidance and tuition of Germany? To think so would show an unparalleled ignorance of the whole course of Polish

history and of the capacity and natural genius of the ill-fated Polish race. If there are any two ideals of government separated from one another by the whole diamater of being, they are the military government of Prussia and the free commonwealth of Poland.

Not once or twice but literally throughout the whole course of Polish history has the nation been confronted in her most generous moods with the stern and menacing spectre of Prussian militarism.

In the earliest historical days of Poland, when the rude tribes were coalescing to form a strong and independent nation, the Polish chieftains had to withstand, with their country's infant strength, the power of the Teutonic Knights. At first, as befitted a religious order, the knights slew the Poles on the ground that they were desirous of converting them, but in 964, when King Mieczyslaw I of Poland married the Princess Dombrowka of Bohemia and embraced the Roman Catholic faith, this pretext was no longer available. Later on, however, when the young Queen Jadwega married the Lithuanian Prince Jagiello and Lithuania came under the rule of Poland, the Poles were again brought into violent military antagonism with this Teutonic religious order.

The result, however, was that the Prussians were defeated. In 1410 was fought the famous battle of Grunwald referred to in the recent proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicholas promising future independence to the Poles, who there completely broke the power of the Teutonic Knights. The last of the Grand Masters of the order, Albert von Brandenburg, embraced the Protestant religion at the beginning of the sixteenth century and proclaimed himself Hereditary Duke of Prussia and vassal of the Polish crown. It is a striking example of the changes wrought in the whirligig of time—this ancient submission of Prussia to the Poles—and the scene has been portrayed by Jan Matejko, the great national painter of Poland, in one of his most striking pictures.

It is impossible to exaggerate the influence and prestige of the Jagellonian kings in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the power of Poland rose to its highest point. These capable monarchs ruled from the Baltic to the Adriatic and the Black Sea. But the fact that they were so successful showed, according to the later Prussian historians, that they were inoculated, in those days, with the virus of Prussianism. They drove their chariot cars in triumph over the ruins of the smaller states. West Prussia and Livonia had become Polish provinces, whilst East Prussia and Courland were reduced to a state of vassalage. "These sovereigns," says Von Sybel, "knew how to keep their people under a wise and firm control, especially by directing its ebullient energies to foreign conquests." Could there be a milder and more persuasive way of insinuating the gospel of Prussianism?

In fact, if one were to put within the compass of a single sentence the view of Poland promulgated by the Prussian historians, it would be simply this: In the old glorious days Poland was a benevolent despotism, where the King's might was right and the people had to be guided by his beneficent behests; but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there came darker times of anarchy and intolerance, when the people were led away by the figment of liberty and freedom and when the despots of Prussia, Russia, and Austria had to interfere in order to save the nation from itself.

If this were the last lesson of Polish history, then were there indeed cause for grave uneasiness at the recent evidences of Prussian complacency towards the Polish cause. On the Prussian view the invitation of Germany

would recall Poland to the vanished traditions of a glorious past, to a golden prime which too soon had vanished into the darkness and dullness of night. But is this view really a true rendering of the final teaching of the history of Poland?

The truth really is, that, during all the period of the Jagellonian kings, when Von Sybel can only discern the traces of a resolute military government, Poland was entering on the path of great internal reforms which tended in the direction of greater liberty and freedom. In 1367 a Faculty of Law was opened at Cracow. In 1400 this was transformed into a university with four faculties—theology, philosophy, law and medicine. Copernicus taught his new and revolutionary science to the youth of Poland. The ideas of the Reformation flowed into the country, but that less in the form of a criticism of ritual and dogma than in the political form of the release of the national church from a dependence on Rome.

Really, it was in this very region of political ideas that these reforming movements in the days of the Jagellonian kings made themselves most deeply felt. The study of classical philosophers and political writers, modified by the trend of Protestant thought, gave rise to a special school of Polish political philosophers. Their speculations were based upon two main principles, first that the best form of government is a republic; and second, that all men are equal before the law and absolutely free so far as they act within the limits of that law. It is not suggested that, in all cases, practice and theory were absolutely coterminous or that practice resolutely waited for the commanding order of the theorist; but certainly a nation whose greatest writers made it perfectly familiar with thoughts like these was a very long way off from the ideal state of Prussianism.

In the main principles of the Polish constitution of that day we detect the characteristic ethos of the Polish people. There was no room for a despot, benevolent or otherwise, within the compass of the national habits of thought. Only a certain class of people, the nobility, were, it is true, accounted full citizens. But then the nobility must not be confused with the lords and barons in a feudal or semi-feudal state. In Poland the nobles numbered about 10 per cent of the whole population.* They included the smaller knights as well as the larger nobles. Within their order there were no gradations of ranks. All were equal. Nobody bore a distinguishing title. No Court Chamberlain was needed to draw up elaborate tables of precedence. The only distinction of rank depended on executive office to which all could aspire. This is not developed democracy, but it is certainly democracy in the Greek sense, and the Polish noble is assuredly a long way off from the Prussian Junker.

But what about the conditions of the serfs? The Prussian historians show themselves very inquisitive on this point when the object is to show the Prussian elements inherent in the old constitution of Poland. In reply, it may be pointed out that their status, in the days of the Jagellonian kings, was much better than that of similar classes in every other country of the time in Europe, except England alone. It is true that they were looked upon as without full rights. In the same way Aristotle regarded "slavish and brutish" as entirely synonymous adjectives. But it is not seriously contended that Poland issued forth in the sixteenth century with a completely developed doctrine of the "Rights of Man." All that is asserted is that, considering the time and place, it contained a promise for the future that differentiated it entirely

*Compare this figure with the statistics, say, of local elections in London, where only a small percentage of the people come out to the polling-booths.

from the tendencies of Prussianism, either then or at any subsequent epoch.

Prussianism, in its most characteristic developments, implies and requires a government from above. It carries with it an absolute distinction between the king and his nobles. Prussianism nominates a bureaucracy which manages men and women precisely as the strolling player handles his automata. The inhabitants, always under martial or semi-martial law, are hurried hither and thither as their tutors and curators desire.

> Theirs not to reason why
> Theirs not to make reply.

What right have they to suppose that they can choose their own position and destiny? If in one part of the kingdom the people become undesirable they can be extirpated and removed, much in the same way that the rat-catcher plots against a new colony of his victims.

Who can dare say that there is any trace of such a spirit in the whole history of Poland? And when in the seventeenth century a period of greater disintegration supervened it was not, as the Prussian historians would have us believe, because the country had been false to the resolute government of its most glorious past, but because her citizens were ahead of their own times, were obliged to suffer the defects of their own good qualities, and had promulgated principles of liberty and freedom dear to the allied armies of today, but almost impossible to practise, friendless and alone, amid the enveloping autocracies of those earlier times.

The Poles, in fact, pursued the principles of equality and freedom to their most logical limits. At the death of the last Jagellonian king in 1572 the throne was made elective and every nobleman could aspire to it. In the seventeenth century, all laws passed by the Chamber of Deputies needed a unanimous vote. Such a state of things requires a harmony of aim and a developed tolerance of spirit to which at this very day we are only slowly and painfully beginning to attain. In the seventeenth century it was impossible. The only result of what was termed the Liberum Veto was that it made parliamentary legislation impracticable. Power passed into the hands of local councils, who initiated laws special to the area in which they acted but without any reference to national requirements. The surrounding autocracies watched the operation of these generous aspirations like vultures gazing at the slain, and instead of the election to the kingship being the opportunity for a capable noble, it became the occasion for the neighboring empires getting their favorite candidate elected to the throne of Poland.

Yet such is the power of these generous principles that Poland only slowly yielded to the military despotisms opposed to her. More than once she saved Europe from the inroads of an enveloping barbarism. She stood in the defense of civilization from the onrush of the Turks and Tartars of that early period, and when Vienna in 1683 was threatened by a great Mussulman invasion, John Sobieski, the King of Poland, came to her rescue and won for himself and for his country an undying fame.

Notwithstanding these exploits of glorious enthusiasm, however, Poland was placed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in a very difficult and delicate position. Today the pursuit of liberty and equality may help and exalt a nation. Our colonies would never have rallied to the mother country in her need if we had dealt with them according to the behests of Prussianism. It is this same tradition of justice and freedom that brings fresh recruits to the allied cause. But in those days what was one amid many, a single small voice chanting of freedom amid the harsh orders of a chorus of drill instruct-

ors? And how could Poland put herself more on a par with these environing enemies? Only by increasing the power of her executive, by enrolling a large army and by abolishing, as far as possible, all the articles in her constitution that implied too much liberty and freedom.

How Poland struggled against an evil destiny in these hard and darkening days is the great tragedy of her history. Had she been content to do in Rome as Rome did, then might she have become wholly Prussianized and saved the great body of her territory. But she would certainly then have lost her soul, and her soul was the very breath of her being. Some concession had to be made to the resolute governments around her, and so the schemes of reform provided for a paid hereditary monarchy and a stronger executive. But such proposals were combined with concessions to the middle and lower classes and other sweeping democratic suggestions which united the Courts of Prussia, Russia, and Austria in a common opposition. In 1657 the Great Elector had cast off the vassalage which Poland had imposed on East Prussia. As early as 1732 the Courts of Berlin, Petersburg and Vienna signed a convention whereby the high contracting parties made it their business to prevent reforms in Poland.

It is not the business of this article to go again in detail into all the tangled diplomatic history of the three partitions in Poland. Suffice it to show that Poland was not drifting at the beginning of the nineteenth century to inevitable self-destruction, but was rather showing signs of a free and liberal spirit which made her an object of suspicion and indifference to the autocrats who surrounded her on every side. Most prominent among these autocrats were the kings of Prussia, and there can be no doubt that at every stage of her career she was regarded by the Hohenzollerns as the antipodes of the true Prussian spirit.

There was a great deal in the attitude of Poland to confirm this opinion in the mind of the Prussian king. Defeated, dismembered, with disaster staring her in the face, the people of Poland ever preserved those generous instincts, that fine love of liberty and freedom, which never manifested themselves more conspicuously than in these hours of darkness and death. The period between the first and second partition was a period of the utmost reforming activity. Far and near the Polish patriots sought for ideas with which to sustain their nation in its hour of agony. What connection could there be between Frederick the Great and a nation which sought to get political wisdom from a letter of Rousseau?

In these days, Poland showed that she regarded treaties as a great deal more than mere scraps of paper. The states were fishing in troubled waters, and Austria never hesitated to desert Russia or Prussia to range itself with either Russia or Austria if their national interests compelled them. At one time in 1790 Poland actually concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with Prussia by which either Power bound itself to intervene should the other be attacked. But on this occasion—the sole occasion on which she found herself allied on friendly terms with Prussia—she had reason to regret that she had trusted to "princes or men's sons." So long as it suited Prussia to remain in alliance with Poland, so long she continued to observe the terms of the treaty. But whenever Austria changed from the side of Russia to the side of Prussia and the Polish alliance was no longer vital to the latter country, the Prussian ruler did not hesitate to disown it and leave Poland to her fate.

It is interesting, as showing the rooted difference between the spirit of Prussianism and the attitude of the Poles, to recall the reasons given by the Prussian king of these days for for-

swearing a solemn treaty. Poland, attacked by Russia, appealed for his help, but he refused that help because Poland had made a new constitution without consulting her ally. What was that new constitution? It was the famous constitution of May 3, 1791, which won approbation from no less renowned a political thinker and friend of liberty than our own Edmund Burke. It can easily be imagined that a constitution which Edmund Burke approved would be *anathema maranatha* to the King of Prussia.

At any rate, it is an undoubted fact that Prussia played a very sinister part in those critical years for the future of Poland with which the eighteenth century closed and the nineteenth century opened. When in 1794 Kosciuzko headed a formidable revolt which drew the attention of every freedom-loving soul in Europe to the suffering nation, it was the King of Prussia who came to Russia's assistance and did his utmost to help stifle forever the ancient testimony of Poland. Later on, when Alexander I wished to reconstitute the country as an independent kingdom under his rule, in accordance with the Act of Congress of Vienna in 1815, it was the King of Prussia again who appeared to dissuade the autocrat and to prevent his more generous designs from being realized in practice. Who can help suspect, in presence of all these clouds of witnesses, that there is no love lost between Prussianism and the Poles?

The Poles of the Duchy of Posen, which, as a result of all these unscrupulous partitionings, came under the rule of Prussia, would have unhesitatingly confirmed such a suspicion. The Prussian Government did not hesitate about its methods when it had to demonstrate to the world how it would guide the destinies of a portion of the Poles. Everything that was distinctively Polish was placed under the ban of the new rulers. Even the old names of districts were replaced by new German appellations. Prussian administrators suspended Polish laws and forced the German language on all state institutions. Poles could no longer occupy official positions. Above all, the great improvements made in the position of the peasantry during these last strenuous years of Polish independence were abolished. The worker on the land in Posen was reduced to the Prussian standard.

It is facts like these which show how unreal are the defenses which the Prussian historians of the nineteenth century offer of the partitions of Poland. Besides the taunt of anarchy or the insinuation of religious intolerance there is no imputation that appears more frequently in their pages than that of injustice to the serf. The Poles, say they, limited their franchise to the sacred circle of the nobles. They left outside the pale of their consideration the hewer of wood and the drawer of water. Why then did the new rulers of Posen find it so necessary to depress the condition of the peasant ere Prussianism could attempt to rule the Poles?

If further evidence is needed of this great gulf fixed between Prussianism and the Poles, it may be found in the events that attended the last Polish rising in 1863. This new evidence is all the more interesting that it brings upon the scene the grandfather of the present Kaiser and also Prince Bismarck, the creator of that German Empire which is now responsible for the military oversight of the affairs of Poland.

During those long and weary months of 1863 when the guerilla troops of Poland were fighting against the armies of Russia, the conviction was strong in Great Britain, France, and Austria that Prince Bismarck was guiding the affairs of Prussia in a sense unfavorable to the rebels. Russian troops were not disarmed when they crossed the Prussian borders. On the other hand, let a Pole show his face in Prussia and he

would be at once deprived of his weapons and delivered over again to Russia on some pretext or other. This was the conviction pretty prevalent at the time, and this conviction has been turned into a certainty by the publication in Paris, just before the war, of the confidential diplomatic correspondence which passed between the British Foreign Office and the British Ambassadors at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Petrograd during that particular time.

Prince Bismarck was then struggling with the Liberals. He was meditating the increase of the military power of Prussia. He had no need of popular votes, nor did he care for the uncertainties of a people's applause. Earl Russell, the British Foreign Secretary of the time, saw this unborn tendency of Prussianism. In a despatch to the British Ambassador at Berlin dated February 18, 1863, he put the pertinent question: "Is it not possible that in this Convention with Russia M. de Bismarck looks to the contingency of his requiring the aid of Russian troops to put down the Liberal majority in Prussia?"

King William of Prussia, however, who afterwards became the first German Kaiser and who was always blunt and plain of speech, is responsible for perhaps the clearest revelation of the spirit of Prussianism in these confidential despatches. "The King then said," says Sir A. Buchanan to Lord Russell, "that he had no confidence in representative institutions, which were now working badly in Prussia and had failed everywhere except in England, where it was true the people were warmly attached to the sovereign; but he contended that if they were more so now than they were thirty years ago, it was more to be attributed to the high personal qualities of the Queen than to the increased privileges they enjoyed."

This is Prussianism in its mildest temper, but even so it is difficult to see it adopted by those Poles who wrestled bravely with the ideas of the future in the interval between the successive partitions of Poland. Prince Bismarck at any rate could not contemplate with complacency the formation of a new Polish kingdom. "Bismarck says," so writes the British Ambassador at Berlin, "that Prussia will never permit the establishment of an independent Kingdom of Poland." Or take this other deliverance of the great German Chancellor of the date February 14, 1863: "The existence of Prussia will be severely compromised by the establishment of an independent Kingdom of Poland." And if we ask why Poland should thus be reckoned a future menace to Prussia, Bismarck will soon relieve our curiosity. "Her army would always be at the disposal of the French Government." In other words, Poland could not be Prussian. She must ever be on the side of the state with the more liberal ideas.

Undoubtedly these former ideas of Prussia have undergone a measure of change. In the midst of a great European war there is evidence accumulating to show that German statesmen have seriously contemplated the existence of an independent Kingdom of Poland. The Polish National Committee of Vienna, which is rather under Conservative influences, is willing that this kingdom should be linked up with Austria-Hungary. German influential newspapers, on the other hand, are loud in their vociferations that Posen can never be severed from the Empire. Evidently the new development is not yet exactly imminent, and most of its details have still to be thoroughly thought out.

Still, give the utmost possible credence to all these rumors and speculations and they are no final proof that Prussianism has been rendered congenial to the spirit of Poland. At the most the summons of Poland to a new and renovated existence implies a certain dread of what the future may bring

to Russia. She is a great and growing empire. Her population is rising by leaps and bounds. What may not Germany fear in ten, twenty, fifty years hence, if Russia has become a still greater colossus and Germany has only increased in the same ratio as it has done in the past? Evidently a buffer state is needed which will not be negligible militarily and which will interpose a certain hindering barrier to any deeper designs of Russia. This argument, then, most certainly presupposes that Poland, once granted independence, will become a great military state.

Now there is no doubt that Poland, as in the past, will know how to fight pertinaciously to defend any liberties which she may gain. But that does not mean that she will be turned into a completely military state. Here again we fall back on the argument from history. Poland can have neither part nor lot with the more aggressive temper of Prussianism.

There is a wonderful movement of revival in the old Polish Kingdom today. It is born of adversity and moves onward with difficulty because of the unpropitious circumstances of a great European war. But it has seen a gradual approximation and coalescence of all the independent political parties. It has witnessed an administrative attack on the many dislocations caused by the intervention of hostilities. This movement is not bigoted and sectarian. It treats Jews and Christians with equal tenderness and consideration. This movement is always hopeful and democratic. It is full of the highest and most generous spirit that in the days of the past has elevated the national life of Poland.

The liberal nations of Europe need have no fears for the future of an independent Poland. This historic country has the present happiness of having been promised the opportunity of independent national life by both the great contending parties in the present war. The manifesto of the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, confirmed by a subsequent declaration of M. Goremykin, is well known to the statesmen of the allied camp. The declaration of Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg may not be so fresh in our memory. "I hope," said the German Chancellor in the Reichstag on August 19, 1915, "that today's occupation of the Polish frontiers against the East represents the beginning of a development which will remove old contrasts between Germans and Poles and will lead the country, liberate from the Russian yoke, to a happy future, so that it can foster and develop the individuality of its national life."

This remarkable sentence, when it appeared, may have seemed surprising and even disconcerting to many of the British and French friends of Poland; but when we want to grasp its ultimate significance, we must judge it in the light of the long-past history of both Prussianism and the Poles.

J. H. Harley.

The British Review.

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER VI.

Joel's Darkness.

Easter was over; Peter Fleming had gone back to Oxford; Joel Hart spent much of his time away from home; the lambing season was past; midsummer had come.

Joel had friends after his own heart scattered through the countryside—young men with small estates and little education like himself. They foregathered in each other's houses, and spent their time cock-fighting and gambling, losing one day to gain the next, enjoying and

suffering all the excitements of prosperity and failure in quick succession.

Joel began by winning, and saw an easy way of retrieving his fortunes opening out before him. Then he lost, and, growing desperate, lost more and more heavily, till he had little left to lose. He owed money to the village tradesmen, but that did not trouble his conscience. When he could not meet his debts of honor—as he was pleased to call them—he felt disgraced; hurt in his pride. So he came riding home, gave himself up to brooding, sent word to Lucy that he was ill, and kept the house for days.

Ill he most certainly was, but in mind and conscience, not in body. One afternoon he sat alone in the parlor of Forest Hall, his head sunk on his breast, and his eyes burning. The fire had died out, and the hearth was filled with ash, yet, though it was June, he shivered.

Mally Ray, his old nurse and now his housekeeper, had gone off for the day, and left him to fend for himself. On the table lay the remains of a meal, and the atmosphere of the room was heavy, in spite of the sunshine outside, and the chiming of a light wind through the tree-tops of the forest.

He had slept little of late, and his nights had been made hideous by dreams, which belonged neither to the sphere of waking nor sleeping, but beset him when he was only half-conscious; and when reality, instead of being obliterated, was turned into a distortion of the truth.

A vision of old Mistress Lynn and her money-bags haunted him. But he managed to banish it in his clearer moments. No sooner, however, had his will become weakened by weariness, than the vision returned. He spent, or seemed to spend, hours counting the coins, and dropping them into a bag. Through the night, through the day, at unexpected moments, he was possessed by this demon of counting. He felt the cold metal between his fingers, yet his hands were in his empty pockets, or hanging by his side.

He looked round the room, and realized suddenly that the fire was out. Then he got up.

"Sleep," he muttered, "I must sleep or I shall lose my wits," and he flung himself down on a settle.

He closed his eyes. For a while he felt dizzy, tossed up and down upon a sea of darkness, then his brain became illuminated as with fire; he began again to count. One by one he dropped the coins into a bag. He roused himself with a smothered curse, turned over, and tried to fix his mind upon something else.

He had gone fishing the week before with some of his friends, and they had bet on their probable catch. But he had hooked only two or three little trout, too small to be of any use, so he had flung them back into the mere. Now he heard them fall with a splash, and jingle as they reached the bottom. He seemed to be fishing again, and dropping them over the side of the boat, but sometimes it was a coin he dropped, sometimes a silver-bellied fish. Still he went on counting. The trout and the money were confused in his mind. He knew that he had mixed them up; he knew that he was neither asleep nor awake, and he tried to clear his brain. The effort was painful, he struggled as though fighting with evil powers, but in the end he overcame, yet rose up feeling sick, dazed, and in despair.

The room was dusky. How long had he been lying on the settle? He looked at the clock, and it began to strike the hour of nine. At six he had counted the strokes, since then he had not heard them, yet he had not slept. He must sleep, or he would go mad. He sat staring before him for a minute, then went to the door.

He threaded his way through the deserted passages, where draughts blew

upon him from unexpected quarters; some of the rooms were shut up; but others were open, disclosing their emptiness. A gray film of dust seemed to lie on everything, and the evening light, glimmering through the cobwebbed windows, gave a green color to the air, as though it, even, had gone mouldy with long disuse.

He found Mally Ray returned to the kitchen, and preparing their evening meal. But he refused it.

Mally Ray was a dour-faced Scot, honest, clean, yet with a mind that regarded human affection as a wile of the Evil One, who tried by such a means to entrap the honest Christian to his hurt. In her heart of hearts she loved Joel profoundly, she would have sacrificed her life for him, but she would have thought shame to let him know it. As his nurse she had not spared the rod, for she saw his weaknesses; now she used her tongue in much the same way. She had a long, cadaverous face, a thin, and well-drawn-down upper lip, gray eyes and a high forehead.

"Tidy your hair, lad," she said, "it makes you look like a wandering Willy."

He smoothed it down with both hands, accustomed to do what she told him, but he pushed the hound aside that had come whimpering to his knees. It was in bad condition, having had the distemper and lost its fine litter of puppies with the same sickness.

"I'm going out," he said curtly, "don't expect me back till you see me."

She tightened her lip, looking at him with stern eyes.

"I hope you're going after no foolishness, Master Joel."

He laughed harshly, turned on his heel, and went away.

Standing by the wall, he gazed down at the trees below him, which were singing in the wind. There was a cool, sweet air, and the scent of damp earth rising from the forest. He thought that he would go and see Timothy Hadwin, and get a sleeping draught. If he were possessed by a devil, as he verily believed he was, Old Camomile would be able to cast it out.

He followed the cart-road for some way, then took the winding path that led to Timothy's cottage. The old man was sitting on the bench by the door, enjoying the calm of the twilight.

"I can't sleep," said Joel.

Timothy looked quietly into his face, saw the lines round his mouth, and the restlessness of his eyes.

"Tell me how you feel," he replied.

"I can't sleep," reiterated Joel; "give me something to make me sleep."

"Come in," said the old man. His living-room was small, but neat and clean. There were rows upon rows of shelves along the walls, filled with jars and bottles; the place smelled of lavender, rosemary, lad's love, and other sweet herbs. He mixed a powder and gave it to the young man, then he made him lie down.

"You must open your mind, my lad," he said, "and let the sweet influences of the night in. Peace floweth about us like a river."

"Not round me! Nothing has ever flowed round me but black waters, and I'm drowning in 'em."

Already he felt the cold waves of which he spoke pressing upon his eyelids so that he could not see. He heard Timothy's voice; it came to him as through a curtain. The old man was talking of peace. What was peace? Was it but the exhaustion of passion, the sinking down of a stormy sea, as waves sink, when the tempest is over? Or was it paralysis of the living soul, which had felt so much that it could feel no more? Or could it be the inflowing of some holy element, that would mingle with his thoughts and purify them? He longed for it, whatever it was. He longed to be quiet, and as he pondered over the thoughts which Timothy's words had roused, the roar-

ing in his ears subsided, the darkness lightened like the coming of dawn. He imagined that he was lying on golden sand, and gazing up at a river flowing over his head. Peace! The waters of Peace! Timothy had said that they flowed through the world, and now he was bathed in them. He heard the river's ripple as it passed; he felt at rest.

For a few minutes longer the old man talked on, but Joel could not make out what he said, for the words were subdued and mingled with the murmur of the magical river.

"Settled weather has come at last," remarked Timothy, going to the door, and looking at the sky, which was flying with rosy streamers, although so late. But Joel made no reply. He had gone to sleep.

A circle of silence held the cot all through the night. Though the white tails of innumerable rabbits flickered down in the forest, and birds called to each other, and leaves chimed a sylvan chorus, about the purlieus of Timothy Hadwin's abode lay a deep hush. Here nothing stirred; it was as though an enchantment had fallen.

Joel slept profoundly. The evil spirit that haunted him in the meantime had fled, and left his mind a blank. It was swept and garnished—a place for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, or seven devils.

Daylight had hardly died out of the sky when dawn began. It came with a primrose light in the east, and a fresh wind. All things woke at the passing of the wind. The silence about Timothy's cot snapped, and from each grass-blade rose a sibilant whisper, that, united, sounded like women's skirts sweeping by. Mint and thyme, lavender, roses and honeysuckle filled the garden with perfume.

Joel, too, awoke. He was lying upon the settle covered with rugs, with a cushion under his head. At first he could not remember where he was, but gradually the trouble of last night returned. He lay still for a while, thinking how soon another night would be upon him, and dreading the thought of it. He remembered that today was his birthday.

He got up. Timothy was not to be seen, but the fire was burning, the kettle singing as it swung by its iron chain over the flames. His own life was very like the kettle, hung by the iron chain of fate over the fires of the world. He sat down to await Timothy's return. He had not the energy, and he did not know if he had the desire, to go away without speaking to him. Besides, another night was coming on, and he dared not see it approach without having by him the medicine that gave sleep.

Yet, although he was a good deal refreshed, the beauty of the summer morning was not for him, for he refused to accept its bounty. He did not smell the eglantine that climbed up the porch of the cot, and scented the air with the most memory-waking of scents; he did not taste the sweet wind that puffed in his face; he wet his dry lips and tasted bitterness.

Timothy was some time returning, and Joel, for lack of better occupation, began to puzzle over the mystery of the little man—he remained a mystery in High Fold, though the villagers had long ceased to speculate about it, and had probably forgotten, so many years had he lived among them, that his origin was still unknown. He had arrived one spring-tide, forty years ago, and settled down in this cot. Though a young man then, his head was silver-white. He lived quietly, received no letters, paid no visits, save to the sick in the neighborhood—but spent his time gathering herbs, and, when he found an understanding ear, he talked garrulously about his thoughts, but never alluded to his circumstances. He was an educated man, knew many foreign languages, had read many strange books,

studied the stars, and believed, to some extent in astrology. Further than that no one knew about him.

Presently the old man came, wet with dew, and carrying a basket of roots, which he had been digging up in Cringel Forest.

"There's a virtue in them at dawn," he said, "that's gone by the time the sun is high. Everybody who rises at dawn has felt the same virtue in his own body."

Timothy talked cheerfully, and prepared their morning meal without ever remarking upon the previous night.

"Take an old man's advice, and a fishing-rod," he said, "and spend the day on Swirtle Tarn. I'll come too. It's a long time since I tempted trout with a bracken clock."

Soon after breakfast they sallied forth, and went up the dale past Greystones. Even on this June day the house seemed to stand aloof from the sunshine. It looked lonely and out in the cold, like a soul that had withdrawn itself from intercourse with its fellows. The heavy green of the sycamores, now in full leaf, hid the barns.

They kept by the beck-side. The bracken all about them was glittering with beetles—bronzy, golden things, that hung like beads to the fronds. In the distance they saw Barbara; near at hand Jan Straw was weeding a little patch of cultivated ground with slow, slow fingers.

Silence held the inside of the house as well as the outside. Lucy was baking scones on the girdle, but the curtains of her great-grandmother's bed had not yet been withdrawn.

The old woman kept Midsummer's Day like a fast. In the annals of her life it was marked as a day of gloom, a day when her spirit came into touch with the supernatural, when her heart wept tears, though her eyes were dry. Its return each year brought the past back to her, the wild past when adventure came riding to the door, and no one need go out to seek it. Sometimes she could reach back through the dusty years, and feel her flesh grow young and warm, and know that she, and the Annas Lynn of twenty, were one. But at other times, the eyes that she fixed upon those ancient scenes were old and cold, and she failed to make the dry bones live.

One Midsummer's Day in her youth she had stood on the fells and seen a phantom army pass. This happened three years before the rebellion of 1745. Some of the village folk saw the apparition also, but none of them recognized the leader of it, mounted on a black horse. A year later she again saw the phantom army. It seemed to move along the top of the fells—a train of marching men, gun-carriages and baggage. Then the mists came down and hid it.

Next year, Joel Hart—the Jacobite Joel Hart—had led a little company over the hills into Scotland to welcome Prince Charles Edward back to his rightful inheritance. Though another man's wife, Annas Lynn had wept for the handsome cavalier. Months of disaster followed; the haughty lady of Forest Hall had given birth to a son; but Culloden had been fought, and there was no hope for the rebels. It was then that the lady came a suppliant to Annas Lynn, whom she had scorned in the past, guessing that more than a kindly feeling lay between her husband and her. But the house was full of soldiers, and Joel had ventured home to see his child before fleeing to France. She prayed that Annas would hide him till the search was over.

For a day and a night he lay hidden in the wool-barn undetected by even the keen eyes of David Lynn. Then on Midsummer's Eve the Northern Lights had played for an hour above Thundergay as they had played before Lord Derwentwater was beheaded thir-

ty years previously. "Derwentwatter's Leets," the fell-folk had called the aurora since that night. Annas watched the great bars shoot and fade with despair in her heart, for she felt sure that Joel was doomed, and he was shot by soldiers on the lookout for him the following evening.

Upon these scenes the old woman dwelt every Midsummer's Day.

She lay in the four-poster, shut in from distracting sounds and sights by the curtains. Could Lucy have been so bold as to peer between them, many a strange expression flitting across the old face would not only have astonished, but startled her. For her great-grandmother could hate and love with a mighty passion. Sometimes she bore a strange likeness to herself as she had looked when she bade Joel goodbye, and he slipped out of the wool-barn into the dark night. She had been tall and fair in those days—like Barbara—but with a jewel glittering in each eye. Or, again, her face might reflect that look of misery with which she had watched his dead body being carried past the farm on a spruce-bough early the next morning. Or her expression might change to one that recalled her hatred of David Lynn, her husband, when he had stood by and commended the soldiers for their deed of blood. From that day to this, though he had long been laid in his grave, she thought of him with aversion. She had spurned her children, and her children's children, because they took after him in looks and character. Not till Barbara was born and another Joel Hart bore the form and features of his ill-fated grandfather, did her heart warm again to human affection.

She remembered that today was Joel's birthday. It was one more coincidence, which led her to regard Midsummer's Day with superstition. She looked upon the young man as a message from the other world, and she gave him her blessing. When she died, her wealth was to be divided between him and her great-grandchildren. She knew that he was hard-up now, but money had grown so dear to her, that she could not part with it till she must, even for a lost love's sake. By tortuous paths the human soul travels away from the generous impulses of youth, and reaches, in old age, a place where it had never thought to be!

Today her memory had been acute, and she had suffered. She felt that she had been consorting with the living and not the dead—though they had died long ago; three-score years and ten were wiped out.

Pulling back the curtains, she called to Lucy.

"Go down to Forest Hall and tell Joel I want him," she said.

"He's but now gone up the dale with Timothy Hadwin," replied Lucy.

"Keep a watch for him returning and bring him in. It's a long while since he came to Greystones to see the old woman, though, doubtless," she peered into the girl's face, "doubtless he's often been at the bridge philandering with a young one."

"Indeed, no, you're mistaken, great-granny."

It was evening when Joel came, bringing with him half a dozen trout strung on a withy. He found Mistress Lynn in a talkative mood; he caught a glimpse of the white flesh of her youth peeping out from under the hard old mail of age.

She talked to him of his grandfather and the wild times of the Rebellion. She made the past live. She told him how the village was full of soldiers and spies. She pointed to the wool-barn door, at the other side of the passage, and bade him look in, and he would see it now as it was then, with the fleeces piled up, waiting for market-day, but at that time a hunted man was hiding among them.

Barbara, sitting by the window darning, listened intently. The old tale was an Iliad to her. She found in it the same elements of greatness, of romance and poetry, as in the stories of Homer. The passions roused were deep passions, the sorrows suffered were real sorrows. Her great-grandmother, the ill-fated man, the lady of Forest Hall had not lived in vain, for they had felt down to the depths of their natures. This was the essence of true poetry. Barbara thought that, if she had had the learning and the genius, she would have made an Iliad out of the old woman's story for the fell-folk.

The wool-barn door still stood open. The stone flags, the oaken rafters, the brandereth on the hearth—the place had always been used for baking and brewing, as well as the storing of fleeces—were the same as those which Joel Hart, the Jacobite, had looked upon among the last things he had seen on earth. Doubtless, during the day and night he had spent there, they had become engraved upon his brain. A man could still hide among the sheep's wool.

Then Mistress Lynn unlocked the bridewain and showed Joel an old horse-pistol with rusty stains upon it—which were his grandfather's blood. In a fit of generosity she gave him a sovereign as a birthday gift.

Joel had listened to her tale with wandering attention. His own troubles were too absorbing for him to give much heed to this story of long ago. Although his mind had recovered its balance, and he was no longer haunted by the fear of going mad, yet it had not gained serenity. He felt that he was choking in a narrow way, and could discover no turning.

The unlocking of the bridewain roused him. He took the sovereign, fingered it restlessly, thinking of the hoard from which it came.

"When I's dead, lad, thee shall have many like it," said the old woman.

The impulse was on him to tell her, there and then, about the snare into which he had got his feet, to throw himself upon her compassion, and beg for her aid. But he controlled this feeling, for Barbara and Lucy were present, and he was too proud to unburden himself before them.

"It's ill waiting for dead folk's shoes," said Lucy. "I wish you'd give us some of it to enjoy while you're here to teach us how to spend it aright."

"Dead folk's shoes, when they're well-lined, are verra comfortable things to step into, my lass," retorted the old woman, taking no notice of the other part of her petition.

"I'm of Lucy's opinion," said Joel. "I'd have great pleasure in drinking your health with it now, great-granny."

She looked up with a certain suspicious light in her eyes.

"You've got a sovereign," she said coldly; "how many more do you want?"

He laughed uneasily.

"As many as your kind heart could spare a poverty-stricken fellow like me."

"In good time, my lad, all in good time."

Barbara also lifted her eyes and gave the young man a long and serious look; then she dropped them without comment.

Joel smiled sourly. If Mistress Lynn's money was to do him any good, he must have it now. Later would be too late.

Timothy Hadwin had cast out the evil spirit with which he had been possessed. He had wakened in the morning free from its baleful influence, but he had neglected to fill its vacant place with a better one. He had let himself drift. All through the day the old man had striven to rouse him, but he could make nothing of Joel. His mood varied from flippant to sullen, but a serious interest in, or a manly attitude towards life, he seemed to be incapable of attaining.

Now he sat gazing on the bridewain, thinking of what it contained, and wondering if Mistress Lynn would lend him some money. But even as the thought passed through his mind, he dismissed it. She would want to know all about his ways and means, his follies and sins; she would search the most secret places of his heart if he once gave her the opportunity, and there was much he would be ashamed for any eye to see.

The old woman sent him to the spring to bring her a mug of fresh water, for she was thirsty. As he stood in the gloaming with the dark farm buildings all about him, and the sycamores shuffling overhead, and the water gurgling at his feet, his eyes burned, and he wet his dry lips with his tongue. He filled the mug and drank, filled it a second time and drained it again. He was assailed by temptation. Could he not, by some means, anticipate the old woman's decree concerning the disposal of her money? A third of it was to be his—she had said so. Could he not have it now? It profited her nothing laid up in blue linen bags. It would bring salvation to him. The matter was not difficult to accomplish. Fate seemed to have thrown the chance at him, nay, had prepared it and laid it before him ready to be carried out. He had a sleeping-draught in his pocket which Timothy Hadwin had given him. The old man had been reluctant, but he had insisted. If he dropped it into the cup of water, Mistress Lynn could drink it without thinking. And if she did discover a faint, curious taste, she would imagine it due to the state of the spring, grown round as it was with water-weeds. He could hide, as his grandfather had done, among the fleeces, and then, when night came, and Barbara and Lucy were safe asleep upstairs, what could be easier than to slip out and open the bridewain unnoticed and unheard? He had seen Mistress Lynn hide the key under her pillow.

He put the idea from him with distaste; even though he promised himself that he would take no more than his share, that he would repay it some day, he could not help feeling it a cowardly act for a man to contemplate and that man the master of Forest Hall.

He filled the cup and returned towards the house. But on the way he paused. The darkness of his future appalled him; he was undone if he could not meet those debts of honor. Where could he hope to get the money if not here? And such a chance was not likely to come his way again. He had no time to argue the whole question over once more: he had been away too long already.

Mistress Lynn drank the water unsuspiciously. Old Camomile was too wise to put the powerful drug he had given Joel the night before into such weak hands. The young man was strong, and would sleep soundly enough, when he learned to regulate his life like a Christian gentleman.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD ROBERTS.

It was a score or more years ago, and at the Old Vagabond Club (now merged into the Playgoers), that I first met Lord Roberts. When he became the president of the club we celebrated the event by a dinner at which he was the guest of honor. As one of the original members of the club and as a member of the Executive Committee, I was introduced to the great soldier. All I expected was a bow, a handshake and a "How-do-you-

do," but Lord Roberts was more gracious and cordial than any great soldier—even if an Irishman—ever was before, so at least it seemed to me, a scribbler of sorts, whom he was meeting for the first time. He was in fact so very kind that I was emboldened to ask a favor. Among the guests was a young officer in what was then the Artillery Volunteers. I knew it would immensely gratify him to meet the Field-Marshal, so towards the close of the conversation I ventured to say, "It has been a very great honor and pleasure to me, Lord Roberts, to meet you and to have this talk. I wonder whether you'll think me trespassing on your kindness if I ask to be allowed to present an acquaintance of mine. He is a Volunteer officer, a junior subaltern in the Artillery, and to meet you would, I am sure, be a red letter day in his life, would you allow me to present him!"

"Why of course. I shall be delighted. Bring him along by all means," was the reply, and the young man was accordingly presented.

The reader will hardly believe me when I say that this Volunteer subaltern of Artillery thought well to instruct the master gunner in the science of gunnery, and in fact to tell the Field-Marshal what in his, the Volunteer subaltern's opinion was wrong with the British Army.

Had Lord Roberts replied civilly but curtly as some in his place would have done: "You think so, do you. Oh, indeed! Very interesting I'm sure. Good evening," and walked away, one could hardly have wondered. But no; he heard the other out with perfect courtesy, if with resignation, and in his own mind no doubt with amusement.

I reminded Lord Roberts of the incident only last year and he replied with a laugh: "I recall the matter perfectly, for I like to think I have a retentive memory. Of course I was, as you say, amused at the young man's assurance and confidence in his own military knowledge. Many very young men are prone either to too great diffidence or to too great assurance. I think on the whole I incline to envy the young man with plenty of assurance, especially as I was disposed to be diffident myself at his age, as many of us Irishmen, for all our seeming confidence, are. But in any case I owed it to you who had introduced him, as well as to myself, to treat him outwardly at least with courtesy and consideration."

That was Lord Roberts' charming and kind way of putting it, but to me, a young man myself when the incident happened, it was a lesson in fine breeding and in fine manners, on the part of a great soldier and great gentleman.

I heard afterwards that the Volunteer subaltern of Artillery, in speaking at a distribution of prizes to members of his corps, the very evening following upon his one and only meeting with the Field-Marshal, made frequent use of such phrases as "When I was talking to Lord Roberts about the matter," "What I told Lord Roberts ought to be done," and so on, no doubt to his own satisfaction and possibly with the result that the members of the audience were for the first time made to realize what a very important figure he was in the military world. Later on, however, some one who knew the facts wrote to him suggesting that the book for which the world was literally panting was a work from his pen entitled "My Recollections of Lord Roberts," and, when the Boer War broke out, a telegram purporting to come from Lord Roberts, urging the Volunteer Artilleryman to take supreme command in South Africa, was despatched to him by a playful friend. I have no doubt the young man, who will now be getting elderly, would be the first to laugh at his own youthful self-confidence, and that if this paper should by any chance meet

his eye he will pardon me for thus, and for the first time, telling the tale in print.

Here is an instance of Lord Roberts' kindness to, and interest in younger men. A Territorial captain—his brother an officer in the Regular Army told me the story—was taking part in a field day with his battalion in Berkshire. His instructions were that he was at all costs to hold a certain line of country. It so happened that the attack developed in a direction which made it necessary for him hurriedly to advance his men to a flank and away from his reserves, whom he had posted where they were under cover and out of sight of the enemy. The young officer (he was a junior subaltern recently joined) in command of the reserves evidently had very mistaken ideas in regard to discipline. His idea appeared to be that discipline consists in staying where you were originally told to stay, like the "boy" on the burning deck in the poem of "Casabianca" until receiving orders to another effect. Needless to say the very reverse is true. Soldiers today are taught clearly to observe events and to act on their own initiative should unexpected developments arise. Seeing that the tide of war was drifting the firing-line and its supports away from the reserves, the duty of the officer commanding the reserves was not to remain stodgily where he had originally been placed (to do that would be less obedience to discipline than a breach of discipline), but while keeping the reserves directly in signaling communication with the firing-line, as well as under cover and out of sight of the enemy, so to alter his own dispositions as to be ready to reinforce and to reinforce quickly when called upon to do so.

This however he failed to do, and when his superior officer finding himself hard pressed, signaled for the reserves, there was no reply.

Unfortunately there was neither a galloper nor a cyclist at hand to carry a message. "If I don't get my reserves here in half an hour," this officer said, "I shall lose the position, and the loss of this position may mean, probably will mean, victory for the enemy all along the line. It shan't be so if I can help it. Now what can I do?"

Hurriedly but keenly he scanned the rolling Berkshire down around him. On the whity-brown high road that curved outward in a huge half-circle from the point where he was standing, he saw a cloud of dust. "A motor! and coming this way!" he exclaimed. "Follow me, Brown." (This to a non-commissioned officer.) Stooping low, so as not to offer a target to the enemy, he sprinted in a line which intersected the high road, at the nearest point, which the on-coming car must pass.

The motor was almost on him as he reached the road and leaping into the center held up his hand.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to the occupant, "but I'm in command of troops holding this position. We're attacked in force, and my reserves are some distance away near a copse, along the road in the direction you have come. I've signaled for reinforcements, but they have not kept up their communications. I have neither a galloper nor a cyclist. If I get my reinforcements here in half an hour, I can hold the position. If I don't, I lose it, and losing it means everything to the enemy. I wonder whether you'd be so very good as to lend me your car for a few minutes to carry a message!"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the occupant. Turning to the chauffeur he said, "You are entirely at this officer's disposal. I shall walk on and you can pick me up when he has done with you."

As he spoke he got out of the car and as he lifted his cap in response to the young officer's salute and hasty word

of thanks the latter recognized Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V. C.!

A day or two later the great soldier was celebrating his eightieth birthday, and received a letter from the officer in question. It was to remind Lord Roberts of the incident, to apologize for the liberty the young officer had taken in stopping the car, to thank him warmly for his kindness, and to mention that the reserves had been brought up at the double in time to save the position. The officer concluded by asking to be allowed to congratulate the Field-Marshal on attaining his eightieth year and to express the hope that the great soldier might be spared to celebrate many similar anniversaries.

A reply came almost by return of post.

Dear Captain L——: Many thanks for your letter and kind congratulations on my 80th birthday. I was delighted to be of assistance and even am more delighted to learn the successful result of that assistance. You did the right and only thing in stopping my car. If ever you are this way, and disengaged, I hope you will call and give me the pleasure of making the further acquaintance of so good and resourceful a soldier. Yours truly,

Roberts.

I have heard many noble tributes paid to Lord Roberts, but I remember none which touched him more than that of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, at the Whitefriars Club. Lord Roberts was the club guest, Mr. John Foster Fraser being chairman, while I had the honor of being in the vice-chair.

The toast of Lord Roberts' health was seconded by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who was meeting the Field-Marshal for the first time. The Whitefriars dinner to Lord Roberts was merely a compliment to a great soldier. Not all of those present would have shared the views he entertained upon the question of National Service, and controversial issues were therefore carefully excluded. Speaking of Lord Roberts as a soldier, and as a writer, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, in one of the most generous tributes to which I have ever listened, assured him that by no class was our guest held in greater honor and affection than by the Nonconformists of this country and of every denomination. Lord Roberts knew that many Nonconformists differed from him in politics and upon the question of National Service, of which he was the acknowledged champion; and Dr. Nicoll's tribute, so gracefully phrased, so obviously sincere in its expression of personal reverence and affection, gratified him deeply.

That he felt a little sore in regard to the misunderstanding of his views by some Nonconformists is clear, I think, from a letter of his which lies before me as I write.

I happen to be a Churchman myself but for the last eight or nine years before the war I devoted no inconsiderable portion of my time in trying to put the case for National Defense, as advocated by Lord Roberts, before my many friends in the Nonconformist Press, and I am glad and grateful to remember that, while not sharing my views, the editors of the great Nonconformist and Free Church organs gave me for the most part—there were exceptions—full opportunity, to "state a case." In April, 1913, I spoke on National Service at a great "Brotherhood" meeting held in Hastings.

As this was, I believe, the first occasion upon which an address upon such a subject was to be given at a Brotherhood meeting, Lord Roberts took a very keen interest in the matter. He was indeed so anxious to remove any misunderstanding which existed that he sent me a special message to deliver in his name to my audience. The message was in the form of a letter to myself and as it puts his views very plainly, I print it here in full:

Englemere, Ascot, Berks,
12—14—13.

Dear Kernahan,—I am very glad to learn that when asked to speak at the Brotherhood meeting which is to take place in your own town on Sunday the 20th instant, you refused to do so unless you were allowed to deal with the question of National Service.

I know that there are many very well-meaning people who think that all military training is an abomination, and who are convinced that the life of youth in barracks is a continued round of vice and immorality of all kinds. I am prepared to admit that this certainly was true 200 years ago, and possibly it was true even at the beginning of the last century. During Marlborough's wars we know from history that the ranks of the Regular Army were filled up by taking broken men of all kinds, and forcing them into the service.

Any man who was really on his last legs—broken debtors, tramps and vagabonds, condemned felons—these and such as these were forced into the ranks. Can it be wondered if the Army got a bad name; and, as we know, there is nothing so hard to live down as a really evil reputation. But all this is changed and has been changed for some years. Have we not heard that the chief constable of the county of Cambridge announced, after the army maneuvres, that although 45,000 men had been turned loose in the area for which he was responsible, yet not a single accusation for wrong-doing had been brought against any of these soldiers? Have not the papers just recently told us that 10,000 men taken at random from the garrison at Aldershot have been billeted upon the inhabitants in the Hartley district, that these men were willingly received by the people of the district in their houses, and that again, in this instance, there has not been one complaint of misconduct? I must confess that I am pained, as well as surprised, when I find that those who profess, and profess very loudly, that they are followers of Christ, should still look upon the defenders of their country with such unChristian suspicion and dislike.

I should like you to read out to the meeting the following extract which occurs in an article on "Ger ıany and the Germans," by Mr. Price Collier. It can be found in the current issue of *Scribner's Magazine.* "Military training makes youths better and stronger citizens and produces that self-respect, self-control and cosmopolitan sympathy which more than aught else lessen the chances of conflict. I can vouch for it that there are fewer personal jealousies, bickerings, quarrels in the mess room or below decks of a warship, or in a soldiers' camp, than in many Church and Sunday School assemblies, in many club smoking-rooms, in many ladies' sewing and reading circles. Nothing does away more surely with quarrelsomeness than the training of men to get on together comfortably. Each giving way a little in the narrow lanes of life, so that each may pass without moral shoving. There are no such successful schools for the teaching of this fundamental diplomacy as the sister-services: the Army and the Navy."

"Here is another extract," Lord Roberts then goes on himself, "from a New Zealand paper, which was forwarded to me by a friend in that Dominion:

"The Rev. W. Ready, the well-known Methodist Minister, took up a strong stand on the subject of military training at a meeting of the Society of Friends held in Auckland recently. Mr. Ready, who was present by invitation, was taken to task for some remarks he had made on the subject at the recent Methodist Conference. He thereupon explained to the meeting his attitude at the Conference. There was a time, he had told the Conference, when he held the opinion that camps were very immoral, and not places to which youths should be sent; but since he had had his sons attending camp as Territorials, he had been converted into believing that these camps were moral and were well-regulated. Every instinct of his moral nature went against

compulsory training, but he had his sons in the Territorials. At this point there were cries of 'Shame' from the assembled members of the Society of Friends, but Mr. Ready stuck to his guns and declared that he was not going to advise his boys to break the law, merely because he objected on principle to military training. The Defense Act was now the law of the land, and he would no more advocate his sons breaking the law than he would support the English Suffragettes in their militant tactics. This is both sound ethics and common sense, and Mr. Ready has done the community a service in emphasizing the duty of every man to obey the law. The change in his opinions on the subject of camps is interesting and gratifying and should be noted by those who profess to be so concerned about their evil influences."

Lord Roberts next made some appreciative remarks about my own work in the cause of National Defense. These I took the liberty of omitting when reading this letter at the Brotherhood meeting, and I follow a similar course in transcribing it now. Otherwise this very interesting letter which is here for the first time printed, is given exactly as he wrote it. The letter concludes thus: "I sincerely hope that your discourse at the Brotherhood meeting will help to dissipate the suspicions against military life and all connected with it.

"Yours very truly,
"Roberts."

That he should, in his eighty-first year, have been at the pains of writing so lengthy a letter for one of the rank and file, merely, of his supporters to read at a meeting held in a Nonconformist Church, bears witness not only to Lord Roberts' unwearying energies but also to his earnest desire, one might even say his anxiety, that the case for National Defense should be fully and fairly put before his fellow Britons of the Free Churches. Had he lived to see the response made by the Free Churches—not even excepting some members of the Society of Friends—in sending the flower of their young manhood to the heroic task of subduing the monster of Prussian militarism, it would have added gladness and thankfulness to his "Nunc Dimittis" when within sound of the guns the hero-soul of the great soldier and patriot passed into the presence of his God.

Even as an old man—though none of us who knew and loved him could ever bring ourselves to think of Lord Roberts as old—his energy was amazing and the amount of work he got through was stupendous. His mere correspondence alone would have kept any other man going all day and with no moment to spare for the many great issues with which his name was connected. He accomplished so much because he practised in his own life the organization, if not indeed the National Service, which he preached to the nation —the organization which as he foresaw would be so tremendous a driving power behind Germany when the time came for her to force upon this country the war which he even more clearly foresaw.

As an instance of how Lord Roberts systematized his days I may mention that a friend of mine and his, recently returned from Bulgaria, wished to see Lord Roberts to put certain military facts before him and also, if I remember rightly, to present him with some interesting trophies of the war which he knew the Field-Marshal would prize. He wrote accordingly and asked for an appointment. Lord Roberts replied by return of post, from Almonds' Hotel, Clifford Street, W, to say that he was then in town but was returning to Ascot the following day. "If it will be saving you a railway journey, and I know what a busy man you are," he wrote, "to see me here at the hotel, instead of at

Ascot, by all means let it be so. But I am afraid, if not too early for you, it must be at 8.30 in the morning as the rest of my day is already mapped out."

My friend, a middle-aged man, smiled sadly in telling me the story. "As a matter of fact," he said, "8.30 and even later generally sees me tubbing, shaving, or at best breakfasting; but if 8.30 was not too early for a great soldier, who had turned eighty, to be up and ready to receive visitors, I could hardly plead that 8.30 was too early for me," and the appointment was made.

Other men as greatly concerned in great matters as Lord Roberts was, cannot always spare time to acknowledge and to show appreciation of work for a good cause which is brought directly to their notice. Lord Roberts could find time, or perhaps I should say made time, to write graciously about work, the doer or the author of which had done nothing to bring that work under the Field-Marshal's eye. If I speak here of an experience of my own, it is not because I wish to speak of myself, but because much mere generalizing about a great man's kindness of heart counts for less than one actual instance of a kindly deed done, and related from personal knowledge.

In April, 1910, I contributed to the *London Quarterly Review* an article on National Defense. It was addressed specially to Nonconformists, one of the opening paragraphs being as follows: "I do not for a moment believe that Nonconformists are one whit less patriotic than any other great religious body, but I fear there is some misconception on their part—due no doubt to the intolerance and the exaggeration of some of us who champion the cause of National Defense—in regard to our aims and our purposes. It is in the hope of removing some of these misconceptions that I pen the present paper."

The article I did *not* send to Lord Roberts, nor did I do anything, directly or indirectly, to bring it under anyone's notice. Yet a few days after the Review appeared, I received the following letter from him. The Rev. R. Allen of whom he speaks, I may say, was and still is, an entire stranger to me, and I to him.

Englemere, Ascot, Berks,
April 4, 1910.

Dear Sir,—The Rev. R. Allen, a friend of mine of many years standing, has been good enough to send me a copy of the *London Quarterly Review* for this month, and to draw my attention to the first article, written by you, on "How to Defend England."

I am delighted with the article itself, and with the very clear and convincing way in which you have put forward the advantages of military training and discipline for all our able-bodied young men, as affecting not only the position of Great Britain as a World Power, but the individual, moral, and physical improvement of the men of the nation.

But I am still more delighted that such an article should be allowed to appear in a Journal published from the Wesleyan Book Room. I am quite at one with you in believing that Nonconformists are not one whit less patriotic than any other great religious body, but there is some misconception on their part in regard to the aim and purpose of those who advocate universal military training for Home Defense.

My hope is that such misconception may be removed and that every Briton, whatever his position and whatever his sect, will realize the necessity for taking the defense of his country seriously.

Such articles as yours will do much to effect this and to open the eyes of those who are now blind to England's needs and England's dangers before it is too late.

Yours truly,
Roberts.

Like most Irishmen Lord Roberts had a keen sense of humor. At a pub-

lic dinner at which I was present he had for a near neighbor at the high table Lord Willoughby de Broke, who in his after-dinner speech had occasion to refer to the Territorial Army.

"If I am asked," he said, "whether a young man should join the Territorial Army my answer is invariably 'Yes' and for three reasons. The first reason is that he will, perhaps for the first time in his life, be coming under the salutary influence of discipline, and I say confidently and without fear of contradiction, that there is no finer influence for a young fellow than that of discipline."

These were sentiments that appealed to a soldier, and of the many approving cries of "Hear! Hear!" which came from all parts of the room none rang more whole-heartedly than those of Lord Roberts.

"My second reason," went on the speaker, "is that the young man will thereby be discharging a patriotic duty. Today we are all thinking too much of our rights, rarely of our responsibilities, and in my opinion every able-bodied young fellow, whether he be a duke's son, a draper's son, or the son of a costermonger, should be trained to defend his country in her hour of need against an invader."

Once again Lord Willoughby de Broke was expressing the very sentiments with which Lord Roberts' name was so closely associated and again it was the great soldier's "Hear! Hear!" which was most emphatic.

"And lastly," concluded the speaker, "my reason for advising every young fellow to join the Territorial Army is that it gives him a chance of getting away from his wife for a night or a week or a fortnight without putting him to the trouble of hashing up some silly excuse which she knows is as palpably a fake and a lie as he does himself."

Thus far Lord Willoughby de Broke had spoken with such grave earnestness that we were all prepared as heartily to endorse his third reason as his previous ones. Lord Roberts had in fact raised his right hand above his left to applaud when the speaker sprang this surprise upon us and especially upon those of us who were married, for the dinner was graced by the presence of Lady Willoughby de Broke and Lady Roberts, as well as by other ladies, the wives, daughters and sisters of those present.

For one second the company, if I may so phrase it "gaped" open-mouthed at the trap into which they had been led, and then there was a great roar of laughter in which no one more heartily joined than did Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lady Roberts and Lord Roberts himself.

I recall another and grimmer instance of Lord Roberts' sense of humor. On February 27, 1914, he introduced to the Prime Minister at the latter's official residence in Downing Street, a deputation whose object was to plead the cause of National Service. When I say that it was a great occasion I am not expressing my own opinion, but that of a distinguished member of the deputation who has since written and published in pamphlet form a more or less official account of the proceedings.

"Those of us who look forward," he writes, "to an early fruition of the hopes which we have cherished and the aims for which we have worked for so many years past, will ever look back upon Friday, February 27, 1914, as a milestone, a red letter day in the history of National Service.

"All the circumstances conspired to stamp a great occasion with the greatness which belonged to it. The importance of the cause needs no illustration from the present writer. In Lord Roberts' well-known words, 'National Service means not only national safety; it means health, national

strength, national honor and national prosperity.'

"The deputation included some of the greatest and most distinguished men of the day, and—a most significant and important factor—the greatness was in nearly every case not inherited but achieved by conspicuous service in the fields of national and imperial endeavor. Three Field-Marshals, including our veteran leader who has carried our flag to victory with honor in Asia and Africa and served King and country for fifty-five years; two Admirals of the Fleet, one of whom was in command of the International Forces at Crete and the other commanded the International Naval Forces in China at the time of the Boxer Rebellion; an ex-Viceroy of India, prominent representatives of the Church and of Nonconformity; the editor of one of the most influential weeklies, and representatives of literature, science and industry."

Of this deputation I was by Lord Roberts' personal invitation and wish a member, and as I arrived in good time I had an opportunity of some conversation with him in the ante-room before we passed into the library in which Mr. Asquith was to receive us.

Seeing that one of his hands was swathed in bandages I inquired the reason. "Oh, that's nothing," he said smilingly, "I've often been accused of having too many irons in the fire but this time it is a case of having a hand too much in the fire. Just before leaving my hotel this morning my foot slipped on the marble paving of the hall and in falling forward and trying to save myself, I thrust my hands between the bars of the fire and so got a bit of a burn. But it's a mere nothing, and of no consequence."

So far from being as Lord Roberts said a mere nothing, I have since heard that the burn was, on the contrary, excessively painful; but all through the lengthy and trying ordeal of introducing the different members of the deputation, listening to and commenting upon what was said, as well as listening to and replying to the Prime Minister's speech, Lord Roberts was the alertest, cheeriest, and most watchful of those present. A burn that would have distressed and possibly have distracted the attention of a much younger man, and that must necessarily have caused constant and severe pain, the gallant old soldier, then nearing his eighty-second year, treated as of no consequence, and dismissed with a lightly uttered jest. To the last it was of others, never of himself, that he thought. On this particular occasion he was pleading (to use his own words) "as plainly as an old man has the right to speak, in the face of emergencies which would be far less terrible to him personally than to generations of Britons yet unborn." That was not many months before his death, and though I saw and talked with Field-Marshal Earl Roberts on several other and later occasions, I shall to my life's end picture him as I saw him then—his burned and bandaged hand throbbing with pain (of which he showed no single sign) thrust behind him and out of sight, as eloquently, gravely, almost passionately, he warned his hearers of a possible national disaster, the consequences of which would be "far less terrible to him personally, than to generations of Britons yet unborn."

Coulson Kernahan.

The National Review.

RUPERT BROOKE.

I.

Posterity, untroubled by the regrets and intimate sorrows of friendship, untouched by the resentment with which we cannot but meet what for a moment seems mere brutality of accident, will

see in Rupert Brooke's life, achievement, and death one of those rare perfections that attain greatness by their very symmetry and fortunate grace. It is truly as though the gods would have this man great; as though, having given him all bright and clear qualities of brain and heart, they were impatient of any slow moving to the authority for which he was marked, and must, rather in divine caprice than in nature, bring him to untimely and bewildering fulfillment. His brief life, with its inevitable intervals of temperamental unrest, was happy in disposition and in event. It shone with many gifts other than the great gift of poetry. Wit, the cleanest kind of chivalry, inflexible sincerity, and the dear courtesy that only the sincere man knows, courage and reverence duly met, intellectual ease and great personal charm and beauty—all these made his friendship one of the most treasurable things of his time. But they did not touch his life to greatness. Had these been the whole story, there would have been nothing to mark his life from many millions that have gone through the world, eager, beautiful, forgotten. His achievement as a poet, definite, memorable, exhilarating, yet reaches its fullness in a volume of work circumscribed enough if we set it beside that by which any other poet establishes his claim to greatness. Finally his death, noble as it was, was yet but one of lamentable multitudes, marking heroism if you will, but not greatness. For it is not lightly that we call men great; it is only once in a while that we single one from the many who do splendidly and fully all that they might do, and say that he among them all is great. But with this man fortune was to be lavish against all example. Although neither his brilliance in life nor his courage in death could place him among the few at whose names the blood of generations thrills, and although his work, sure as it is of durable fame, does not place him with those poets, perhaps ten in the language, who, by the scope and volume of their poetry alone, assert their greatness, yet Rupert Brooke will be a name as surely marked of greatness as any in England. Only once before in our history, I think, has a man passed to so large and just a renown with so unconsidered and slender a warrant. Until April 23d in this year, when this greatly loved boy died at the Dardanelles, Philip Sidney had not found his fellow.

To those of us who see in poetry the perfect flowering of life, the story of Rupert Brooke will always mean chiefly the score or so of poems in which he reached to the full maturity of his genius and gave imperishable expression to the very heart of his personality. Nor will any profound response to his poetry be enhanced by the accident that brought sublimity to his death, either in those who knew and loved him or in those few who from age to age shall build his best renown. Rupert Brooke, as all poets, would wish to stand or fall chiefly by his poetry, and in the ultimate judgment of poetry no external circumstance whatever has the weight of a single word. Not even the fact that the man who wrote the sonnets, than which after long generations nothing shall make the year 1914 more memorable, served and died for England at war, can add one beat to their pulse. The poetry that shines and falls across them in one perfect and complete wave is, as poetry must always be, independent of all factual experience, and comes wholly from the deeper experience of the imagination. To say that only under the actual conditions could these sonnets have been written is not to the point. Experience of the conditions is common enough; the rare thing is the genius of the poet, and we know that this will fulfill itself be the conditions what they may. It is well to be clear in this matter. We must not suppose, as has sometimes

been loosely suggested, that Brooke, in answering a national call, was stirred to a new and profounder poetic expression. At the time when his poetic power was moving in its fullness, it happened to find itself concerned with a great national crisis. The intensity with which this crisis seized his imagination produced poetry which must endure; also it determined him to take up arms. But the two results were not dependent on each other, and to pretend that they were is a sophism of the kind that he would scornfully have repudiated. Had he for any reason been disqualified for service, the poetry would have come in no less certain measure. It is intensity of perception that creates poetry.

Rupert Brooke's best poems are secure of the admiration of all who have the wit to praise justly in these things, and it is this renown that he would most have desired. But we must remember that the people who care deeply and with understanding for rare and lovely art are very few; a few thousands, perhaps, out of the many millions of an age. It is only the ineffectual visionary who supposes that the masses of the people will respond directly to the appeal of excellence in poetry or painting, or even in the more popular arts, as music and the drama. The evidence in the matter is plain enough; I do not even know that the fact is lamentable: it is a fact. But there are already, as I believe there always will be, great numbers of people to whom the name of Rupert Brooke means something, while his poetry, strictly speaking, means nothing. There are times when such a thing is unhappy. The interest with which people who are incurably lazy in their higher perceptions will regard a poet who is a navvy, or has no arms, or is mentioned by a bishop, is merely nauseating and vulgar. But sometimes a poet becomes celebrated among this wider public in a way that makes for good. The homage that has instinctively been paid for three hundred years to Philip Sidney by people who know not a line of his poetry, and scarcely an event of his life, is wholesome and springs from the better parts of human nature. And so it is with Rupert Brooke. His truest fame will be with those who love his poetry, but the many spirits that will quicken at his name, knowing but vaguely of a brief and fortunate life, a brilliant personality, a poetic genius which they will not be curious to explore, a supreme sacrifice, will quicken worthily and to their own good. Always there will be the false gods of popular favor, the charlatans, the pandars, the crafty and unscrupulous flatterers of mob-sentimentality, who betray their consciences daily for a little unsavory power. The people exalt without understanding them, blindly praising, as it were, their own baser instincts. But, blindly too perhaps, the people will also desire and from time to time discover some external symbol of the nobility that is in them also, patiently keeping the balance of the world. Such a symbol, clear, almost spare, yet magnificently complete, is the radiant, perfectly poised story of Rupert Brooke.

II.

The development of Rupert Brooke's poetic power was, it seems to me, unlike that of most poets. The early verse of men who afterwards prove their authenticity generally shows a great emotional force with little intellectual power of arrangement, and a weakly imitative craftsmanship. The emotion will commonly be concerned, partly by personality and partly by acceptance from tradition, with what we may roughly call the more generous normal instincts of mankind, as a delight in the natural world, the lover's worship, hatred of tyranny, the mere high spirits of young and happy limbs, sorrow for the passing of beauty. Of such things is the material of most fine poetry, as it is of nearly

all futile versifying, and so it is that early work frequently tells us nothing of its writer's future. We know that the material is there, but there is nothing to show whether or no there will ever be the art to shape it. But in Rupert Brooke's beginnings, there is none of this. The volume of *Poems* published in 1911, which contains work written as early as 1905, when he was eighteen, shows an art curiously personal, skillful, deliberate. It shows, too, an intellectual deftness altogether unexpected in so young a poet, and it shows finally, not always but often, an indifference to the normal material upon which poets good and bad are apt to work from the outset, and in the shaping of which ultimately comes all poetry that is memorable. Nearly every page is interesting on account of its art and intellectual deftness, qualities that we should not expect to be marked. But there are many pages where we do not get the real glow of poetry, and this because the content, it seems to me, often fails to satisfy the demands of poetry. It is true enough to say that it does not matter what subject the poet may contemplate, but there is an implied provision that the subject shall be one that grips his emotions, one, that is to say, that he perceives poetically. It so happens that this capacity in subject-matter for stirring the emotion to poetic intensity is nearly always coincident with a sympathy with the common experience of the world. A poet may write in praise of his mistress as freshly today as if none had written before him, but, although we say that he may choose what theme he will, we could not respond to him if he told us in his song that, while he loved his lady and her beauty and his wooing was in all ways prosperous, the thing that he most desired was never to see her again. We should at once know that the attitude was a piece of cold intellectuality, that it was against poetry in substance.

In Rupert Brooke's earliest work there is a strain of this intellectual coldness. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to say exactly what was its source. It may partly have been an immature enthusiasm for Donne's poetry, partly a concession to University precocity, partly a natural instinct that was not yet colored by humanity and experience. To control sentiment was a determination that never left him, but to control sentiment is not at all the same thing as being afraid of it, and at the beginning he was apt to be afraid. And he would often substitute for the natural emotions which most young poets experience and cannot shape, an intellectual fancy that he cannot have felt with passion, and shaped it with astonishing skill and attractiveness. Poetry cannot prosper on these terms; it must sit at the world's fire, or perish. The most common note that we find in his first book in illustration of my meaning is the presence at love's moment of the knowledge that women grow old and beauty fades. The reflection is true in fact, but it is not poetically true, and so, in its present shape, it is false. That is to say, we know that, although women do grow old, the lover in the delight of his mistress does not realize this, and that the assertion that he does is not emotional passion of conviction but intellectual deliberation. Rupert Brooke goes one step further into danger; not only does he assert that the lover feels something that we know he does not feel, but—it is perhaps an equitable penalty for the first false step—he makes the realization of a fact that we know is not realized in the circumstances, a source of revulsion, when we know that if the lover felt at all about his mistress's old age it would certainly be with peace and surety. It is only a detached intellectual attitude towards a thing fully perceptible to passion alone, that can suffer the illusion that the lover's mood is subject to these external facts. To argue that a

woman does really grow old and lose her younger beauty, and so may forego something of her power, is beside the point; the lover does not hear you, and it is the lover's consciousness alone of which we are speaking. In poetic truth, which is the strictest truth, the woman, living in the young man's mood, is adorable beyond chance, and if the young man says, "I worship you, but I know that you will grow old and fade, and that then I shall hate you," we know that he is speaking not from his heart but from a nimble brain.

We find, then, in a great many pages of this first book, an instrument that on so young lips is efficient and enchanting against almost all example, yet playing a tune that does not come wholly from the heart. Never, I think, has technique reached so great a perfection without corresponding authenticity of impulse. Only half a dozen times in the book do we get such phrases as "rife with magic and movement," or "whirling, blinding moil," and even in the poems where most we feel the lack of emotional truth, there is a beauty of word that made the book full of the most exciting promise. Already, too, there was in certain poems assurance against the danger that this intellectual constraint might degenerate into virtuosity. In the song beginning

"Oh! Love!" they said, "is King of Kings,"

the intellectual mood, even in the love traffic in which it has been most shy, is adjusting itself finely to the clear and common impulses of mankind, while in *Dust*, *The Fish*, *The Hill*, *The Jolly Company*, *Ambarvalia*, *Dining-Room Tea*, and the lovely opening sonnet—

Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire
Of watching you . . .

there is a movement, a perfect visualization of image and a clarity of individual thought, that mark him as being of the great tradition, and endowed with the spontaneity that fellowship in that tradition implies.

In the volume published after his death, Rupert Brooke seems to me to have passed into full and rich communion with the great normal life of the world. There are three poems, "All suddenly the wind comes soft," "The way that lovers use is this," and *Mary and Gabriel*, that are just a little formal perhaps, by no means valueless, but touched with some literary memory at a moment when the poetic faculty was not as alert as usual. There are two poems: "There's Wisdom in Women," and "Love," where the old detached and ironic mood that was once unreal returns not quite happily, and another "The Chilterns" in which it has been transmuted into a gracious and acceptable humor. Also there is a sonnet "Unfortunate" in which there is a reminiscence of the old mood, but it is now treated very reverently and with superb psychological insight. For the rest we have thrilling and adventurous beauty from beginning to end. There is no more tender landscape in English poetry than *Grantchester*, suffused as it is with a mood that never changes and yet passes between the wittiest laughter and the profoundest emotion with perfect naturalness. The subject matter throughout the book no longer forces us to dissent or question. It has become wholly merged in the corporate art, and we accept it unhesitatingly as we accept the content of all splendid work. As in all really fine achievement in poetry, there is in his choice of form a glad acceptance and development of the traditions that have been slowly evolved through generations, and a perfect subjection of those forms to his own personality, until a sonnet becomes as definitely his own as if he had invented the external structure. We find, too, that the early constraint, even

though it led to a touch of falsity at the time, has not been without its uses. The common emotions of the world he has, after jealous waiting, truly discovered and won for himself, unstaled of the world's usage. His passion is extraordinarily clean, burning among all simple things, clear, untroubled, ecstatic. Except in the two or three pages of which I have spoken, we find everywhere an almost fierce renunciation of anything that would not stir the plain knitters in the sun, with an unwearying determination to translate all this common simple life into the most exact and stirring beauty. It is true that in one or two cases, notably *Heaven*, the image that he creates of this simplicity of passion is such as not to relate itself easily at first glance to the clear normal thought that is nevertheless its basis if for a moment we consider its significance. When the poet elects to make brief intellectual holiday, so long as he does so in the terms of his own personality, we should do nothing but make holiday gladly with him. And we may well do so at intervals in a book that moves in the high consciousness of rare but natural poetic achievement, alert with the freshness and daring of splendid youth, grave in that profoundest knowledge which is imagination; a book that will surely pass to vigorous immortality.

III.

The first time I saw Rupert Brooke was in the summer of 1912, a few months after his first volume had been published. The editor of *Georgian Poetry*, whose friendship with the poet will itself make a page in literary history and who is to write the story of his friend's life, had invited some of us to hear about his proposed anthology. There were then but a few moments in which Brooke and I could talk together, and all that I can remember is an impression of an extraordinarily alert intelligence, finely equipped with both wit and penetrative power, and resolutely declining to use either for any superficial effect. I suppose no one of his years can ever have had in greater measure the gifts that can be used to make easily swayed admiration gape, or greater temptations so to employ his qualities: and I am sure that no man has ever been more wholly indifferent to any such conquests. Humor he had in abundance, but of witty insincerity no trace. Never was a personality more finely balanced. It is this that I remember of him at that first meeting, this that I—and all his friends—found governing him and bracing his genius till the end. It has been said that he had a strain of self-consciousness about his personal charm and brilliance, that he was a little afraid lest that side of him should claim too much attention. To answer the suggestion would be an impertinence. He was properly glad of his qualities; also, he was properly careless of them. The notion that any such matter ever occupied his mind for a moment can be nothing but ludicrous to those who knew him.

After 1912 I saw him several times in London and in Birmingham. I find a letter shortly after I had first met him, sending me his book, another in November speaking of it and some work of my own, and "feeling much excited" about the new repertory work in Birmingham. Nothing more till March 1913, when he writes twice, arranging to come for the night, and asking for precise directions as to where he shall sit and how be dressed in the theatre. We sat up most of the night talking. In May he sends me a play, and says he is just off to America for some months. Then, in the summer of 1914, he was back again, and we met in London after a vehement letter bidding me to a festivity in any clothes, which is to be immense fun, and if I haven't a

bed he can find me a couch. Also he means to stay with us again in Birmingham next week, but he will have been to the dentist and will not be fit company for human beings. But he came, and I remember we exhausted the complete theory of drama in a tea-shop, went to a Promenade Concert afterwards, and again talked till morning. Also he arranged to take Lascelles Abercrombie, Wilfrid Gibson, and myself in a motor-car to some quiet place where we could discuss *New Numbers*, which was now being published. A few days later the project is written off as "I can't get the car that week. My mother demands it on some nefarious political business. We must work out something for later." The letter ends with a charming message to my wife, who has been, he sees, "infinitely victorious" in some tennis undertaking.

The something for later was never worked out. In the last week of July we lunched twice together in a Soho restaurant. War was threatening. If it broke, he must go; I think it was said in so many words; it certainly was clear. He was still eager about his new fellowship work at Cambridge, but, as one feels now, there was already in the eagerness the note of foreboding, calm indeed and wholly contented, that seemed to touch all his words thereafter till the end. I heard of him from time to time, then came a long and graphic letter after the fall of Antwerp, at which he was present with the Royal Naval Division. "There was some affair at Antwerp, I remember . . . a burning city, the din of cannonades, a shattered railway-station, my sailors bivouacking in the gardens of a deserted chateau, refugees coming out of the darkness. . . ." Then, "not a bad time and place to die, Belgium, 1915." We met once again. He was on sick leave, and I saw him for an hour in London. He talked of his new sonnets, just written, of Antwerp, of the boredom of training, the great fellowship that comes in fighting. He expected to be in England for some weeks, and it was arranged that I should spend a day or two with him at Blandford. But he went to the Dardanelles almost at once. On April 23d I was in London. The news that came on that day was the most terrible that I have yet known.

John Drinkwater.

The Contemporary Review.

FRANCE.

(*Concluded.*)

IV.

Dick knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went back into the bungalow to his unfinished letter. Reading it over again, he smiled to see how he had been "'drawn'' by the Report. He had written like a pedant. It was no good lecturing his son on the value of French. It might perhaps mean more application, but the work would be perfunctory. Frank would call it a "grind," and that was not what Dick wanted. The boy must go to France and find out things for himself. Marguerite's brother at Pertuis had often asked for him; Pertuis perhaps might be his Avignon. Dick tore up the last sheet of his letter and wrote in a more matter-of-fact strain.

I see your French is not up to the mark. As you will have to take it up at Sandhurst your best plan would be to go abroad. I have written to your uncle at Pertuis. He and your cousins wish you to go there. I am sure you will like them. Ask them to take you to Orange and Carpentras and Font de Vaucluse. See Nimes if you can. You

will have to change at Avignon; spend the night there. Put up at the Hotel Crillon; they will probably give you dinner in the courtyard. You will love exploring the old place. I wish I could be with you. Provence was your mother's country. I have told M. de la Hunaudaye not to let your cousins speak English to you. You must try to pick up a better accent than I had. Your mother used to vow I called a horse a "chevvle," and a "cerf" a "serf," and that I said I had "beaucoup de femmes" when I mean "beaucoup du faim " Instead of tipping the verger at St. Didier I put a franc in the "tronc pour la Vierge." If you make them laugh half as much as I did it will not be a dull house.

It was to Pertuis that Marguerite and her mother had been going, when Dick walked into their quiet lives as the savior of the shorn Megasthene. After the deposition they took him in charge; he was as much one of them as the devoted hound himself. At Nimes and Orange and Carpentras and Font de Vaucluse he had spent four of the happiest days of his life. To Marguerite the interlude was the most delightful little piece of comedy. She made him talk French; he quite dispelled her idea of the phlegmatic Englishman. But they had more in common than their high spirits. She was attracted by his *naif* and undiscriminating reverence for her country. The revelation which had come to him in a single day had flickered before her since she was a child. Marguerite loved history; the poetry of old France was in her blood. But it was Roman Gaul which filled her imagination at the moment. She had been learning English, she explained, that she might read "your hard, cold Gibbon." Marguerite would be watching the bright legions of Tiberius as they filed through the Arc de Triomphe at Orange, or the Carthaginian boy dancing in the amphitheatre of Nimes, while Dick peopled the streets with his Jules Tournebroches and his Jerome Coignards, phantoms evoked from the Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque, not without pains and mystification, in the half-hour before sleep.

The warmth and color of these old cities gave him his first picture of France, a vague and delicious mystery, a glimpse of something beautiful and remote which he carried away with him into the East. It was like a garden in closed walls which he hoped one day to enter, a dream garden into which he could peep for a moment when the wicket was left ajar. Or he would climb up by the ivy roots and peer over the wall. He never saw the same scene—that was half the charm of it—and the wall itself would differ from day to day. Sometimes it was weathered and machicolated; sometimes new and trim and overgrown with wistaria and roses, a screen for intrigue; and then again it would be a broad sun-steeped rampart on to which he could climb easily and lie and bask in the wild lavender as in the Fort of St. Andre looking down on the Rhone. But then France would recede. It was easier to conjure up Marguerite's legionaries, or the *retiarius* flinging his net. If he were ever to find the key to his enchanted garden he believed it would be in some medieval city like Avignon, where the old world still lingers on in a present that has not laid aside its past.

No wonder Dick was mystified in his quest for the body and spirit of France, a body which has immolated itself so often that the spirit might survive, which has gone down so low into death that it might throw off corruption. In Cachar he spelled through the little library he had bought at Avignon, looking to these authors for a clearer vision. The result was a picture confused and contradictory, though he kept his faith in the ultimate destinies of the land of which Marguerite had become the embodied spirit.

He had not been on his plantation two years when a legacy offered him the chance of a new kind of life. It was a contract for timber with a railway in the north of India. The work took him into the forests of the Upper Sutlej under the snows of Raldang and Kailas. He bought his pines and deodars as they stood, had them felled and cut, and sent the logs and sleepers swinging down the river through Bussahr into the plains of the Punjab. All day he was out in the sun or the rain, and in the evenings he read. He led two lives, and each of them gave zest to the other. He would come back happily tired from the great massed forest into France. Sometimes it would be Paris, but more often a quiet backwater of the provinces, some old city that bears the mark of the past. He was attracted by the rustic life, the superstitions, the festivals, the beautiful faith which he envied and could not possess. A description of the peaceful interior of a church made him think of the Penitente Blanche, and this would call up other images—a Breton Pardon, the virtuous trespass of the daughter of the *broyeur de lin*, a sailor kneeling with his votive ship before an altar in Notre Dame de la Barque, or Felicite, that *coeur simple*, with the parrot whose identity became merged with *Le Saint Esprit.*

It was in the forest by the Sutlej that he taught himself French. He knew more words than many Frenchmen, but it was French learned by the eye. He could not speak it or follow it when spoken. Through these bookish associations words often became familiar to him in their literary or figurative sense before he knew their simpler meaning, so that years afterwards, when he went into a village *charcuterie* to buy a slice of ham, he had to delve into his memory until the suggestion came to him from *une tranche de la vie.* He was naively mystifiable; quite simple words had a fascination for him. The ordinary cow took on a more sweet and meditative personality as a *vache*; he never forgot the day when he first heard a peasant woman call a sheep a *brebis.*

He had some foretaste of this which made his chase of associations good hunting. He enjoyed those nights with his books the more because he saw himself in places in which he would hear the phrases used that he had disinterred so curiously and perhaps use them himself. It would always be in the happiest scenes, at the fair at Tarbes when the streets were gay with the costumes of Pyrenean peasants, or on the corkscrew stair at Blois, or in Angouleme, that ancient city of peace. And Marguerite would be always by his side, ready to laugh at his mistakes. He loved to hear her laugh, and when she laughed at him her voice was sweetest, and her eyes. But he dared not hope too much.

V.

He heard sometimes from the Penitente Blanche. She hoped he would stay with them at Pertuis on his way home through France. Marguerite would add a friendly postscript.

Megasthene sends you his love; his coat has grown. . . . We were at Avignon last week and went to see the house in the Rue du Petit Pommier; the street was empty, the shutters closed. . . . Like Petrarch, I have climbed the Mont Ventoux. . . . They found a bone of one of Hannibal's elephants last week at a village near Beaucaire. . . . Did I tell you that there is a Roman milestone in our garden?

Marguerite's visit to Tarascon lent a new charm to Daudet. Dick read nothing but the "Letres de mon Moulin," "Tartarin," and "Numa Roumestan" for a week. He asked her to write to him about books.

"You ask me what to read," she re-

plied this time in English. "You know I adore the history. I have been reading Lamartine's 'Life of Jeanne D'Arc,' and Vallet de Virevelli, and Quicherat, all the books I can collect about La Pucelle. It was in her that burned the soul of France. Oh your English goddems! . . . Mother and I think of making a pilgrimage to Domremy and Rheims and Orleans and Rouen—but perhaps we will leave out Domremy. I do not think I could bear our poor wounded Lorraine. I should like to set up a statue at Rouen to the good monk Isambert de la Pierre, who alone was kind to the Maid. . . . "

It was Marguerite who told him of Michelet's picture of France in that wonderful Third Book of his History—a picture that made him feel as if he were a hawk and France a field spread out under his eyes so that he could see the color of the pasture, the mountains, the forest, the harvest, and look down on each city and know the virtue of it, why such a soil should produce such a crop of men, what each artery brought to the center and why it must needs bring that particular thing. It all lay open to him from the low tufted oaks of the Ardennes and the pines of the Jura to the vineclad hills of Burgundy and the huge crenelated rampart of the Pyrenees. France had never seemed so great, its resources so rich, varied, and inexhaustible.

But Michelet dispelled any illusions he might have about the Middle Ages. In its suggestiveness the History was another Avignon. Still the rationalized Dick kept the first idyl unspoiled. Truth in its poetic sense can live beside the prose of fact. For glamour he had Gautier, but was interested rather than carried away by his erudite romanticism with its charm a little spoiled by pedantry. Such far-away fantasies seemed better told without any machinery at all. One needs Prince Hassan's carpet to sup with Arria Marcella or King Candaules, and Gautier's was a conveyance which creaked and groaned as he stepped into it, and the conductor was at his elbow all the way.

Marguerite did not like Gautier. There was nothing morbid in her, no vague sentimentality in her feeling for old times. Patrician as she was, she knew too well what democracy had done for her country. Also, like Dick, she preferred Flaubert's naturalism or the kindly ironic detachment of Anatole France.

Dick was, if anything, more intrigued with the France of the present. It was equally remote. M. Bergeret was as mysterious as Abelard or the thirteenth-century Count of Toulouse: the mind of the politician who "chased" the nuns as inscrutable as the heart of the Grand Lama. Modern French history held more of mystery than medieval. Dick discovered a country where the name of God is banned by government, where despotism parades in the cloak of liberty and the people entrust their destinies to political adventurers, often drawn from a class which the majority holds in contempt. Why, then, elect them? Marguerite told him that the real people, the bedrock of France, cared nothing for politics; they were indifferent to forms of government. How, then, did they exist as a nation, in the van of nations? What were the hidden springs of life? Dick pondered over Michelet's epigram, "France is a person," but he could not conceive the embodiment of a spirit so mobile, so fickle and stable, sober and passionate, frivolous and fanatical at the same time, a body "half corrupt of sin—angel and wanton." Marguerite helped him better in his reading of the genius of the people. She explained that foreigners could not understand France because nothing that is conspicuous there is representative. An English friend who had spent most of his life in the country had told her that neither among journalists nor politicians

nor in the fashionable life of Paris, will a stranger find any clue to the character of the nation. The true life of the people is apart from these—rather, antagonistic. France survives in spite of them.

Marguerite inspired him with her faith in a regenerate France, a France resilient. The cloud of pessimism and indifference was lifting. The new race would lavish itself for her freely. The old wounds would be healed. The Rhine would wash her Eastern frontiers again. It was not hate that Marguerite felt for the invaders who had soiled and mutilated the beautiful body of France and destroyed her spirit for a generation. It was rather a gentle and pious determination to destroy, a saint's abhorrence of evil. It was through her vision that Dick came to see France as a person, the "wanton" in her submerged, the "angel" apparent:

> The shape of glad array,
> The nervous hands, the front of steel,
> The clarion tongue, the proud, bold face.

Was the poet thinking of Jeanne D'Arc, he wondered? She had been sweet and gentle and compassionate, of a dove-like gentleness even when she was transfigured for the sword. Marguerite worshiped the Maid. She was of the same fine clay, in which fire sleeps. Dick thought of her as she stood in the doorway of the Rue du Petit Pommier, so slight and yet so strong and unafraid. He believed that hers was the kind of gentleness that could inspire a crusade.

VI.

It was on the broad back of a Breton road that he next saw Marguerite—outlined against the sky. It had been a hot summer in Provence, and Dick had found a telegram at Marseilles telling him that the De la Hunaudayes had gone north and asking him to join them at Dinan. She stood on the crest of the road, leaning against the wind. Marguerite could look reposeful in a gale. Dick saw her from the bottom of the hill. He jumped out of the carriage. As he strode to meet her another familiar form emerged by her side. It was Megasthene. The old hound limped forward and put a cold nose in his hand.

"He remembers you," she said with a sweet smile as she gave him her hand. "He does not quickly make new friends."

She spoke a pretty broken English.

"Mother has tea ready. You must be tired and famished. Here is our *nid*, but we are not often in it."

She led him through a gate by a border of dahlias to an ivied porch. Madame brightened at the sight of him. She was grayer, but age had heightened her old-world charm. In features, he thought, she had grown more like Marguerite, who had changed little in seven years save that one was more conscious of a vivacity underlying her repose, a latent animation that gave one a happy suspicion of ambush. She was no longer so pensive as La Jeune Fille.

After tea they went out into the garden. Dick was a boy again. Everything delighted him. He could hardly believe in the fulfilment of so many dreams. France gave him back so much of the English memories which had been mixed up with his homesickness in those five solitary years in the Himalayas. Little things which he had almost forgotten presented themselves again—tufts of blue succory by the roadside, toadflax and valerian on the garden wall. He told them how excited he had been when he found a patch of white clover in the Zoological Gardens at Marseilles. He felt like "doing *puja*" to it, he said: "that is, making my devotions." He wanted a Druid. He felt that there ought to be some rite for home-coming

exiles, paid to the soil, a sort of thanksgiving like the hymn chanted by the Massilian mariners at Port Vedrines when they sailed into the harbor at dawn and saluted the temple of the Pyrenean Venus. He gazed in rapture at a sleek, red, unhumped cow in the lane over the hedge, and a cart-horse with dappled quarters and huge hairy feet—amazing to look upon. In proclaiming the peculiar and unrecognized virtue of these common things he found a vent for his joy in being with Marguerite again. Madame smiled at his enthusiasm; she was warmed by his infectious youth. Marguerite was surprised that he knew the French words for everything. And yet how droll his French was when he tried to speak connectedly, and his accent no better than it had been at Avignon.

There was a beech in a corner of the garden so graceful and fanciful in design that Dick felt the branches were roofed for elves, and the floor beneath swept for their dancing. He climbed it and looked down on Dinan, and saw in its towers and walls and elm trees and jumbled streets his dream of an old French city materialized. He called to Marguerite to come up. She pleaded her frock. He urged. They compromised. If she would not come up, she must take him down—down the hill to the river and up again by that corkscrew alley to the church. Marguerite consented. They would have time to explore the town before dinner; she would be his guide.

"Take him by the Rue de Jerzual," madame called after them. "What a pity the lilac is over!"

Dick remembered having heard some one speak of Dinan in lilac-time, but high summer with Marguerite was good enough. Instead of lilac and apple-blossom, the lucerene and clover were in full bloom, the fruit was ripening in the orchards, and the fields of white *sarrasin* lay on the hillside like sheets of snow. A friendly sun shed its beams on them. Every day they went farther afield. Marguerite was searching for old Breton furniture, beds and panels, *bahuts* and *armoires*, and carved saints, relics of churches despoiled in the Revolution. They ransacked Cahurel's street of shops in Dinan, but one find unearthed in an old inn or some remote farmhouse by the sea was worth all the treasures of the "Maisons des Antiquites." It was at Plessix Balisson, in a tumble-down shed used for a cider press, that Marguerite came upon her greatest prize, a carved refectory table with worm-eaten cross-pieces connecting the legs and trestles which must have been as old as Tudwal. But Dick capped this when he tore away the grass and nettles from the foot of an old cattle-trough at St. Bridget and discovered in it a battered granite font supported by caryatids. As he peeled the moss from their faces they leered at him like Ganesh or Hanuman with a malice worth all the grimaces of the Hindu Pantheon. Marguerite said that he ought to be decorated.

Those were golden days. They would be away from Dinan sometimes two or three nights at a time. Madame was not an exacting chaperon; she loved Dick like a son. Often she would sit reading in the inn where they were staying while he and Marguerite explored the country, or she would spend an hour or two in a church or visiting the fisher-folk. She and Marguerite had a wonderful way of getting into touch with these people; it was delightful to go into a cottage with them and listen to some old lady in a butterfly coif and sabots pouring out her history. Once they went to a Pardon at Minnihi and another day to a Benediction of the Sea at Concarneau. But the most golden day of all was Marguerite's birthday, when they walked across the sands to St. Cast. They started at daybreak, when it was low tide, from

St. Jacut-de-la-Mer and walked with bare feet, carrying their boots. At first Marguerite wanted to carry her own, and would not yield until Dick put one of hers into one of his and she laughed at his resourcefulness. When they were under the cliffs on the St. Bridget side they came on a deep unexpected channel. Dick explored up and down, but the water was almost up to his waist. The tide had begun to come in and there was nothing for it but that he should carry Marguerite pick-a-back across. They emerged, drenched and happy, in a bed of blue sea holly on the yellow sands. Here, behind two rocks, hidden from each other but within call they dried their wet clothes in the sun. Dick was afraid that Marguerite would have to go straight back by the bridge at Guildo.

"We'd better go home," he called to her; "you will catch a chill." But to his relief he found she was as eager to see the adventure through as he.

"Let us go to the farm," she called from behind her cover. "We can finish drying there."

Dick wondered how so soft a voice could carry so far and be so clear. Like a ring-dove in a forest glade, he thought, and gave a shout of delighted approval.

They ran up the hill to the farm in the elms. Inside the raftered kitchen a bright fire was burning. The *patronne* heaped on more logs for them. The pleasant smell of hot tweed as the steam rose from Marguerite's skirt soon reassured Dick. The day would be their very own; he had never been so near her; the homely intimacy of the adventure opened new approaches. While they dried in front of the blaze, they warmed themselves inwardly with boiling coffee and milk. Marguerite laughed at Dick's anxiety for her. She laid her hand on his to show that she was not chilled. It was as warm as his heart.

The *patronne* came and went, a bustling, kindly woman. She offered them eggs and cider and pears, but it was the old oak furniture that Marguerite eyed covetously. She pointed to the great pew-like bed in the wall into which the Breton climbs and rests with head and feet hidden, smothered in bolsters. "Walnut," she said. "I wish I dare bid for it," and then smiled at the thought of the good Celestine at Pertuis and the wry face she would make if she were asked to clamber into the cavernous affair. "There is nowhere one could put it," she concluded sadly. It was in the farmyard outside that Dick found the ghoulish font, and bought it for a piece of gold and the price of a new cattle-trough, and gave it to Marguerite for a birthday present.

VII.

The sun was high when they started for St. Cast, and a lark was singing. They walked an hour by the coastguard's path through fields of clover and *sarrasin*, purple fields of clover and white fields of *sarrasin* in rows side by side, all islanded with dainty apple trees like the garden of the Hesperides, and nothing but a thin hedge of gorse between them and the sea. And beyond the dip on the far horizon the blue Atlantic, a misty, pearly blue, the light blue of the wild flax blossom. And when they were tired they would sit down on a fragrant bed of thyme and marjoram, and Dick would smoke his pipe and Marguerite would ask him about his forest.

He told her how her letters were brought to him through the jungle by a dak-runner with a staff of jingling bells to frighten away the bears, and how his hut had hung a thousand feet above the Sutlej and whenever he woke up at night and heard the perpetual rhythmic burden of the stream with its incessant undersong he thought of the sound of the rivulets and water-

mills of Ile-sur-la-Sorque, which she had thought so musical on the way to Carpentras, or the gentler music of the Fountain of Vaucluse. And he wanted to tell her why he had spent half his days in the Himalayas and half dreaming in France, and what France had meant to him all these years and why it had meant so much, but he forbore, feeling that it would be easier on the way home, when the lights were softer and the moon rose out of the sea like mother-of-pearl. He was full of hope.

And then, after *dejeuner* at St. Cast, the inconceivable thing happened. They quarreled.

It was all about a ridiculous monument in memory of the defeat of the English, *Le levrier de Bretagne terrassant le leopard d'Angleterre.* Dick had the audacity to laugh at it, and to speak of the French victory as if it had been the repulse of a small raid—one of Pitt's adventures. It was tactless of him, but this Breton greyhound was so very French. It stood for the weakness which endears French people the more to Englishmen who are in sympathy with them, the little touch of theatricality, of dressing up and acting a part, the way they have of looking at themselves when they are doing anything, whereas the Englishman simply does the thing and does not think about himself at all, or so Dick fondly believed in his still unchastened insularity. He did not tell Marguerite so; she divined it in his laugh.

How little he knew her yet! He had spoken in raillery and hoped to draw some light badinage from her, one of her dainty flashes of wit. But her anger was a spark struck from steel. She was so angry that she wished to hurt his English pride. For Dick had profaned a shrine, her image of the honor of France. There was no place here for proportion or discriminating values. She worshiped blindly; the least suspicion of a jest was sacrilege.

Dick tried to laugh away his offense. He even forbore to defend "England's mercenary army," but his humility did not appease her. She would not forgive him until she had taught him to readjust certain perverse notions of history from Agincourt, where the heavy chivalry of France were morassed and shot down by English archers hidden in a wood, to Waterloo, where with the help of allies England had overcome the worn remnants of Napoleon's great army, "the last levy of France." Marguerite quoted "a beardless legion barely withdrawn from the *lycees* and their mother's kisses."

Dick admitted that England had not fought single-handed. "I have read your histories. They have too much—what is the word?—self-righteousness—sanctimony. It was always so. Even Henry V said it was not he, but God, who punished the wicked Frenchmen."

Dick smiled. "I am afraid we are humbugs," he said.

She did not spare him. "You should not laugh at our *levrier.* You have your rich colonies which you call "the white man's burden." We were fighting Frederick the Great when you took India from us. It was then the English leopard was *terrasse* at St. Cast."

"Oh, please! Have mercy," Dick said putting his hands to his ears with a parody of abjectness. "It is I that am *terrasse*! You make me feel like one of those miserable 'goddems.'"

Marguerite was softened, but she did not smile.

"I am afraid you are going to say something about Joan of Arc," he went on. "Spare me, please! I couldn't bear it!"

He looked at the light on the gorse. A lark was singing still. The bees were humming in the clover. The sea was as blue, earth was as lovely, as when they left St. Bridget. And Marguerite was lovelier. She looked like the Maid who took up arms for the pity that was in the realm of France.

"You look like La Pucelle," he said. "Please forgive me. You know that today the English are with France. They would fight for you. Besides, Agincourt and Waterloo were so long ago."

"Yes, I understand. You wish to be polite and to say kind things; but I can't help feeling hurt when I read your English books, and I believe you think the same. They all talk of France as if she were a monster who devours her young. You boast that you have no revolutions. It is always compromise, comfort, safety, as if there were nothing worth shedding blood for. But is there no nobility in a people who give their lives freely for an ideal? It is better to destroy what is rotten and to begin building again."

They had left St. Cast and the *levrier* far behind, and were halfway back to St. Bridget, when a sudden heavy shower drove them into a coastguard's shelter They sat down side by side on the warm bracken bed that half filled the hut. All Marguerite's resentment was gone. "You will forgive me," she said. "I have been unjust. You did not know I could be so angry?" And she smiled sweetly at him. Then she spoke of her hopes for France, and her faith in the recovery of Lorraine—"the Maid's country." France would live; her wounds would be healed by virtue of the indestructible spirit that was in her. She believed in the heroism of the new generation. "All the corruption that you see is on the surface—scum only."

> Et moi, tout le long de jour
> Je reve revanche.

It was the sadness and yearning in her voice that gave Dick courage. There was the same look in her eyes which he had seen when she lost Megasthene; only these were real tears. He hated the ravagers of France. He hoped that the day might come soon, so that he might fight for her dear country. He took both her hands in his and drew her to him. She turned away her face. The sunbeams falling through the gorse thatch played on her hair, weaving an aureole. For a moment the current of life stood still. Dick was spellbound like a saint at a glimpse of the eternal vision. Then, carried away by the full tide, he drew her nearer to him. When he spoke her name she turned to him with a quick impulse and gave him her lips.

The shower had passed. The sun drew them out of the hut. A double rainbow spanned the horizon in the East. The two shafts of the inner arc rested in the sea and were reflected through the water on the golden sands. They watched it slowly float away over the Island of Ebihan towards St. Briac, and they were silent as if it were a part of some beautiful rite. Dick felt a little chill of melancholy, a shadow of impermanence, against which his faith rebelled. Marguerite divined his sadness, or perhaps she saw the shadows too.

"It has gone," she said, "melted away. But it is not lost. Things endure, my dear Dick, especially beautiful things."

"You mean we endure?—our oneness, our belonging to each other, whatever happens? You believe it, Marguerite?"

"Yes, Dick. Forever and always. I do not believe it; I know it. The good God does not give to take away."

They watched the sun sink over St. Cast, and saw the little *clocher* and the windmill on the hill, with its naked sails like antennæ, become clear and black against the evening glow. The lights came out one by one across the bay. The flare of Cap Frehel cast its red rays into the sky. Time stood still. There was no before or after.

The picture dissolved. The double burden of the Sutlej straining through

the gorge underneath woke Dick to realities. He turned into the hut to finish his letter. He had great belief in Pertuis.

"French—frivolous." The irony of it had touched him as if the kin of Jeanne D'Arc had been renegade. But that was absurd. Frank was just the happy, healthy animal he had been himself when Froggy used to say, "You Cooning-hum, do me fotty lines."

Marguerite's clear faith had come to be the one star in Dick's night. "Things endure, my dear Dick, especially beautiful things." Dick believed it, and he believed that Marguerite's son would break a lance for her some day, fight for her if needs be in real earnest, strike at the spoilers of France, meet their iron with a finer steel.

Edmund Candler.

The Cornhill Magazine.

RUSSIA'S INITIAL VICTORY.

(COMMUNICATED.)

Any one visiting Russia after a year of the war, and able to compare the conditions as he sees them there today with those that obtained during previous decades, must quickly have become aware of three very striking changes. In the first place, he would notice that an intensely passionate love of country—a deep and tender feeling for *Russia*—has developed, which tends to take precedence of all other loyalties, and become the ultimate test of all activities. In the second place, he would realize how the will of the people was rapidly becoming the determining factor in Russian politics, and how the Duma, as expressing this, had secured for itself a growing and lasting place in their affections. And finally, he could not fail to observe the remarkable results following the prohibition of vodka. Of the last, some were easily calculable in advance; others were unexpected; yet others have not had time to develop, although there are hints of them. The views, moreover, of those who are opposed to the measure are very instructive, while even the untoward results to date are interesting when subjected to examination.

Although only one year has passed since the introduction of prohibition in Russia, enough has been achieved to show that the place of Nicholas II is secure in history. Or, as a village correspondent puts the matter in reply to an official inquiry: "Judging by the results of four months, it may be said with confidence that if temperance becomes inseparable from our Russian life, this prohibition manifesto will in its issue prove to be a very great reform, which can be compared only with those of Peter the Great." Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that there had been a movement in this direction in various districts in Russia previous to the order of July 18th, 1914 (O.S.). Before the Government once again took over the spirit trade in 1894, all the village communes had the right to interdict the existence of the public-house. After the monopoly was re-established, this right was contested by the Government. "Nobody has the right," said the Minister of Finance (Kokovtzeff) in effect in the second Duma, "to oppose this." Many peasant communities protested. The Government gave way, and in the end recognized the right of the communes to shut up a public-house or refuse to have one set down amongst them. These things are cited to show that the movement had commenced amongst the people themselves. The Emperor, however, had a vision of his kingdom without vodka, and the sympathetic

confidence in his people that trusted them to support him. Accordingly, as the leader of one of the Duma parties put it to the writer, "while everybody thought that we were in for a long preparatory campaign, perhaps of a century, there was fortunately accomplished a miracle. Like all miracles, it had in a measure to be prepared for; but Russia drinks no more."

"As the result of this prohibition," said the Mayor of one of the capital cities, "we have quite a different sort of people." And it was not difficult for him to substantiate the statement. On the day on which he made it (July 7th) his principal prison, with five hundred cells, formerly "always filled to overflowing," had thirty-seven occupants. His regular city hospitals have fourteen thousand beds. Not only were these always all occupied before prohibition, but they had to put in extra beds often to the number of two thousand. Since prohibition they have usually had, on an average, one thousand beds free. With the banishment of drink there had also been an improvement in the moral tone of the community. The suicide rate had dropped. Ordinarily it averaged two or three cases a day in summer, and in winter a little less. For some weeks past there had not been a case. Hooliganism had practically disappeared. Of all these different types of result severe statistical evidence begins to accumulate, but we are dealing here mainly with general impressions.

The evidence of large employers of labor is uniformly favorable to the good results of prohibition. One factory owner employing four thousand hands said that the efficiency of his men had noticeably increased from ten to fifteen per cent. In his mills they were not working longer hours, as in some cases they are empowered to do, but they did better work in the same time. He also observed improvement in their dress and a marked increase in self-respect. Another large employer also testified to the great improvement in the character of his men's work. His men now came regularly every day and did steady work. Formerly it might happen that a design in connection with some new machinery was shown to a man by the foreman late in the afternoon. The man went off and got drunk on the way home; perhaps he stayed away for two days. When he returned he had forgotten part of the explanation about the machinery and was afraid to ask. Consequently his work was imperfectly done. All that sort of thing had come to an end. He had not noticed any marked difference in the number of accidents and disablements, but for this reason. Ordinarily his was a ten-hour day. In the production of munitions, however, his men were allowed to work as much longer as they liked, and accidents tended to occur which were due to fatigue. He also stated that the relations between master and men had visibly improved since prohibition had been introduced.

If now we pass to the country, we find the same general results. "In a little town that I know, one hundred versts from Moscow," said a member of the Duma, "you cannot now find a man who does not work. The people used to close their outside shutters at night for fear they should be robbed; they do not do so now." Look into the life of the people from any angle you please, and some expression of enhanced well-being meets you. The changes may not all be directly and solely due to prohibition, but in the new atmosphere life has taken on a new form. As the published statement of an official correspondent puts it: "I simply cannot describe the good results, because with the shutting of the Government shops the people are as if they were born anew, or as if they were freed from servitude, as it was in 1861."

Take a district town like Kinyeshma, the center for the agricultural district around. They show you that the average monthly deposits in the twenty-three district Zemsky banks were 170,000 roubles previous to the war; in July of last year they were 300,000 roubles. In the Imperial Savings Bank in the same district there were on August 1st, 1914, 7,165,000 roubles; on July 1st of last year 7,941,000 roubles. You enter the large store for the sale of agricultural and other implements, and find that while in 1913 they did 230,000 roubles' worth of business, in 1914 the figure was 390,000 roubles. The remarkable contrast is increasingly apparent of villages never so rich and a Government, in recent times at any rate, never so poor. In the towns the economic advantages from prohibition are largely nullified by the increased prices due in part to lack of transport. Finally, you turn down another street into one of the police detention-houses. It has but a single occupant. The records for 1914 show that two hundred and twenty men and thirty-five women had been under detention there. For seven months of last year the figures were sixty-three men and five women, and five months of 1914 were temperance months.

If now we widen the area of observation and push our investigations in different directions, we are confronted with the same kind of result. For forty-three Governmental districts the Zemstvo insurance statistics show that while there were 7,436 outbreaks of fire, with damage estimated at 1,708,158 roubles, during the first three months of the war, the figures for the corresponding period of 1913 gave 13,216 outbreaks, with damage computed at 3,850,906 roubles. The Reunion (Industrial Insurance Company) makes the general statement that crime has diminished sixty-two per cent. In the Government of Tamboff during the first nine months of the war the number of cases had declined from four thousand to two thousand four hundred—*i. e.*, thirty-six per cent. Within a sub-district near Moscow the cases for discipline in the factories had diminished between sixty and eighty per cent: absenteeism had diminished by sixty per cent. In a printed document by a member of the Extreme Right Party in the Duma, summarizing results in his district, he notes among points: "Great diminution of fires and of critical cases; peace and harmony in families; no more insults from drunken people; public assemblies calm and reasonable; hardly any bribery registered now; labor more productive; the great sums which were spent before on vodka—from ten to fifteen thousand roubles in each large village—now go to increase the well-being of the population; pauperism and vagabondage have absolutely disappeared." Professor Bekhteriev notices a general diminution in insanity, criminal cases, and prostitution.

Of the more unlooked-for results—which, again, are not claimed as always wholly due to prohibition—one may be found in the statement of the Mayor of a Government capital, who said that before the war they could get mujiks (peasants) to do all sorts of jobs for thirty kopecks a day: now they had to pay them a rouble and a half. The mujiks did not require to work so hard as usual, because they had saved money as the result of prohibition, and their constitutional laziness tended to assert itself. The Russian peasant is not like the French peasant in his love of work; the Russian does not like to work long, as a rule. Again, the well-being of the peasants has affected the food supply; articles like cultivated berries and eggs, and even meat, which he did not formerly eat, have become dearer in price because he and his children either feed on them themselves, or because he can

now afford to wait and watch the rising prices. Finally, the death-rate from drunkenness has risen since prohibition was introduced. This paradox finds its solution in the fact that dipsomaniacs have turned to methylated spirits and other fatal substitutes.

It is not pretended that every Russian is pleased with prohibition, but it can be said, so far as the evidence goes, that the great majority of the people are alive to the results, and that a majority, at any rate, consider that permanent prohibition of vodka is not merely possible but desirable. To any who knows, the complicated agony of the past months in Russia—up to July 1st, to illustrate by one aspect, it may be stated, that 715,879 wounded were treated in, and passed through, the Moscow Red Cross institutions alone—has called for an endurance whose moral source has been in large measure the consciousness, admittedly in varying degrees in different individuals, that a serious issue was faced and met in the only possible manner. "If it had not been for this decisive measure, my firm conviction is that our war would have already turned into a revolution, without speaking of our armies, that would never have been able to carry out their gigantic retreat, keeping up through it all their wonderful spirit of reasoned self-sacrifice that has now become historical."

Many Russians will agree with these words of one of their distinguished diplomatists. In Russia the Army and the nation are one, in a degree with which there is no comparison in Britain, fused together in the fire of a common sacrifice. One of our many national self-deceptions of the day is that we have a choice of action in this matter; in reality we have none. For the history of life, throughout the ages of its slow ascent, clearly shows that there have been recurrent periods of environmental stress during which the forms that survived were those which proved to have the requisite alertness and plasticity, enabling them to adapt themselves to the changing environment. Today we find ourselves in such a time of stress, and it is only as we have the understanding and the courage to effect the changes which will produce more efficient adaptation that we can hope to maintain our position as a leading nation. Russia has had the vision, has acted, and confidently endures. And we?

The Spectator.

THE MURDER OF ARMENIA.

Not the least service performed by Lord Bryce and Mr. Arnold Toynbee in their little pamphlet on "Armenian Atrocities" (Hodder & Stoughton), is that they have told the truth in carefully chosen words of moderation; that they have rejected all "coffee-house gossip" and unsubstantial rumor; that they have expressed themselves with almost as much detachment as if they were telling a tale of deeds done "long ago, and ill-done, too." Any expression of violence and deep anger, even of a desire for vengeance, is absent from this truthful and detached record of what is perhaps the most horrible story of the world.

The tale is in each case the same. It comes from forty or fifty centers—populous towns, each linked by telegraph to Constantinople and Berlin. On a given date, all the male adult Christian population are led away from the city and massacred in some neighboring valley. In some cities as at Trebizond or some coast or river town,

the nuisance of shooting or hacking these populations to death is averted by taking them out to sea and sinking them there—a clean, expeditious job, whereby thousands can be destroyed in a few minutes. If that were all that were done—and this at the most is all that could be regarded as necessary by some Eastern conqueror or potentate of the Dark Age—a deed would have been accomplished, frightful but not unparalleled. But what followed s unprecedented—an action committed not in the heat of battle or lust, or animated by fanatic religious fervor, but an action such as might be undertaken by skillful, efficient insects, who hated not or loved not, but just had chosen so. From every town the Christian women and girls and old men and women were assembled in great companies. All their houses and household goods had already been seized by the Turks of the town. Under the charge of some of the lowest ruffians of each city, they were despatched to their allotted destination, some hundreds of miles away. These caravans traversed the mountains and burning desert, oppressed with hunger and thirst. Their tracks could be marked by those who fell out by the way, and were left to die. The girls had largely been trained at the German and American Mission Schools—some of the women in Europe—even in Germany. Many could speak European languages, and would have passed as Europeans. They were driven forward by the blows and whips of their intolerable escort. Many of them had had their clothes torn from them, and were toiling naked over the desert sands. Pregnant women gave birth to children on the way, and were driven forward with the rest, and died. At every village and town the prettiest girls were sold to the local Governors or rich Turks to do with them as they pleased, or for the brothels of Anatolia or Constantinople. At night their escorts or the neighboring Kurds inflicted upon the remainder every element of bestiality or lust—under the sanction of the Governors, that "they could do with them what they pleased." We read of their arrival at various Turkish towns, but of no attempt of the Turks to succor them, and of any attempt to do so by native Christians who remained being sternly forbidden. When all the young and pretty women had gone, their escorts, tired of the work, would kill the remainder; literally, as in the Scriptural text, seeking the blessing that accompanies those who "taketh thy children and dasheth them against the stones."

Gradually, under the subjugation of this process, the very elements of humanity seem to have been beaten out of them. They had no men except the oldest, no priest to preach the religion which has sustained them against the Turk for five centuries. "Many began to doubt the existence of God," says one witness. "Don't you see what has happened? God has gone mad," was the cry of another. "The Armenians on their arrival in a Turkish town," says one, "could not be recognized, as the result of their twelve days' march. Even in this deplorable state, rapes and violent acts are of everyday occurrence." Some women carried poison with them, others picks and shovels to bury the dead. The later caravans on the road came upon the remains of the former, "women, husbands, and sons killed; old people and infants still alive, but in pitiful condition, having shouted their voices away." Those who were too weak to keep up were bayoneted and thrown into the river, "and their bodies floated down to the sea or lodged in the shallow river on rocks, where they remained for ten or twelve days and putrefied." They were not allowed to sleep in the villages, but lay down outside. "Under cover of the night, indescribable deeds were

committed by the gendarmes, brigands, and villagers." The people found themselves in the necessity of eating grass. When this particular party reached the Euphrates, "the worst and most unimaginable horrors were reserved for us. The mutilated bodies of women, girls, and little children (those who had gone before) made everyone shudder. The brigands were doing all sorts of evil deeds to the women and girls that were with us, whose cries went up to heaven. All the remaining children under fifteen were flung into the river." In other testimonies (these are, in the main, American Consuls, German or Swiss missionaries), "the caravans are exposed in front of the Government buildings in every town or village where they pass, in order that the Moslems may take their choice."

The journey's end, as Mr. Toynbee remarks, is an exact copy of the scheme by which the Young Turks settled the problem of the pariah dogs of Constantinople. The survivors were finally deposited mainly at the "agricultural colonies"—one southeast of Aleppo, which was uninhabited, owing to the fever of the marshes: the other in the burning desert beyond Der-el-Zor, on the banks of the Euphrates. A visitor sees the first party herded through Aleppo (where the German Consul is all powerful), creatures scarcely human, and deposited in the swamps, where all perished. The remainder were driven on to Der-el-Zor, given up on the way to the Kurds and the Bedouin. A Swiss missionary, Fraulein Beatrice Rohner, describes from personal observation this last scene: "It was evident from their clothing that they had been well-to-do. . . . It was a daily occurrence for five or six children to die by the roadside. 'Why do they not kill us at once?' they cried to her. 'For days we have had no water to drink, and our children are crying for water. At night the Arabs attack us; they steal the clothes we have been able to get together; they carry away by force our girls, and outrage our women. If any of us are unable to walk, the convoy of gendarmes beat us. Some of our women threw themselves down from the rocks into the Euphrates in order to save their honor—some of these with their infants in their arms.'" This evidence dates from months ago. Death by now has provided a merciful release.

The remains of the Armenian nation have fled into Trans-Caucasus, over the mountains, under every circumstance of cold and hunger; but with hope instead of utter despair for guiding star. Attempts are being made by American and English friends to succor them, but they are dying like flies from privation and disease. More subscriptions for the Lord Mayor's Fund might save a few. But over the greater part of Asia Minor "Delenda est Armenia" waves over the bones of a murdered nation. Christianity in the East is dead—and the certificate of its destruction can be truthfully given by the "Young Turks," the "Committee of Union and Social Progress," when they welcome the German Emperor to the capital of his coveted "place in the sun."

What can be said of German complicity? This: (1) That from May to October, 1915, when the vast tragedy was being accomplished, there were German Consuls, all powerful, at every town, who could have telegraphed the facts to their Ambassador at Constantinople, and in an hour from there to Berlin; (2) that all demands made by the American Consuls to the German Consuls to appeal for stoppage or amelioration of these horrors were refused; (3) that the record of the Belgian atrocities had been published a few months before, and that these atrocities differed in degree only, but not in kind, from the German; (4) that Enver Pasha had been educated at Berlin, decorated with German Orders,

and would undoubtedly have followed any advice given him by his Royal ally; and (5) that the Turks in Anatolia being incredibly stupid and unteachable, the whole apparatus of trade, commerce and culture had fallen into the hands of the Armenians, and the elimination of a million of them would leave a gap specially suited to the kind of German immigration which most feels the pressure of population at home, and most desires opportunity for expansion abroad. More than this at present we cannot say.

But no German emigrants will go to a protected Anatolia. No German Empire will stretch from Berlin to Bagdad: and a bankrupt, decimated, limited race, bound in between secure boundaries, will learn, at length, that God exists, and His wheels grind exceedingly small. I remember following Mr. George Russell in resigning my position on the Balkan Committee when Enver and Talaat and other "Young Turks" were feted in London, and quoted glibly passages from Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill, and concealed successfully the eternal hatred and disdain, the eternal ferocity of the Turk. I am glad today that I was not deceived by that "gang of ruffians," as Lord Bryce calls them, who have successfully combined the vices of the East and the West. We cannot reverse this vast holocaust of misery and outrage which for six months has cried to Heaven for vengeance and cried in vain. But we can swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind that the sword shall not be sheathed until Turkey-in-Asia is rent in pieces; that no Christian, or people of other race, shall henceforth be ruled by the Turk; and that the Turks shall obtain no advantage—nor the Germans either—from the lands they have depopulated and the people they have destroyed. If that can be accomplished this war will not altogether be fought in vain, or our dead sacrificed without a purpose. We cannot forget our own past guiltiness in the matter. John Bright appealed to posterity for vindication against a cynical Parliament and an absurd coalition in opposing the Crimean War. We were told later on by a Tory statesman that we had then put our money on the wrong horse. We had not put it on a "horse" at all, but on a ravening, half-maniacal wild beast, thirsting always for blood and outrage. A generation afterwards, J. R. Green saw England, under Disraeli, "drifting into war—into war on the side of the Devil and in the cause of Hell." The result was the destruction of the San Stefano treaty and the substitution for it of the Treaty of Berlin—from which most of modern European tragedies, including this war, have directly arisen. Today, the amateur diplomatist blames Sir Edward Grey for not having made an alliance with Turkey instead of finding himself openly at war with her, and she the Kaiser's friend. We can congratulate him and his people on that friendship: a live nation cemented to a corpse, for whose misdeeds he is responsible, and who, in the fullness of time, even perhaps through this desperate sortie to the East in which he is engaging, will drag him down into the same destruction as she is destined inevitably to endure.

C. F. G. Masterman.

The Nation.

THE AUSTRALIAN.

("The bravest thing God ever made."—*A British Officer's opinion.*)

The skies that arched his land were blue,
His bush-born winds were warm and sweet
And yet from earliest hours he knew
The tides of victory and defeat;

From fierce floods thundering at his
birth,
From red droughts ravening while he
played,
He learned to fear no foes on earth—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

The bugles of the Motherland
Rang ceaselessly across the sea,
To call him and his lean brown band
To shape Imperial destiny;
He went, by youth's grave purpose
willed,
The goal unknown, the cost unweighed,
The promise of his blood fulfilled—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

We know—it is our deathless pride!—
The splendor of his first fierce blow;
How, reckless, glorious, undenied,
He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we
know!
And none who saw him scale the height
Behind his reeking bayonet-blade
Would rob him of his title-right—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

Bravest, where half a world of men
Are brave beyond all earth's rewards,
So stoutly none shall charge again
Till the last breaking of the swords;
Wounded or hale, won home from war,
Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,
Give him his due for evermore—
"The bravest thing God ever made!"

W. H. O.

Punch.

CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES.

This is a genuine document, written out for his nurse by a Scottish corporal who was wounded at Messines on December 26, 1914. It has not been edited at all, beyond a few corrections in punctuation.

Xmas Eve in the trenches, and not too comfortable—pumps going night and day, but we could never bring our water-line to less than two feet; a small stream which flowed parallel and in front of our trench, and used our trench as an overflow, being the cause of most of our discomfort.

It was almost dark, and being only one hundred yards away from the German trenches, and at night less than one hundred yards (advance), it was almost possible to listen to conversations in their trenches, and by raising the voice a very little above the usual we could make ourselves heard and understood. Very little sniping had been done by either side; we thought they were exceptionally quiet.

We started singing carols and they applauded us—they sang and we replied. I don't think we were so harmonious as the Germans—they had some fine voices amongst them.

The stillness of the night and our mood (Xmas feeling) may have helped, but as the sound floated over the turnip field to our trench we were spellbound. We gave them three cheers (British ones) when they sang "God Save the King." Quietness reigns again—what are they up to?—behind their trenches they had Chinese lanterns arranged at about ten yards interval; illuminations any other night, the glare of a lighted cigarette or the flash of a match, would have drawn our fire, but tonight no one sniped—it's Xmas Eve. We heard it rumored that there had to be a truce, but nothing was given out to us officially—the order was as usual: "Keep a sharp look-out."

Some one calling us from the enemy's trenches "Komradd (comrade), Ongleesh Komradd," I answered him "Hello! Fritz" (we call them all Fritz). "Do you want any tobacco?" he asks. "Yes." "Come half-ways"; we shouted back and forward until Old Fritz clambered out of the trench, and ac-

companied by three others of my section we went out to meet him. We were walking between the trenches. At any other time this would have been suicide; even to show your head above the parapet would have been fatal, but tonight we go unarmed (but a little shaky) out to meet our enemies. "Make for the light," he calls, and as we came nearer we saw he had his flash lamp in his hand putting it in and out to guide us.

We shook hands, wished each other a Merry Xmas, and were soon conversing as if we had known each other for years. We were in front of their wire entanglements and surrounded by Germans—Fritz and I in the center talking, and Fritz occasionally translating to his friends what I was saying. We stood inside the circle like street-corner orators.

Soon most of our company ("A" Company), hearing that I and some others had gone out, followed us; they call me "Fergie" in the regiment, and to find out where I was in the darkness they kept calling out "Fergie." The Germans, thinking that was an English greeting, answered "Fergie." What a sight—little groups of Germans and British extending almost the length of our front! Out of the darkness we could hear laughter and see lighted matches, a German lighting a Scotchman's cigarette and *vice versa*, exchanging cigarettes and souvenirs. Where they couldn't talk the language they were making themselves understood by signs, and every one seemed to be getting on nicely. Here we were laughing and chatting to men whom only a few hours before we were trying to kill!

I was surprised at the good English some of them had, especially Fritz; and I asked him about it. He had been 15 years in Edinburgh, and only left in August when called up. He knew our regiment, having been in Edinburgh two years during the time it was there, and told me the name of the regiment that relieved us, also when we were relieved. How did he find that out? He wouldn't tell me. We were working four days in and four days out the trenches, and the coming in and going out were the most dangerous times we had. We were always having some one hit. I asked him how long he thought the war would last. He said it wouldn't have lasted half so long if the Russians had still been beating the Austrians, but now that the Austrians were punishing the Russians he thought it would last four or five months longer (at that time, according to our Press, the Russians were capturing and slaughtering the Austrians in thousands). I tried to convince him on that point, but he produced a German paper for corroboration. I was sorry I hadn't taken a copy of "Lloyd's Weekly" which I had in the trench with me, for this paper was marked "Military Press," and, as I heard later, printed specially for the troops. He said: "What does it matter how long it lasts or who wins as long as we come out of it safe?" and told us to save our ammunition for the Prussians. "We are the 28th Bavarians," he said, "the regiment that captured your Gordon Highlanders." He seemed quite proud of his regiment, but they all had a hatred for the Prussians. They had arranged not to fire for 48 hours, whether we fired or not, but warned us that the Prussians on their left would still be sniping. "The dogs," he called them.

They kept their word to us, and neither of us fired during the two days. It was like being in a different world. Here we were, Xmas Day, and able to walk about with our heads up—some of our men even left the trench to play football. A party from our "B" Company went over and were photographed with the Germans. As was

arranged before saying "Good-night," Fritz and his friends had to visit us this morning, and here they were coming. It was like an attacking force coming on to us in extended order, but all without "arms." Our Colonel, who had not heard about last night's occurrence, saw them coming, and also saw me up on the parapet and waving my hands as I called "Here you are, Fritz," Very soon he was in a rage. "Who is that man waving the enemy over here? Send them back." He called out to them in German, "Go back or we'll fire," and everything he said in German was answered by our German friend Fritz in English. Our Major went out and spoke to Fritz. He told them that the only Germans we wanted near us were those who wished to give themselves up. Did he intend doing that? But Fritz was ready for him. "Respecting your rank, sir, but I am not here to talk 'politics.'" They were sent back to their trenches, and we were left at our loopholes with orders not to fire unless they left their trench, and then we could warn them back and fire high.

It was a very quiet day, but we had made friends with the enemy, and all day we kept calling and joking across to their trenches.

26 December.—They have not fired yet, but the artillery have been busy, and they have the range of our trench; they have started shelling on the right; word is passed along for our section to retire to reserve trenches.

I had just left my mud hut to carry out the order; the last shell I noticed had smashed our telephone wires, and the next shell I didn't know was going to strike me—but it did!

Result: arm amputated at elbow and shrapnel wound in thigh. In all I had six pieces of shrapnel and two bullets removed from me; but I know it was not our new-made friends the Bavarians who shot me, but the artillery of the Prussians—"The dogs."

I am at present in D. R. I., and words fail me in trying to express my appreciation of the attentions and kindness of our Sister and nurses.

The Saturday Review.

THE DEAD HAND.

The renewal, with an insistence ever growing, of the demand for the application of the power which we have all along possessed to crush Germany to the very dust by the full exercise of our control of the sea is a proof that the long lethargy of the British public concerning the things most vital to the attainment of a victorious peace has come at last to an end. To those of us who for long years before the war sought by every means in our power, by speeches, by articles, by letters to the Press, by the combination of the voices of chambers of commerce and shipping companies, to awaken to the conspiracy against the use of its greatest weapon to which it was falling a victim, the present slow realization of the gigantic issues involved is welcome indeed, but it yet brings with it a terrible sense of advantages foregone, of a prodigious waste of life and treasure which might have been spared.

Had England refused utterly in 1907 the establishment, suggested by Germany, of an international prize court at The Hague, had she never initiated the fatal conference in 1908 which led to the Declaration of London, then perhaps —perhaps—even our Foreign Office, when war began and the fetters had been struck by the rejection of the Naval Prize Bill from the limbs of the

Fleet, would not have thought it necessary, as almost their first act in the new chapter of human history, to enchain again the freedom of the Navy by voluntarily and wilfully reaffirming the provisions of the Germanified code of sea rules. The history of all peoples might be searched in vain for a parallel to the procedure of Mr. Asquith's Liberal Ministry in August, 1914, when at the beginning of the greatest war which the world has ever seen it allowed enemy reservists to cross the seas to our foes and abandoned the greater part of the use of its principal means of gaining victory and peace.

In former wars we fought the fleets of our foes in order to win and hold command of the waters, and we then used that command in such fashion as to force our enemy into submission by the deprivation of practically the whole of his sea-borne supplies. In these days the chief advocates of the claims of the neutral to violate the first principles of fair play by carrying to the weaker belligerent the goods which he can no longer carry for himself seem to be the actual Ministers of the English Crown. Even when in March last, after seven months of war, the strong pressure of public opinion forced Mr. Asquith to a tardy decision that from that time forth Germany should be bereft of all her imports, two immense drawbacks to this pledge have presented themselves.

The first is the trifling detail that it has not been kept. Despite the promise of the Prime Minister of England, immense quantities of goods vital to our enemies have been allowed, as an admitted fact, to pass into their grasp. The second is that in the pledge itself inhered a prodigious flaw, for it was not proposed to confiscate outright all cargoes destined, through whatever devious channels, for the enemy's benefit, but merely to arrest them, while holding ourselves liable for their full value (unless they were contraband) to the neutral.

Now nothing can be clearer than the old law of the sea upon this point. When a neutral sent to a belligerent noncontraband articles he did so at the risk of losing those articles, though not the ships that conveyed them. The latter, after the cargoes had been condemned in the prize courts of the captor, were restored to the neutral. If however the cargoes consisted of contraband goods, then no such restoration was made. This was the state of things before Lord Palmerston's Government in 1856, at the close of the Crimean War, gave its fatal adhesion to the Declaration of Paris. In a moment, as it were, and without the discharge of one shot the sea power of this country was hewn in two. For in that act of mad folly we for the time surrendered the right to capture enemy goods, not being contraband, under the neutral flag. Had we kept that right—and used it to its full extent—Germany would months ago have been reduced to impotence. God only knows how many thousand lives would have been spared, and how many millions of money would have been saved, had our plenipotentiaries, Lords Clarendon and Cowley, abstained from putting their hands to an instrument which England should rather have fought to the last gasp than accept. Parliament did not ratify it. Queen Victoria to her dying day declined to sign it. The late Lord Salisbury said of it that, except for the purpose of resisting invasion, it tended to render our Navy powerless. But successive British Governments have acted as if the lines of that insane agreement were articles of the Christian faith, while Mr. Asquith's Cabinet in 1914 took that further step towards our destruction which has been related.

But the point—the vital point—toward which the attention of the Press and the public should now be directed

is this: *The solution of all our difficulties is to be found by now at once denouncing the Declaration of Paris.* Never again in the nature of things is such an opportunity as now exists for taking this step likely to recur. For the Powers who were co-signatories with us are either our Allies, or else mortal foes who have themselves broken all treaties and outraged all conventions, and to whom therefore no faith is due. France and Russia were the States chiefly concerned in securing the abnegation of her strength at sea by Britain in 1856. And France and Russia have now an equal interest with ourselves in that strength's fullest exercise. Not only would they not oppose, but they would most eagerly welcome the resumption of rights whose full exercise would abbreviate the agony which they are enduring. But what of the United States? Would not from that quarter objection come? No; assuredly not. For the simple and sufficing reason that the great Republic declined herself to sign.

This then is "the pathway of safety." This is the direction towards which every patriotic man and woman in this country should now turn their fullest energies. Let "the dead hand" of the past hold us no longer in its cold grip. Let the fleets of England and of her Allies be set free to put the full might of their pressure upon the nation of murderers and robbers and ravishers with whom we contend.

H. F. Wyatt.

The Outlook.

WOMEN AND FEAR.

People who call themselves "feminists"—though they might more appropriately call themselves "hominists," since their ideal is not the cultivation of what is characteristic in woman, but what is characteristic in man—often say that women could have equaled man in all attainments if they had been allowed equal opportunities. The average intellect of woman is lower than that of man, they say, because she has been suppressed. It is true that woman has not had the opportunity of developing the habit of public affairs, but we cannot remember that any embargo has prevented her from writing great poetry or painting great pictures. However that may be, the feminist now enjoys the advantage of a new point in the argument that the differences between men and women are accidental and not essential. A great many persons—we confess to some guilt in the matter ourselves—dreaded the consequences of fear among women in a prolonged and appalling war. Whatever views they may have held about the intellectual differences between men and women, they said that there was a fundamental and ineradicable difference as regards fear because it was a difference based on permanent physical inequality. No doubt there might be, and were, remarkable exceptions, but in a general way, they said, the timidity of women was the natural quality of physical weakness. Women were protected by men just because they were weak, and they were more timid than men just because their strength was incapable of self-protection. There may have been some confusion between nervousness, personal timidity, and such fear as is provoked by apprehension of a national catastrophe or of the death of some one else. These are different things, and probably they *were* confused. At all events, it was too widely thought that in the event of such a terrific war as is now proceeding the resolution of women could not be expected to endure long enough. Women might go into a war

for a right cause as gallantly as men; they might have just as firm a grasp of the principle at issue; but what if the war should be prolonged and horrible utterly beyond experience? What would an average woman do if all those who were dearest to her were torn away one after the other? Could her enthusiasm survive and triumph? Was it to be expected that it would? Probably—thus the unflattering prediction framed itself—her hold on principle would not be quite strong enough for the trial. The very fact that she had not the habit of public affairs would bring it about that her attachment to persons would be more powerful than her attachment to the cause. She would reach a point through horror and bereavement where terror would engulf her and she would cry: "Nothing that we fight for can make a continuance of this nightmare of slaughter worth while. Let us have peace. The price, whatever it may be, will be cheap so long as this horror ceases."

Anyone who thought in those terms of Englishwomen must now see that he was never more mistaken in his life. Their tenacity of purpose seems sufficient to outlast that of the men. When they are called upon for fresh sacrifices—for other members of the family to depart—do they grudge them? Do they repine? We have not in our experience come across any such case, at least not among women well enough educated to appreciate the meaning of the war. Their readiness for any loss that fate may decree is absolutely unquestioning. It is as though they never contemplated the possibility of holding back whatever they most cherish. Is it not a curious parallelism of contradiction which is going on at the same time in the United States? There the fear of suffering in the world—a noble fear in itself, of course, since it is purely altruistic, although it may be most ignobly applied—causes women to exalt their capacity for immediate compassion above their conviction that righteousness may sometimes be reached only through suffering. They denounce the suffering of men in war as such an evil in itself that nothing can atone for it—not even liberty, we suppose. Therefore they sing: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier!" The American pacificist movement is mainly a women's movement. And the real motive of it is fear.

We have written of fear among women as chiefly fear for others. For surely that is its characteristic. Women as a rule may be nervous for themselves in odd ways—in crossing crowded streets, in open boats, in hearing gun fire, and in countless other minute fashions which are not much more than superficial emotions. Such fears fly forth when sensitive nerves that lie near the surface are touched. But the exceptions to the rule are rather drastic exceptions. Some "fearless" women seem to be without fear in anything they do, and have often been found embarrassing and humiliating companions by unadventurous men. As regards the great fears of the body, women are less easily moved than men, and in some respects much less easily moved. They are more patient in bearing pain; on the whole, we think they are less frequently cowed by it. We have sometimes thought that it was characteristic of men to try to prey upon human fear in those friars' books of mortification which developed out of familiar experiences an idea and measure of the agonies of death. The reader, for example, was instructed to remember what the pain was like when a finger was but squeezed or pinched, and then to imagine what sort of pain must be endured when the whole body was corrupted and dissolved. That fantastic and atrociously misleading analogy could never, we fancy, have been invented in a nunnery.

In another way women have shown a fearlessness in the war that has been wonderful, though not, perhaps, contrary to expectation. Thousands of girls who had led easy and cloistered lives, remote from everything that was not pretty and agreeable and smooth, have been pitchforked, after only a few weeks' hurried training, into hospitals full of men maimed and disfigured by terrible and repulsive wounds. They have not quailed; they have gone about their work calmly, steadily, and efficiently. Their grandmothers at their age would no doubt have "swooned"; for that, according to the romances, was the proper thing for every polite and well-bred woman to do on encountering a crisis or any disconcerting episode. Happily, swooning has gone out of fashion. Of course, in nursing work every woman is fortified by a mothering instinct. But what an extension and refinement do we behold in the human world of that instinct which causes even the mildest and most timid of animals to fight like a demon for her young! And this instinct is passed on even to small children. It comes out in a very curious way in a lecture which was delivered lately by Dr. C. W. Kimmins, Chief Inspector of Schools for the London County Council, to the Child Study Society. He based his remarks on nearly a thousand essays which had been written, without preparation, by school children on their experiences of Zeppelin raids in the London area. At eight years of age the brain was chiefly impressed by the sound of guns, but there was no sign of fear, and even girls of eight looked after the still younger children. At nine years of age there was some evidence of fear among the girls, but not among the boys. At ten there was distinct evidence of fear among boys, but much more so among girls. Not till that age did boys take their part in looking after the younger children. But throughout the girls' essays there was nearly always mention of this tending of the younger children. At thirteen the girls seemed to have acquired a pride that conquered fear; some of them sagaciously remarked that the raids would do good because they would show people at home what war really was. "Suppressed emotion," indeed, seems to have inflicted some nervous damage. But for calmness we must award the palm to the pompously self-possessed maiden who wrote as follows:—

I was coming out of a cinema with my uncle and I noticed people were rushing to and fro in the streets. I went up to a policeman and said to him, "What does all this mean?" He replied gravely, "The Zeppelins have come." "What?" I said, "Do you mean to tell me that those terrible monsters have come at last?' And he replied, briefly, "They have."

The Spectator.

SCIENCE AND THE PUBLIC.

In his "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh," William Watson wrote of England these notable lines:

For now the day is unto them that know,
And not henceforth she stumbles on the prize;
And yonder march the nations full of eyes.
Already is doom a-spinning. . . .

To some of us who were painfully aware of the apathy of British statesmen and of the British public towards the claims of science for truer recognition, these words, when they were uttered thirteen years ago, came as the words of a seer. The fallacy of misplaced optimism, that England would

somehow "muddle through," was then rampant; England had always stumbled on the prize of success; chance might be trusted that she would stumble on it again. Ignore the men who know; distrust the expert; let us go on with our muddling; let us play golf and shoot our pheasants, and let other nations scheme, and sweat, and cultivate science! It seemed at one time as though some attempt was being made to remedy this national apathy. The creation by Parliament, half a century back, of a Science and Art Department, suggested at least an amelioration of the old bad state of things; and efforts were made—hopeful efforts and not unsuccessful in a way—to foster the teaching of science in the older universities and build up newer institutions on a basis of its full recognition. These efforts, though they have by no means failed, have not, however, brought about public recognition to a degree commensurate with the national need, or comparable with the recognition accorded to science in Continental nations, including the central European empires with which we are now in armed conflict.

It is unfortunately only too well known to scientific men that for more than a generation past the trend of public opinion, at least as represented by politicians, statesmen, departmental officials, municipal authorities, and including even the heads of many great industrial and commercial undertakings, has been to ignore the position of science in the fabric of civilization, and to treat the development of science as though it were a matter of little moment to the national welfare. It has required nothing short of the most terrible war of all time to awaken the nation to its slackness in many things. Indeed, the nation has as yet not begun either to realize how dearly it is paying for its neglect of science, or to reconstruct on a scientific basis its politics, its statesmanship, its commerce, its education. its civil and industrial administration, Distrust of the expert, of the man who has made it his business to know, is still the fashionable, if not the prevalent attitude towards men of science. The public which purchases every morning and evening the halfpenny journals, and swallows the pabulum which they provide, is the same public which elects our Parliamentary representatives and rules most of our national institutions. Occasionally the daily papers deign to insert a paragraph of what they think to be scientific news. If the public prefers its sensational tit-bit of science-gossip, culled from the pamphlet of some pseudo-scientific charlatan and served up hot by an anonymous paragraphist, to more sober and informing articles written by men whose authority is indisputable, the public has itself to thank. Editors and sub-editors do not know enough science to suppress the twaddle; and, consequently, blunders which would be thought amazing if perpetrated in a like fashion in the domains of literature or art or history are put into gratuitous and harmful circulation.

In political circles the same indifference to science prevails. Apart from the handful of university members, which includes Sir Joseph Larmor and Sir Philip Magnus as the sole representatives of the most neglected branch of human activities, there is not one scientific man in the roll of the House of Commons. In the House of Lords science is indeed represented by two hereditary peers, Lord Rayleigh and Lord Berkeley; but there have been no scientific men called to the peerage since the deaths of Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister, and Lord Avebury. The esteem in which science is held may be measured by the suggestion in Lord Dunraven's scheme for the reform of the House of Lords, that in the future it should consist of 400 members, whereof *two* should

represent art, literature, and science! When this amazing proposition was put forward not one voice cried out in protest against this insult to science; it was a much more important question whether the bishops shall continue to be peers. In less august circles the same astonishing contempt for the claims of science is apparent. Shortly before the death of King Edward VII, the Lord Mayor of London gave a luncheon to our present monarch, then Prince of Wales, and to the Elder Brethren of Trinity House. Distinguished members of the Services, as well as Parliamentarians, were of course invited, and there were lawyers, artists, play-actors, and stockbrokers; but not one engineer, chemist or man of science; at least the newspapers reported none as present. His Royal Highness did not notice the omission; it was an utterly trivial incident, of course. Straws show which way the wind blows.

Not one of the headmasters of the great public schools is a man of science, and very few of the heads of houses in the old universities; though the recent selection of a zoologist and a botanist to such posts of dignity at Cambridge may be a timely concession. If the headmasters and heads of houses are by training and tradition out of sympathy with science, is it astonishing that under-masters and schoolboys, as well as under-graduates, grow up ignorant of scientific method, and despise that of which they are ignorant? Worst of all, in those departments of our schools where science is admitted, it is treated as an inferior study. No doubt our public school system turns out many admirable cricketers and a few scholars; but of the living men who have made their mark in science, how few can thank the public schools for that achievement? At every general election the public—to judge from the Press—is keenly anxious to know how many of the members of the House were reared at Harrow, and how many at Eton. But no one cares how many Fellows of the Royal Society, or members of the Institution of Civil Engineers, or Fellows of the Institute of Chemistry are from Harrow or Eton.

We now suddenly discover in the cataclysm of a terrible war, not only that science has been at a discount in the organization of the army, but that our industrial and commercial life is disorganized and crippled by the same elementary disregard. Nearly half a century ago Disraeli warned us that the commercial prosperity of a nation might be measured by the prosperity of its chemical manufactures. He was laughed at as though his dictum had been a joke. But it ceases to be a matter for joking when the neglect of science leads to the disappearance of whole branches of those trades that are concerned with the technical applications of chemistry or physics or metallurgy. The loss of the dyestuff industry; the decay of several branches of the glass industry; the ever-increasing pressure in the metal industries, in the varnish industry, in the watch and clock industry, in innumerable branches of the engineering industries, are serious indications. They are symptoms that something has been rotten in the administration of the State. But they have not occurred without serious warning. Sir Norman Lockyer's weighty British Association address, Professor Perry's trenchant "Neglect of Science," Lord Haldane's earnest pleas for the improvement of education in the interests of national efficiency, all pointed the same moral: *if you neglect science, you do so at your peril.* But these warnings fell largely on deaf ears. The assistance given by Government to the promotion of science has been largely a sham supplemented by a few doles. Government has given, it is true, a large sum for the establishment of the National Physical Laboratory. But the

German Government gives three times as much, and the United States Government four times as much, for their corresponding national institutions.

In its wisdom, the Government—not the present one—has merged the Science and Art Department in a Board of Education, a Board which never meets, under successive Ministers of Education, who, however able they may have been, have not in any case been men of eminence in science. In the Army there is unconcealed contempt for and hostility to the opinion of any civilian expert; he is lower than any mere gunner. Even the military engineer is set down as a mere sapper. In the Navy things are not quite so bad, though it required years of agitation to secure even a partial recognition for the naval engineer. Had science been despised in the Navy as it is in the Army, where would Britain have been today? In political and financial circles the contempt is complete; science neither goes out vote-catching, nor panders to Stock Exchange operations. It is therefore of no importance. Always, and ever, and again, science is despised and ignored.

If the public, the nation, and its appointed rulers display such blindness, is it wonderful that national interests, civil as well as military, industrial as well as agricultural, suffer grievously when forced to compete with nations sedulously trained in the cultivation of science?

And yonder march the nations full of eyes.
Already is doom a-spinning.

Nature.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The statement of his faith which Dr. William Hayes Ward, for many years editor of *The Independent*, makes in "What I Believe and Why" (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a curious illustration of the changes which have come to pass in the religious beliefs of many, during the last half century. At the age of nine, Dr. Ward, under the tutelage of his father, a clergyman of the old type, had read the whole Bible in the original tongues, with the Old Testament also in Greek, and the New Testament in Hebrew, and both in Latin. Now, at the age of eighty, he denies the infallibility of those Scriptures and dismisses the idea of their inspiration; and bases his faith in God and in immortality, which has survived all changes, upon the discoveries of science rather than upon any form of revelation. His rapid survey of these discoveries is extremely interesting, and goes to show that to resolve the entire visible universe to ether does not eliminate God, nor make unnecessary the conception of a Great First Cause. Dr. Ward's Gospel is far enough from being that which his father preached; but it holds to the two great fundamentals, and emphasizes the duty of repentance, of right living and of all-embracing love. The candor with which it is written gives it a vivid personal interest.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who began writing novels in the mid-Victorian days, and is still writing, in her 85th year, follows her recently published autobiography "All the Days of My Life" with a smaller volume, "Three Score and Ten," which is half-autobiography, in its intimate disclosure of thoughts, emotions and spiritual experiences, but which has for its chief aim the bringing of cheer and encouragement to readers who have passed the allotted period of life, and are beset with the problems and

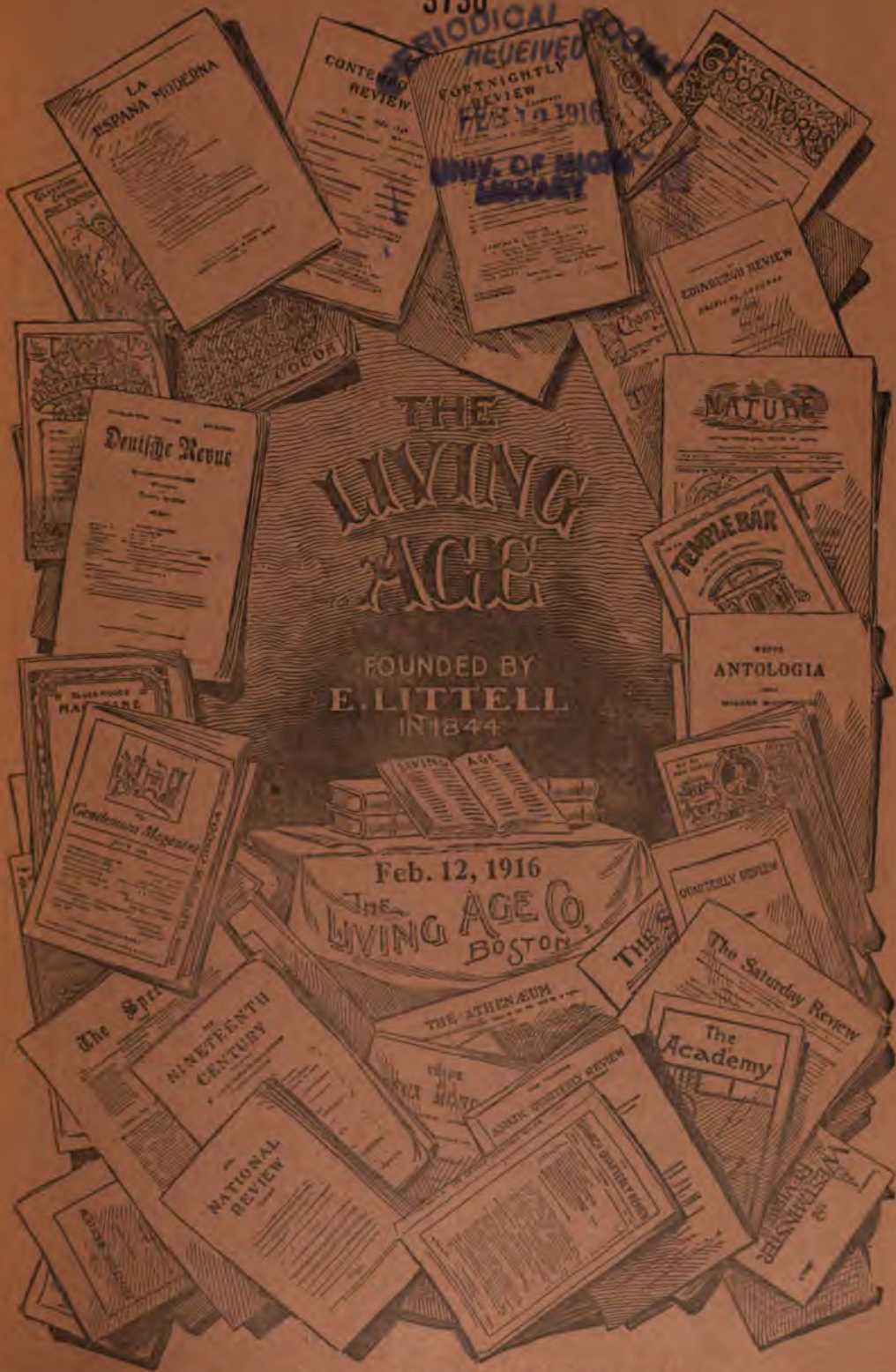
the often-sombre reflections of age. Mrs. Barr is a cheerful optimist, and even readers who cannot accept all her conclusions may find her faith and courage contagious. D. Appleton & Co.

In "A History of American Literature Since 1870" (The Century Co.) Professor Fred Lewis Pattee of the Pennsylvania State College traverses a field which has not hitherto been cultivated, except in a desultory and altogether inadequate way; and the result is a work which is not only broad and just and of permanent value, but charmingly fresh and entertaining. He regards the years immediately following the Civil War as a time in which a totally new America grew from the ashes of the great conflict, and the opening of a new period—a National Period—in American literature. His opening chapter is devoted to this "Second Discovery of America," and the succeeding chapters—the titles of which furnish a key to the temper in which he writes and the flavor of his work—treat of The Laughter of the West, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, The Discovery of Pike County, Joaquin Miller, The Transition Poets, Rise of the Nature Writers, Walt Whitman, The Classical Reaction, Recorders of the New England Decline, The New Romance, Later Poets of the South, The Era of Southern Themes and Writers, The Later Poets, The Triumph of the Short Story, Shifting Currents of Fiction and The Essayists. These are beguiling themes and they are delightfully treated. They cover three departments of literature—fiction, poetry and essays—and, naturally, the first of these is given fullest consideration, since it is in that department that the product of the period has been largest, most varied and most significant. Single chapters, like that on The Later Poets or that on The Triumph of the Short Story may be read with pleasure, as detached essays but whoever reads them thus is reasonably certain to go back and read all the chapters in their proper sequence. Alike for the accuracy of its judgments and the charm of its style the book is noteworthy.

"The Book of Musical Knowledge," by Mr. Arthur Elson, begins with Hindu hymns and comes down to the latest composers and performers of vocal and instrumental music. It is illustrated with portraits, sometimes full-page and sometimes arranged in groups; with pictures of the musical instruments ancient and modern described in the text and with specimens of early methods of notation. The large square octavo is divided into five parts: The Evolution of Music, The Great Composers, Musical Form, The Instruments and Special Topics: it has an index of twenty-four pages and two valuable appendixes each containing enough matter for a noteworthy little volume. The first gives a list of important musical terms and is an especial blessing to those whose favorite critics write in a conglomeration of Italian and German, seldom declining on the lower range of plain English. Appendix B is a complete course of musical study, with references, including the history of the art and of the science; special biographical studies of six great musicians; an historical review of oratorio and opera; an analysis of musical form; and some instruction in technique. Mr. Elson does not scorn the anecdote nor the innocent traditions of the small weaknesses of great men, and teachers, students and librarians will be grateful to him for his careful Index. This is no small book, but it is a library in itself, and it is so bound that it may be extended [illegible] addition of portraits, or other [illegible] Houghton Mifflin Co.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS MESSAGE: BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

3736



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PERMANENCE.

God, for His bow above the storm, has set
The infinite quiet of the countryside:
There are glades in the honey-scented chestnut woods
Where still the old steadfast, simple loves abide.

There is silence there: the music of falling rain;
There is calm, and the sun's bright patterns through the trees;
Among the hazels next year's catkins hang.
Safe at her bosom sleeps the earth's increase.

* * * * *

God, for His bow, above the storm has set
Nature the fatalist, level-browed, most wise;
Death in her hands she bears, beneficent.
Beyond the snow she wakes the anemones.

The Saturday Review.

ENGLAND.

Her seed is sown about the world. The seas
For Her have path'd their waters. She is known
In swamps that steam about the burning zone,
And dreaded in the last white lands that freeze.
For Her the glory that was Nineveh's
Is naught: the pomp of Tyre and Babylon
Naught: and for all the realms that Cæsar won—
One tithe of Hers were more than all of these.

And she is very small and very green,
And full of little lanes all dense with flowers
That wind along and lose themselves between
Mossed farms, and parks, and fields of quiet sheep.
And in the hamlets, where her stalwarts sleep,
Low bells chime out from old elm-hidden towers.

Godfrey Howard.

The New Witness.

THE ADVENTURERS.

["England was never made by her Statesmen. England was made by her Adventurers."—*General Gordon.*]

They sit at home and they dream and dally,
Raking the embers of long-dead years,—
But ye go down to the haunted Valley,
Light-hearted pioneers.
They have forgotten they ever were young,
They hear your songs as an unknown tongue, . . .
But the Flame of God through your spirit stirs,
Adventurers,—O Adventurers!

They weigh and ponder, and shilly-shally,
Wielding the pen, who are past the sword,—
But ye go down to the mystic Valley,
That never was yet explored.
They brood over obsolete ways and means,
Their eyes confusing the grays and greens, . . .
But no tradition your vision blurs,
Adventurers,—O Adventurers!

They tithe their herbs and they count their tally,
Choosing their words that a phrase may live,—
But ye cast down in the hungry Valley
All that a man can give.
They prophesy smoothly, with weary smile
Fulfilling their feeble appointed while,
But Death himself to your pride defers,
Adventurers,—O Adventurers!

May Byron.

The Spectator.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND HIS MESSAGE.

The Congress of the United States assembled in regular session December 6th. On December 7th, as is customary a message from the President was read to both Senate and House of Representatives. At this particular time the message was looked forward to with great interest in the United States and in foreign countries. It has been the custom with other Presidents in presenting the annual message to cover every possible feature of the Government's activities at home and abroad, and to incorporate within the body of the message the reports of the various Cabinet officers as to the working of their Departments. If the occasion arose later in the Congressional session to send other communications these were known as "special messages."

When Woodrow Wilson became President he initiated a new method of procedure. He omitted the reports of his Cabinet officers from his own document, and confined his first message to narrow lines. At varying intervals during the session as new suggestions seemed timely he sent further messages, each one dealing with some particular public question. The first message he ever delivered to Congress he read to that body himself, thus breaking all precedents, but this personal interpretation of policy has since been abandoned in the light of subsequent experience, for he found that to give such close personal attention to Congressional affairs as he at first contemplated was practically impossible to an Executive so overburdened with other work.

The Presidential message of December 6th deals with what Mr. Wilson considers to be the most pressing matters of the day, naturally all of them arising directly or indirectly out of the European war. He again defined his conception of the idea and purpose of the neutrality of the United States, and as these are not "peace at any price," as is believed by many, it is well to quote the exact words of his definition. He said:—

> We stood apart. It was our manifest duty to do so. Not only did we have no part or interest in the policies which seem to have brought the conflict on, but it was necessary, if a universal catastrophe was to be avoided, that a limit should be set to the sweep of destructive war, and that some part of the great family of nations should keep the processes of peace alive, if only to prevent collective economic ruin and the breakdown throughout the world of the industries by which its populations are fed and sustained. It was manifestly the duty of the self-governed nations in this hemisphere to redress if possible the balance of economic loss and confusion in the other, if they could do nothing more. In the day of readjustment and recuperation we earnestly hope and believe that they can be of infinite service.

He has set forth in previous statements his ethical reasons for America's non-intervention in the present struggle, and now he gives us what he intimates is the lesser but none the less important economic reason. To avoid the horrors of war, both spiritual and physical, if this could be honorably accomplished, has hitherto been what he considered the duty of the American nation, and he now adds a list of advantages, not only to America, but to the world, in that a neutral America serves to preserve the structure of peace and to hold together the economic system affecting food supply and other international activities until such time as the European countries shall be ready to assume again their places in its carrying on. That America stands to

gain by this course is indisputable, but it is a narrow point of view to consider material profit as the sole reason for American aloofness, equally as it would be unjust to condemn a man for advocating a policy which he believed to be good for the country as a whole because he would benefit personally through its adoption.

President Wilson has from the beginning strained every resource at his command to maintain the neutrality of the United States. He has risked his own personal popularity, the standing of the United States among the great Powers, and the future safety of the country in spreading abroad a reputation for inexhaustible patience under insult and injury. He did this on a lesser scale in Mexican affairs before the beginning of the European war. He has won a victory of sorts in the Mexican field, and now has the support of a great majority of the American people in his much-criticised handling of the Mexican complication. His success in that direction has given the nation a certain confidence in the outcome of his present policy towards the European troubles. In a way Mexico served him as a training school, for his experience therein was calculated to help him vastly in the much greater and more serious crisis which he was soon to face.

He has shown considerable tact, infinite patience, and a stern indifference to clamor in connection with Mexico. He has employed, and still is employing, these same qualities in the difficult position in which he now finds himself. The message to Congress we are now considering appears to have served him as a safety valve for his real feelings against those who are making it difficult for him to maintain his equilibrium, and at no time has he given expression to such indignation as in that message.

The situation in America arising from the wilful destruction of property on land and sea by German, Austrian and Turkish agents attempting to hinder the manufacture and transportation for goods for the Allies is very serious. Manufacturing establishments are surrounded with barbed wire entanglements and armed guards, and railroads and wharves are guarded to prevent outrages upon rolling stock, bridges, warehouses and terminals. Hardly a week goes by but what fires, explosions, and general destruction of property, incidentally of human life as well, are reported.

It has been found that the laws of the country make it difficult to convict and punish those engaged in the numerous and well-established conspiracies to carry on the work of destruction, for it is a new situation, one with which the law-making power has never been called upon to deal. The President does not refer to any particular nationality in his denunciation of these crimes, but as it is known that only German sympathizers are guilty it was not necessary for him to do so. He who runs may read, for there is no equivocation. In carrying out his policy of strict neutrality President Wilson has carefully refrained from expressing himself on any of the questions which have absorbed the thought and afforded almost the sole topic of conversation for every other man for the past seventeen months.

The President is a man of strong convictions, and is in the habit of expressing them freely and at considerable length. To find something upon which he could, from his own point of view, safely expand must have been hailed with a certain grim satisfaction, for he knew he could exhaust the resources of the English language in denunciation of the plotters against the peace and safety of American life and industry without departing from his chosen path of strict neutrality, and with the hearty approval of the nation regard-

less of political affiliations. In asking Congress to enact new laws that the Government and the courts may deal adequately with the perpetrators of such crimes, he says:—

I have in mind no thought of any immediate or particular danger arising out of our relations with other nations. We are at peace with all nations in the world, and there is reason to hope that no question in controversy between this and other Governments will lead to any serious breach in amicable relations, grave as some differences of attitude and policy have been, and may yet turn out to be. I am sorry to say that the gravest threats against our national peace and safety have been uttered within our own borders. There are citizens of the United States, I blush to admit, born under other flags, but welcomed under our generous naturalization laws to full freedom of opportunity in America, who have poured poison and disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life, and who have sought to bring the authority and good name of our Government into contempt, to destroy our industries wherever they thought it effective for their vindictive purposes to strike at them, and to debase our policies to the uses of foreign intrigue. Their number is not great as compared with the whole number of those sturdy hosts by which our nation has been enriched in recent generations out of virile foreign stocks, but it is great enough to have brought deep disgrace upon us and to have made it necessary that we should promptly make use of the processes of law whereby they may be purged of their corrupt distempers.

America has never witnessed anything like this before, and never dreamed it possible that men sworn into her own citizenship, men drawn out of the great free stocks, such as have supplied some of the best and strongest elements of that little but now heroic nation that in the high day of old staked its very life to free itself from every entanglement that had darkened the fortunes of older nations and set up a new standard here, that men of such origins and such free choices of allegiance would ever turn in malign reaction against the Government and people who had welcomed and nurtured them, and seek to make this proud country once more a hotbed of European passion. A little while ago such a thing would have seemed incredible, because it was incredible. We made no preparation for such a contingency. We would have been almost ashamed to prepare for it, as if we were suspicious of ourselves and our own comrades and neighbors.

But the ugly and incredible thing actually has come about, and we are without adequate federal laws to deal with it. I urge you to enact such laws at the earliest possible moment, and I feel that in doing so I am urging you to do nothing less than to save the honor and self-respect of the nation. Such creatures of passion, disloyalty, and anarchy must be crushed out. They are not many, but they are infinitely malignant, and the hand of our power should close over them at once. They have formed plots to destroy property, they have entered into conspiracies against the neutrality of the Government, and they have sought to pry into every confidential transaction of the Government in order to serve interests alien to our own. It is possible to deal with these things very effectively. I need not suggest the terms in which they may be dealt with.

Those inclined to be hypercritical may find in the wording of this message a certain academic quality which points to words rather than to action. Such expressions as "I blush to admit," and "corrupt distempers," are not in the nature of trumpet calls to swift and sure punishment for dastardly crimes committed, and it can be imagined that certain other Presidents who have occupied the White House during times of great national stress would have been content with less rhetoric and a certain bluntness that would have carried as much, if not more, conviction to those contemplating further outrage

and to those working to prevent it. This may be a quibble, however, and due allowance being made for the professorial and literary habit, there is no question as to the sincerity of the purpose behind the message. It is not only a request to Congress backed by a reason, but those who are wise will regard it as a warning and govern themselves accordingly. One serious feature of the new laws asked for is that they cannot be made retroactive. To incur the penalties to be fixed there must be new conspiracies formed and new outrages committed. Those of the past and those now in effect are practically immune until such time as Congress may see fit to enact the proposed laws, and at the best this cannot be for some time. Congress always objects to being hurried even by the President, and as the political opposition is now only restrained by a comparatively narrow majority, even such legislation as is here proposed will be used to heckle the Government and create as much political disturbance as possible.

Closely following his denunciation of the criminal activities of German sympathizers, the President in his message devotes his attention to others, American-born, who, while not committing acts of physical violence to advance the cause of one or the other of the combatants have dared openly to express their sympathies one way or the other, to criticise the President and his party for their action or inaction, as the case may be, and even perhaps to suggest that the duty of the United States was to enter this war in joint defense with other great self-governing peoples of certain principles for which America has stood as one of the sponsors since 1776.

The President is inclined to be cryptic in his references to these unnamed offenders, but it is perhaps not difficult to gather who he means and do him no injustice. He says:—

I wish it could be said that only a few men, misled by mistaken sentiments of allegiance to the Governments under which they were born, have been guilty of disturbing the self-possession and misrepresenting the temper and principles of the country during these days of terrible war, when it would seem that every man who is truly American would instinctively make it his duty and his pride to keep the scales of judgment even and prove himself a partisan of no nation but his own. But it cannot. There are some men among us, and many residents abroad, who, though born and bred in the United States and calling themselves Americans, have so far forgotten themselves and their honor as citizens as to put their passionate sympathy with one or other side in the great European conflict above their regard for the peace and dignity of the United States. They also preach and practise disloyalty. No laws, I suppose, can reach corruptions of the mind and heart, but I should not speak of others without speaking of these, and expressing the even deeper humiliation and scorn which every self-possessed and thoughtfully patriotic American must feel when he thinks of these things and the discredit they are daily bringing upon us.

It seems safe to assume that ex-President Roosevelt is chief of those "among us" referred to by President Wilson. A general indictment of those Americans who are living in foreign countries for their "passionate sympathy" for "one or other side" does not touch many pro-German Americans in Germany, for there are not many Americans there now. President Wilson himself was responsible for lessening the number by one when he recalled an American consul in one of the large German cities, a most vivid Irishman by extraction, by the way, who made himself so obnoxious to the American colony by his rabid

pro-Germanism and by his reprehensible conduct of English interests placed in his official hands that a considerable scandal arose.

The shot fired by the President in this reproof is undoubtedly from the political locker, and was aimed at Mr. Roosevelt and other critics of his policy in foreign affairs, including certain American newspapers and periodicals; but it is of such sweeping character as to call for protest from those Americans whose business or affairs make it necessary, advisable, or desirable that they live abroad, including those as well who, while equally patriotic with Mr. Wilson, retain the right from every point of view of living where they please. In normal times there are about 15,000 Americans who live in London and 10,000 in Paris alone for reasons best known to themselves, and for which they do not feel compelled to give account to refute any charge of a lack of love of their native land.

There has been considerable expression in the United States since the beginning of this war of a narrow provincialism, which holds that an American has no excuse for living out of his own country. It never seems to occur to people of this way of thinking that if their idea was applied impartially and internationally there would have to be an enormous exodus from the United States to Europe for humanity to reinstate itself in the good opinion of these little Americans. On a par with this sentiment is the ignorance shown by those who have said that Americans ought to stay at home in these times, for then they would be in no danger from submarines. Among the distinguished subscribers to this doctrine is W. J. Bryan, Mr. Wilson's former Secretary of State.

In the first place, hardly a single traveler has crossed the Atlantic from choice or for pleasure since the war began. The enormous business interests of America in Europe require that thousands of Americans go back and forth constantly, regardless of personal comfort or danger. These things should be obvious, but that they are not to quite a number of human beings credited with their due share of human intelligence must be so from what we hear and what we read.

It is nationalism run amuck for President Wilson to accuse an American citizen of a lack of sense of duty or of pride because he becomes a partisan of another country in its fortunes of war. Thousands of Americans believe that the Allies are fighting America's battles, not necessarily in a military, but in a moral sense. Believing as they do, they would be false to their own country if they did not by word and deed serve the Allied cause to the best of their ability, and it is their right to do so and still retain their standing as loyal American citizens, even at the White House in Washington.

The "passionate sympathy" referred to by President Wilson would not be worthy of its name if it stopped with neutrality. The very terms are contradictory, for no sympathy could be passionate and remain neutral. The idea of neutrality carried to the point indicated by President Wilson would have compelled England to refrain from war while her neighbors were trampled upon and would have led Italy to a bargain with Austria. It is almost inconceivable that a man could use the term "passionate sympathy" with any conception of what a real passion of the mind meant to a human being capable of feeling it, and then suggest that it was the duty of this passionate pilgrim to refrain from becoming a partisan of a cause which had aroused such sympathy, a source of inspiration and exaltation which has given to the world its greatest and its noblest figures, even the greatest of them all, Who was crucified because of

His passionate sympathy for humanity regardless of nationality.

President Wilson couples "peace" and "dignity," and denounces those who threaten either by allowing their sympathy to rise to the heights of partisanship with a foreign nation, no matter what principles may be at stake. There may come a time in the history of any nation when peace cannot be maintained with dignity, and there are many Americans—more in the United States than elsewhere—who hold that President Wilson has come dangerously near sacrificing the dignity of the American nation on his altar of peace. It is these critics he undoubtedly has in view when he speaks of their "corruption of heart and mind." He would apparently excommunicate all those American-born, even those whose progenitors founded the country, devised its fundamental laws, and helped to carry the American flag to the Pacific Ocean, unless they shall turn their faces from all other nations, saying, "Thank God we are not as you; we are neutral."

Passing from denunciation of alien enemies within the gates and those American-born who may have any defined sympathies in this war, President Wilson in his message takes occasion to reaffirm the Monroe Doctrine in no uncertain terms. In this part of his message we find that partisanship with a foreign nation is not a crime provided it is confined to nations of the Western Hemisphere. "Enthusiasm for individual liberty and national development" must not cross the Atlantic, for on arrival in Europe it becomes a malign influence, disloyal to the United States and bringing with it "humiliation and scorn." He says:—

Conquest and dominion are not in our reckoning or agreeable to our principles, but, just because we demand the unmolested development and undisturbed government of our own principles of right and liberty, we resent, from whatever quarter it may come, the aggression which we ourselves will not practise. We insist upon security in prosecuting our self-chosen lines of national development. We do more than that; we demand it also for others. We do not confine our enthusiasm for individual liberty and free national development to incidents, movements, and affairs which affect only ourselves. . . . We have made common cause with all partisans of liberty on this side of the sea, and deemed it as important that our neighbors should be as free from all outside domination as we ourselves should be. We have set America aside as a whole for the uses of independent nations and political freemen.

Out of such thoughts grow all our policies. We regard war merely as a means of asserting the rights of peoples against aggression, and we are as fiercely jealous of coercive or dictatorial power within our own nation as of aggression from without. We will not maintain a standing army except for the uses which are as necessary in times of peace as in times of war, and we shall always see to it that our military peace establishment is no larger than is actually and continuously needed for the uses of the days in which no enemies move against us, but we do believe in a body of free citizens being ready and sufficient to take care of themselves and of the Governments they have set up to serve them.

It is thus the President prepares the way for the measures to be introduced into Congress at this session, for which he will stand sponsor, to increase the standing army by about 50 per cent, to increase the navy, and to provide for a great reserve of partially trained citizen soldiery. There is no question as to the wisdom of this move on the part of the United States. A country of one hundred million population now maintains an army which, under present conditions, yields a mobile

force of only about 30,000 men, all units being short of a full equipment of officers. For national police duty alone a large number is needed, and should real war become the lot of America before some degree of "preparedness" is in force, the nation would suffer vast loss and humiliation before wrongs could be righted.

The naval programme proposed by the Administration is more extensive in proportion than that for the military arm, but it must be borne in mind that while Presidents propose, Congress disposes, especially in present circumstances, when the Government majority is not sufficient to allow of railroading a Bill through regardless of opposition, as was possible when Mr. Wilson first became President. There are members of Congress on both sides of the political fence who are opposed to what is now known as "preparedness," and any measures that may become laws are more apt to savor of compromise than to represent the views of the President as now set forth. Quite recently Lord Rosebery expressed himself as regretful that America was about to embark upon a naval programme that would mean a necessity for England and every other country to keep building ships at a ruinous rate to maintain a superiority or even a balance of naval power. Should America decide to go in for any such naval supremacy as is apparently feared, there is no country in the world which could attain it quicker or with less burden to the individual taxpayer; but any such move is highly improbable, for long before the American Navy reached any such point in size as to become a threat to the world the real needs of the country will have been satisfied. There would be a quick reaction in America against preparedness if it threatened to lead to militarism on land or sea.

There is a very large section of the population, led in thought by men like W. J. Bryan, which sees no use for an army or a navy of any size at all, and whatever is done will be a compromise with the two extremes, between which lies the majority party, that of moderation in all things. This great balance of political power is extremely conservative in all national affairs. Economy in national expenditure makes a strong appeal, and it is quite generally in favor of the American nation attending strictly to its own business, which means in this case to affairs on the American continents. The American people as a rule, however, without really understanding what it might mean, are in favor of maintaining the so-called Monroe Doctrine, or in other words, the Americas for the Americans, and it is understood that to uphold that doctrine a strong navy is necessary.

Germany is directly responsible for the present preparedness movement in the United States. It came into being as a national sentiment since the beginning of the present war. Had this war ended within the first year probably little would have been heard of it. As the war went on, however, and the might of Germany's armies impressed itself upon the public, the people became alarmed, much as would a man suddenly become frightened because of a misfortune to his neighbors from a cause to which he himself was equally exposed. There is no belief in America that the United States is in danger through a victory of the Allies. By a process of elimination, therefore, we arrive at the real fear back of it all, and while this fear is generally unexpressed and perhaps not admitted by many conscientious advocates of preparedness, it is undoubtedly the thought of Germany which has inspired this suddenly developed intention of America to look well to her own defenses.

A victorious Germany would give rise to widespread apprehension, for

then it would be necessary to act as well as talk in defense of the Monroe Doctrine. The feeling in Germany today is not friendly towards the United States, and if it was expedient and within her power Germany would make America pay dearly for such victories as have come to American diplomacy in controversies with that country, for such friendliness as has been shown to the Allies, and for American interference with German-American activities. Central and South America offer too many excellent opportunities for easily acquired colonies and trade to escape long the attention of a world victor.

A majority of Americans believe the Allies will win this war or at least fight it out to such a stage as at least to postpone the German danger for some time to come. They believe in the power of the Allies for several reasons; one is that they do not see how the Central Powers can in the end prevail over the Allied nations, because of the superior strength of the latter in population, finance, freedom of action, control of the seas, and other obvious evidences of superiority. Another reason is that American sympathies are naturally with the Allied nations. Still another is that they want the Allies to win for the benefit of America. They feel that there is less danger to them in a victory by four great nations than in a victory by one. They feel that the Allied countries had all they wanted before this war began, and that with the exception of what they might take from Germany they want nothing more in the future except that which obtains from peaceful occupations.

They are not so sure of this with an ambitious Germany, made unbearably arrogant through victory, and seeking not only to rehabilitate herself, but to add to her greatness. The stronger Germany shows herself to be in this war the greater will grow American sentiment in favor of preparedness In brief, it is for defense against Germany as much as anything else, although that idea is seldom expressed in the arguments of those who favor a larger army, a more numerous navy, and better coast defenses. It is significant that the German propaganda in America has given as much help as possible to all agitation against an America prepared to resist invasion or to enforce its demands by military or naval power. This is the effect that German militarism has had upon American sentiment and politics.

Another factor has been the sting in the question which has been asked so often of late as to what America could do in case the country was called upon to enforce its demands for different treatment for neutral commerce or for compensation for American lives and property destroyed. America could undoubtedly do much in a case of that kind even now, but "doing" in the sense the word is generally used means some form of military or naval action, and in that sense it is realized that little could be done even towards resisting invasion.

The fact that President Wilson has become a convert to preparedness on a considerable scale has come as a surprise to many of his friends and as a shock to the peace party, which has until recently counted him as one of its leading members. There would seem to be considerable play of politics in this move on his part, for the opposition was preparing to make a campaign on that issue. In assuming his present position he has taken the wind out of their sails and left them with rather a hazy programme of opposition for the presidential campaign of 1916. There is not a sufficiently aroused public sentiment against his conduct of foreign affairs on which to base a successful attack.

The strongest opponents of an increase in military and naval strength

are, however, within his own party, so the political effect of his advocacy of such a move may be somewhat confusing after all. There have been many accusations that his policy towards European affairs has lacked strength, determination, and firmness. This may have had an influence upon his handling of affairs in the more peaceful Americas, for there is no lack of any of these qualities in his pronunciamentos concerning America, Mexico, Central and South America. The criticism may be made that there is no risk in this attitude at the present moment, and there is some truth in this; but if he is re-elected President of the United States, and it seems probable that he will be, there may come a time before 1920 when he will either have to qualify his words or "make good," as the saying goes, though it is undoubtedly true that any disturbance in the Western Hemisphere would be near enough to the United States to arouse the American people to his unqualified support.

A great deal has been written of late concerning the Monroe Doctrine, its alleged foolishness, its dangers, and even its lack of real existence; but discussing the Monroe Doctrine in connection with the people of America is a waste of time. It is much more of an accomplished fact than is usual with a government policy. The American nation has been suckled on it, it exists in their subconsciousness, and is there to stay, whatever it may really mean should a definition be sought. The popular idea as to its meaning is that Europe and Asia must keep out of the Americas, and for this idea the nation would promptly go to war at any time and in any state of preparedness. It is a recognition of the existence of this feeling that has influenced many Americans to favor a greater defensive establishment, although they may look upon a war between the United States and any of the great Powers as beyond the possibilities.

President Wilson in his message again takes up the question of Government-owned steamship lines, of which he is an advocate, especially for the purpose of establishing direct communication with South America. Some such measure may pass Congress though it is still doubtful. It is strongly opposed in many quarters, and few elements of possible success, from a practical point of view, are discoverable in the scheme. Its fate may hinge upon the Government's financial situation, which is not favorable. There is a deficit in revenue, and as a rule the politicians are chary of voting great expenditures just before an election.

New taxes are proposed, many of them novel to the American fiscal system. It is interesting to note that as more revenue is needed and import duties fail to provide as much in proportion of the national revenue as they did, it is proposed to raise a much larger amount through direct taxation, a source comparatively negligible for many years past. More income-tax, a tax on vehicles, taxation on raw or partially manufactured materials are proposed. These measures all sound very familiar to those acquainted with the European systems of taxation, but they come as novelties to the present generation of American tax-payers.

The fate of President Wilson's programme for legislation in this session of Congress is greatly in doubt. He is a strong man in his insistence, and the President always has at his command certain pressure he can bring to bear to persuade Congress to carry out his wishes. In the first session of Congress which was held after he was installed in the White House he put through a larger proportion of the laws he advocated than has been accomplished by any President for many years. In this session, however, he is supported by a

smaller party majority, a somewhat less united party, and an imminent national election, which always acts as a brake upon indiscriminate law-making.

International problems growing out of the war are still well to the fore in Washington. The *Lusitania* matter is still unsettled; a sharp Note has been sent to Austria anent the sinking of the *Ancona;* Germany has recalled her naval and military *attaches* at the request of the American Government; the protest to Great Britain is as yet unanswered; and the German marplots in the United States have not as yet all been brought to book. To take care of all these matters in a manner more or less satisfactory to the nation, to get from Congress what he wants, and to continue to maintain the neutrality of the United States is no small task and responsibility for one man, for under the American form of government such things lie largely at the door of the Chief Executive, and he can make or mar the national fortunes.

James Davenport Whelpley.

The Fortnightly Review.

JAPAN AND THE WAR.*

I.

Japan is not separated from Britain by a narrow channel, as are France and Belgium. She is not even situated in Europe. Hence it has come to pass that her interest and her part in the Great War have been obscured by the struggle that has been going on in France and Flanders, the Gallipoli peninsula, Poland, and Russia. In this event it is necessary to direct the attention of the British to the important contribution that Nippon has been making to insure the success of the Allies from the very commencement of hostilities, and to emphasize the fact that the fiercer the conflict may grow the greater aid Japan is likely to render to her Western Allies. I purpose to examine the motives that have led Japan to engage in naval and land operations against Germany; to give a condensed account of the part that she has taken in the War; and to infer from the data that is available what the Allies may expect from her in the future.

II.

What are the motives that have led Japan to use her military and naval resources to help the Allies to prosecute the War? This question can best be answered in general terms in the words attributed to Baron Ishii, the newly appointed Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs:

"The interests of my country everywhere harmonize with the interests of France, Great Britain, and Russia. We have at the present moment common enemies. The lot of Japan is completely bound up with the lot of her Allies."*

To understand the deep significance of Baron Ishii's statement, it is necessary to turn the pages of Japan's history backwards and to examine her relations with foreign Powers. Such a study will show how Germany has antagonized Japan by her super-selfish spirit of over-riding the interests of others, and by her overbearing manner of trampling upon the susceptibilities

*The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G. C. V. O. Edited by A. M. Pooley. (Nash, 1915.)
The Modernizing of the Orient. By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. (T. F. Unwin, 1915.)
The Full Recognition of Japan. By Robert P. Porter. (Oxford University Press, 1911.)
Fifty Years of New Japan. Compiled by Count Shigenobu Okuma. English Version edited by Marcus B. Huish. 2 Vols. (Smith, Elder, 1910.)

*From a statement made by Baron Ishii to a correspondent of Reuter's Agency in France, as reproduced in *The Times* (London) dated August 26, 1915, p. 5, 3d column.

of all with whom she has any dealings—agencies that are primarily responsible for this War, and that are alienating the sympathies of neutrals from her. A glimpse into the immediate past will show how the conflicting issues between Russia and Japan have been settled, and as a consequence, an entente has been established between these two Powers which has incidentally united Nippon with Russia's Ally, France. Finally the historical retrospect will show the ripening of the friendship between the Japanese and the British.

For our purpose, it will not be necessary to study the incidents anterior to about the middle of the nineties of the last century. Until then Germany had not shown any pronounced disposition to play at cross-purposes with Japan. On the contrary, she had manifested the desire to help Japan to modernize herself. Nipponese students were freely admitted into institutions of all kinds in Germany to enable them to acquire a theoretical and practical training in administration, law, medicine, arts, industries, banking, commerce, military organization, etc. German experts were employed in Japan to assist in the process of modernizing the country, and to prepare promising young Japanese to manage them. The German Government had provided facilities in these connections.

I may mention a specific instance to show how Germany assisted Nippon. Japan had sent four delegates under the leadership of Surgeon-General Baron Tadanori Ishiguro, to the Fourth International Conference of the Red Cross Society, held at Karlsruhe, Germany, in 1887. This was the first international conference of the League that was held after Japan had joined the Geneva Convention, and in which she was represented. While attending one of the sessions the Nipponese delegates found that a conspiracy was being hatched to deprive their country of the full benefits accruing from membership in the League. The issue that was raised was "Whether or not the assistance and protection which the Red Cross League mutually rendered in time of war should be extended to countries outside the boundaries of Europe, even when those countries happened to be members of the League?"* If it had been decided thus to discriminate against Asiatic countries, Japan might as well not be a member of the League. The Japanese delegates decided to withdraw from the Conference and immediately return to Japan to urge their Government to sever all association with the Society should such a resolution be carried. They determined bravely to fight against the measure. Surgeon-General Ishiguro delivered a powerful address, urging that any discrimination between members of the Red Cross League on the basis of racial extraction or geographical location was unjustifiable. Professor Shultz, of the University of Heidelberg, enthusiastically supported these arguments, and finally the motion was dropped. Germans had lent support to and shown sympathy for Japan on other occasions during this session of the League. Such help was invaluable because equality of treatment in the Red Cross movement was a step towards the goal that Japan had set for herself—namely, to get "full recognition"—a happy phrase that I borrow from the author of *The Full Recognition of Japan*, in which book the many aspects of Japan's transition are very ably stated by a sympathetic and well-informed writer. During my sojourn in Japan I heard several Nipponese express their gratitude for the considerate treatment they received while in Germany. Many others acknowledged unstintingly the debt their country owed to Germany. Not

*Fifty Years of New Japan, Vol. II. pp. 315–316.

a few of the important institutions of Japan of our day, including the constitution, legal codes, and educational systems, are patterned on German models.

In the middle of the nineties, however, the Kaiser developed ambitions that caused him to humiliate Japan and to block her progress; and from that time onwards the rift between Germany and Japan has widened until it has now become a complete cleavage. The German Emperor showed, at that time, an irrepressible desire to dominate the Far Eastern policies, and to acquire an Empire in Asia. The speeches that he delivered at this period, when Japan was at war with China, when interpreted in the light of subsequent events, establish indisputably the fact that such ambitions were moving him. To realize his dream, he decided that Japan should be snubbed and prevented from expanding and gaining a foothold on the mainland of Asia, even though China might be willing to concede territory to her. By keeping Japan from becoming a great Oriental Power, he hoped to acquire prestige in the East. The impression thus made was to be utilized by seizing Chinese territory at the first opportune moment.

It may be asked why Germany did not secure the co-operation of Japan to further her interests in the Far East, rather than to enforce this policy of slapping her and keeping her down. The reply to this query is found in the temperament of the Kaiser. Nothing pleases him more than to arrogate to himself the role of world-dictator. To meddle with the affairs of others is the very breath of his life.

Furthermore, Japan may not have been willing to help to advance German interests in the Far East. She was herself ambitious. She had already formed great political aspirations. It would not have suited her purpose to help a European Power which, at that time, possessed no influence over Chinese affairs. That would have resulted in the creation of a new rival. Her task of rising in the Far East was difficult, without making a fresh complication. The pro-German party in Japan, in spite of its strength, would have failed, therefore, in inducing the country to assist the Kaiser to establish a sphere of influence, let alone an Empire, on the mainland of Asia.

All causes conspired to bring Germany and Japan into collision. The meddlesome, arrogant Kaiser was heading towards disaster in the Far East—and no one could prevent him from following his mad course. Germany sowed the seed of enmity in 1895. Japan had just concluded a treaty with China to end the China-Japanese War. The terms of the instrument signed at Shimonoseki, on behalf of the two interested nations, on April 14, 1895, were:

"1. Recognition of the full and complete independence of Korea by China.

"2. Cession of the Liaotung peninsula and the adjacent waters to Japan.

"3. Cession of Formosa and the Pescadores to Japan.

"4. Payment to Japan of an indemnity of 200,000,000 *taels*.

"5. Opening up of Shashih, Chungking, Suchow, and Hangchow to trade.

"6. Opening of the Yangtse-kiang to navigation."*

Germany chose to take exception to the second of these terms—a course that Russia and France also deemed it expedient to pursue.

On April 23, 1895, representatives of the Russian and French Governments called on Count Tadasu Hayashi, who,

*Fifty Years of New Japan, Vol. I, pp. 111–112.

at the time, was acting for his chief, Count Mutsu, the Japanese Minister for Affairs, who was then absent from Tokyo. Each presented to him a note, written in French, and couched in almost identical terms. The text of the Russian note was as follows:

"The Government of His Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias, in examining the conditions of peace which Japan has imposed on China, finds that the possession of the peninsula of Liaotung, claimed by Japan, would be a constant menace to the capital of China, would at the same time render illusory the independence of Korea, and would henceforth be a perpetual obstacle to the permanent peace of the Far East. Consequently the Government of His Majesty the Emperor would give a new proof of their sincere friendship for the Government of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan by advising them to renounce the definitive possession of the peninsula of Liaotung."*

The representative of the German Government went alone to the Japanese Foreign Office, some hours later. Of what transpired, we read in Count Hayashi's Memoirs:

" . . . In spite of a sufficient knowledge of English and French, the German Minister apparently thought it an indignity to draft a memorandum in either of these languages, and in consequence of my inability to understand German brought me a memorandum written in *romaji* (Japanese written in Roman letters, according to the Japanese phonetics), and caused his secretary, Herr Weipert, to read it out. Now the secretary was extremely well acquainted with the ordinary Japanese scrip, and was vexed at having to read out an unfamiliar transcript of the original text, which had been composed from Chinese ideographs. It was quite clear that neither the secretary nor the Minister understood a single word of what the former was reading, whilst I, though paying the deepest attention, was barely able to catch the meaning of the memorandum.

"The memorandum which had been left by the French and Russian Ministers was practically a brief sentence advising the retrocession of the territory acquired by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, and giving as a reason for the advice freindship for the neighboring country.

"The German memorandum, on the other hand, said that there was no possibility of Japan being able to hope for a victory in fighting Russia, Germany and France, and therefore it would be beneficial for Japan if the advice tendered by the three Powers should be accepted.

"Standing at the table opposite to the German Minister I said, 'Your Excellency's colleagues, the Ministers of Russia and France, have been here and have given friendly advice for the purpose of maintaining peace, and in doing so they have used a friendly terminology. But your Excellency's memorandum is phrased as if it were the proposal to solve the question by force of arms. If you mean this, then the dignity of the State, as well as the feeling of the nation, must be considered, let alone the words in which the memorandum is couched. It seems as if the memorandum has been written in the Japanese language, with which you are unfamiliar, and consequently errors have been made in the use of words.'

"The German Minister, in the most awkward manner, said that the views expressed by me were not so meant, and if such views occurred in it, it was due to errors in the wording of the memorandum and asked me to regard the German memorandum as being identical with those of the Russian and French Ministers."*

*Fifty Years of New Japan, Vol. I, p. 112.

*The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G. C. V. O., pp. 77–79.

In other words, the German representative (Baron von Gutschmid) was most disagreeable to the Japanese Minister, whereas the Russian and French diplomats had shown every consideration for the Nipponese Government. Strange to say, Baron von Gutschmid was the first foreign diplomat in Japan to felicitate the Japanese Government on the conclusion of the Shimonoseki treaty, signed by Japar and China a few days before.

It was not difficult for the Nipponese authorities to understand the Russian opposition to Japan obtaining a tract of territory on the mainland of China, for Russia had great interests in the Far East, and was known to be anxious to add to them. They could also appreciate the motives that had led France, until then very friendly and helpful to Japan, to make common cause with the Czar's Government: for France and Russia were bound together by an alliance Germany, however, neither had any territorial stake in China, nor had she any alliance with either Russia or France to compel her to intervene in the affair. That, in such a circumstance, Germany should be much more disagreeable than the other two Powers, was adding insult to injury.

The inference that the Japanese drew from the German actions throws a flood of light upon the view that they take of German aggression. Count Okuma says that the remonstrance was made by Russia "at the instigation, so it was thought at the time, of Germany."* This is a cautiously worded statement such as one would expect from the Grand Old Man of Japan, as Count Okuma may well be called. If the present Premier of Japan some day chooses to supplement the invaluable work that he gave to the world under the title of *Fifty Years of New Japan* with an authentic account of the diplomatic cross-currents through which Nippon has passed during the last six decades, he may reveal the grounds on which this suspicion was formed. I may add the following statement from Count Hayashi's Memoir: " . . . it must be assumed that Russia and France intervened solely on account of our territorial aggrandizement, but Germany had the intention of intervening whatever conditions of peace were made, long before the conclusion of the treaty of peace."*

The Japanese saw clearly that of the three Powers that chose to block their progress, France was not at all their enemy. Had she not been allied with Russia, it was extremely unlikely that she would have intervened.† Subsequent events showed Japan that even if Russia may have been more aggressive than Germany, it was possible for her to compound her differences with the Slavs, and thereby establish the basis for friendship. Germany was singled out as the one Power with whom they had to deal in order to ensure their future advancement. In saying this, I am anticipating events, and therefore I resume the thread of the narrative.

Japan felt that she could not disregard the "advice" Germany, Russia, and France had tendered her, especially since neither Great Britain nor any other Power had shown any inclination to lend support to her. She therefore gracefully yielded and accepted from China a money indemnity of 30,000,000 *taels* in lieu of the Liaotung peninsula and its littoral.‡ The Japanese never

*Fifty Years of New Japan, Vol. I., p. 112.

*The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G. C. V. O., p. 76.

†France, at one time, cherished the ambition to acquire Formosa and to see it pass to Japan may have influenced her to intervene. It is also said that France moved in the matter with a view to strengthening her hand to negotiate for the settlement of the boundaries of her colonies in the East.

‡It is alleged that Japan felt sure that European Powers, who were bent on securing tracts of land and other concessions from China, would intervene and that she had induced the Celestial Empire to make terms far in excess of those she was willing to accept, thus ensuring that the war would prove

forget a wrong that has been inflicted upon their nation. They wait for a suitable opportunity to wreak their revenge. On this occasion, they gritted their teeth and decided quietly to bide their time for reprisal.

As if Japan had not suffered enough injury in being deprived of the Liaotung peninsula, she had to submit to seeing that part of China pass into Russian hands in 1897–8, and to seeing Germany establish the nucleus of War Eastern Empire on the mainland of Asia the following year. The Kaiser resorted to the methods of a highwayman in order to secure this foothold in China. Without giving notice of his intention, he seized the port of Kiao-Chao in November, 1897. The small and inefficient Chinese garrison was quickly overpowered. The excuse offered was that the action had been taken as a reprisal for the murder by the Chinese of two German missionaries at Shantung. China was too weak to engage in a war with Germany. Japan also was not in a position to protest, though she hated to see Germany established on the mainland of Asia, especially in view of the fact that, a short time before, the Kaiser had prevented her from acquiring a foothold in China. Russia had sided with Germany to prevent Japan from obtaining Liaotung, and was establishing herself at Port Arthur, on the Liaotung peninsula; consequently it was not seemly for her to offer any resistance.* France would not move unless Russia took the lead, and she, in conformity with her alliance, was compelled to strengthen the hand of the Czar's Government. Moreover, she was bent upon securing Kwang-Chow-Wau on the Lienchow peninsula. Great Britain was the only European Power that might have intervened; but she wanted Weihaiwei and extension of territory opposite to Hong Kong, and did not wish to become embroiled with Germany. No effective protest was, therefore, offered to Germany's *coup de main.*

The Kaiser, finding that his bold move had succeeded, made the most of the opportunity. He pressed China to lease, for a period of ninety-nine years, the bay up to the high-water mark, the islands situated in it, and the points of land stretching north and south of the harbor of Kiao-Chao, a tract 193 square miles in area. He further stipulated that the Chinese Government should not take any step within a 31-mile zone from all points of the leased territory without first securing the sanction of the German Government; and demanded mining and railway concessions in the province of Shantung. This was known as the "sphere of influence." The leased territory and the "sphere of influence" had a total area of 2,750 square miles, and possessed, in 1911, a population of about 84,000 persons. The Chinese acquiesced, and made all these concessions.

In about ten years from the time when these events took place Japan settled her score with Russia. The treaty of peace between Japan and Russia, signed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U. S. A., on September 5, 1905, made over to Japan the Liaotung peninsula, which, a decade earlier, China had been willing to cede to Japan had not Russia, in concert with Germany and France, intervened, and which, a year later, Russia had taken for herself. That instrument also recognized the Japanese paramountcy of interest in Korea, which paved the way for Japan to annex that country a few years later. Russia ceded to Japan "the southern part of

profitable to her, in spite of any meddling on the part of others.

*It is alleged that an understanding was arrived at between Germany and Russia that in the event of the former supporting the latter in making Japan give up the Liaotung peninsula, Germany would not be molested by Russia in gaining a foothold in China. Such an arrangement proved prejudicial to Russia, for she had wanted Kiao-Chao for herself.

Saghalien Island as far north as the 50th degree of north latitude, together with the Island depending thereon."*

The Russo-Japanese war, waged on land and sea, demonstrated to Russia that Nippon had reached such a stage of military and naval efficiency that it was not safe for any Power to trifle with her. It also showed that Russia had large reserves, that she could suffer defeat after defeat that would crush other nations and yet would rise almost unscathed to challenge the enemy's right to claim victory. The result was that the two countries learned to respect each other, and to find a *modus vivendi* to settle conflicting interests, instead of permitting lack of moderation to lead them into fights. During recent years Russia and Japan have arrived at an understanding that delimits their respective spheres of influence in the Far East and enables them to be friends, and to co-operate with each other.

These developments left Japan only one country to deal with. That land was Germany. The present War gave her the precise opportunity that she wanted to avenge her honor, and to humiliate the Kaiser, who, two decades before, had humbled her without any just cause. Before I refer briefly to the use that Japan has made of this opportune moment, I wish to allude to the growth of friendship between Japan and Britain. To do this it is necessary to return to the mid-nineties of the last century.

When Germany, Russia, and France ranged themselves against Nippon, Britain refused to be drawn in and to be a party to preventing Japan from acquiring the Liaotung peninsula and its littoral. Britain refused to join these Powers in coercing Japan. Her action pleased the Japanese and laid the foundation for firm friendship between her and Japan.

*Fifty Years of New Japan, Vol. II, p. 591.

In the years that followed, Japan seriously addressed herself to gaining "full recognition"—a policy which she had been pursuing for many years, without achieving much success. I have not the space to summarize here the course that she followed, and to note the various stages of her progress in this direction. Count Okuma's *Fifty Years of New Japan* and Mr. Porter's *The Full Recognition of Japan* will provide the details to those who are interested in them. It is sufficient for my purpose to say that Britain lent influential aid to Japan to enable her to realize her ambition, and in consequence the relations between the two countries became increasingly more cordial, and finally resulted in the signing of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement for Alliance, concluded January 30, 1902;* enlarged and revised in 1905, and renewed in 1911. That alliance was due to the sagacity, industry, and persistence of Count Hayashi, more than to any other Japanese statesman. Those who are interested in its history will find ample material in Mr. Pooley's timely and lucid book, *The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G. C. V. O.*

This brief historical retrospect shows how the events of the last twenty years drove Japan to hate Germany, and induced her to make common cause with Britain and Russia. The outbreak of hostilities between the Entente Powers and the Middle Empires, therefore, found Japan ready to co-operate with the European Allies to humble the Kaiser.

III.

Inasmuch as Japan possessed a large and efficient army in addition to a powerful fleet, it fell to her lot to help Britain to capture the outpost that Germany had established in Asia.

*During the course of these negotiations, it was considered likely that Germany might join the alliance: but that eventuality did not occur.

Nothing would have suited Japan's purpose better, nor given her more pleasure, than this did. On August 23, Japan declared war upon Germany. Exactly a month later, on September 23, the combined British and Japanese forces drove back the enemy and occupied the high ground commanding the main line of defense at Tsingtau. On November 7, the Germans surrendered, the attacking forces taking 2,300 prisoners.

During the initial period of the War it fell largely to Japan's lot to protect the British, Russian and French shipping in the Orient from the depredations of the enemy. The fleets of the other Allies could not, by themselves, perform the task. The warships that Britain had in Far-Eastern waters, even when supplemented by the Australasian navy, did not present a formidable array; and in view of the work that the British fleet was called upon to do in European and American oceans and seas, it was not expedient to strengthen the Eastern squadron. The French navy was also needed in Europe. The Russian fleet was bottled up in the Baltic and the Black Sea. Japan had a large, powerful, and efficient navy lying idle in Eastern waters. She was, therefore, in an ideal position to undertake the task of policing the seas and oceans of the Orient.

Nippon took up the task readily, enthusiastically. She performed it with a singleness of purpose and inflexibility of will that inspired terror in the heart of the enemy. Germany found it to her interest to refrain from making any serious attempt to interfere with commerce in the Far East, lest she might invite punishment at the hands of the capable and brave Japanese "Jackies." Nothing would have pleased the Kaiser quite so much as to play havoc with British shipping with the Far East, since such action would have been calculated to weaken British prestige in the Orient, an object dear to the Prussian heart: but the Japanese watch-dog made such an adventure too perilous for the Germans to attempt it.

The Far Eastern nation, commanding, as it did, great facilities for the manufacture of powerful guns, high-explosive shells, and other munitions of war, could render invaluable aid to the Allies, especially to Russia, which, being an agricultural country with a poorly developed industrial organization, urgently needed such assistance. Though authoritative statements are lacking, yet it is clear that Japan has been rendering services of this kind unstintingly.

For some time a controversy has been going on in Japan as to whether or not the Japanese troops shall be sent over to Europe to fight the Germans. Public opinion is in favor of despatching a strong contingent. The Japanese "Tommies" would welcome the opportunity to show their prowess on the battlefields of Europe, as they have demonstrated it in Asia. It would be the irony of Fate if the hordes of the Kaiser, who is insanely prejudiced against "colored" people, should have to face the Japanese, in addition to fighting the Indians and the Senegalese. Japan has problems of her own which she must take into consideration in deciding this matter. One thing, however, is certain. Japan will not permit Germany to menace her Allies, nor once again to acquire influence in the Far East. She will exert herself to the utmost, and will consider no sacrifice too great, to accomplish that purpose.

St. Nihal Singh.

The London Quarterly Review.

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER VII.

Midnight.

"Great-granny has been very generous—for her," said Lucy, as she bade Joel good-night in the copse below the house. "Fancy her giving you a whole sovereign! Doesn't it make you feel rich? I wish she'd give me one!"

"All in good time, Lucy, all in good time," he replied, mimicking the old woman's voice.

"She was sharp, wasn't she, when we hinted we'd like to have some of her money to spend now? But you're not as badly off as you say, eh, Joel?"

"I told you my luck was changing," he answered somewhat irritably, but he would not meet her eyes, for although it was too dark for them to see each other clearly, he fancied that she might be able to read his mind.

"I'm so glad, Joel, and—and great-granny's very old!" She was half afraid to utter words which implied a wish that she dared not express.

"She'll be older still before she dies," said he, then added as a second thought, "I shouldn't wonder if she buried us first. Death seems to forget the old folk sometimes, and to take the young instead."

Lucy turned away; tears rushed to her eyes; she forced them back.

What was wrong with Joel tonight? She had not seen him for a week, and had been longing to hear him say that he had missed her desperately. But he seemed to be preoccupied and answered her inquiries after his health in an offhand manner; his bearing was no longer gay, but distant. Saying good-night she went back to Greystones.

Joel let her go with the customary embrace, but she felt no warmth in it. She was hurt at his indifference, and paused, when she reached the garden, to compose her features before meeting the eyes of her great-grandmother, who believed that she was in the dairy turning cheeses. She thought of his handsome face and form, and then her resentment sank. She dared not lose him; she could not contemplate a quarrel; if she entered the house now and shut the door upon her present feelings, she would be also shutting up sorrow in her heart. She wondered whether she were to blame: whether she had failed in sympathy and understanding. Perhaps she had been cold, and he was hurt as well as she.

Lucy plucked a half-opened rose and returned, meaning to run after him if he had gone home. But he was still standing in their meeting place, hidden by the trees.

"I couldn't leave you so, Joel," she murmured, twining her fingers in his. "I shouldn't sleep tonight if I thought you had any cause to be angry with me. Have I done aught amiss?"

He put his arms round her, roused to a show of affection by her voice. He cared for her deeply, but there were times when he found her love exacting, when he could not reach the heights whereon she stood. The fault lay in himself. It lay in his heart, which was so weighted by anxiety, that he often had not the energy to climb up beside her.

"Yes," he said with a return to his usual manner, "you've done one thing amiss—you've grown so deucedly pretty that you've left me neither a calm heart nor a clear head to manage my worldly affairs."

Lucy laughed, and pinned the rosebud into his coat, reassured at his words. She was happy again, happy as a flower drinking in the dew. The beck sang of tranquillity; the trees were

kindly souls, making a bower for him and her; the darkness was a soft green curtain shutting out the world and prying eyes.

They lingered a while without speaking—she thinking only of him, he distracted by his own thoughts. Then she went away.

He saw her go with a feeling of relief. Now he would have quietness in which to measure his intentions and understand himself. When the glimmer of her cotton frock had vanished up the path, he sat down to contemplation. He had not yet made up his mind what to do: he had deferred his decision—so he thought—until this moment, because he wished to face it squarely. He would not have his mind entrapped by some subtle move of the hand of chance. But he was only deceiving himself. In the silence of the copse, with the singing water to take the intensity off a silence which would have distracted him, he found that he had no decision to make. The contest had been fought in his innermost being by manœuvres which he was barely aware of. It had gone on, as it were, under cover of a veil that he had drawn between his consciousness and his nature.

Later on he walked back to Greystones. He still half-heartedly hoped that the door of the wool-barn would be barred, or that the dogs would announce his coming, and so make his projected plan impossible. But no one saw him, the latch lifted lightly—Barbara had not yet locked up for the night.

Waiting was tedious. His head swam with the heat, for he was obliged to hide himself under the fleeces: the blood sang in his ears, and throbbed at his wrists. Barbara passed with a candle, and shot to the bolts; darkness closed down. He flung off the coverings, and sank upon the wool-bales, nursing his chin. His heart began to beat like a hammer; he thought that someone would surely hear it.

The darkness danced. It was alive with threads of light wriggling past him into the corners of the barn. He began to wish that he had not come. To be sure he could unbolt the door, and slip away unseen and unheard. But then he would lose his chance. That which he really desired was some outside power to decide for him, either a voice audibly commanding, or a superhuman hand forcibly withholding him. But nothing of this kind happened. The way was smoothed. It seemed as though the powers above man had planned the enterprise, and were egging him on to fulfil it.

He wished that he had a light. The darkness was disconcerting with those wriggling streaks of fire. He heard the kitchen clock chiming the quarters and the half-hours, and when it struck twelve, he crept into the passage. He listened, but there was no sound within. Then he gently lifted the sneck and entered.

Mistress Lynn was just turning away from lighting a candle. She was sitting up in bed, and looked round at the sound. Their eyes met.

For a moment they stared at each other—the man confused, the old woman astonished, a look which swiftly turned to that expression of suspicion with which she had regarded him earlier in the evening. Then she clasped her hands on her lap, and leaned back against the pillows.

"I's pleased to see thee, Joel Hart," she said. "Surely it's sommat pressing that's brought thee up to Greystones at this hour!"

He did not reply; endeavored to meet her glance with one as lofty; failed miserably, and moved to the door, putting into his action a boldness which he did not feel.

"Sit down, lad," she said. "Come in, Joel. Thee needn't fear the old woman; she wunna bite."

Mistress Lynn smiled, but bitterly.

"I'm going," he replied, "good-night."

"Nay, nay, let's have a crack, Joel. Shut the door."

Her voice held him. He glanced at her, but could make nothing of that grim, inscrutable face. He did not know what to do. If he went away he would still have to give an explanation of this untimely visit; it seemed better to stay and face the difficulty now; invent a likely motive—if he could.

"It's late," he said, "hadn't we better wait for a more seasonable opportunity to have a crack?"

"What didst say?" she asked, putting her hand behind her ear. "I's getting deaf, lad, breaking up, losing my sight, and my hearing, and my wits, too, it seems. I's an old woman, Joel. How old art thou? Twenty-five! It's good to be twenty-five! It's a wise, pleasant age to be!"

Her voice was growing scornful.

"An age for sowing wild oats, and gathering apples off other folks' trees, eh? Haven't you a word to say?" she continued. "Haven't you a reason to give for coming to see me? Lost thy tongue, hasta? Well, well, I's pleased and proud it's me you've come to see; me, the great-grandmother, and not one of the lasses upstairs. Step hither to the bedside, lad, till I see thee better."

Unable to understand the old woman's words, but hoping that his purpose might escape undetected, Joel did as she bade him, swaggering somewhat, and curtaining his real feelings with a smile.

She gripped him with her skinny hands.

"Oh, thee's a fine make of a man," she said, her voice changing; "thee's a man indeed, a handsome, pleasant-spoken young man and a virtuous one."

She shook him with her rising passion.

"Didst think to find me asleep?" she asked. "Didst think to pluck the bonny golden apples out o' my hand? I never sleep, lad, leastways, not at night. And this night—wouldst like to know where I've been—eh?"

She paused to give point to her words.

"I've been with your grandfather. And you're blood of his blood and bone of his bone! Ah! he should have married me, though I was but a statesman's lass, and not heiress to a fine house. I'd have given him children worthy of him—lads that would have held their heads high, and walked with honest folk, and just folk, and proud folk—too proud to soil their souls with their hands. It's your lady grandmother that's polluted you, Joel, so you can't help it. Poor lad, poor lad—the spring was poisoned before you were born!"

Her voice softened, and she looked at him more kindly.

"You might have trusted me, Joel," she said. "You should have been straight with me, asked in the name of your grandfather, I'd have listened for his sake."

He muttered something about her hard nature.

"Hard!" she replied. "Aye, I's hard, but iron melts. I'd have melted like a bit of beeswax, if you'd been strong and true and wise enough to come to me with a straight story. It's them crooked ways of folk I can't abide. Why didn't you—eh?"

She pushed him suddenly away.

"You've a bad heart, Joel, though you've the face of your grandfather, and he was the handsomest man in the dales. You've got his name too—Joel Hart! Joel Hart! A young lass once thought it was the sweetest music in the world! Shame on you, shame on you for bringing a stain on it!"

"It was stained before I got it," he replied; he was not one to take his deserts meekly. "His own country shot him for a rebel!"

"That's an ill jibe," she cried, shaking her clenched fist at him, then fell back

upon her pillows unable to continue, but glaring like a wounded wild thing.

He felt that some apology, some explanation must be made.

"I'm sorry, Mistress Lynn," he began "I never meant, I didn't mean—"

"Well," she gasped, "is that all; you didn't mean—what?"

He straightened himself, looked the old woman full in the face. He was not a thief; he had wandered from the straight path; but the crooked way was not to his liking; it abounded in pitfalls, so he forsook it.

"I own I've done wrong," he said with manly sincerity. "I was mad. Life has made me mad. It has frustrated all my hopes; it has put all its bad eggs into my basket. I lost my head in a weak moment. But that's over now. I shall not stumble again. If you've any heart to understand a man, you'll let me go now and ask no more."

His appeal touched Mistress Lynn to the quick. She wiped her brow, and hid her trembling old mouth with the edge of the sheet.

That ancient love which could not go out, though it might suffer an eclipse, began to shine again, and slowly illuminated her features, like an inner light. A cry that came from the soul had power to stir her. Deep called unto deep.

The door opened and Barbara entered. She had heard the voices, and come down to learn the meaning of them. A shepherd's plaid of black and white check was thrown over her shoulders, and her hair hung in a glistening mass. The clearness of her face was like the coming of moonlight out of clouds. She stood on the threshold, looking from Joel to the old woman, then closing the door, moved to the four-poster.

"Dost need me, great-granny?" she asked.

Barbara's sudden entrance into that intense atmosphere caused a change to work among the elements, just as a wind rising on a sultry day may mean the coming of storm, or the freshening of the weather.

Joel was not sure whether to be glad or sorry. He looked at her in awe as a benighted traveler might look at a snow peak, which the rising moon all at once revealed towering overhead. He felt himself to be little better than a clod of earth in her presence.

To her great-grandmother Barbara's coming was a relief. The old woman had received a blow, and however bravely she might hide the wound, she could not stanch its inward bleeding. For once she was glad to shift responsibility from her own to younger shoulders.

"Sit thee down, Barbara," she said, "Joel's in sore trouble, and he has come to me. Very right and proper of him! For who else should he come to but his grandfather's old friend? Yet I don't ken what to do. Tell thy tale, my lad, but tell no more than a young lass's ears may hear."

She shot a warning look at him under her shaggy brows, and he understood that she meant to keep to herself the knowledge of his unworthy intentions. He thanked her by a grip of the hand, overwhelmed by the forbearance she showed, which was as unexpected as it was gracious in so masterful a soul. The meaning lay much deeper than he could probe. It lay in the foundations of her nature—foundations of goodness and love, although nearly a hundred years of building had raised over them a superstructure, grim and narrow.

He told his story. It was a story of adverse circumstances acting upon a mind too indolent to do battle with them. Barbara listened with interest and sympathy. Her life upon the mountains, her isolation,—for her character was little understood by those nearest and dearest to her—had made

her a student of other people. She read their reasons and acts with a clearness of vision unusual in one of little worldly experience. But experience is not always knowledge. It was her own heart, with its possibilities for good and evil, her own nature, curbed on every side, that gave her insight into and understanding of life. Meditation had taught her to know herself, and so given her a key with which to open the secret doors of other souls.

She read Joel's mind. It lay before her like an open book. Written upon it was a tale of right desires and intentions, that had come to naught for lack of a will to guide them. He did not speak of his love for her sister, but she found it interwoven with the tale. She thought of Lucy as she had seen her but a little while ago, lying asleep, with her hair unbound, and her white arms thrown over the quilt, as pure a soul as breathed. Then she glanced at Joel, and recollected that the door of the wool-barn stood open, which she had shut before going to bed. Though she could not follow that clue through all its phases, she read enough to waken suspicions. This man, with the fine face and form, the dark, well-shapen eyes, but the irresolute mouth had won her sister's affection. And what did he propose to do with it? The protecting instinct was strong in Barbara; it rose up like that of a lioness to stand between its young one and danger. Though she was only a year older than Lucy, in power to endure she was as a beech tree to the wind-flower at its foot.

She pitied Joel, she had a warm place in her heart for him; she had seen him do many a kind action; his generosity and improvidence had largely added to his present desperate condition; but her sympathy was tempered with severity. There is no severity colder and more relentless than that of the young.

"You must go away, Joel," she said, for she knew that there was not any hope for him unless he could cut himself adrift from his companions—those young men who wasted their substance with riotous living.

"Go away?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, away, abroad, out into the world, where chances and plenty wait for men, great chances. Life will lie before you there, Joel, and you can make it something better than you've made it here."

"Away!" he repeated in astonishment. Was this girl proposing to settle his plans for him? He glanced at her haughtily. He had never thought of going away, and he would not think of it now, unless something good appeared to be in store. Hitherto his world had been bounded by Forest Hall and Lucy Lynn, and that which lay beyond was uncolored by his imagination. He did not desire a wider sphere of action.

"You've got your feet in a bog, Joel," continued Barbara, "and you'll go down till your soo'red in it, unless you walk another way. Great-granny, give him money and send him abroad—to America—where the bulls and rams go, and men make their fortunes—" she paused for a moment, then fixed her large blue eyes full upon his face—"and get strength to feed themselves on."

The old woman nodded her head. The idea pleased her. For his grandfather's sake she would do this thing, would part with some of her money, and give Joel a chance of making an honorable future for himself. Then he could come back, pay his debts, and live in a manner fitting the master of Forest Hall.

Joel looked at the faces of the two women confronting him. Their likeness to each other just now was marked. But upon the face of the great-grandmother he saw the ghost of a smile—a

sad one it is true—but Barbara, young and glorious in her strength, was as inexorable as a judge. His heart sank. These two women held his future in their hands. He was forced to recognize as much. From no one else could he get help save from them, and they would bestow it as they thought fit. If he refused to accept it, then he must go and—drown.

They were like priestesses, demanding a sacrifice if he would be saved. On the fells above High Fold rose a circle of upright stones surrounding a huge slab, which popular tradition said was a Druid's altar. Barbara and her aged kinswoman might be a reincarnation of that dark faith which demanded blood, human blood to appease its gods. He had sinned, they asked for his life as a recompense: and they meant to have it. If he went away, cut himself off from Forest Hall, Lucy and his friends, it would be like tearing out his heart.

"You must go, Joel," said Barbara.

Must he? He thought of the great roads of the world leading into the Unknown. He thought of them with distaste. He did not want adventure: he wanted money. He felt no thrill at the idea of fighting his way up to success; he was a gentleman, and all that he desired was the means to live as such. If he went it would be because he had no other hope.

That which he had before wished was now coming to pass. By the irony of fate he was being forced in a direction which he had no inclination to travel. He thought of Lucy sleeping in the room over the rafters—of her dusky hair, red lips, closed eyes—eyes so bright that he had often called them his guiding stars; must he leave them, leave all those charms that belonged to him, which she gave him freely and without stint?

"I'll go," he said suddenly, "I'll, go, but I'll take Lucy with me."

"Lucy'll stay where she is," replied the old woman sharply.

Barbara strode forward, with a steady fire burning in her eyes, and an august lift of her head. She laid a firm hand on the young man's shoulder and made him look at her.

"Joel Hart," she said, "is your love a true love?"

"Before God, it is," he said solemnly.

"And you seek her happiness?"

"Above everything."

"Above your own, Joel?"

He did not answer for a moment. Barbara's glance, which never turned away from a sight until it had revealed all that she wanted to see, held him in a kind of mesmerism. Then he dropped his eyes; he could not lie in her face.

"I meant her no harm, I meant no wrong," he said bitterly. "But she's all I've got in the world to love me."

He would like to have spoken openly about his feelings, of his sense of Lucy's goodness and purity, of his readiness to die for her, of the glow she had shed upon his cold life. But he was tongue-tied, for Barbara had stripped his heart naked, and his own eyes condemned it.

He longed to get away from this stern judge. There seemed to be nothing more left for him to do but go away.

"You're both very kind," he said hoarsely. "You mustn't be hurt that I can't thank you as I ought tonight. Perhaps I shall some day. I see it's better that I should leave the dale; for Lucy's sake, if not for mine. She's safe for me, Barbara. I'll leave her free, and never ask for word or token unless I can marry her."

Barbara unbarred the door, and he passed out. It was a clear night, the summer stars were shining but faintly as the dawn was not far off.

The girl was deeply moved. She could not know, it is true, that by forcing Joel to act in this way she was setting the seal to the tragedy of her own life.

But she realized that the man was suffering, and that his sacrifice was a sacrifice indeed. Tears filled her eyes.

"Joel," she whispered, "this is your chance; hold fast to it, set your feet firm."

The night air cooled the heated brow of the man, and the dusk was a welcome curtain to his feelings. As he looked at Barbara, before going down the path to the gate, it seemed to him that her face was no longer that of the inexorable judge, but the face of a saint. He had been on the point of hating her—he would have hated her had his passion not been spent, and left him too exhausted to feel any more. Now he again realized the greatness of her heart. He knew that come what might come to Barbara Lynn—the thorny crown and the roughest road—she would walk with just such an expression in her eyes as she had now. Her look met his and poured into him the fresh spirit of the mountains. He felt lifted up and renewed at the center of his being.

"Heaven help me, Barbara," he said, standing bare-headed, "some day I'll come back for Lucy."

(*To be continued.*)

RUHLEBEN.

We have heard here in England of the Hymn of Cheerfulness that the men sing at Ruhleben, the prisoners' camp, by Berlin, where some 5,000—British or of British nationality—have been interned now these nine months. To the writer, who was once an inmate of that camp, the Hymn is not the least impressive monument of the spirit of our people. It is not too easy to be happy in Ruhleben, but the men are in splendid heart.

Imagine an enclosure, a rough oblong in shape, some three-quarters of a mile from west to east, and 400 yards on the average from north to south; half of it comprising the yards and stables attached to the trotting course at Spandau, half the grand stands, the tea house, and the walks and lawns adjacent; the whole flanked on the south by high walls, a public road, and a railway embankment; on the north by fences and gates and the huge circle of the course, with other stands and buildings showing at intervals along its rim—these are the quarters of the 5,000. Up and down those yards and walks they play and dawdle from morning until evening, fighting monotony. Of late, as I have read, the race-course has been given them for games during certain hours of the day, and that is an alleviation; but even at that the hours must often be a burden, and the thoughts of home and freedom have time to rankle. Here and there the conditions of life may be milder in the camp than they were in my time, in last November; but the picture that I propose to paint must be, in all essentials, and as far as it goes, as true now as it would have been then. I would ask my readers to bear in mind, however, that this is not a report upon the camp, nor an attempt to cast the balance between the merits and demerits of its management. For many reasons it is hardly wise for those who have been released from it to be quite free with their verdicts in the press, instead of waiting for the day when all the camps shall be broken up. There are more things in Ruhleben than I shall touch upon, both of the brighter and the shadier complexion.

It is known that, before the general arrest of British civilians in Germany

on November 6, a few unfortunates were interned on one suspicion or another in these same quarters by the race-course; they were old stagers and a little prison-worn when we arrived. Besides which, most of the stables had been converted and put to use for Russian prisoners, and we succeeded at first to all their inconveniences. It is not now necessary to describe at length the barracks that were thus made out of stable-blocks, since most people in England have read of them. The lucky ones among us were those to whom it fell to live on the ground floor, where the horse-boxes on either side of a wide central passage were fitted up with four, and afterwards with six, beds and with chairs and tables and shelves, and formed little mess-rooms for their inmates. These quarters were warmer, roomier, lighter, and more private than those in the haylofts upstairs, in which, during the first days of the internment, we were abnominably crowded. The discomfort of those first days was very slight, probably, compared with the wet mud life in a trench in Flanders; but it will take a long time before I forget the night on which, as one of 250 men arrested in Hamburg, and after a foodless twelve hours in a shunting and ambling train, I was marched into Ruhleben, disappointed of supper, and sent up to my loft, where each man tried to sleep wherever he could find room on a sprinkling of straw, and I, alas! right on the threshold, with a man's legs across mine, and all the chinks in the door to cool me with the night wind. By day the men sat or shuffled in their dirty boots in the straw, or ate their soup in it, and mud and gravy began to infest us. No move was made at this time to let us sort ourselves according to congeniality, as has been done in other camps, and not everyone was joyful with his neighbor. In addition, the weather was dark, damp, and cold; and the food was black bread and coffee or the famous midday soup, of which also no more need be said. In fine, one felt that, if life could be supported for a week, the tether of endurance would be at a stretch. Happily, the next few days brought us relief. Our numbers were thinned to about half; we were served with sacks, into which the straw was stuffed for beds; and order was introduced into our manner of living. The loft was still a low and dark place, with little windows just above the floor, cold and draughty, and yet full of foul air. A spindle of a hot-water pipe, running across the middle of the room, was heated at seven in the evening and became cold again at midnight, unless there was no fuel for the engines and no heating at all. But, on the whole, there was nothing in our condition that amounted to hardship—nothing, at any rate, for healthy men. The food was poor in quality but—in November—fairly plentiful. A big loaf of black bread was served to each man every other day, and I always had to throw a good half of mine into the dustbin before fetching the new one. (This waste of bread went on, indeed, in all the military establishments in Germany, so that the reservists helped their families out of rations.) And whoever had the luck to be possessed of pocket money might do very well at the canteens, where the ham, sausage, eggs, white bread, biscuits, white rolls, marmalade, cheese, hot coffee, and hot tea were good and cheap. If a man was short of clothing he might get it by post; he might even get a bed or a carpet. There was a camp library, and no embargo on books; there was also a daily post, and an exhaustless choice of company. I repeat that I am not giving Ruhleben a testimonial; but all these were solid comforts. If you take the case of the poor, the friendless, and the ill-clothed among us, and especially the case of the ailing, the conditions

were far less tolerable; these men had real bodily distress to contend with—cold and poor food; and perhaps a third of the camp, including a large contingent of seamen, whom the war had caught in German harbors, would belong to one or other of these categories. But the others, who had money to spend and woolens on their backs, might in a happy moment regard the camp life as a rest cure, carried out under very annoying restrictions, and damnably prolonged. In a happy moment; for, after all, the indefinite prospect, the wearing power of all the makeshifts and privations, and the sense of outrage, of being bound hand and foot must needs tell by little and little. Qualms of weariness and longing must needs come; but you would never know it from the breezy demeanor of the camp.

A few memories of my short internment from November 8 to 27, 1914, when I was released on grounds of health, may be worth recording. I never think of Ruhleben without a vision of columns of men, of all costumes, ages, sizes, and types, marching more or less four deep, with a German sergeant somewhere about them, and cans or pudding-bowls in their hands. The two kitchens were at the far end of the camp; and for some two hours at each meal-time—for some six hours a day—one or more of these columns were on the march between these kitchens and their barracks, where the food was taken. I can see such a column filing by the Kommandantur through the gate between the stable compound and the enclosure. There stands a German officer of high rank, an elderly man with a kindly face. Each of the prisoners raises his cap in passing, and the salute is courteously returned. It is the Camp Commander, and I notice that he is pleased. For him, who had this courtesy in him, who gave it and evoked it, the prisoners had a special regard. And on the whole and in general our relations with authority were good-humored, at any rate on our side, and were in many ways eased by the institution of the "captains," men chosen from among ourselves to mediate between us and the Command. We were not allowed to speak directly to an officer, but the captains spoke for us; and, in consequence, the sergeants and private soldiers attached to the barracks to run the routine of the day were the only ones among our warders with whom we came into close contact. They were Landsturm men, of any age between thirty and forty-five, mostly of the farmer class, a heavy sort of men in every respect. They did their work in an incisive, burly, stentorian fashion, seldom ill-naturedly, and never (so far as I could learn) with roughness—the thunder of the Prussian sergeant without his bolt. I have heard them nasty, but I have oftener heard them jest; considering the manners of their kind, they were, on the whole, commendable. The most frequent form of punishment was a day or more of solitary confinement with a plank bed and bread and water. Discipline is a great art and a test of men, especially such discipline as was here required. My impression is that it was generally well administered; but the antagonisms between the British and the German minds were bound to arise over it, and did arise. Every modern German believes in his heart that a man's opinions are as amenable to the sergeant as his movements on parade; and there was a manifest intention to use the administrative machinery in order to sear our consciences with the German view of the concentration camps in England and of the superior humanity at Ruhleben. Thus it was dangerous to vent a complaint in the post. One of us who wrote, "Send me some stores, for the rations here are intolerable," was tried for the offense, and let off with a warning.

"You have the face to complain of what you get," they said, "while the camps in England are simply a scandal" —*einfach ein Skandal*—with a shrill stress on the eloquent last syllable. And one day they put up on the notice board in the center of the yard a whole sheaf of extracts from German or German-American papers containing distressful accounts of starving and verminous prisoners in England and of the callousness of the English warders. One of us, who had chanced to cut out a number of extracts, also from the German press, in which the conditions in England were admitted to be good, and even appeared to be much better than ours, made bold to pin these apologies beside the incriminations. He was made to take them down at once. The next day, whether in consequence of this incident (as was thought) or merely as a piece of tit-for-tat against the supposed practices in England, the sale of all newspapers in camp was stopped, and our utter lack of news became an intense annoyance. I mention these attempts at dosing our souls without anger, for it is not surprising that the Germans should do to others what they are always doing to themselves. Indeed, when I consider the influences that played upon the men who had to deal with us—the delirious vengefulness of the whole German people—I wonder that we were treated, in the disciplinary or in any other respect, so well. There was a widespread demand among all classes that we should be made to suffer. After leaving the camp I heard—at second-hand certainly—of an illuminative incident that occurred at Christmas. A lady, walking along the road past the camp, and seeing a number of plum-puddings (whether rations or privately ordered I do not know) being carried in in baskets, fell into a patriotic fit. She rushed in, made for an officer, and screamed at him that such indulgences to Englishmen were simply outrageous. Whoever thinks that the public feeling cannot have been as bad as this should see the German Press of the last days of October or the first of November, say the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*. German journalism has seldom dipped lower in the scale of childish savagery.

Every kind of man seemed to be in camp. One saw with surprise how many of the British of all classes earn their livelihood in the country—jockeys and trainers, golf and tennis professionals, foremen and workmen from factories, seamen and ships' stewards. I have already mentioned that the harbors were full of British ships when war broke out; their officers and crews after lying in hulks at Hamburg, were now interned here. There were many merchants and business men, some in a big way; artists and musicians from the schools and centers of art; and the first fruits of the holiday traffic from England, which had just arrived on August 4, and in which the most conspicuous elements were undergraduates, public schoolmasters, and invalids for the Spas. Probably our largest section was that of the teachers of English resident in Germany, whether attached to the Universities or in private practice. Every one of us must often have reflected how "Necessity acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows." Next me, in my loft, lay a man who had been brought over years before to be coachman to a German millionaire; after his master's death he had driven a cab in Hamburg, married a German wife, and brought up a German-speaking son, who was also with us. Next him was a steward of an Atlantic liner, whose business it had been in better times to wait at the millionaires' table, so that he never dined but on their remains of caviar and champagne; he did not like Ruhleben. Somewhere else in the room an estate agent from the north of England rigs up

ingenious comforts in his corner, and takes his fate with canny complacence; or a Canadian trapper discourses on ice-floes or snow-blindness, on American saw-mills or the salmon in the Fraser River, or some theme like that. A musician of European distinction was quartered with us one night. Finally, some dozen Germans—Germans by blood and speech, but British in law—were of our number: among them an electrical engineer, a horse dealer, and a few clerks. A good quarter of the camp was of this class of "British subjects"—men who had used their legal nationality to escape from serving in the army of their proper fatherland, and now reaped the consequences. They were not in an enviable situation and were manifestly dejected. Not that the majority in camp were unfriendly; indeed, some of the Germans used to air their minds incontinently without upsetting the humorous tolerance of their fellow-prisoners. I remember on one rainy morning the usual vast file of men waiting before the windows of the canteen in the little morass in front of that establishment, and only one loud voice breaking the glum silence of their discomfort: "*England haben wir diese Schweinerei zu verdanken. Wem sonst?*" (No translation will render the hue of the sentence, but it meant that our "filthy existence" was due to England, and to no one else.) Very few, if any, of these men were English in sympathy; many of them could speak only their own language, so that all orders and public notices were issued in the two languages at once. There was much discussion in the press and in private throughout Germany on the treatment they should receive: Should they be interned or not? if interned, should they be privileged or not? In fact they were treated in exactly the same way as we, and for them the distaste of Ruhleben was all the keener for the greater hope of liberation that cheated them. There was cruel distress during the winter, at any rate in Berlin, among their wives and families, who had no claim to relief in Germany, and were either loth or unable to seek it in England.

The behavior of the prisoners towards each other was kind and friendly. Not only were we a medley of people passing the time together, so that good-humor was a common advantage and a common need and the only business of the day. More than this, we all had one care at heart—the War; and very many of us had suffered by it, beside the inconvenience of the internment, a total upset of our lives. Businesses were ruined; hundreds who had been working for Germans in one way or another were turned adrift; all the English teachers at the Prussian, and I believe all at the non-Prussian, Universities were removed from the posts which some had filled for years and had regarded as life employments. What sort of a home will Germany be to such of these men as remain there after the War? A distressful one at the very best. Many men to whom she had become a foster-mother, who had been grafted in her for years, will now return to England as to a strange place. Many more, to whom their German years were never anything but exile, will welcome joyously the change that gives them their own country again. To very many in either case, and especially to the older men, the future is full of uncertainty. A cloud of private anxieties hangs over Ruhleben to this moment, joining, as I believe, with the other influences that mellow tempers. In some respects the camp was like a school, with its oddities and its leaders (in my time they were being found out), its gossip about its masters, its extraordinary rumors, and its law-breaking. If you didn't look out, somebody bagged your towel. I have seen a man whose name is known in every German

University, a man gray in years and honors, stalking with the air of an underground conspiracy, and with a jug held in concealment beneath his coat, to fetch hot water for tea from where he ought not. Football and other games were played hard and all day, as far as the confined spaces allowed; and every night there was a concert in the grand stand with really good singing at times. Music was our strong point; the barracks gave their own concerts and vied with each other; and at Christmas the united talent of the camp performed the *Messiah* to admiration. In other respects the place was like a town; for every man who had a trade could ply it and set up shop. In a few days there were tailors, barbers, bootmakers in practice, and a host of bootblacks to whom the mud was a friend. Later, as I have heard, the dentists also were allowed to import their tools and get to work. Here and there you might see advertisements posted up, as for instance, "Young man desires to act as valet to fellow prisoner for moderate wages," or "Prisoner will fetch and buy for other prisoners for a small commission." When all is said, however, the camp was most like what it is—a gaol. Most of us were past football and rounders; we just walked and talked, and watched for omens of release, and bamboozled ourselves with rumor; and the price of any solid news was above rubies.

But as for the evils of Ruhleben, Memory, the pleasant liar, is inclined to hold them light. Sensible enough in reality, they become in retrospect only a foil to brighter things. And as always happens in any stirring experience, the mind is left with a jumble of impressions, some humanly significant, some merely odd or vivid.—Somewhere in the yards of the camp a face, flushed as a schoolboy's, flashes past me with, "They've got the Emden."—I am driven in an omnibus with six other prisoners to the docks at Hamburg, and we pull up by a railway track, where a train is standing loaded with men. We fall to disputing if the men are English, and to settle it one of my companions leans from the window and vociferates, "Are we downhearted?" There is a roar from the train.—I am one of a big crowd before the gate of Ruhleben, and the sentry is parleying, the gate ajar, with some one outside. It is a prisoner's wife, who wishes to speak to her husband, but may not. A man outside shouts that he will lift the baby that the husband may see it over the wall. In a minute the baby emerges; a cheer ascends.—We are massed in columns eight deep, silent, with bared heads, while the body of a seaman, who has died in hospital, is carried by to burial. Over in England he has left a wife and five children.—A footballer tumbles into a pool of liquid mud, and resumes the game with a dripping coat; whereupon one of the spectators, who hails indisputably from Lancashire, marches up to him with an attitude of murderous menace and with awful language, bidding him take the coat off, or the mud will soak in.' The footballer, without a word, hands the garment to the ferocious man, and the ferocious man walks up and down for some twenty minutes, waving it in the air to dry. My countrymen are extraordinary people.—Thus the memories tumble out in the way they are stored. The pleasantest and, I hope, longest belong to the chapter of comradeship. It was the opportunity of a lifetime for making friends. To many men who had been islanded in Germany from the beginning of the War, it was a vast refreshment to see Englishmen again, and to hold firmer to the faith that the War was not lost; for the German papers could not lie so hard to none effect. There were services on Sundays in the grand stand, conducted by lay prisoners, the British chaplain in Berlin

not being allowed into the camp during the first weeks of the internment; simple services, and very impressive. Finally, I will record an incident that happened a day or two after our arrival. An American lady was permitted to visit the place, and not only to look into some of the arrangements, but to speak to the prisoners. She asked a man in my hearing if he were content with his food and lodging. To this he gave no answer, but he said, as far as I can recollect his words: "Madame, whatever you write, don't write that we blame England for this. The Germans say they will let us go if the English Government will release its prisoners over there; and the Government won't, and we are content. We will not be released, if it would be awkward for the War Office at home." And that was the common sentiment of the camp.

Coming to Ruhleben I had the same feeling as has always possessed me after crossing from Germany to England of being among kinder and more comradely men, among men whose way of thinking is more open and direct and on all human questions more humane. But the sudden and fresh contact gives an edge in the mind to a certain smack of truth, along with the absurdity, in the German view of us. That view was expounded to me one day by a friend of mine among the German prisoners, a student of English literature and English affairs, and I give it as nearly as I can in his words. "I have been watching your people here," he said, "and I believe more than ever that we shall win. Did you read of our infantry charging in Flanders with 'Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles,' and did you read of your infantry charging us with 'Here we are, here we are again'? . . . This is quite illustrative; you are wanting in depth. You prate of the justice of your cause, and yet you do not go into the War, like our people, religiously and devoutly, for you haven't that in you. If you had, there would be no strikes against the common good and there would be national service. Lord Curzon says he hopes the Bengal Lancers will ride into Berlin. Does he not blush for the disgrace of paying Indians to fight your battles, and does he not know that all failing Empires have done the like? You have come to think that you can shirk your duty and enjoy its rewards. And in other ways besides you are neglecting the things on which the world is built. Look at the men here. Are they as tidy as our men, as ingenious in the details of life, or as well taught? Should you say they had been as well nursed in childhood and as well fed in youth? There is an Englishman in my loft, a railway clerk, and he does not know where Copenhagen is. You say we are fighting the War by science and machinery, but that you are better man for man. Didn't the Dervishes in the Sudan say that of you? I listen to your fellows talking, and they are amazingly flippant and juvenile; they have no Kultur.* Do you suppose all this will not tell, not only in the War, but in the secular struggle between us? You still have your righteousness, I believe. Well, you remember that line in Pope, 'He had his jest, but they had his estate.' Some day or other you will have your righteousness, but your estate will be ours." Time is about to show whether that riper humanity which we know and love in England is equal to the needs of the hour and convertible to military force. Does it amount not only to kindly judgments and manners, but to a capacity for such devotion as will purge away our inefficiencies as by fire? Does it imply the "depth" that my German friend cannot see in us? Are our moral professions in the War mere cant, as the

*This word means, in most cases, "information."

Germans say, or are we ready to pay the fee when we pray God to judge our cause? Surely we are, and surely our people have paid heavily already. And yet there is no disloyalty in asking the question; for who will say that we are giving to the War at the present hour as much as we might, or as much as our enemies have given?

As soon as the camp was started, petitions for release on one ground or another began to pour in to the Command. I heard that they received no fewer than 1,500 of these documents. The first man to be let go, or nearly the first, owed his luck to an intercessory telegram from the Crown Prince. After a few days certain high officers in the Army, whose racing establishments were spoiling by neglect, obtained the release of a number of jockeys and trainers, to the lively scandal of the public. Several other men had been let out before my turn came on November 27. My plea had been a danger of blindness, and a record of ten years' service to the State as a teacher of English. So on the afternoon of that day I took leave of my friends at the gate, and my pass carried me through the double ring of sentries outside the camp to the station. That evening in the Kommandantur in Berlin I met two more liberated prisoners; they had been foremen at some agricultural implements works at Magdeburg, and were described by their employers as indispensable. Two days later another Ruhlebener accosted me in the street. Some years before, he said, he had come into possession by an extraordinary chance of the German naval plans for the defense of the north coast, and had returned them to the German Admiralty; his release from the camp was the reward of his honesty. The British colony in Berlin had almost dwindled to a few women, mostly wives or mothers of the interned and a few boys and old men They were suffering, so far as I could learn, not more annoyance than was to be expected in the circumstances. Moreover, between the capital of the Empire and several other places, Hamburg for instance, there is a difference in temper. Berlin since the beginning of the War has been more demonstrative, more exuberant and light-hearted, and a shade more tolerant of the enemy. Hamburg, with its long lines of solitary wharves and silent cranes, has entered the conflict with a quiet and deadly hate; and though I never heard that the English in the gates had any actual wrongs to bemoan, the air is milder for them in Berlin. There is a certain cafe, for instance, outside the English Church, where for a quarter of a century, the congregation has been wont to partake of rolls and coffee between the services on Sunday mornings; and to this very day the remnant of the congregation repair thither (for the church, being American as well as English, is still open) and use their own tongue, no man forbidding them; which would be, I suppose, a sheer impossibility in any other town. Six weeks after my release I sped westwards in the train past the walls of Ruhleben, that loomed obscurely in a pall of fog, with a strangely vivid feeling which I once heard described by another liberated prisoner. "I feel a brute," he said, "to have left them."

A. M. D. Hughes.

The Cornhill Magazine.

DICKENS AND SOME MODERN AUTHORS.

I.

I was tempted to call this article "The School of Dickens," but, of course, there is no such thing, never was and never will be. At the most one can say that ever since Dickens's own

day there have always been certain authors who owed more to Dickens than others. All modern English novelists owe *something* to him, though, perhaps, there are those among them who might dispute that. Mr. Edwin Pugh, however, in the pages of *The Dickensian* has convincingly demonstrated their universal debt to the great Victorian, and years ago, the late Christie Murray said much the same thing in vigorous and impassioned terms. The fact is that for so many years Dickens dominated the world of fiction and so permeated English thought with his humor, his outlook, his characters, and methods generally, that the modern novelist could hardly escape his influence altogether if he would. Suffice it that for our present purpose the Dickens influence may be held to be a fairly negligible quality with the majority. It is at the others of our day, or rather a bare few of the best known, that I would glance here, considering them primarily in their relation to the great Charles.

Of course, in Dickens's own day there was a good deal of frank imitation of him. It was only natural that his own "young men" should echo his style, and ape his humor; perhaps they could scarcely avoid doing so. Even the descriptive reporters of those days hardly escaped the influence, and how many small novelists desperately attempted to model themselves upon him in a vain striving for a tithe of his popularity is beyond me to say. Oddly enough, this sort of thing ended by begetting a spurious hope. There may be said to be a natural law that a highly successful career in any walk of life is never exactly repeated by another, yet this very obvious truth seems to have been lost sight of by those who should have known better. For years in journalistic and literary circles a sort of wild belief obtained in "The Coming Dickens." There were favorites of course for the position. But the late B. L. Farjeon was held by the most to be *the* man. Alas, where are the works of Farjeon now? In searching I have found only one of them among sevenpenny reprints.

Nobody believes that nonsense now. There is no "Coming Dickens"; or if there is he will be so different from the old Dickens that we shall not recognize him when he comes. But there are, and always will be, pleasant writers with Dickensy traits. Dickens had to exist, if for no other reason than that succeeding writers could be Dickensy. For with those who really have something of Dickens in them his works serve as a magic touchstone to bring out their kindred qualities.

Among these Dickensy modern writers we may include one not long departed—Mr. Tom Gallon; for the reason that perhaps he was more directly associated with Dickens in many minds than anyone else we have. Newspaper editors in want of serials smiled upon his name. I am not sure whether at one time he was not regarded by them as a sort of successor to Farjeon in the "Coming Dickens" race. But really he was wildly lacking for the part. He wrote well and easily, with an agreeable style, dipping his pen unstintingly in sentiment, and he was frequently quite charming. But he had no genius, no real creative ability, was not in the least brilliant, and certainly had no pretense to Dickens's sense of humor. The book he made his name with, "Tatterley," was undoubtedly that rare thing a genuine "winner"; intensely human it certainly was, but one could only grant it originality by being entirely oblivious to the existence of Scrooge and *The Christmas Carol.*

In another of his books one remembers meeting Caleb Plummer and Mr. Carker, of course in other names and guises. I do not say it is not pleasant

to meet old friends, but there you are! It would be unfair to Mr. Gallon, however, to intimate that all his Dickens quality was of the imitative kind. Far from it. Some of his novels were genuinely good in parts, and his short stories frequently excellent.

In Mr. Pett Ridge we have a Dickensy writer of more striking talent and originality; one, too, who has practically succeeded in making his name a household word. He is lucky in that name I think. It strikes a note; absolutely the one wanted. Something of what "Boz" was at the start to Dickens, "Pett Ridge" remains to Pett Ridge. His advent was inevitable. There was bound to rise a writer following at a distance in the wake of Dickens, yet of sufficiently original stamp to present the assimilated influence entirely in tune with a new age. Style and outlook are all his own; modernist he is to the last word. While Dickens imitators of the Gallon type were still steeped in mid-Victorianism, Mr. Ridge at one jump landed himself on the offside. None the less it is Dickens who sways him.

Like Dickens, he is, above all, a novelist of London. London, however, is so big a word that in both authors large patches of it receive but scanty attention. Dickens, for instance, dealt very little with the West End; Regent Street and Piccadilly are hardly mentioned in his works; when he would locate a house in the fashionable quarter as in Mr. Dombey's case, the district became nebulous; it no longer rejoiced his heart to point an exact finger. His world may be said to center round Holborn, Chancery Lane, and the City; radiating, of course, however, to outlying districts. It is these outlying districts that Mr. Ridge has made peculiarly his own. In the hinterland of Camden Town, the "back blocks" of Islington, and the wild bush that lies "east of Aldgate" he is most at home.

Perhaps even more than Dickens, Mr. Ridge has discovered a certain sense of comfortableness if not absolute coziness in London. Something of what hearth and home stand for in the older writer Mr. Ridge has the genial air of diffusing over the metropolis in general. Mere commonplace names like Edgware Road, Tube Station, Lisson Grove, The Angel, York and Albany, Finsbury Park come to warm one in his pages by the mere pleasant intimacy of repetition. Perhaps modern modes of transit have helped him to this; the place may be said to have grown in upon itself since the days when Mr. Pickwick gazed from his Goswell Street window with the daring eye of an explorer. It is essentially the commonplace, the red brick "set" of the old harlequinade over which Mr. Ridge has made his harlequin waves of enchantment; he has left the quaintness of London, the old inns and hostelries, and musty chambers entirely to Dickens.

The whole note of Mr. Ridge's art is informality. He has a genial way of taking his world as it comes, and not bothering much about introductions. It must be said, however, that with all his geniality there remains a somewhat subacid flavor in his characterization. The humor largely consists of playful badinage exchanged; badinage, however, that frequently but ill conceals utterances that are sharp and cutting like stones in snowballs. It is a world of one verbally scoring off another, of counting "one to me." It seems to be the Cockney phase uppermost in Mr. Ridge's mind. But comparing him with Dickens it helps to place him, I think. One sees him what he remains in essence, for all his long list of novels, a clever writer of Cockney sketches. He rarely falls back to take a good look at his characters after the manner of Dickens, perhaps because he has the too alert air of being always at their elbows. It is as if he would deem it

impolite to stare or remotely suggest they were oddities. His way is to present everybody at his or her own angle without the faintest suggestion that it may possibly be an acute angle. The salient quality of this art—and this is where he sharply differs from Dickens—is to throw the whole onus of discovery on the reader.

Underlying Mr. Ridge's methods is, I think, a certain reaction, perhaps subconscious, against the novelist who has swayed him. Not reaction against sentiment exactly, for nobody can do a touch of sentiment better than he, nor reaction against plot as such, but reaction against pronounced sentiment, reaction against anything remotely suggestive of footlights and heavy drama. In short, Mr. Ridge, while giving tribute in the general attitude of his mind to the great Victorian novelist, is bent on embodying a Cockney modernity exactly as he knows it, and can best delineate it.

I would describe Mr. W. W. Jacobs as rather of literary descent from Dickens than as directly under his influence. Given a certain likeness to the great novelist in some respects, it is only a sharp unlikeness in others that seems to allow a writer to make much of a name. Mr. Jacobs is Dickensy in more than one, but mainly in the possession of a native sense of humor, which is both broad and rich. Save in certain stories of the weird, every page in Mr. Jacobs is meant to make you laugh, every plain bit of description is written on the edge of fun. He is more intentionally funny than any English story writer since Dickens, but the whole art of him—and here the difference comes in—is to present his fun mainly in the guise of the unintentional. He is the man who tells excruciatingly funny tales with a preternaturally grave visage. I am not sure that the great success of this form of humor does not mirror some over-refinement in the artistic consciousness of today. Simple pathos intensely wrought, simple humor fraught with instant laughter for its own sake, the honest unashamed qualities that helped to make Dickens what he was, seem too strong meat for many modern digestions. Writers who would woo success today may achieve pathos, but they must do it from round the corner as it were. The same with humor. A writer must not appear too much as if he meant to be funny. He must season his dish with pretense; he must contrive as Mr. Jacobs does to be funny as if by accident.

One might point out, however, that this very form of humor restricts the author to a much narrower canvas than was the wont with Dickens. The whole force of Mr. Jacobs's talent is brought to bear on finding the particular sort of plots and characters to fit his brand of fun. Theoretically, there is the world at large to choose from, practically, however, not so. Though in effect, Mr. Jacobs's characters are all comical figures, they are at the same time—bar a few love-sick couples—slightly unworthy figures; they have to be. Schemers they are, practical jokers, plotters, fortune-hunters, artful dodgers, humbugs, philanderers, fools, bibbers of pints and perverters of truth. A tang of salt in the air, like charity is supposed to cover a multitude of peccadillos. Immoral they are not, but non-moral in the working out of their imbroglios they show themselves in a high degree. In their lower-class way they have all that hardness and sparkle that distinguish a set of characters from a comedy by Congreve.

II.

It may seem mistaken to count Mr. H. G. Wells among those who derive from Dickens. He does so, it is true, only in a limited degree. Perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that he touches Dickens at certain points rather than he is under Dickens's in-

fluence. Like the older novelist he is *au fond* a reformer. There is something of the prophet about him; a mantle enwraps him. More than any other author of the day he holds a position somewhat analogous to that of Dickens in the past. What he has to say overlaps the bounds of fiction, and a slightly pontifical air has grown on him of being always there to consult on important points. Chiefly, one thinks, he and Dickens may be said to meet on the common ground of sociology, with the difference that Mr. Wells's sociology is that of the head, while Dickens's was more that of the heart. In a way, however, Mr. Wells's sociology may be said to supplement and carry on the Dickens reforms. They and it together, and a whole ferment of modern ideas superadded, have brought him to live in a special sense on the verge of the future, and he is continually sending keen and challenging glances into the night. He is, as it were, straining at a leash to pierce the darkness.

There is a certain remote echo of Dickens in Mr. Wells, however, when it comes to characters, not heroes and heroines, whom he handles with a bold free sex sense unknown among the older novelists, but the others who fill out the individual tales. Mr. Wells has an uncommon eye and ear for oddities, but they are not, as in Dickens, the inborn oddities of eccentrics, rather are they the surface oddities of quite ordinary and everyday figures. The point of view, however, from which Mr. Wells regards his characters is fresh, and entirely his own. It is a cold, critical, detached point of view, cloaking satire. One fancies him sitting in the car of his own Time Machine and hovering outside the earth, before he returns to Mars, or Jupiter, or the Moon to tell them of the strange creatures he has seen. "Strange creatures" exactly sums up Mr. Wells's attitude towards them. They might be in a sort of Zoo. He is very keen on getting down their shibboleths and trite phrases (trite phrases with him rather take the place of Dickens's inspired catch-words). He is very keen on exact phonetic renderings of their jargon. Their cries, and grunts, and explosive utterances must be all accurately given, much as if they were an alien species he has just discovered. Always he is the scientific observer. "Uncle Herbert was a less distinguished figure, and just a little reminiscent of the small attached husbands one finds among the lower crustacea." Lower crustacea! That is Mr. Wells all over. Just as I would describe Dickens as giving us a wonderful gallery of theatrical "parts," rather than pulsing human beings, so I would describe Mr. Wells as giving us "cases," or say, rather, a collection of "specimens." Mr. Wells really does not draw characters, he dockets them.

This very attitude of mind rather shuts him off from the universal appeal of Dickens. In vain are his occasional nice touches of sentiment, in vain his entirely well regulated flashes of humor. The novel point of view, while piquant and refreshing to the cultured reader, must be wholly antipathetic to the common man, who, above all, likes a degree of breezy atmosphere with a character. Mr. Wells as a scientist with a soul for the truth of labels exhibiting his characters is brutally stark you see. Now the people of Dickens are all a bit like Marley's Ghost; they carry their own atmosphere about with them. One and all they are weighted with the novelist's own appreciation of their being, and as their stories make headway, his readers' gathering appreciation too, is engendered thereby. They all bear the Hallmark of Approval. You can almost hear Dickens's public applauding them. Dickens could afford to be exuberant in his fun, and to let Toots or Cuttle,

say, have the run of his stage, for he was safe in the knowledge that they were prime favorites. If their names were on bills, they would have large type as a matter of course. Now, Mr. Wells's crowd are all small type people. They are hampered with nothing but a slight touch of disdain for their pitiable Lilliputian quality as earth creatures.

Among those who own affinity with Dickens one must certainly give high place to Mr. E. Temple Thurston, though such affinity is a thing to be vaguely felt in his pages, rather than actively realized. One cannot put one's finger on any passage in him and say this or that is a piece of Dickens. He is not a humorist after the Dickens style; not even a remote echo of that novelist's general type of fun is to be found in him. But in the playfully fantastic side of Dickens there is a likeness, though perhaps the likeness to Sterne is even more marked. This is best seen perhaps in a singularly charming novel. "The Greatest Wish in the World." An odd thing about this author, however, is that he is given to varying his style. One of his books—perhaps the most brilliant thing he has done—seems to one written entirely in the manner of Meredith. What we may call his plain bread-and-butter style is best seen in his "Richard Furlong" trilogy, probably the most intensely interesting story he has told. Perhaps the affinity to Dickens is felt most in a certain aroma of sentiment that clings a thought too pungently about much of his work. It does not strike one as quite the honest, straightforward, and manly sentiment of Dickens; sometimes it seems rather a languorous sentiment. Still, any sentiment at all in these prosaic times is something to be thankful for. Mr. Thurston is certainly a writer of great ability.

It may be asked whether among the numerous writers of today there is no lady whose name may be included in our list. It must be owned that until recently none such had crossed one's line of vision. Many ladies, of course, write pleasantly and humorously, but their Dickensesque qualities are not, as a rule, sufficiently pronounced for this classification. The exception—a brilliant one—is Peggy Webling, whose "Edgar Chirrup" may be cordially recommended to all who would care to read a clever novel, which, fresh and original as it mostly is, yet manages to bring Dickens to mind practically in every chapter. Mainly, it is in her instinct for the presentation of "character" that the lady recalls the great novelist, particularly as it shows in her small-part people: she has quite a Dickens-like power of touching off distinct creations in half a dozen lines or less of dialogue or description. For the rest, readers will find a touring company putting them in mind of Crummles's, and a New York boarding-house recalling chapters in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, not to speak of an old curiosity shop: mere coincidences, however, these; one "suspicions," as her boarding-house keeper says, that Peggy Webling has been on the stage, and, also in New York. It must be confessed there seems some imitation in regard to the villain, an oily rogue named "Mr. Beulah," he being rather obviously modeled on Uriah Heep, not as to personal characteristics, which are all his own, but as to the part he plays in the story, and the snaky effect he has on the reader. The sentiment of the closing chapters approaches most closely the Dickens manner. It is exactly as Dickens did it. One could really believe he wrote these pages himself.

III.

There are quite a number of other authors who ought to be brought into our category, but exigencies of space will allow me to do no more than mention some of them by name. Arthur

Morrison, Edwin Pugh, Jerome K. Jerome, J. S. Fletcher, Jeffrey Farnol, F. Anstey, Ian Hay, Neil Lyons, Irving Bacheller, to name a few that come to mind, not forgetting Sir Francis Burnand and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, whose works may be said to belong to the past.

And, of course, there is William de Morgan, undoubtedly the nearest approach to Dickens of them all, both in general likeness and measure of real greatness. True, he is not everybody's reading, for diffuse he is and long-winded to a degree, but his leisureliness is that of a master; it is an essential part of his genius. If he is not quite a literary giant, clear it is, at least, he ranks among the six-footers. Perhaps he would loom larger in the general gaze if he had ever bothered to put boots on and stride before the world. But he has not. He shuffled into literature in a pair of old slippers, and he keeps on shuffling.

Playful rather than humorous is this author, but exuberantly so; it is in exuberance more than anything that he reminds us of Dickens. That and his pathos. As regards the latter he is not, one thinks, so intense as Dickens, not so personally swayed by the emotion he calls up, readier to suggest it delicately perhaps than to call it up at all. However that may be, I know nothing in our fiction of today more haunting and truly pathetic than the story of the eccentric artist Verrinder in "Alice-for-Short," or the life and death of poor, heroic Jim Coupland, the blind beggar, in "It Never Can Happen Again."

Whatever influence of Dickens there is on Mr. de Morgan has not come down to him as is the case of most of the others; he has gone back naturally, unconsciously, to it, because the brightness of Dickens was like that of a sun in the Early Victorian sky under which he was reared, warming the world up to a humorous, tender pitch for him. Although essentially a modern, he seems to have no eyes or ears for any other than those classic traditions of the novel that obtained when that sun was at its zenith. He is somewhat like his own Old Jane in "Alice-for-Short," who by an operation achieves consciousness of her surroundings after a lapse of no less than sixty years of unconsciousness of them; and though it is eventually borne in on her intelligence that she is not still living in the year of sixty years before, practically succeeds in ignoring the present in the fond reality of the past. For her Dickens and Thackeray never existed, and it is news to her that Mr. Scott, the poet, whom she so much admires, has written a novel. So one might fancy that for William de Morgan modern writers are foolish whimsies of the brain to be positively ignored by any sensible person, and that dear, delightful Boz has a new work coming out called *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which one must save up one's pennies to buy. For in all externals Mr. de Morgan is obstinately, incorrigibly Early Victorian.

At the outset of this article we introduced the name of B. L. Farjeon, and though he scarcely comes into the scope of it, having died in 1903, as perhaps the most striking link between these modern Dickensy writers and Dickens himself, a word on him may not be out of place. Though he commenced as an author casually in New Zealand with a tale of Australian life, "Grif," a subject remote from Dickens, he was none the less a devoted disciple of that master, to whom he ventured to dedicate a second work, "Shadows on the Snow." This brought him an appreciative letter from the great novelist. Just fancy it! A young practically unknown writer in that far, new country and a letter coming out to him across all that "mort of water"—to quote Mr. Peggotty—from the great Charles Dickens himself. Small wonder the young fellow felt the

call home, threw up his New Zealand prospects, came to London and devoted himself henceforth to literary art alone. This was in 1868. For the next thirty-five years he steadily turned out fiction, making a special feature at one time of Dickensy Christmas tales, such as "Blade o' Grass" and "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," to name two of them. Ah me! what would not some of these writers have given for an appreciative letter from Dickens at the start of their careers!

Willoughby Matchett.

The Dickensian.

LONDON.

This is a story of events which happened in Canada, and in the city of London, Ont. They concern the doings of a man and a girl who fell in love with each other, and who thought that a very unusual circumstance, and who met each other "unexpectedly," and were astonished; and who wrote verses about their feelings, and said (and never meant it for a moment) that they intended to put these at the back of the fire, and forgot to do so, and read them aloud (in the later stages of the love affair); and who dreamed of each other (or said they did whether they had done so or not), and who got fonder of each other every day. It was, in fact, one of those ordinary love affairs which the chief actors therein always believe to be an entirely new event, and happening for the first time in the history of the world. And the only unusual thing about it was that the man had been in prison and was trying to forget the fact, and that the girl knew all about it and never said a word.

The man had been to Western Canada in the days of his early and somewhat riotous youth, and he had played the fool pretty badly when he got there, and would probably have come through this phase in a perfectly satisfactory manner, and have lived a godly, righteous and sober life ever afterwards, and forgotten all about the days of his foolishness, had it not been that one fine day, or, to put the matter more exactly, one very black night, he and some kindred spirits got into a much worse row than usual, and the row involved revolver shots, and was concerned also with whisky and cards and other things which riotous youth had best leave alone until it can approach them with judgment and discretion. And it ended in youth getting a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment pronounced upon him without the option of a fine, because money was found in the wrong man's pocket, and no one could give a very clear account of anything, and this particular youth who had gone to the West did not bear a spotless character.

He served his time in New Westminster Penitentiary, Vancouver, B.C., and he served it under the name of Jack Johnson, which was the only pseudonym he could think of at the moment, and when he came out of prison he saw what an unmitigated fool he had been, and dropped the title of Jack Johnson—which was always a misfit, for the boy was incomparably slender, and his face was pale. Having got his discharge he worked his way in quite a sober fashion to Eastern Canada, and began to work in an unostentatious way in London, Ont. He had had his lesson, and was all the better for it. But just because, at the bottom of his heart, he was a thorough good fellow, he was deadly ashamed of the Vancouver incident, and never intended as long as he lived to say anything about it. (In those days, it should be remarked he had made up his mind that he

would never fall in love and never marry.) The six weeks in the penitentiary at New Westminster had made a big black patch in his life, and he never liked looking at it or thinking about it. But it remained like a shadow, which seemed to follow him even when the sun was in mid-heaven, and the one consolation of his life was that no one knew anything about it.

As a matter of fact several people knew, and one of them—an English cousin in whom was no manner of guile, and who looked upon the whole incident as rather a lark—told the girl with whom the youth was in love. The youth's name, when he ceased to be Jack Johnson and went back to the one which his godfathers and godmothers had given him at his baptism, was Nat Hastings, and the girl's was Rose, and the third principal character in the story was a sneak called Matthew Sparkes. No one else need concern us very much. Matthew was a smug youth who told lies and never got into trouble, and he will appear in these pages oftener than we quite want him to do, for he made things very uncomfortable for a young man whom we greatly liked, in spite of his faults, and who carried about a burden with him for many years of his life, and might just as well have told the lady of his choice all about it. For, while he thought he was keeping his secret as close as the grave, he was telling it to her quite plainly and loudly with every day that he lived, and she was longing for him to speak openly about it and take her into his confidence, and be consoled and comforted. But, being a wise woman, she waited and held her tongue.

She knew quite well that boys who go West are very often in circumstances which make getting into trouble remarkably easy. They go to practically a new country, and one where the air is intoxicating. Everything is possible, and public opinion to them is not a matter of great moment. Home is a long way off, spirits are high, good fellows detest mugs, and only a certain wholesome-mindedness keeps many boys out of mischief. But Nat had gone to the devil quickly and pretty successfully, and, although he had buried his past out of sight and could not bear to rake it up again, and although he contrasted his present life with what had gone before it almost as an old man looking back at the follies of youth is able to contrast it, he had an agonizing thought constantly with him that he had been a criminal, and had slept in a cell. He did not consider this a lark; he had suffered far too deeply to call it by so contemptuous a name, but he wished to goodness he could forget all about it, and, being an honest youth, he wished to goodness that people would not now think so well of him.

For Nat Hastings had prospered. He had prospered extraordinarily, and was universally respected, and this used to hurt him horribly. He was always trying to repudiate his character for steadiness and for being truthful and honorable. His very humility made him conspicuous in a country where humility is rare, and the respect in which he was held increased in direct measure to the humble opinion he had of himself. Everyone liked him, and everyone trusted him. With the first job that he got, an instance of extreme scrupulosity branded him forever as an honest man. A man intent on "graft" had tried to "get at" the youth, and had failed to do so, and this so much astonished the gentleman in question that he actually chaffed Nat's employer about the strait-laced young fellow he had at the office, and told quite openly the story of the bribe he had offered, of which he was not in the smallest degree ashamed, and of its refusal.

"I suppose," he said, "this is some Sunday-school boy you have got hold of with his head filled with high-falutin' ideas!"

Mr. Landells, of the well-known firm of Landells & Mercer, Solicitors, heard of the incident, which seemed a trifling one to all concerned, and thought he would like to have Nat in his office. He began to make inquiries about the young man, and found that the answers which they evoked were all eminently unsatisfactory, and he told Mrs. Landells all that he had heard. She delighted him (as she had a habit of doing) by agreeing heartily with his only half-formulated scheme, and said at once, "Give him a chance: just think if it had been Fred."

From the time the decision was made, and Mr. Hastings took up his position on the office stool, until the present day, his employers had had little or no fault to find with him. He was steady and industrious as well as honest, and he was so little self-assertive that he soon began to be a power in the office of Landells & Mercer. Before long he came to reap rewards. And he rose first to a place of trust, and then to one of intimate confidence with the senior partner. While other boys were still in a subordinate position, he was gaining an "interest" in the well-known legal house, and people began to envy the lucky girl who should marry him. Socially he was as great a success as he was in his work. He belonged to the Country Club, and to all the other good clubs in the place: he played tennis in beautiful big gardens belonging to rich people on Saturday afternoons, and he had been asked to become a prominent member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and had astonished everyone, and pleased them also, by saying modestly that he did not feel he was good enough, and must decline the post.

There were those who said his humility was overdone. And that is a thing which is hardly ever said of anyone; still, his unworthiness seemed to be a matter of genuine conviction on the young man's part, and he stuck to his decision in spite of everything that was said to him.

The girl he loved was crying inwardly all this time, and wishing she could comfort him, but he hardened his heart, and made up his mind definitely that he would not propose to her.

This, as a fact, is not a matter on which men exercise much prerogative. There came a day in autumn when there was a picnic in the maple woods, and the man and the girl were left severely to each other. They were not chaffed as they might have been, because it was known that the girl came from the Old Country, and it was feared she might be dignified. But no one would have anything to do with them during the whole afternoon, and later on, through no fault of their own, they very naturally got lost. Rose was sufficiently independent not to bother her head very much about a chaperon, but she did wonder where the rest of the party had gone, and when evening fell, and she and her lover found themselves alone, she experienced a great deal of bliss and satisfaction in being taken care of by him, and this so upset all the poor young man's calculations that he did what every other lover would have done, and begged to take care of the beautiful Rose now and forever afterwards.

"As for taking care of me," thought Rose with a smile—"poor darling fellow! I want to take care of him!"

They plighted their troth to each other on the mutual understanding of taking care and guarding and cherishing and loving and understanding forever and ever—Amen. And while Rose waited to hear all about her dear boy's lurid past in Vancouver not one word

of confession came. She could hardly say to him, even in the most intimate moment, "You have been in prison, haven't you?" And Hastings found it quite impossible even to mention the horrid word, so they rejoined the picnic party (which, after all, was not so difficult to find as they had imagined!), and this time they were met by smiles, and were sent home in a little carriage together, and even, it has been reported, had an old shoe slyly tied to one of the wheels of the conveyance.

In the days that followed Nat told himself many times that he ought to make a clean b east of everything, and just confess what sort of fellow he was. But Rose was an orphan with a widowed mother belonging to her, also she sang lovely old songs which touched his poor heart, and she looked like an angel when she did so. She was good through and through, and he became so responsive to tender influences that he could not bear to hurt her by speaking of anything of which he was ashamed. All of which things made it excessively difficult for a man of the criminal class, as the unhappy young fellow called himself, to explain anything to her. Had there been a man in the party he believed he might have told him everything: if the girl had had a father he would certainly have spoken. As it was, he put his confession off indefinitely.

Now here is where Matthew the Sneak comes in. Matthew had been in Vancouver once, on a trip which was paid for by his mother, and was intended to improve his mind and to make him capable of talking afterwards of Canada's rapid development. While he was there he collected a great deal of valuable information and asked endless questions, and once he visited a Court of Law where a young man called Jack Johnson was tried for being in a row, and was condemned to six weeks' imprisonment. The affair made no sensation at all; the young man was a stranger, and hardly anyone even knew him by sight. But Matthew had a marvelous memory for faces, and when he saw Nat years afterwards in London, Ont., he recognized him, and said nothing, because he was not a creature of impulse, and he believed that all knowledge has a certain value if it is used at exactly the right time. He was not needlessly vindictive, and might, in other circumstances, have allowed Mr. Hastings to continue his reformed existence without any interference from himself; but Matthew was in love with Rose, and had more than once thought of proposing to her himself, and had only lacked courage to do so. He liked her better than any other girl he knew, and he did not intend that any man with an undesirable past should have her. He said this to himself several times, and meant it. But his methods of frustrating his rival were not quite those of a white man. Matthew, as a matter of fact, was popularly supposed to have Indian blood in him; but if that were so, it would seem that it was merely the Indians' cunning he had inherited, and not their finer qualities. He began to lay traps for Hastings, who had no recollection of ever having met him before, and he used to ask him in public whether he had ever been in Vancouver, and how he liked it, and if by any chance he knew the great Lumber Mills just below New Westminster. He never put the matter more straightforwardly than that—he could not have been straight if he had tried—but he knew the view that convicts can get of the river and the Lumber Mills, and it pleased him to watch his victim flush and stammer when replying to his simple questions.

Nat was living a life that was half torture and half bliss. The more he knew the most adorable girl in the world, the more he loved her; and the more he knew her, the more he found out how good she was, and how well-con-

nected. She had relations at home with high-sounding names, who began to write letters of congratulation. She had come out to Canada when her mother married a second time, and very shortly afterwards her stepfather, who was rich and highly respected in London, Ont., died, and she and her mother decided to remain on for a year in the comfortable house, with its charming garden, which he had prepared for them. Rose loved the naming of the place, with its Thames and Westminster and Piccadilly, and she loved the old town with its broad tree-shadowed streets and pretty houses, and the air of peace about it. She told the young man all about the places at home which the names in London, Ont., recalled, and of the great city which the young Canadian must one day see for himself.

Also they went for walks and drives together, and the prosperous Nat had a brand new motor car now, in which they used to go for spins in the country. Days were like minutes, and they were so much fuller of bliss than of anxiety that they left no room for retrospect, and the fond youth became like any other happy lover, and was so happy that he hardly seemed to know what he was about. He used to steer his motor car in a serpentine manner, and did ridiculous absent-minded things, and he never felt a sane person until he was in the company of his beloved, and even then he was not quite sure about his sanity, but only knew that he had got home after some stormy voyaging, and all was well.

The only trouble that he was aware of was that various uncles and friends of his English bride wrote to her, and said that the wedding must take place in the Old Country, and, as far as he could gather, it must take place from various large country houses and castles, all of which claimed Rose as their special property.

The trouble of which he was not aware took the form of a young man with narrow eyes and high cheek-bones, who had begun, as stealthily as any old trapper, to stalk his prey; and of this his prey was supremely unconscious. Nat Hastings was an open-minded youth, except in one respect, and it would not only have been impossible for him to hit a man from behind, but he never even dreamed that this might be done to himself. Yet all the time Matthew was stalking him warily and stealthily, and watching him.

What added to the complication of affairs was that Rose was watching *him*. She had never trusted Matthew, and never liked him. She was one of those women, who have an infinite capacity for taking care of people. She took care of her mother, and she took care of Nat, and she took care of a host of friends besides. And all of these believed that girls were something of a responsibility, and that this girl in particular would have been quite helpless without their protection.

Her instinct, which was one of the most trustworthy guides to knowledge that ever existed, told her that Mr. Sparkes was not such a good fellow as he professed to be, and she was confirmed in this opinion when she discovered that he did everything from a high sense of duty. If he went to a party it was always because his sister wanted him to take her; and if he dined out, he believed it would be rude to refuse. If he went for a row, it was not because he wanted to go, but because it was a manly exercise. If he got up at seven o'clock in the morning, it was because he ought to get up early; and if he lay in bed till nine, it was because it was his duty to rest. He had never done anything wrong except tell lies, and he had done this for so long that he believed himself to be rather a truthful person. A public school might have made a man of him, but he had

been educated at home; and he had inherited a large fortune, and went to lectures. In whatever clothes he wore he always looked as if he was afraid of getting them spoiled, and he affected a particular sort of soft gray felt hat, which he always replaced on his head with a certain carefulness after he had had occasion to lift it. Long ago he had made a trip to England, and had come back with a rooted objection to Englishmen; and it was perhaps because Rose was English that he was at first half afraid to marry her. Having overcome his objections it grieved him very much to find that she was engaged to Mr. Nathaniel Hastings; and before very long he conceived it to be his horrible duty to let people know what sort of a felon Nat was. He wanted to be quite sure of his man first, because he had only seen him when he was called Jack Johnson. But he had a good memory for faces, and he determined to go warily; and, with this intent, he asked, as we have seen, many interesting questions about Vancouver, B. C., and more particularly about the City of New Westminster.

One evening, at a dance, he began to give hints to Rose, or rather warnings, and the warnings took the form of a number of questions such as:—

"Have you known Hastings for long?"

"Where does he come from?"

"Where did he live before he came to London?"

"Who are his people?"

"What was his job before he came here?"

"Do any of your people at home know him?"—

And so on, through a whole valse, when Rose might have been dancing and enjoying herself.

She smiled when he had finished, and said, "It is very good of you to take so much interest in us, Mr. Sparkes, but you have asked too many questions for me to answer all at once. Will you please have them typewritten, and send them round tomorrow?"

Even when she made her little joke there was a certain superb air about her which Matthew found it just a trifle difficult to cope with. All the same, it was exactly her little superb air which he liked so much, and he hated being snubbed by her without being the least bit less in love. She was extraordinarily pretty, and he noticed how well she amused men, and how she made them laugh. Once, as he passed a little recess where she was sitting, he heard her say:

"I thought at first you were going to be picturesque," and the man's voice laughingly replied, "And I thought you were going to be haughty."

"All you Canadians think that of English girls," she retorted, laughing, "while we weave delightful romances about you, and label you in our heart the strong silent men whom we have learned to love in books."

"In books!" exclaimed the young man. "What good do books do us!"

There was a strong touch of disappointment in his voice, and Matthew said to himself, "Another victim, I suppose," and passed on.

He even began to contrast her favorably with some of the girls whom he knew and had been brought up with, and he found that she bowed more prettily than they did, and was more charming to elderly people, and more courteous to her mother.

This was rather horrible of him, of course, and to his credit let it be said that since he has married a Canadian he has entirely changed his mind about everything. At that time the English girl had it all her own way with him, and he hated to think she was throwing herself away. He argued that a girl from England knows nothing about young men out here, and it became more than ever his duty to speak, and to speak soon.

At the dance that evening supper was spread on small round tables in a marquee built in the garden, and when Mr. Sparkes entered with his partner she exclaimed, "Here are two vacant places!" and sat herself at a table where Hastings and his fiancee were eating cold turkey and ham. He did not choose the place deliberately, but when he found himself at the round table he decided that the Fates, who are always on the side of laudable intention, had guided him to the spot.

Conversation between different couples at dance suppers is not necessary, and the pair opposite him seemed perfectly contented and happy without the benefit of his remarks, but he hazarded—across a goodly spread of mayonnaise and gelatine—the suggestion that the ballroom had been hot, and that the supper tent was cold, and then he asked Nat quite suddenly how he liked London, Ont.

The young man in reply expressed satisfaction in the place, where indeed he had been well received, and where he had many friends.

"You used to be in Vancouver, usen't you, before you came here?" Matthew went on.

"Yes," said Nat, "I was."

It was no more than a bare answer to a perfectly civil question, and he wondered why Rose broke in rather sharply, saying:

"Don't compare the two places, Nat. Canadians have hardly got accustomed to being one country yet, and British Columbians provoked may retort that there is snow sometimes in Eastern Canada."

"Why should they say that?" said Matthew literally.

"It is a libel of course," she responded lightly, "but it is wonderful what a man will say when he is roused."

It began to dawn on Matthew slowly that the young lady was laughing. Whereupon, being cross, he pressed his conversation still further, and said, "How long were you in Vancouver?"

"I forget," said Nat.

"I have been there," said Matthew's partner, who, although a quiet girl, thought that she might now have some share in the conversation. "I went to stay with my brother, who is in a bank, because I was perfectly certain he would get into mischief without me."

"Men do get into mischief sometimes in Western Canada," said Matthew sententiously.

"Even in Western Canada!" said Rose, with an adorable little shrug of the shoulders, and an appeal to some invisible audience, which, from the direction of her gaze, seemed to live in the ceiling.

"Did you like the place?" said the young girl who had spoken before, and Nat replied briefly, "No, I hated it."

She began to talk about the scenery, and the conversation seemed to drift away from personal matters until Matthew said suddenly, and almost sharply: "What were you doing out there?"

Rose was drawing on her glove, having finished her cold turkey and a meringue, and she turned to Matthew now with a smile of disarming sweetness, and said to him: "It has been whispered to me that Mr. Hastings was following a remarkable career."

Nat looked surprised and glanced up suddenly, and Matthew said, half below his breath, "I wish I knew what it was."

"Perhaps you would hardly understand if I told you," the sweet voice went on, "because the work was of such an unusual character."

"I think," said the young girl on Matthew's right, "that as you have aroused our curiosity you ought to tell us what it was."

"He was minding his own business," said Rose, and, with a gay little nod, she got up and left the table, and Nat followed her.

Perhaps the conversation and the snub that ended it were what made Matthew's half-formed plans develop into a decision. He thought of the matter all night, and saw quite plainly what it was his duty to do, and in the morning he put on his best gray felt hat, and drove in his automobile to the office of Landells & Co., where he asked to see the senior partner and presented his card.

Mr. Landells was a kind-looking man with a firm mouth. He bade the young man to be seated, and then began to speak upon the telephone, and throughout the whole of the interview with Matthew he was rung up at intervals, and divided his attention between his visitor and the black mouthpiece of the instrument by his side—so that the conversation was something like this:

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Smart—Sparkes—I beg your pardon. Your mother is well, I hope?"—"Yes, I am here, who wants me? Well, say I can't possibly see him till twelve o'clock."—"I believe your business is important, Mr. Sparkes, or I am sure you would not have called upon me at this busy time of the morning."

Matthew said that his business was important.

Mr. Landells said (into the black mouthpiece): "Yes, tell him the Agreement must be stamped, and he can send it round here by hand."—"Now, Mr. Sparkes, I am quite at your service, and am very sorry for the interruptions."

"I think you know Miss Rose Cumberland, an English girl who is staying in London?" Matthew said, crossing his legs and speaking with deliberation.

Mr. Landells nodded, and said, "I know her very well."

"She is a charming girl," said Matthew.

"She is a charming girl," repeated Mr. Landells, "but if you have nothing more important to say, Mr. Sparkes," he added courteously, "I must remind you that my time is not altogether at your service."

Mentally, Matthew called Mr. Landells' manner "short." He put out his hand as though to arrest his own flight from the office, and said he would endeavor to be brief.

"Thank you," said Mr. Landells. He toyed with the telephone receiver once more, and said in a manner which Matthew could not call dignified. "Tell him to go to blazes!" The friend thus addressed made no audible reply, and the telephone ceased ringing for a few minutes.

"She is engaged," said Matthew, "to a young man in your office."

"Yes, to Hastings," said Mr. Landells. He had a long upper lip and shrewd eyes, and when he looked at Matthew the young men felt glad that he had on his best clothes.

"Do you know anything about the young man?" asked his visitor. "Believe me, sir," he added, "I don't mean to be impertinent."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Landells drily.

"I just want to ask if you know anything about him?"

"And your reason for asking this rather unusual question?"

"Is that *I* know a good deal!" said Matthew, and felt the dramatic touch in the situation.

"That is interesting," said Mr. Landells.

"The fact is," said Matthew, "I happen to know what took place when he was at Vancouver."

"What took place to him, or what took place in a general way?" questioned the older man. "Mr. Hastings was in Vancouver (correct me if I am wrong) in 1908. That would be about the time of the conclusion of—"

"Excuse me," said Matthew, "but I was not referring to European politics, but to Hastings' own personal history."

"Thank you," said Mr. Landells, accepting the correction. "Your remarks were a little ambiguous."

A clerk came to the door, and asked if Mr. Landells would speak to a client.

"In a few moments," said the old man.

"You will have to give me a little more than a few moments, my friend!" said Matthew to himself with satisfaction.

"And now, sir," said the lawyer, placing the tips of his fingers together and bending forward in a courteous manner, "if you will kindly let me know your business, which I understand is Mr. Hastings' also—"

"I have nothing whatever to do with him," said the young man. He was afraid of being bowed out, and he said hastily, "But I do know that Miss Cumberland is a young girl, and that she is fresh out from England where none of these things are known."

"These things?" queried Mr. Landells.

"Yes, sir, these things," said Mr. Sparkes impatiently. "Miss Cumberland is, I understand, very well connected in England, and this should make her doubly careful."

"?"

"And I consider it a duty I owe both to her and to her relations—"

"Who have written to you perhaps?"

"No."

"Then let us confine ourselves to the young lady first, and we can go on to the relations afterwards," Mr. Landells said.

"You are responsible for Nat Hastings' position in London," Matthew said.

"I was not aware of it," said the lawyer.

"But he occupies a very high position in your office, and he has been very well received here owing to you."

Mr. Landells bowed again. He was a man who could do so in a manner which almost took the form of speech. His upper lip seemed to lengthen as he bowed, and his gray eyes assumed a look more shrewd than common, and were filled with humor. At this instant his bow said as plainly as possible, "Sir, you flatter me too much," and Matthew Sparkes winced a little when he made it.

"I don't think it is fair," he blurted out, much more bluntly than he had meant to do, "for a young man to go about everywhere and be received by the best people, and to let them know nothing about himself."

"His history, then, is an interesting one?" queried Mr. Landells.

"I don't know about its being interesting," said his young visitor, "but I do know this: Nat Hastings served a sentence of six weeks in New Westminster Gaol—I saw him myself at the trial."

"That is indeed a most interesting history," said Mr. Landells.

"What I think is this," Matthew went on, feeling encouraged: "we have taken him at his own valuation—"

"I understood you to say it was at my valuation," interrupted the lawyer.

"Well, we have admitted him amongst us," the young man went on, "without really knowing anything about him, and now he has got engaged to a girl newly out from England, who has no means of finding out the truth."

"Except what he likes to tell her," said Mr. Landells, his upper lip drawn farther down, and his prominent teeth showing from beneath it.

"I venture to suggest," said Matthew, "that if she knew he was a gaol-bird she would not marry him."

"And perhaps I should not have received him into this office," said Mr. Landells.

"I could hardly imagine your doing so," was the reply.

Mr. Landells took up the telephone receiver and held it to his ear, raised the

mouthpiece to his lips, and said in a delightfully conversational voice, "I am afraid I must put off our meeting, dear sir, until a young man who is with me has finished showing me my duty, and has completed settling the love affairs of a charming young lady, and until, too, he has finished blackguarding a young fellow with whom he is on friendly terms. No, it's all right. I can't tell you when the interview will be over, but he seems in no hurry to go."

When he laid down the telephone Matthew had disappeared through the door, and could be heard descending the office staircase in a hurry. Mr. Landells smiled down the telephone, and taking up his morning paper he continued reading it, while Matthew put his nice gray felt hat on his head and got into his automobile, and told the chauffeur to drive anywhere he pleased, but to drive quickly.

For a long time the next step in his round of duty did not seem to be apparent to him, and he had to enjoy, as well as he could, seeing a very happy couple increase in joyousness and in devotion to each other as the days rolled by. He was afraid to indulge in any more little gibes and taunts, veiled though they might be, against the happy couple, because he was inordinately afraid of the wit which one of them possessed, and of the unbridled use she made of her tongue.

He said nothing, until one day he found everyone talking about Nat Hastings in a manner that he could not approve. Nat, it appears, had gone into the country to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Landells. They had one well-beloved boy—Fred, to wit—a little pickle of twelve years old, who, with a boon companion of the same age, went out sky-larking one night, pretending to be brigands or highwaymen or Heaven knows what. But the upshot of it was that Master Landells, leading the way through the pitch-dark night, fell into a quarry half-filled with water, and was rescued by Nat, who, hearing cries, went to the boy's assistance, and, with nothing to guide him but Master Landells' yells, dived fifty feet into the water at the bottom of the quarry, and brought the nearly exhausted child safe to land, and subsequently to his home. It was shortly after this (and perhaps the chronology was a mere coincidence) that Matthew finally decided that it was his duty to tell Miss Rose Cumberland just the sort of man she was going to marry.

In answer to his inquiries at their house the following week he heard that Miss Cumberland and her mother had sailed for England. Matthew therefore went to Mr. Hastings himself, and so unpleasant was his interview with that gentleman that it hardly seems expedient to describe it. It began tamely, and in a gentlemanlike manner, and in the extreme dejection of a certain poor fellow called Nathaniel Hastings, who had not a word to say in his own excuse; but it ended in a royal and splendid way when Nat kicked Mr. Sparkes downstairs, and, seizing pen and paper, wrote a full account of himself and his past and all that concerned him that very moment to Miss Rose Cumberland, and told her what a fool he had been, and how unworthy of her; and he ended up by saying that he would love her till the hour of his death, but from this day forward she was perfectly free, and he would await her letter telling him that the engagement was broken off, or, if she preferred it, he would understand without being told that not writing meant that all was over between them. He posted the letter, and for a fortnight he wondered how miserable it was possible for a man to be. At the end of the fortnight he was without a letter, and he began to add up a wearisome sum over and over again in his head. "My letter left by the mail on Friday, and

could get to England the following Thursday. Suppose she had written at once, I would have received her reply on the Friday following—or at the latest Saturday—or at the very latest the following Monday. Suppose she were away from home it might even be Wednesday before I heard." But Wednesday came, and Thursday and Friday, and still there was no letter, and after one more agonizing week, when Mr. Landells looked at him with his upper lip drawn down and said nothing, he sent him to England on very important business, and told him he would feel greatly obliged if he could start at once.

Nat would have liked to wait for one more mail, just to see if there was a letter, but his departure was accelerated by the senior partner and by Mrs. Landells, who packed his trunk for him, and seemed in as great a hurry as her husband to get rid of him. Master Landells, now recovered from his ducking, which had been followed by a serious illness, was the only person who seemed to mourn his departure, and confided to the despairing young man that it was all rot his going at all.

"I am going home on business," said Hastings.

Upon this the vulgar little boy pulled down one corner of his eye, and inquired, "Do you see any green there?"

But Nat was too much out of sorts to trouble his head to inquire into cryptic utterances of this description. In moody fashion he took train to Montreal, and then shipped to England.

As a fellow-passenger he was not a success. Most of the people who had anything to do with him were bored nearly to tears by the absent-minded young man, who never joined in games nor in walks, nor seemed to care what he was reading, nor joined in dances on deck. He forgot to say "Good-bye" to anyone at parting, and no one noticed the omission, and he set his foot for the first time in the Old Country feeling as hopeless and out of luck as it is possible for a young man to do.

He arrived late one afternoon, and saw a fog for the first time, and was completely baffled by it, and wondered what London was like behind the enshrouding veil which enveloped it. He tried to find Rose at the address she had given him, and learned that no cabs were running, and that it would be quite impossible to reach the place he mentioned. In his despair he asked the sympathetic waiter in the Savoy Hotel if there was anything to do, and heard that there was a theatre actually next door, which would not involve creeping through the fog in a cab, and that tickets could be had at the hotel office.

He went to the play, and never heard a word of the whole performance, for sitting in front of him in the stalls were Rose Cumberland and a young man. He did not like to say, even to himself, that she was flirting with him, but she was certainly keeping him very well entertained in the old Rose Cumberland manner, and it hurt him horribly that she had consoled herself so soon and so easily. He knew now why it was that fellows drowned themselves, and he slipped out of the theatre as soon as the performance was over, and went back to his hotel, and believed he lay awake all night, and no doubt was very restless for several hours.

In the days that followed he wandered about London, and tried to take an interest in all that he saw, and wondered at the great streets, and went to see the Horse Guards, and St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and he drove about on the tops of omnibuses in order to observe the splendid pageant of London. And all the time he wanted nothing in the world but to have Rose beside him, and he knew once and for all that without her there was a settled

dullness over every single thing in this wide world.

He met her quite suddenly one day as she came out of church on Sunday, and she gave a little scream of surprise, and then began to laugh and said: "But why give a poor girl heart complaint?"

"I didn't mean to give you heart complaint," he said miserably.

She began heading him to the Park, without his knowing it, and they went through a side gate and crossed the Row, and he said suddenly, "How beautiful this is!" just because Rose was with him.

She looked eastward, and said, "That's Apsley House," without seeming to take a great interest in the information she gave, and all the time she was leading him away from the crowds, which were streaming past the Achilles statue, and they went to a big open space where some early crocuses were coming up through the grass, and where fat pigeons strutted about, and sparrows were taking bread out of an old man's hand.

When she had got him safely detached from the rest of the world she said, "Well, Nat?" and waited for him to speak.

The invitation was followed by a prolonged silence.

"Did you get my letter?" he said at last with a burst.

"No," she said, and added, "I suppose you got mine?"

Before giving the information which follows, the reader is asked to remember that these were two very foolish young people, both deeply in love, and therefore both completely absent-minded. They told each other every detail of the posting of the letters, and into which letter-boxes they had put them. Miss Cumberland was almost loquacious on the subject. She said: "I went out myself because I would allow no one else to post it, and I took it to the red pillar box at the corner of the square, because I always see a very nice young postman clearing that box regularly, so I knew it would go safely; then I came home, and I watched for nearly an hour at the drawing-room window until he came and unlocked the little door in front of the box, and took away the bag—so I *know* it went."

Nat said, "I took mine to the General Post Office, and asked what time the Home mails were going, and heard that I should just catch the one outward bound for England." Nat became almost driveling in his account of the incident. He said, "I heard the thing rattle down into the bottom of the box, and I knew it was gone forever."

He stopped himself from saying anything else, and Rose took up the wondrous tale, and said, "Two letters cannot have gone wrong." She also remarked that the Post Office was getting very careless, and she had it in her mind to speak seriously to the young postman who cleared the pillar box at the corner of the square.

"It is too bad," she said.

"It is unpardonable," ended Nat. He said he felt like having somebody's blood. "What address did you put on the letter?" he went on.

She thought that rather a silly question, and replied, "I think I know your address, Nat, dear."

"You know there are two Londons!" he said.

She, as it began to dawn upon her that she had done something excessively foolish, said without a moment's hesitation that there was only one London in the world, and it was situated in Eastern Canada, where the dearest, the best, etc., etc., etc., lived.

And of course when she put it so charmingly as that, Nat had to forgive her everything. He himself was not prone to absent-mindedness, but he began to have awful qualms, and to wonder whether he had put anything

but London on his envelope. He could not be sure what he had done; his mind had been in a ferment at the time. No, for the life of him he could not remember putting London, England, upon the envelope, and he could think of no better excuse for himself than to say, in the manner of Rose, "but of course there is only one London in the world, and it is London, England, where the most wonderful, the most lovely, the most desirable—"

"Perhaps both letters are at the Dead Letter Office," said Rose brilliantly (they each admitted that they had written on foolscap paper, unaddressed, because they had so much to say), and, when they found that the minds of each of them had played the same trick, they were so delighted and so unashamed of their stupidity that they began to talk nonsense about it, and Rose said that mistakes were the only things that ever turned out well, and that anything which brought her lover to England must be the very highest form of wisdom. Thereupon Nat suddenly remembered all that the important letter contained, and ceased to talk nonsense, and then and there, off by heart, he repeated every syllable of the letter which he had written. When he had finished he refused to meet her eyes, but kept his own fixed on the green trees in the Park and the gleaming Serpentine beyond, with the little children playing at its edge, and said, miserably, and penitently, "It's not a nice story."

"It's not nice," said the lady calmly, "and it's not even new."

He looked at her quickly.

"I heard it years ago," she said.

* * * * *

They reached home that afternoon about five o'clock, and believed (or said they believed) that they were in time for lunch.

The moral of this tale has been lost sight of, I am afraid, but they lived happily ever afterwards; and Mr. and Mrs. Landells smiled and sent a handsome check when they heard that the wedding was to take place three weeks after Mr. Hastings' arrival in England, and Fred—that vulgar little boy—said oracularly, "Business indeed! You don't find any flies on me."

S. Macnaughtan.

THE NOVEL.

"Francesca," I said, "I've quite made up my mind. It's going to be done."

"I'm sorry to hear it," she said; "it will be too short."

"No, no," I said; "it'll be just the right length."

"It never is, you know. You may be relied on to get it much too short."

"Don't talk nonsense, Francesca. The length is settled."

"And that," she said, "is just what I complain of. It always comes out as no length at all; and then we shall have you going about the house for a week or two looking like a German soldier clipped for action."

"That," I said, "is mere insolence. Besides, it has nothing to do with what I'm talking about. I shall do it in a hundred-and-twenty thousand words."

"A hundred-and-twenty thousand snips, you mean. You can't use as many words as that, you know. And, if you did, you couldn't count them."

"Yes," I said, "I could. It's perfectly easy. I should either average it at three hundred words to a sheet of foolscap or—"

"I do not know," said Francesca, "what this poor gentleman is talking about. I trust the world will be kind to him, for much learning hath made

him mad. Come," she added sharply, "what are you driving at?"

"I am driving," I said, "a my first novel, which I am going to start without fail in half-an-hour from now."

"Gracious heavens!" she laughed, "I thought you were talking about getting your hair cut."

"Francesca," I said impressively, "I have noticed with growing regret a tendency on your part to neglect the higher things of the mind. I want the mantle of Fielding and you throw round my shoulders a hairdresser's linen sheet. How, I ask you, can Art (with a capital A) flourish in such an atmosphere?"

"Art," she said, "with or without a big A, can look after itself. It generally has to. But if you're really going to write a novel I take back all I said against your having your hair cut. I have noticed that in novels novelists are always contemptuously referred to as 'long-haired.' Now I want you to be an exception, so you can go at once and get your hair cropped close to the skull."

"Then," I said, "I shall be contemptuously referred to as 'short-haired.' I think I shall write my novel with my hair as it is."

"And then," she said, "you'll be contemptuously referred to as 'medium-haired.' You're sure to be caught whatever you do; and besides your hair will grow as you go along. You'd better give up this strange idea of writing a novel."

"You are not," I said, "very encouraging. Is it nothing to you that you should some day be referred to as the original of *Alexandra* in the novel of that name, or that men and women, when they see you, should nudge one another—"

"Men and women don't nudge one another in the best circles. They've given it up with butlers and motor-cars and other luxuries. There's an Anti-nudge Society, and I'm going to belong to it."

"Anyhow," I said, "that won't prevent your being spoken of as the wife of Carlyon the novelist. What a glorious day that'll be for us!"

"It'll be all right for you," she said, "but I don't much see where I come in."

"Don't you?" I said. "You'll have a lot of reflected glory, and so will Muriel and Nina and Alice and Frederick. Their paths through life will be made easier for them."

"Well, well," she said, "let us hear something more about this wonderful piece of work. What's it called? *Alexandra?*"

"No," I said, "that's another one. This one hasn't got a title yet."

"What is it about?"

"Oh," I said enthusiastically, "people, you know—men and women, and some of them fall in love with one another, and other people interfere with them; but it'll all come right in the end—trust me for a happy ending—and some of them will be agreeable people, and some of them disagreeable, but we can kill most of the disagreeable ones off in a railway accident, and then the nice ones can have their money. How does the idea strike you?"

"Yes," she said, "I think I see what you mean. Will there be a plot in it?"

"Nothing too violent," I said. "Just a gentle undercurrent to keep things together."

"It'll be rather a queer undercurrent, won't it, if it does that? However, you know best, of course. Will there be a hero?"

"There isn't much done in heroes of novels nowadays; but I think I'll have one."

"Blue eyes?"

"No," I said, "dark brown, the sort of dark brown that has a red flash in it in the dark."

"You're thinking of dogs," she said. "And, by the way, who's going to take

the dogs out for walks while you're writing your masterpiece?"

"Arrangements," I said, "must be made for the dogs. I can't afford to subordinate fame to a Great Dane and three Pekinese spaniels."

"Well," she said, "you'd better be off now and make a start. There's no time like the present."

Punch.

"Yes," I said, "there is. This time tomorrow will be much more like the present. I shall begin then."

"You might start on your hair today."

"Yes," I said, "I will."

"And don't forget about the dogs," said Francesca.

R. C. Lehmann.

IS THE PANAMA CANAL A FAILURE?

"Lloyd's agent at Colon cables: 'Continued slide—eighteen ships held up.' " And again: " 'Thirty-four vessels waiting transit. Dredging output exceeds inrush, but when transit available unknown.' " Later news from the Panama side announces a landslide of ten million cubic yards in the Culebra Cut, and in consequence: "The Canal will not be open again for traffic before January."

January is here, and finds the prospect more menacing than ever, with 20-inch suction-dredges quite inadequate to deal with the "sliding hills" of which our Minister in the zone speaks in a recent report. For half a mile on either side of the channel both Gold Hill on the east and Culebra Hill on the west are moving into the great Cut. Gold Hill tumbles down in bulk. Culebra Hill moves toward the channel in terraced masses, deeply fissured down to the solid rock.

In one place the Canal is choked to a height of 16 feet above the water, and it will take until next July to remove the total obstruction. Meanwhile the dry season, which begins in December, may help. The banks begin to cake and the binding grasses get a grip on the treacherous sides—grasses specially planted by the engineers for this purpose. It is hoped to cut a narrow passage deep enough for light-draught vessels to pass.

But all estimates of this baffling work are falsified from day to day, or from season to season. America's ablest experts estimated 103 million cubic yards of "dirt" where 195 millions had to be removed. Meanwhile the Washington War Department is refunding Canal dues to held-up steamers, and these are pursuing the Magellan route, which takes at least thirty days longer.

But will the notorious Canal never be finished as a world-feature, like the Suez Canal? I have no hesitation in saying that here is the greatest embarrassment which the Washington Administration has ever known. It is some years since I saw M. Philippe Bunau-Varilla on this subject. He it was who made heroic efforts to keep the Panama scheme alive after the dismal failure of the old concern.

"Will the Americans succeed where you French failed?" I put to the late chief engineer of the Great Ditch. He said, "No."

"In my judgment," M. Bunau-Varilla went on, "theirs will be the worst and most precarious of canals, because made with locks and lifts, instead of being cut at sea-level, as recommended in 1906 by the International Board, of whom five were foreign engineers with immense experience in the building of waterways for ocean-going steamers of the largest type."

Those experts included Mr. W. Hunter, of the Manchester Ship Canal, nominated by our own Government; Herr Tincauzer, the German nominee; M. Guerard, representing France; M. Quellennec, consulting engineer to the Suez Canal; and Mynheer Welcker, who was lent by the Dutch Government. All these, together with three of their American colleagues, emphatically favored a sea-level canal, declaring locks unsafe for the passage of mighty vessels, such as were contemplated in the Act of June 28, 1902.

Locks, it was pointed out, delayed transit. The projected lifts were beyond the limit of prudent design, and the gates liable to damage from the greater ships. Such were the warnings of eight out of the thirteen engineers employed in the American survey. Yet the minority prevailed, backed up by the U. S. Chief Engineer, Mr. John S. Stevens. They gave five reasons for their opinion, and of these the most effective was that a lock canal could be built in half the time, and for little more than half the cost of the sea-level proposition.

Mr. Taft, then War Secretary, agreed with the minority: "The time and cost of constructing such a canal at sea-level are in effect prohibitory." Then came years of heroic endeavor: prodigies of scientific sanitation; an army of five thousand men to fight mosquitoes and reduce the awful yellow fever and typhoid mortality of that deadly zone. We have here by far the most stupendous undertaking to which man ever set his boldest hand. The realization of navigators' dreams, from Columbus's day unto our own—the creation of a zone enabling the trader to girdle the world without rounding the stormy Horn and Cape of Good Hope.

No wonder this canal appealed to America's imagination. In 1902, the now famous Spooner Act was passed in Congress to take over the De Lesseps derelict for £8,000,000. The same Act authorized the President to acquire perpetual control of that tragic six-mile strip of miasmic jungle which extends from the Carib Sea to the Pacific.

It would take too long to trace the cooling of American ardor in this gigantic venture; the continuous change of the Isthmian staff, the clash of counsels, inevitable "graft," dissension and noisy recrimination. There was yellow fever and black measles, malaria and bubonic plague, smallpox and Chagres fever. "The dead train runs fourteen times a day," Mr. G. C. Matlock told me when he was dock superintendent at Christobal. "You'll see it slip back and forth between Colon and Monkey Hill, where we always keep ten graves dug for the 'Yellow Jacks.'"

So a halt was called. "Life on the Isthmus," declared Mr. Theodore Shonts, Chief of the Canal Commission, "must be made healthful before the real work begins." America heard him with alarm. "We've been spending more money," I heard a venerable speaker avow in the Washington Senate, "and doing less work than even the French, when their extravagance and peculation gave rise to the world's greatest scandal."

There came yet another "shake-up," another policy and change of staff. After all, this Titan cleavage of the Isthmus would save eight thousand miles in water distance between New York and the Pacific Coast, where one day the matter of mastery would be fought out, and America *must* prevail. Traffic down the Mississippi on the way to the Canal was to become enormous. America would plant her limitless products upon an awakened Orient; and South America's Pacific coast, now so remote a market, might be taken from the British and the Germans.

Besides, the Canal was only to cost $200,000,000, with $13,000,000 extra

for upkeep—the repair of damage due to tropic rains and the strange vagaries of the Rio Chagres which no engineer could prevent. The tolls on, say, 7,500,000 tons of shipping were calculated to produce this revenue. And America's growing population, her industry and vast wealth, both would and could stand any drain for the sake of such a prize—strategic as well as economic—as this enormous ditch uniting the world's vastest oceans.

Perplexities were thickening, however. Mr. Shonts and Chief Engineer Wallace were gradually converted to the sea-level idea in the midst of their lock work! Yet the sea-level type would cost $1,000,000,000. The treacherous soil was here too soft and spongy for the lock foundations. "Our Government," Mr. Wallace himself declared, "is following De Lesseps along the path which led him to the swamps of ruin and death."

White employees crowded on to steamers from Colon, and brought with them to New York lurid stories of reeking bogs and lagoons, alive with all the venomous creatures of Noah's Ark—every horror from scorpions to alligators. Mr. Roosevelt turned over supreme command to Secretary Root, with Colonel W. C. Gorgas as hygienist. These two men worked miracles in the poisonous zone. Before they began the Ancon Hospital was packed with yellow fever cases. I myself saw white employees fairly besieging the *Seguranca* as she lay docked at Colon. "Let's escape alive," was their sombre burden.

Bribery, red-tape, and utter demoralization figured in secret official reports. And these leaked out into the Press, to the great anxiety of the President. Now the American Press tends to levity when bored, yet in its sarcasm shines many a bitter truth. For which reason I give part of the *Panama Primer*, which lies before me as I write :

What is the Panama Canal?—A hole across the Isthmus, entirely filled with money.

Where did we get it?—W. N. Cromwell kindly persuaded the French company to sell it to us.

What did they get?—Forty million dollars.

Were they satisfied?—They were astonished.

What did Cromwell get?—The Senate has been three years asking him.

What did *we* get?—The Greatest Engineering Feat of the Age.

But is it?—It would be, if we could keep any engineers at work on it.

Have we anything else but the Canal?—We acquired the zone—the home of the Culebra Cut that swallows all our money.

Has the Canal any dams? Several. And all America'll be damning it ere long!

Will the Gatun Dam ever be finished?—Yes, when the engineers make stone float upon mud.

What is the Rio Chagres?—A depraved stream that goes on a toot every few weeks and can't be converted.

Which is the principal lock?—The hammer-lock which the whole project has upon our Treasury.

Today America is mute, frowning upon flippancy of this kind, but with the problem always before her, Has an irremediable error been made in the construction of the Canal? The French engineer returned an emphatic, "Yes," when I put this question to him.

"It is a lock canal," M. Bunau-Varilla reminded me again, "one dependent on the stability of a soft clay dam, 2,300 metres long. It was madness to adopt such a plan in a land of earthquakes and furious floods. Why, the Canal may disappear in a night, leaving all America cursing the confusion of ideas which has done all the mischief. The sea-level scheme would have united the two oceans in nine years or so, and given a free arm, two hundred metres broad and fifteen deep

at least, receiving all the rivers of the Isthmus, including the unruly Chagres.

"No restriction or limitation, no elaborate artificial works, dams or locks which an earth-tremor or an explosion could destroy. For a milliard of francs the United States might have had an interoceanic waterway, proof against all attacks of Nature or of man."

And now after all the hopes, all the years of labor, with all resources of science and machinery—steam shovels, blasters, and drills—these ill-omened words ring true.

"Why," I asked M. Bunau-Varilla, "did the United States build a lock canal when all the international engineers counseled the sea-level design?"

"It is hard to say," he replied. "They were probably over-anxious to display their own initiative."

Ignatius Phayre.

The Outlook.

HOW LONG CAN GERMAN CREDIT HOLD OUT?

If, as most of us believe, "action and reaction are equal and opposite," then surely the collapse of Germany is imminent. Throughout the whole of nature we find that the more rapid the growth the quicker is the decay. "Ill weeds grow apace." Germany before the 1866 war was financially weak and politically of less importance than Austria. It has been customary to date German power from 1870. But from a financial point of view the growth did not begin till well in the 'eighties. For example, the Bankers' Clearing House returns for 1883 were 887½ million marks. They did not get over 46,000 million till 1908. The trade of Germany in 1883 was about 6,573 million marks, whereas in 1911 it had risen to 17,811 million. Naturally, the astounding growth in trade followed closely upon the increase in the population, which in 1883 was only 46 millions and is today 65 millions.

Germany before the 1870 war was a poor country. Those who remember the Rhenish Provinces twenty years ago can see the complete change that has come over the land. Immense industries have sprung up as if by magic, villages have been turned into cities. Berlin, which in 1880 only had a million inhabitants, now boasts of 3,700,000, including suburbs.

How has German wealth increased in this astounding manner? Who has found the capital to open up coal-mines, build railways, ships, docks, factories, and all the paraphernalia of one of the most important commercial nations on earth?

The answer to this question can be found in the elaborate system of credit which has been developed in Germany during the past twenty years. There is nothing like it in the world. The nation began its existence as "the German Empire," very poorly supplied with either wealth or credit. In 1876 the Reichsbank was not a really great bank, and its turnover was under 37,000 million marks. But before the war of 1914, in spite of some thousands of banks having been brought into existence, it was more than ten times as much. The need for credit was great and it was met. At the time of the Franco-Prussian War the Schulze Delitzsch Co-operative Credit Societies numbered 740 with 314,656 members, and each year this organization extended, piling up loans on bills, mortgages, promissory notes, until today the amount lent out to its members exceeds 4,500 million marks lent to 620,660 members. This organization for making small loans finances through the Dresdner Bank. There are number-

less similar organizations in the Empire; the total membership is about 2½ millions. There are no available statistics in connection with the Raiffeisan Societies, and therefore it is not possible to find out the amount of money loaned by Co-operative Credit Societies outside the Dresdner group. There are in all about 32,000 societies; all of them do not lend money, but at least 18,000 are actively engaged in financing their members and have a turnover of 25 milliard marks. Statistics of 1,710 societies who specially cater for agriculture have given their members credit to the extent of about 35 million marks. So urgent was the demand for credit and so difficult was the task of providing this credit that in 1895 a Central Genossenschafts Kasse was established. It is practically a Government Bank, and occupies the same position in regard to small credits as the Reichsbank does towards large credits. Its success has been prodigious. All the small credit societies needed a central bank in which they could place their surplus funds or at which they could finance when needed. In its first year the total transactions only amounted to 141 million marks. In 1907 this figure had risen to 13,281 millions, and was still rising when war broke out.

There is not a village in the Empire in which the small trader, the farm laborer, the peasant proprietor cannot borrow his hundred marks. The system is elaborate and the value in days of peace undoubted. But in war, what guarantee is there that these small loans will ever be repaid? The members deposit their savings with the societies and receive interest upon the money. The managers of the societies are always in keen competition one with the other and they are also anxious to find the most profitable outlet for their funds. In war there is a double danger. The savings of the depositors are locked up in mortgages on property which has depreciated, mortgages which cannot be foreclosed, and in National Loans which cannot be sold. The network of credit societies, in which one-half of the poor have put their money and the other half borrowed it, depends for its solvency upon peace and progress. Their elaborate regulations never conceived a day when factories would be closed, members shot down, and export trade at an end.

But these co-operative credit societies deal with the very small people. They do not touch the middle class to any great extent. But the merchant, the large shopkeeper, the prosperous manufacturer also needs an outlet for his savings, needs credit for his trade. This latter he obtains through the larger banks, with which I will deal presently. The outlet for his savings he obtains through the mortgage banks.

These mortgage banks are common enough on the Continent, but not popular in England. Their method is very simple. A man having made money desires a house. He selects a plot of land, pays a deposit, and borrows the money from a mortgage bank, which in turn issues a bond which it sells through one of its agents. These bonds have always been looked upon as practically gilt-edged, and their market price usually remains steady, for the law allows a mortgage bank to buy its own bonds. The banks must get the property, whether it be land or buildings, properly valued, and should only lend up to two-thirds of that value. There are about forty such banks selling bonds and lending money. They have lent about eleven thousand millions, mainly upon urban property. The bonds they issue are so well thought of in banking circles that they are readily accepted as collateral for loans by the great German banks. This is, of course, piling up credit in a dangerous fashion. A plot of land valued at

3,000 marks is bonded at 2,000 marks and the bond pawned for another 1,000 marks, so that if the land has been valued in a year of boom, and naturally, the bulk of the business is done in such periods, we get a credit of 3,000 marks on a plot which may prove to be only worth 1,500 marks. The surplus assets of the mortgage banks are in most cases locked up. Cash is in some of the banks an item hardly noticeable. For example, with nearly 12,000 millions of marks on bonds issued, we find only about 70 millions of marks in cash. The banks must, of course, make losses, especially in days of slump. House property and blocks of building land, flats and factories will depreciate most seriously in war time. The banks are supposed to write off such losses from their reserve funds; but as the bonds issued amount to about twenty-nine times the amount of the reserve funds, it will be seen that the reserve is more or less fictitious. It is not represented by cash, but by loans, bills, and other securities, and it is also to be debited with the money received upon deposit, which is a serious item in some mortgage banks, and in the accounts of a series of forty-one banks amounted to 222 millions. The position of the mortgage banks of Germany is dangerous indeed in times of peace. What must it be in a European War?

The German nation is thrifty in some respects. If it is fond of borrowing, it is also fond of saving, and the Sparkassen, or savings banks, hold nearly 20,000 millions of marks. The amount per head exceeds that of any other country in the world. In 1910 the savings per head were 258·50 marks as against 98·25 marks for Great Britain, 114 for France, and 185·47 for the United States. But in Germany there is practically no limit to the amount a man may put in a savings bank. In Prussia there were, in 1906, no fewer than 267,015 people whose deposits were over 10,000 marks, and at least one-third of the deposits in German savings banks exceed 600 marks. The money is not, as in Great Britain, used for State purposes, but is lent out on mortgage to the extent of about 60 per cent. About 10 per cent is lent to corporations, and about 30 per cent invested. So here again we have a huge mortgage upon property.

The great banks of Germany supply credit to the rich. They take deposits and lend out their money on bills, go into partnership with merchants, traders, and manufacturers, and generally take an active interest in the progress of the nation. They are admirably managed; but they, like all the rest of the credit institutions, are apt to trade upon too little cash. They do not reckon to carry more than 10 per cent of their deposits in cash, though since 1911 they have much strengthened this item. No recent figures are available, but 158 banks, each with a capital of more than a million marks, had deposits of 9,413,088,000 marks and cash 673,-413,000—or a shade over 7 per cent, as compared with 25 per cent held by British banks.

The example of the great German banks is followed by almost everyone in Germany. The large trading concerns like the A. E. G. carry big cash balances, but the bulk of the business of Germany is done on credit. There are 4,265 limited companies whose figures are generally available. Their paid-up capital is 10,413 million marks and they have issued 3,220 millions of bonds.

Germany is mortgaged to the hilt. Its wealth has been guessed by Ballod at 270 milliards of marks. But who can say whether this is any sort of security for the load of mortgage under which the country groans? A thousand millions sterling of paper money has been added to the burden since the war began. Holders of land, property, stocks, shares, raw material, etc., etc.,

have gone to the Darlehnscasse and the Kriegsbank and taken up loans. The amount is not known and cannot be known till the war is over. Every available gold piece has been extracted from the public and placed in the Reichsbank. Every mark of scrip has been pawned with the banks for the purpose of applying for War Loan. The huge interest debt on the mortgages is paid in paper money, which now stands at 17½ per cent discount, and which must steadily depreciate as the Empire buys goods from Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. These countries will in the end drain all the gold away.

Who can be surprised that the President of the Reichstag says Germany is prepared for peace? The Germans are shrewd. They have been living upon credit ever since 1870. They have been piling mortgage upon mortgage, bond upon bond, and they have been paying the interest by borrowing more money and by the profits made on the export trade. That profit has been cut off by the war. German export trade has been killed. Her merchant marine lies idle. Her factories only work for the Government and take paper in exchange for service. The gigantic system of credits built up during the past twenty years has now brought its Nemesis. No nation can live upon credit.

Raymond Radclyffe.

The English Review.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

(Translated from the Russian by T. M. H.)

"Nika, forgive my tears! I will not cry any more, dear! Write me, write me every day!"

"And you also, Milja! . . . Well, now, don't cry. . . . Stop. . . . Better return home to our poor little Pavlik. He is quite by himself, with only nurse. The train might be delayed. Really, dearest, I think you had better go."

"No, no. I will wait. . . . You know he was so much better when you left. . . . Do you remember, he said 'Good-bye Papa'? And you could not keep back your tears and ran out of the room. Every evening, after the doctor's visit, I will write to you; don't be alarmed. . . ."

"Yes, do write. . . ."

"Take your seats, gentlemen; the train will leave in a minute."

"Milja! . . ."

"Nika! . . ."

. . . . . .

(*A few lines from a letter.*) " . . . why do I only remember just now the three little stars on your shoulder strap? When the war is over you will certainly return as a colonel, and the three little stars will have given place to the plain strap of a colonel. You see, dearest, what I am writing about. Pavlik asked me to repeat to him all details about how Papa left. My God, why was it necessary that he should get scarlet fever two days before you had to leave? But, thank Heaven, he is feeling so much better now. Only take care of yourself, dearest, and don't fear for Pavlik; he is recovering. . . ."

. . . . . .

"I do not wish to make you uneasy, Madam, but I must say his heart is not too strong. All children suffer from weak hearts now. Please send the prescription as quickly as possible to the chemist. I also fear kidney trouble. . . . Scarlet fever frequently attacks the kidney."

"Tell me the truth, doctor: is my boy dying?"

"God forbid! He will be well soon, but we can't be too careful about his heart."

"Had we not better arrange a consultation of specialists?"

"Well, the danger is not so very great yet. . . ."

. . . . . .

(*A few lines from a letter.*) "A week has passed since you left, Nika. I received both your letters which you wrote on your way out. You tell me you will not be sent to the front yet; you try to console me, dearest. Don't worry about me: it is much more important that you should take care of your health. Pavlik is so much better; all danger has passed. And you were so needlessly upset. Dearest, why? Be quiet. The first thing in war is to be calm. . . ."

. . . . . .

"Oh, mother dear . . . I feel so bad . . . just shake my pillows a little. . . . Thank you. . . . My poor back aches so badly. . . . "

"And what about your throat, my darling? Is it better now?"

"Yes, . . . but my back is so bad . . . farther down . . . here . . ."

"Be brave, my dear boy; the Doctor will be here in an hour; he will rub your little back nicely, and that will make you feel so much better. . . ."

"Mother, dear, . . . must I die?"

"Oh, Pavlik, what are you talking? . . . Fancy a soldier's son afraid! I shall have to tell it to Papa, when he returns, that his little son is frightened. . . ."

"Mother dear, I am so thirsty. . . . Oh, . . . how everything hurts! . . ."

. . . . . .

(*A few lines from a letter.*) ". . . We had visitors. Anna Michailovna brought Pavlik a lovely little horse. Pavlik is awfully pleased with it. He took it on his bed, kissed it, and said that tomorrow he will go on horseback, just as Papa. Well, I feel relieved now; our boy has quite recovered. You see how unnecessary it is to worry beforetime. You have apparently not received one of my letters. Number your letters, please; that will be better. I am knitting you now a warm, nice waistcoat. I repeat once more, don't worry about Pavlik. . . ."

. . . . . .

"Our office, Madam, will send the nun. Please do not trouble about the pall. We shall supply everything of the best."

"Oh, do anything you like; only everything should be all right. The coffin must be pale blue and polished. . . ."

"Madam, the disinfectors have come. They are in the kitchen."

"What is the matter now? Oh, yes, take them to the nursery. And what is this? Flowers? Oh, flowers for Pavlik . . . for Pavlik . . . for Pavlik. . . ."

"Madam, do not grieve so much. It is the will of God."

"Stepanovna, my dear old woman! . . ."

. . . . . .

(*A few lines from a letter.*) "It is always the same rainy weather here. I wonder how it is at the front. I heard some one say that you had already some frost there. Is it really possible that you will soon be in the firing line? I am certain I shall read the name of Major Karpov in the list of the heroes who have won the Cross of St. George. How proud your wife and Pavlik will be of you! Pavlik . . . my dearest Nika, I also wanted to write to you how our darling son got up for the first time, but I have still such a lot to do. I must take his temperature, and it is already very late. Nika, darling, I must still be very careful with him. He is still so weak, but quite, quite well again. But now Pavlik and I kiss you many, many times. The Lord bless and

keep you.—Your wife, your Milja."

. . . . . .

"Sir, the gun in the third company has been knocked out of action."

"Call Lieutenant Gavrilov."

"Yes, sir."

"Lieutenant, just give me your field-glasses; mine have been destroyed by a piece of shell."

"The right battery of the enemy is silenced, Colonel."

"It looks like it."

"Sir, in the second company a shell has just wrecked the ammunition wagon, killing all the men serving the gun."

"Guns forward! Get away! To a new position!"

"Forward, Colonel?"

"Yes, forward! We are advancing on the whole line. Look to the left, Lieutenant! A battery of the enemy."

"It grows weaker. Never mind! The battery of Colonel Karpov is a happy one. This is our fifth victorious battle."

"Forward. It is the 15th today, isn't it?"

. . . . . .

(*A postcard.*) "Just a few lines, my dear, in a hurry. There is such a lot to do, although I have not yet been in battle. I am still in S. You see, there is no reason to worry. Take care of yourself for Pavlik's sake. Although your letter relieved my anxiety, still my heart is heavy. I kiss you both.—Yours, N. Karpov. The 15th October."

. . . . . .

"Spare a copper for a beggar, for Christ's sake. May the souls of your parents and relations rest in the Lord!"

"Masha, take some coppers from the bag. . . . It is on the bench here. . . . Give them to him. . . ."

"May the Lord take him to His Heavenly Kingdom! . . . Thank you, little mother benefactress."

"Masha, we must put straight the wreath on the grave. . . . So. . . . God! How the ravens are cawing!"

"Madam, let us go home. . . . You will be ill."

"Oh, no! It does not matter. . . . My God! Pavlik! . . . Oh, oh! . . ."

"Madam, dear Madam, have mercy on yourself. . . . You have not dried your eyes for more than a month."

. . . . . .

(*A few lines from a letter.*) "Today I went for a drive in a motor-car with Pavlik in the fresh air of the woods of Lesnoy. His cheeks are quite rosy again, and he is so merry. On the way we met some soldiers with their bands. Pavlik cheered them and was so happy. He liked the horn of the motor car because it was so like a military trumpet. And you were so uneasy, my dear! What must it mean to be there with shaken nerves? I hope you are not worrying any more now. Have you received . . ."

. . . . . .

"No, he will not live till the morning. . . . Peritonitis has set in. . . . The pulse is hardly audible. . . ."

"Shall we prepare him, Doctor?"

"Yes, sister, do it."

"Maximov, go and fetch the priest. Tell him he is wanted for Colonel Karpov—with the Holy Sacraments."

"Yes, sister. . . ."

"Sister . . ."

"Did you awake, Nikolai Alexandrovitch?"

"Yes, give me a drink. . . ."

"Does your hand hurt?"

"Yes, sister, I am feeling badly. . . . I feel Death is approaching. . . . Write letter for me, I will dictate. . . . Is it to see me that the priest is coming?"

"Yes, Colonel, to see you. . . . You won't feel worse after your Preparation. . . . You will feel better. . . ."

"Yes. . . . No. . . . I feel Death coming. . . . But, before, write me the letter. . . . There might be no

time?. . . Write . . . I am dictating . . ."

. . . . . .

(*A few lines from a letter.*) "I was under fire, Miljusha. Do not be afraid. I am wounded by shrapnel. But not dangerous. Nothing at all. Only a few scratches. I do not write myself because my hand is bandaged. Kiss our Pavlik. Tell him I will soon be all right again. Thank God that he is well now. Take him often out for a drive outside the town. Do not fear for me, Milja; do not worry. I am only slightly wounded. . . ."

N. Shulgovsky.

The New Statesman.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

When a man like Dr. Lyman Abbott—once a lawyer, and still a member of the New York bar—formerly a clergyman, and for years pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and for many years an author and journalist and editor of *The Outlook*—sits down, in his eightieth year, to write his "Reminiscences" it would be strange if his review of the past and of the social, religious and political changes of which he had been a close observer were to lack flavor and interest. Certainly there is no such lack in the volume in which he records his experience and observations through more than sixty years of mature life. He explains that he has never kept a journal nor even a diary nor copies of his letters nor systematically and regularly the letters written to him; but the absence of such concrete and definite material for an autobiography has certain compensations, for it has enabled Dr. Abbott to reconstruct, from his vivid personal recollections, the times in which he has lived and the changes which he has witnessed. Not the least engaging chapter in the book is that in which he tells the story of his boyhood at "Little Blue" in Farmington, Maine. From his boyhood on, he has been very fortunate in all his personal and family relations. His was a typical New England boyhood, and when he went to New York for his education, and later for his professional career, he carried with him the New England ideals. His description of the New York of 1850 and of college life at that time, his account of experiences during the Civil War and the reconstruction period, and his survey of the industrial, political and religious revolutions of the latter half of the last century are graphic and profoundly interesting—none the less so for an occasional touch of humor. The volume is neither autobiography nor history, but an agreeable blend of the two; and not the least of its charms is the absence of the faintest trace of egotism. Among the illustrations—a dozen or more in all—the frontispiece, showing Dr. Abbott at his desk in the office of *The Outlook*, and the final picture of Dr. Abbott and Mrs. Abbott at their fireside are the most characteristic. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Walter Lippmann's "The Stakes of Diplomacy" (Henry Holt & Co.) is a discussion, from a somewhat new point of view, of some of the questions which are apt to lead to international friction and strife, followed by suggestions of possible remedies. Mr. Lippmann holds that the anarchy of the world is due to the backwardness of weak states, and that "the modern nations have lived in an armed peace and collapsed into hideous warfare because in Asia, Africa, the Balkans, Central and South America, there are rich territories in which inefficiency and corruption invite imperial expansion, in which the prizes are so

great that the competition for them is to the knife." That there is a great deal of truth in this statement of the problem cannot easily be denied; whether Mr. Lippmann's suggested solution of it is at all practical or must be regarded as a dream is another question. What he looks for and what he believes the world waits for is some kind of world government, with an international legislature, and some sort of an international agency for enforcing laws. He would remove the temptation to exploit weak states by the creation of efficient authority in those states, and would do away with competitive imperialism by the establishment of a world organization and the development of a world patriotism. Even readers who believe Mr. Lippmann's conclusions to be visionary will find his presentation of them suggestive.

Ronald Acott Hall's study of "Frederick the Great and His Seven Years' War" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a rapid review and summary of the leading events of the great struggle of the middle of the eighteenth century—largely drawn from Frederick the Great's own narrative—for the purpose of comparison, both as to motives and as to military plans, with the great war which the Prussia of today has precipitated upon Europe. This comparison is not only interesting but useful, from the light which it throws upon present-day Prussian strategy and the forecast which it suggests of the probable movements of the German forces; for it is true, as Mr. Hall says, that the geographical element is of the first importance in war, and the field of the present operations is, to a large extent, the same that was traversed in the war of more than a century and a half ago. The descriptions given of the seven great campaigns, and the plans illustrating them help to make this clear.

American readers who have not fully realized the scope and significance of the lyric, dramatic and narrative poetry of William Butler Yeats will find profit and enlightenment in Forrest Reid's "W. B. Yeats: A Critical Study" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Mr. Reid appraises Yeats very highly; he regards him as not merely the only great poet that Ireland has produced, but in poetic power and care for perfection greater than Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, Shelley, or Rossetti; yet he is aware of his limitations and waywardness, and especially his detachment from human interests and the absence from his verse of the ethical element. It is Yeats's earlier verse which he finds most alluring, most rapturous and inspired; the later verse is, he admits, a little mannered, a little cold, with something of the grayness of granite in its color, and marks a declination from the highest beauty to a lower beauty. Altogether, Mr. Reid's book is an admirable bit of discriminating yet appreciative criticism; and its human interest is intensified by an occasional anecdote and reminiscence, especially those quoted from Mrs. Hinkson—relating to "Willie Yeats," as she calls him—which help the reader to understand how "Willie Yeats" became the kind of poet that he is.

Rudyard Kipling is the subject, and John Palmer the author of the latest volume in the new "Writers of the Day" series—a most enticing group of books, whose only fault is their brevity, in which contemporary writers are discussed, analyzed and appraised by their fellows. It is no small feat to compress a review of such a literary career as Kipling's and anything like an adequate estimate of his varied writings within a hundred small pages; but Mr. Palmer achieves it and he does it with piquancy and discrimination. The book is hardly longer than a magazine essay. It may be read in an hour, and it will be an hour pleasantly and profitably spent. Henry Holt & Co.

OUR NEAREST AND DEAREST ENEMIES: BY E. J. DILLON

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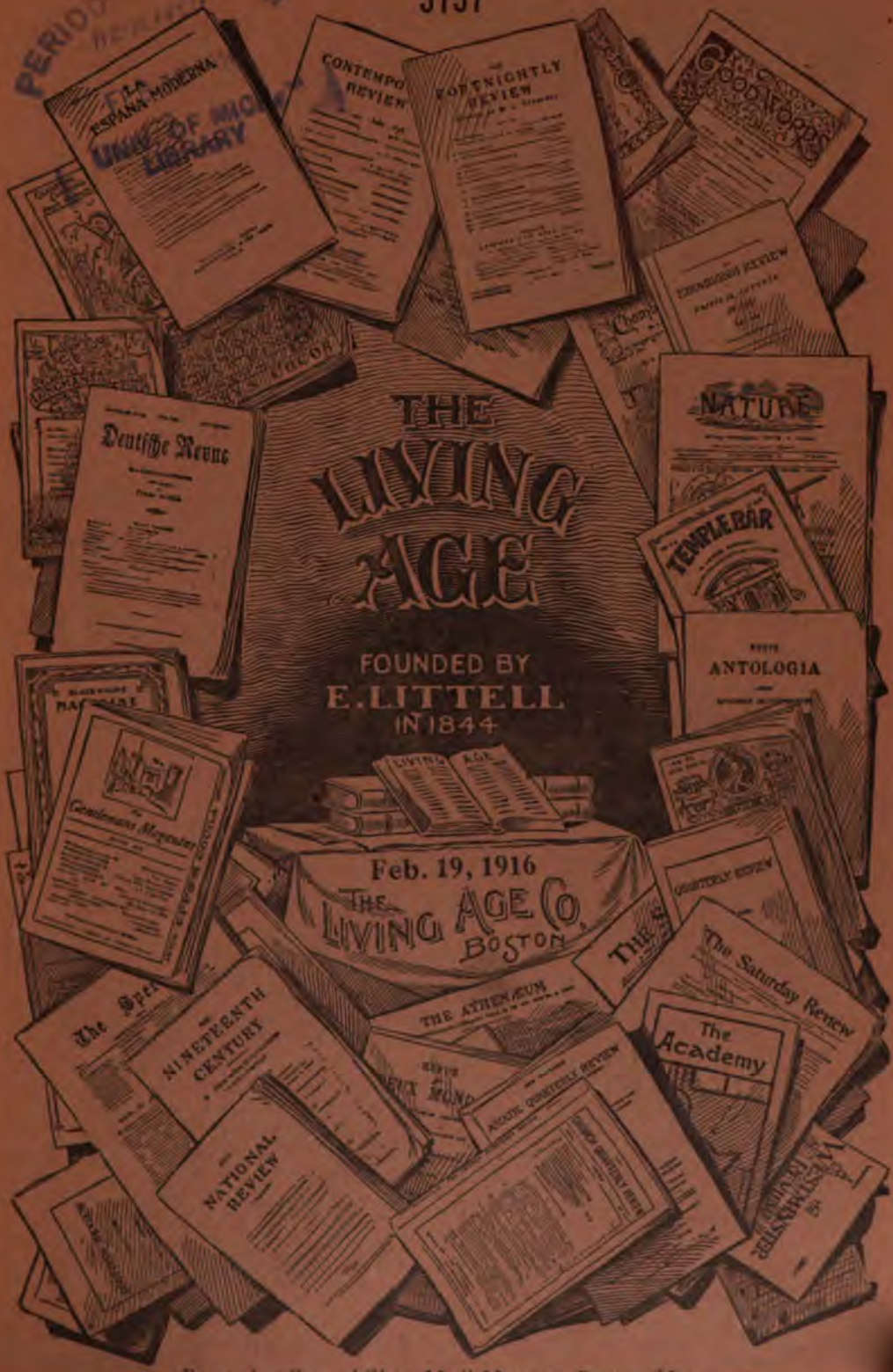

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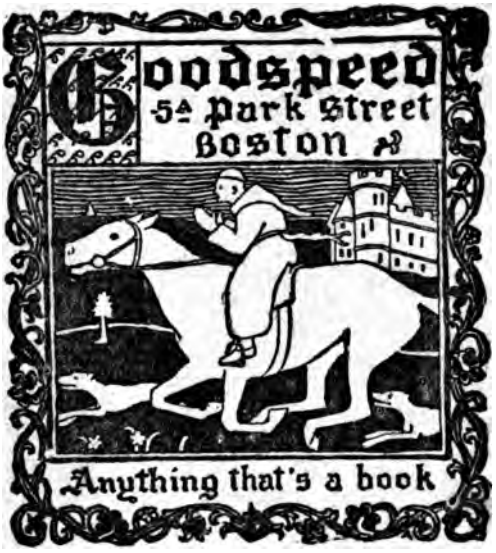

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THE VOICE OF RACHEL WEEPING.

BELGIUM, 1914.

[illegible] little beloved, where shall I [illegible] you?
[illegible] the ends of the earth, in the [illegible] of the sea,
[illegible] in the stars, in the dese[illegible] spaces of heaven.
[illegible] mine, today you have [illegible] to be!

[illegible] the earth and the rulers [illegible] together,
[illegible] and your eyes that [illegible] to my eyes are gone.
[illegible] and sword are flaming [illegible]
[illegible] my child from my [illegible] goes on.

[illegible] where shall I [illegible]
[illegible] and your smile [illegible] breath.
[illegible] I knew was [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible] in this [illegible]

[illegible]

Some have barely the down on the lip,
Smiling yet from the new-won spurs,
Their wounds are rubies, glowing and deep,
Their scars amethyst—glorious scars.

Michael's army hath many new men,
Gravest Knights that may sit in stall,
Kings and Captains, a shining train,
But the little young Knights are dearest of all.

Paradise now is the soldiers' land,
Their own country its shining sod,
Comrades all in a merry band;
And the young Knights' laughter pleaseth God.

Katharine Tynan.

The Nation.

BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP

When the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:
[illegible] of peace and sleep and dreams in the vast quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

[illegible] immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
[illegible] away along the margin of the [illegible] tide,
[illegible] of soundless calm can thrill [illegible] above
[illegible] from the lips beside.

[illegible] and deep and deeper let [illegible] and draw
[illegible] fountain more than [illegible] or dream,
[illegible] as o'erfills the [illegible] awe.
[illegible] its silent stream.

A. E.

OUR NEAREST AND DEAREST ENEMIES.

The undisputed currency among the Allied peoples of outgrown political theories is among the main sources of those fatal mistakes which have enabled their enemies to score palpable successes in diplomacy and war. For it can no longer be gainsaid that shortsightedness in preparing and blunders in executing our schemes have done more for the enemy than his own sagacity and skill. Outspoken Germans own as much. One of the frankest* among them avows, for instance, that the military situation resulting from our many reverses is due to our oversights and stumbles rather than to Germany's greater numerical strength.† This fact, which has long pressed for general recognition, is barbed with an excruciating sting which may, however, become an inspiriting stimulus. For it is still possible to dislodge the cause before the effect has become irreparable.

Our effete system of governance, with its roots in a dead past and its blighting shadow flung across the present and future of the nation, must be swept away. The illusions with which it is warping British thought and sapping British force must be dispelled. We shall have to forswear once for all the comfortable doctrine that effects can be had without adequate causes, and that tidal waves of cosmic magnitude can be kept from breaking by homœopathic drops of olive oil. If we really desire the ends we must resolutely employ efficacious means. Down to the present moment our behavior bespeaks utter disregard of this maxim in almost every public department except the Ministry of Munitions For this the system is to blame.

None of the public servants of the nation has been lacking in any of the qualities which a nice sense of duty or an ethically-trained will could bestow. And for inborn or inbred limitations no man can be held responsible. One and all they have done their best. But they stand for a system which has lost its efficacy, and is no more applicable to the present world-welter than is the law of Moses to the requirements of the twentieth century of grace. And unless that system, together with its old parliamentary doctrines, its cherished traditions of liberty, its sharply accentuated individualism, its conservative predilections, and its insular illusions be speedily readjusted to the new conditions, much that is precious, not only to the race but also to civilized man generally, will be swept away into history by the Teuton tide of which the present war is but the first inrush.

As no individual can live in peace against the will of his neighbors, so no nation can hope to lead a quiet existence aloof from the hardships of militarism if even one powerful and ambitious race is determined to assail and despoil it. Now that is Britain's position towards Germany. And this sinister influence will continue until such time as one of the two nations has ceased to be a world-Power. That fate might already have overtaken the Teutons had we not unaccountably thrown away opportunities which placed the final victory within our reach. True, that was done with the best intentions by honest champions of a superannuated system operating with worthless standards and rusty canons. And what has been will continue to be unless a new leaf be turned. If that be

*Maximilian Harden propounded those and kindred views in a lecture recently delivered in Hamburg. He is gifted with sharpness of sight. But any person of common sense and average information could make this discovery unaided.

†Parenthetically I may add that when the truth becomes known the world will be amazed to learn with how few troops our adversaries are holding their western front against us.

THE VOICE OF RACHEL WEEPING.

BELGIUM, 1914.

Beloved, little beloved, where shall I find you?
Not at the ends of the earth, in the depths of the sea,
On the winds, in the stars, in the desolate spaces of heaven.
Yesterday mine, today you have ceased to be!

The kings of the earth and the rulers take counsel together,
But your voice and your eyes that looked love to my eyes are gone.
Fire and rapine and sword are flaming around me,
They have ravished my child from my life, and my life goes on.

Beloved, little beloved, where shall I find you?
I gave you your shape and your smile and your innocent breath,
And the travail of birth that I knew was as naught to the rending
Of my body and spirit and soul in this travail of death.

All religions forsake, and philosophies fail me,
Dark as the primal mother I stand alone.
One wild question cries in my night and the answer
Comes not—His sky is silent, His earth a stone.

God of our fathers—speak, reveal, enlighten!
Lo, with despair my soul grows wan and wild!
Yet, O God, hear me not, heed me not, count me as nothing—
Only let it be well with her, my child!

Beatrice Cregan.

The Saturday Review.

NEW HEAVEN.

Paradise now has many a Knight,
Many a lordkin, many lords,
Glimmer of armor, dinted and bright,
The young Knights have put on new swords.

Some have barely the down on the lip,
Smiling yet from the new-won spurs,
Their wounds are rubies, glowing and deep,
Their scars amethyst—glorious scars.

Michael's army hath many new men,
Gravest Knights that may sit in stall,
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When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood
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Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vast quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

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possible—and my lively faith in the British race forbids me to assume that any human effort is too much for its enterprise, self-denial, or staying powers—then there is nothing for it but to bow to the decree of Fate. As the Germans forced us to embark on this most sanguinary struggle in human history, so they are now forcing us not merely into obligatory military service, but also into all the other practical and permanent consequences of militarism. It is Hobson's choice.

At the opening of the war the British Government can hardly be said to have consciously discerned more than the proximate ends of the policy which circumstance had suddenly imposed upon it. Respecting the ways and means of securing those aims, and the time which the effort would require the minds of most of our leaders were blank. Indeed, one is tempted to say that even now neither the nation nor its rulers have a sufficiently far-reaching vision of the changes which the adoption of those ways and means must bring about in the social and political life of the people. Deep-seated in the consciousness of the individual and of the community is a vague, all-pervading feeling that after the war things will revert to their old grooves, and that business, pleasure, politics and pursuits will go on as before. And that semi-conscious conviction is the source of many of the irrational likes and dislikes which astonish our friends and delight our foes—of the strong aversion to obligatory military service, for example; of the relish with which we continue to confine our attention to parts instead of surveying the whole of a problem in all its bearings; and of dealing in half-measures in lieu of adopting a comprehensive policy of thorough. A concrete instance, taken from the current events of the Near East, may enable the reader to realize the baleful effects of the happy-go-lucky tactics which have survived into the seventeenth month of the new epoch.

The Allies' mistakes have been catalogued by an observant German who saw Bismarck at work.* The earliest one on which he dwells is the fatuous way in which we abstained from an attack on the Dardanelles until the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* had got in. Next came the Gallipoli enterprise as it was executed. The real significance of that operation is to be sought not merely in the appalling loss it entailed of life and money, but in the tremendous moral effect it produced in the Balkan Peninsula and in the Moslem East, and in the still more sinister consequences which its failure and final abandonment will yet involve. As the Japanese victory over Russia in the Manchurian campaign shook the faith of the millions of Orientals who had theretofore believed in the white man and trembled, so now the confidence of the Moslem world in itself is heightened immeasurably, and its estimate of the great Colonial Powers has fallen in proportion.†

The truth would seem to be that none of the crucial problems was treated by the Allies with reference to the ground ideas of a rounded plan. Each little occurrence was dealt with by itself on its own merits, and at most with reference to the general principles of international Whiggism. And this failure to rise to the cardinal principles of latter-day military and diplomatic strategy involved in the various episodes marks almost every phase of the struggle, and seems inseparable from the Allies' mode of thought and action. Is this a premonitory token of Fate, the first characters of the writing on the wall?

Confining one's attention to the Balkan aspect of the world-problem, one

*Maximilian Harden, editor and proprietor of the *Zukunft*. One of his recent articles in that publication is worth perusing, on the principle *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*.

†Harden's lecture in Hamburg. *cf. Times*, November 16th, 1915.

is struck with the Allies' slowness to discern the leadings of interest and the promptings of duty there. Hemmed round with a maze of petty motives which, compared with the common aim, were but as a drop of water to the ocean, they endeavored to further this one without impairing that, and when rapidity of decision was essential to success they calmly waited to see further, and meanwhile let the opportunity slip by unutilized. Only their optimism grew and throve on that succession of chances and misses. For their faith is like that of Tertullian.

Soon after Germany had declared war Venizelos inquired of the British Minister in Athens how Great Britain would behave if an attack were made on the Greek fleet by the Turks. He may have had in mind the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* at the time. I know how uneasy in mind they made him. The answer which the British Foreign Secretary is said to have returned was virtually this: "Turkey's neutrality is of primary importance to the Entente, which hopes to see it preserved. But if Turkey were guilty of the aggression alluded to, we should not hesitate to espouse the cause of Greece." That encouragement moved Venizelos powerfully and gave a strong impetus to his activity. He thereupon set to work, in concert with Take Jonescu, to revive the Balkan League. The aim was worthy of the two statesmen. Had it been attained it would have shortened the war considerably. To my thinking, however, it was unattainable. But even if it had been feasible, it could have been compassed only by persons or institutions situated outside the Balkans and devoid of interests there. Venizelos, the object of hatred and mistrust, was disqualified, for it was he who had signed the treaty of Bucharest and infuriated the Bulgars by wresting from them Kavalla and the adjacent districts.

The Entente Powers were a hundred leagues from statesmanship and good sense when they undertook to re-establish the Balkan League and employed as their agent in the work of reconstruction the man who was looked upon by the Bulgars as their cleverest and therefore most dangerous enemy. Further, knowing as they knew that the trinity of neutral Kinglets, despite its general compact with the Kaiser, would be attracted by the victor, whoever he might be, and drawn into his orbit irresistibly, one of their first moves ought surely to have been to keep the three from acquiring faith in the military supremacy of the Teutons. But no such effort was ever made or contemplated. One of the most potent German weapons in the present struggle is their Press organization abroad. It may be described as a gigantic hypnotizing machine which has hitherto conferred on them advantages second only to those of their heavy artillery and their Zeppelins. But the Allies have not yet even considered the advisability of organizing a counter agency. They are much too clean-handed, forsooth, to compete with the race of "dirty fighters" in the use of disgusting weapons. The chivalrous traditions of war must be kept uncontaminated. If we win we must win in congruity with the hallowed old rules and traditions, not otherwise.

Venizelos' main motive was to stay Germany's march on Constantinople. The means he at first proposed to employ were a defensive and offensive treaty uniting all the Balkan States in a military league, and then a combined campaign in aid of the Serbs—for Venizelos is a confirmed optimist. He imagined that Serbia could be got to lose her grasp of Macedonia, and that by dint of that tremendous sacrifice Bulgaria's hostility would be disarmed, as though any gifts and marks of friendship could win over the insatiable

Bulgars! But hard facts soon shattered these amiable fancies. To the exhortations and demands made by the easy-going League-weavers King Peter and his people entered a resolute demurrer. Why should they alone defray the cost of an undertaking profitable to all? Why should not Greece give up Kavalla and lessen to that extent the sacrifice expected of Serbia?

Venizelos answered that there were cogent reasons why this could not be, and refused to budge from his position. Days, weeks, months lapsed, and while this aimless palaver was going on Germany and Bulgaria were concerting their schemes against the Allies. In March, 1915, the German-Austrian-Bulgarian plan of campaign against Serbia was already drafted, revised, and approved in Berlin. Whether the Entente Powers believed in the existence of a covenant between the Kinglets and the Kaiser is a moot point. But they felt reasonably sure that no such compact would keep the neutral Balkan States from throwing in their lot with the Allies if the Allies were marching to final victory. And this conviction reposed on a bedrock of experimental fact. After the battle of the Marne, for example, and during the sequence of Austria's defeats in Galicia, Bukovina, and Hungary, the Entente star being in the ascendant, the force of attraction put forth by the Allies was irresistible to Balkan neutrals. Thus the King of the Hellenes, who had had inculcated upon him by Venizelos the necessity of standing well with the Powers that ruled the seas, being further impressed by their land victories, made a spontaneous offer to one of the Entente powers of his army and his fleet. This from the Kaiser's brother-in-law, from the man who subsequently broke his word to Serbia and has lately been scheming to break his word to Britain and France, was something to marvel at. A gracious telegram from the King of that State embodied a suitable acknowledgment of this mark of friendship. King Constantine assured the Entente monarch that the interests of the two nations in the Levant were not and would never be divergent. And to his subsequent inquiry whether prompt succor would be sent to him if, in the course of helping Serbia, his troops were attacked by the Bulgars, an affirmative answer was promptly returned.

Here then was Greece won over without a diplomatic effort, the ripe fruit dropping gently into the lap of the Entente, all that was required being to let it fall and to hold it. This was indeed a rare and precious opportunity of which the scheming Teutons could not deprive us. It would enable us to drive a wedge between the Turks and the Germans, to knock out the former, hem in the latter, spare the valuable lives of tens of thousands of Britons, and bring the desired peace within our visual range. Indeed, the only way in which we could lose that chance was by throwing it away. Well, we threw it away. That happened before Turkey had slipped from our grasp.

Bulgaria, who was playing the usual double game in vogue in the Balkans refused to entertain any proposal for the revival of the Balkan League, unless and until she had first received the Macedonian province from Serbia as well as Kavalla with the adjacent territory from Greece.

Those were her terms: from them she would not swerve. And they were debated seriously and amicably by the Entente Governments. Those conversations and agreements take us to the end of December, 1914, when the scheme of an expedition against Gallipoli was first seriously mooted, and in connection with that the prospect was held out to Greece of vast territorial aggrandizement in Asia Minor. The

lure was tempting, and, having balanced the risks against the probable gains, Venizelos at last signified his willingness to make the sacrifice demanded. But he hedged round his acquiescence with shrewdly set conditions, the chief of which was that Bulgaria should march against the enemies of the Entente Powers, that being the principal object of the Coalition. Serbia, however, was still recalcitrant. She could not sever her connection with the cherished province that had cost her the best blood of her people. Utter annihilation, her patriots cried, is preferable to the loss of Macedonia. Like Boyle Roche, they would fain sacrifice the whole in order to save a part. In the policy of the Allies down to the present moment the part has invariably proved to be greater than the whole.

Toiling and moiling, like Sisyphus, the Entente now solicited Serbia, now sued Bulgaria, now adjured Greece and Roumania, and sternly drowned the voices of those domestic critics who called attention to the hopelessness, the mischievousness of its exertions. Towards the two ex-convicts, Radoslavoff and Tontcheff,* Entente diplomacy was deferential, almost obsequious, while the pair and their master were chuckling in secret at the gullibility of the Great Powers. At last they had to show their hands. In late December Bulgaria concluded her loan in Germany, whereupon Venizelos, who knows the Bulgars somewhat, gave up the scheme which, had he known them better, he would never have entertained. But the Allies were still loth to suspect treachery.

In the meanwhile, one of the Entente Powers put forward the suggestion that troops be despatched in aid of the Serbs to invade Austria by the river Save. And the plan acquiring a certain consistence, the British Foreign Office was asked by the military authorities whether Greece would permit the transport of troops along the Salonica railway. According to my information, the Foreign Office, in lieu of putting the question, turned it and asked whether Greece would hasten to the aid of her ill-starred neighbor and ally, adding that if she did Entente troops would enter Macedonia and keep the Bulgars meanwhile in check. But this proposal was not accepted by Greece, who quoted General Pau to prove that the danger of such an operation was absolutely deterrent. The small States cannot afford to risk their armies in mere adventures.

Admiral Carden proceeded in February to attack the Dardanelles with naval forces. Venizelos brightened up at this. Dazzling Oriental vistas opened out before his mental eye, leading up to Aya Sofia in Constantine's city. Confident of the success of the operation, he felt certain that it would draw all the Balkan peoples to our side irresistibly and was minded that Greece should be the first. And it certainly would have had this effect. Therefore he at once offered three divisions to co-operate with us in Gallipoli.* Truly that was a bold move, and had his forecast been well grounded would have been a sound one. But Venizelos is not a military man and his judgment on technical points is subject to caution. Scrutinized by the Greek General Staff, the combined scheme was judged to be militarily unsound. With this verdict King Constantine, who had displayed quite a keen interest in the entire subject, found himself in substantial agreement. The main objection taken to the part allotted to Greece was that it would split up and destroy the force of Constantine's army without adequate returns. There were others.

*Both these statesmen were convicted of corruption and other misdemeanors by the High Court of Justice in Sofia on June 4th, 1903, and condemned to eight months' imprisonment.

*On March 2d, 1915.

The King's consequent refusal to comply with the Allies' request was the proximate cause of Venizelos' resignation. He and King Constantine had never hit it off together. It is not merely a lack of mutual sympathy that characterizes their relations. Positive antipathy keeps them apart, like that which prevailed between the present King of Sweden and the late Karl Staaf, his ex-Premier. The frequent and irritating friction between Venizelos and Constantine had rendered their co-operation at first painful and at last unfruitful.

Three army divisions was a generous offer in the circumstances, for the realm disposes of only fifteen divisions all told. Perhaps the King thought it excessive? This question occurred to one or other of the Entente Powers, whose Government fancied that if a less numerous contingent were asked for it would be given. In any case, there could be no harm in asking. The Entente, in the person of our Minister, thereupon reduced the original demand by two-thirds, and applied for only one Greek division and the fleet, believing that the King would have no objection to co-operate to this extent, as he was personally most desirous of entering Constantinople in triumph, and would presumably be willing to pay the price. But here again we were astray. For with Constantine the question was not solely whether Greece could or could not spare a division, but also whether the military investment was safe or perilous. And on this aspect of the matter he had very decided views. For he had been asked previously what his opinion was about the chances of our attack on Gallipoli, and his answer was emphatically unfavorable. To warrant the enormous sacrifices involved it must, be said, be attacked at both ends simultaneously and with not less than two hundred thousand men. Consequently, the troops actually available being relatively few were also insufficient. The scale on which the enterprise had been conceived was, he urged, much too petty, not only to achieve the end directly, but even to rally Bulgaria, whose co-operation would be most helpful. And, in view of Bulgaria's probable opposition, it behooved Greece to be prudent and Constantine to be wary. His view in brief was this: "If you Allies are only strong enough, we will all come in. If you are just too weak, your labor is lost." And they were far too weak.

Gounaris succeeded Venizelos as Premier, while Zographos took his place as Foreign Secretary. Thus Germany's star was rising in Greece and Baron Schenk became the astrologer-royal. But, in spite of the King's sudden spurts of wilfulness, he and his environment were still under the dominion of fear. Belief in the Allies' final victory was general, and knowledge of the Allies' power over Greece was salutary. What the Athens Ministers apprehended was that the Entente might compel the nation to make the territorial concessions demanded by Bulgaria, and also to take an active part in a military adventure which would prove ruinous to the nation. They also feared the Bulgars. By way of obviating these dangers the Government, as represented by Zographos, proposed to enter the arena forthwith and invade Turkish Thrace with the entire Greek army. At the same time they did not actually refuse to help in Gallipoli, but they observed that the chance of serving any good purpose by landing troops there was so slender that the utmost they would consent to would be the despatch of men to those places only which had been made secure by the British.

What this plan amounted to was an invasion of Thrace with or without Bulgaria's consent, but contingent on

Entente guarantees being forthcoming for the integrity of all Greece's possessions. The offer was acceptable. It was most advantageous. A statesman would have closed with it in a twinkling. For it would have saved tens of thousands of lives, shortened the war, and brought the Allies within sight of the goal. That such an opportunity should have recurred again after the neglect of so many others was a godsend. But, alas! like the others it came and went and left no trace. This time it was entirely disregarded—passed over in silence. That was a fair specimen of the working of the cumbrous old mechanism employed by the Allies. The Entente, it appears could not risk giving umbrage to his Majesty Ferdinand of Bulgaria, or to their Excellencies the ex-convicts Radoslavoff and Tontcheff, in whose untarnished honor it placed its trust. And any communication to Bulgaria raising the points mentioned by Greece—especially the guarantee that would have covered Kavalla—would have imparted intense acuteness to the question of the contentious zones. And the Entente was busy grafting brotherly love on the Serbs, Bulgarians, and Greeks.

In that way an unexpectedly advantageous offer, which would have proved the turning-point in the campaign, was, my Athens friends informed me, simply left unanswered, to the disgust of those who made it. We may criticise the Greeks to our hearts' content, and their conduct undoubtedly calls for undiluted censure. Bankrupt in honor, their conception of international morality is becoming a by-word. But are they not entitled in turn to rail at us for our suicidal folly which, before their fall, put them in the wrong while cutting the ground from under our own feet?

Perseverance and optimism characterized the Allies, even in conjunctures that would have attuned other peoples to blank despair. In this case the French Minister at Athens, putting himself in relation with Prince George, cast around for some other combination which would keep Greece and the Allies together. And they imagined a scheme by which Greece would abandon her neutrality, give us the co-operation of her fleet, and keep her army concentrated in Macedonia. That arrangement would, they held, meet all requirements. The two authors of this expedient were not a little disappointed, therefore, when the King negatived it on the ground that it left the Kavalla question still hanging like a Damocles' sword over the nation's head. And he was resolved to hold on to Kavalla, come what might. Shortly afterwards Constantine fell ill, and for a time that seemed an eternity things remained quiescent.

Before the King was convalescent the lively faith which Venizelos and most of his countrymen had felt in the expedition to force the Dardanelles and capture Constantinople had paled and waned, and given place to surprise and grief and apprehension. Our failure at Gallipoli and Russia's reverses everywhere were having a marked effect on all the Balkan neutrals. At a technical council held in Sofia in early summer the conclusion was reached that the Central Empires were sure to win, and therefore the King's agreement with the Kaiser must be carried into effect as soon as the two contracting parties were ready and the situation was ripe. The analysis to which the whole campaign had been subjected by the military authorities of Sofia was impartial and thorough, and, right or wrong, the conclusions drawn were unbiased.

As soon as it became clear that the Gallipoli campaign would be neither short nor successful the Entente, and in especial its British spokesman,

decided that the only way to save Serbia was to buy off Bulgaria by granting her all she asked for. Therefore he set his hand to the work which Venizelos had attempted unsuccessfully six months before. He began by telling the Serbs that military succor was out of the question, and that their salvation must be bought by painful sacrifice: Macedonia must be disgorged. He also informed Greece that the question she had so long put off was at last actual and pressing; Kavalla must be consigned to Bulgaria in order to rescue from sheer ruin an ally who had merited well of us all.

But the representative of the Entente spoke to men who had grown hard of hearing. He then used all the arts of suasion and all the arguments suggested by the desperate situation. At last the Serbs, after heated discussions among themselves, consented to the transfer of about ninety-nine per cent of Bulgaria's demands. But their reservations on the subject of Prilep were calculated to wreck the whole transaction, had it been more than a Balkan comedy with Ferdinand for playwright and actor. Prilep was the spoonful of tar in a jar of honey. But to Ferdinand the whole thing was a gigantic hoax. King Constantine, mindful of his own private arrangement with the Kaiser, met the demand for Kavalla with a decided negative. "He declined to make any territorial sacrifices for Serbia." Nor could he well do otherwise, seeing that he was also secretly resolved to repudiate the solemn obligations which he and his people had assumed towards that ill-starred nation and to violate his pledged troth in order to win favor in the eyes of his Prussian brother-in-law. The statesmen of the Entente, comfortably ensconced in the cloud castle of Balkan coalition, were first rudely shaken and then suffered a painful fall.

Those refusals clenched the matter formally. Bulgaria seized on them as pretexts for mobilizing. At this point was enacted an episode on which great stress has been laid by Serbian politicians, and greater stress will be laid by the impartial historian. It is not beyond my ambition, though it may be beyond the means now at my disposal to anticipate the judgment of the latter. A day or two after Bulgaria's mobilization had begun the Serbian Government intimated that their military authorities recommended an attack on her before she could complete the operation. They had no doubt whatever that she would use her troops against Serbia in combination with those of Germany and Austria, and they knew that now was the auspicious moment for action. How would Great Britain and her Allies look upon this move? As may be expected, the British Foreign Secretary replied* discouragingly on grounds that may readily be imagined. An invasion of Bulgaria, who still proclaims through Radoslavoff that she is an innocent little nation tremulous for her safety, would smack of the preventive type of warfare in which Germany alone is privileged to indulge. If Bulgaria should turn traitor, well, Greece, who is also mobilizing will give a good account of her. Serbia had better wait and see.

It is alleged that that reply gravely aggravated our responsibility. For "it was naturally regarded by Serbia as a disapproval of her proposal, and she lost the advantage of her already completed mobilization and of the ten days —September 27th to October 6th— which elapsed before the German attack upon the Danube began. Moreover, it had the disastrous effect of throwing the weight of the Serbian arms upon the northern instead of the eastern front. Had the Serbian main armies opposed Bulgaria, and had the Danube front been held by rearguards

*On September 27th.

alone, the Serbian armies might have retired upon Salonica in case of failure, and there have united with the Allies."*

The points raised by these statements are so delicate and far-reaching that I made an inquiry into the matter, with the assistance of competent military men who had studied it. And what they affirm is so important a contribution to the subject that I cannot pass it over in silence.

The Serbs, it is maintained, were not at that time in a position to carry out an attack on Bulgaria, because the bulk of their army was stationed along the Danube. In fact, there were no more than three divisions in Macedonia on the line Aegri-Palanka-Kotchana, and it was precisely the movement of those divisions that precipitated Bulgaria's mobilization. Consequently, the attitude of Great Britain and her Allies on the moral aspect of a Serbian invasion of Bulgaria was wholly immaterial to the issue.

In order to be in a position to invade Bulgaria the Serbs ought to have moved their whole army into Macedonia much earlier than the date of the mobilization. And they knew it. In fact, this expedient was actually suggested to them by the Allies while there was still time as an advantageous prelude to invasion. But they shrank from having recourse to it. What their motives were does not concern us here. The point is that if what I have just advanced on the authority of well-informed military vouchers be correct, it is hardly fair to accuse the British Government, which has quite enough sins of its own to answer for, of having hindered the Serbs from saving themselves. Possibly it would have hindered them if the occasion had really arisen. But it did not arise. If King Peter's General Staff had transported the bulk of the army to Macedonia some time before Bulgaria began to mobilize, then the Austro-German forces held back by Serbian rearguards, would have found it a very arduous task to take heavy artillery with them. Meanwhile the Serbs would not only have been suitably placed to deal with Bulgaria during her mobilization—had that plan found favor—but would also more easily have maintained their communications with Salonica, and obviated in advance the excuse alleged by Greece for not marching to help them.

It is but fair to add, further, that the British Government had grounds for its conviction that if when Bulgaria mobilized she were to fall foul of Serbia, Greece would march to Serbia's help. Venizelos had expressly assured the British Minister in Athens that King Constantine would consent to his people discharging their obligations to the Serbs. And this assurance he had given, not as a private individual, but in his capacity as responsible Minister, and it was duly communicated to Sir Edward Grey. Formally, therefore, the British Government is covered by this defense. But form is worse than nothing in a crisis like the present, when only those who deal in realities can help our cause. It was a fact, and ought to have been known and discounted as such, that Venizelos was but a shadow whose substance was the King. It ought to have been borne in mind that last spring Venizelos, with the King's approval, had undertaken to concede Kavalla to Bulgaria under certain conditions, and that Constantine immediately afterwards repudiated the undertaking, and even denied that he had ever authorized it. And what had happened in spring might happen again in autumn.

Venizelos and the King certainly discussed the subject. About that there is no doubt. Their conversation, it would seem, took place in the forenoon of a certain day.* When it was

*Times, November 22d.

*September 21st.

over the Premier came away with the idea that the King had agreed to his asking Britain and France to make good the 150,000 men whom Serbia had by treaty to provide. The King on his part kept turning the matter over in his mind, and a few hours later suddenly decided to get at Venizelos before he had made any statement to the foreign diplomatists. How he could have made any binding communication to them if he had not the Sovereign's authorization is not quite clear. That same afternoon the Chief Court Chamberlain, Count Merkati, telephoned to the Premier saying: "Before you see the Entente Ministers his Majesty asks you to come and see him." To that message the Minister made answer: "I have seen them already, and laid the proposal before them. The Minister of France has accepted." It is worth noting that the King did not then repudiate the arrangement, nor deny that he had given his authorization to make it.

Thereupon the various measures already decided upon began to be carried out. Greece mobilized. The British and French Governments got together troops, munitions, transports with all possible expedition, and the British Foreign Secretary made the historic promise to "our friends in the Balkans" of all the help in our power "without reserve and without qualifications." On October 2d the Greek Premier lodged a protest against the landing of the Allies, but only as a mere matter of form, for two days later in the Chamber he announced that he himself, as head of the Government, had invited them. And it was only on the following day* that the King thought fit to come forward and repudiate his Minister, who thereupon resigned.

Before the Allied troops began to land at Salonica† military experts of the highest standing were of opinion that it was too late to save Serbia. That was the view arrived at by Italian military officers, whose knowledge and experience entitle them to be listened to with universal respect. It was also the judgment of the British General Staff, which based it on the same grounds.* And two days later the British War Council endorsed that verdict.†

In view of those conclusions it must be evident to the dullest apprehension that to despatch a relief expedition to the wilds of Serbia when relief was admittedly impossible was to assume responsibility of the gravest conceivable kind. It is further clear that if in spite of the discouraging conviction of the experts faith was still cherished in the possibility of saving Serbia, that faith should have been supplemented at once with works of unwonted magnitude. "Not less than four hundred thousand men could solve the problem —if it were still solvable—and they must reach their destination within ten or fourteen days," was the sentence uttered by one of the foremost military men in Europe. I sought to transmit it to London by telegraph, but it was deemed inopportune.

When the fortnight was nearly up the nation was informed by Lord Lansdowne that we had landed 13,000 men, and were getting ready a larger force, but that the use to which the latter would be put when it arrived would depend upon the situation at that time. Hesitation was obviously the keynote of the situation even then. On October 29th General Joffre arrived in London, and strongly advocated vigorous action in Macedonia by the Entente Powers. His pleading was so successful that, in the words of Sir Edward Carson, "the Government decided that what was too

*October 5th.
†The first batch was landed at Salonica on October 7th.

*On October 9th.
†On October 11th, according to Sir Edward Carson in his letter of resignation (dated October 12th).

late three weeks before was in time three weeks after."*

The narrative just ended deals only with a short span of time and a circumscribed space. Yet within those narrow limits almost every mistake conceivable in the circumstances was breezily committed. "At almost any and every period of the war, from August, 1914, down to July, 1915, the active military co-operation of all the Southeastern States was within our easy reach. Turkey, Bulgaria, Greece, Roumania would have fought our battles, saved the fine flower of Britain's youth, ended the war as we want it ended, and secured us lasting peace. But we forfeited the overwhelming odds in our favor by a mixture of short-sighted statesmanship, childlike candor, and upright intentions. Yet the heavier our losses the sprightlier grows our faith in the outcome."

All the successes which the Germans could secure by skill, audacity, or guile they seized unerringly, and every one of our chance advantages which they were powerless to snatch from us we ourselves conscientiously flung away. And what has happened in the Balkans is taking place elsewhere. For the old mechanism of Government which kept the British nation unprepared for the war is still in daily use unmodified. While everything and everybody around us is changed or changing, that remains as it was, and as many among us imagine it will long continue to be. Its action is mischievous, not helpful. It works havoc with our best-laid plans, and belies our most reasonably hopeful forecasts. Official estimates of our future—with the single exception of Mr. Lloyd George's—are conceived in a spirit of breezy optimism which floors the level-headed believers in the law of causality. A classical example is Mr. McKenna's recent announcement to the correspondent of an American newspaper that "victory for the Allies is assured." "Barring the countervailing action of the national thwarting machine," I should have felt tempted to add. For no one can claim that our victory is better assured than were the great advantages over our enemies which we possessed a few months ago in the Balkans. In fact, they were already ours, and no one could wrest them from us either by force or by guile. Yet the nation's great thwarting-machine bereft us of them all. What assurance have we now that we shall be more fortunate in the future? Our lively faith? But in whom and what? The mechanism is the same, the men who work it are the same, the principles on which it is run are the same. And we know—though we hardly realize—that the same cause in like circumstances produces the same effect, necessarily.

Happily, "love can hope where reason would despair." One may hope therefore, that before it is too late the consciousness of gigantic power which is stirring the nation into quicker life may shape its thoughts and deeds in noble harmony, and move it to create a new system of governance worthy of the British race.

E. J. Dillon.

The Fortnightly Review.

*See *Times*, November 22d.

THE PRESS FETISH.

Recent events have called attention to a peculiar survival, in British public life, of what appears to be definable only as a late form of fetishism. It has been there for a long time, but has never, so far as I know, been scientifically identified. Nor would it be easy to say when it began. Newspapers originated as commercial or propa-

gandist enterprises, or as both; and when the commercial side of the enterprise came to be well understood and well handled under stress of competition, the other side likewise underwent evolution. Already in the eighteenth century England was a land of newspapers; and according to Dr. Johnson "all foreigners remark that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar. This superiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence which are continually trickling among us." About the same time, the lexicographer, recalling the classic definition of an ambassador, pronounces that "a newswriter is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit. To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary." From such beginnings grew "the engine of the press."

In the next age, Canning could declare that "He who, speculating on the British Constitution, should omit from his enumeration the mighty power of public opinion, embodied in a free press, which pervades, and checks, and perhaps in the last resort nearly governs the whole, would give but an imperfect view of the government of England." Canning had freely acquiesced in Pitt's measures for curtailing or strangling the lyric freedom in question; and he knew as well as any man, having experimented, that the main function of the press was to *make* public opinion. In the early days of constitutional government, we know, journals or their writers were subsidized by Ministers anxious to create and shape opinion, and to counter the attacks of other journalists. Thus slowly grew up the procedure of the "leading paragraph," which, however, long remained a humble enough activity, securing neither distinction for its producer nor institutional status for the journal in which he operated. A guinea a week was his normal value about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

In England it is in the person of Coleridge that we first meet with the influential journalist, writing effectively over his name. Mackintosh, Campbell, and other men of letters who plied the same task, appear to have written as a rule anonymously. Coleridge wrote so effectively that in 1800 political articles of his "became the talk of the town." Of one, and of the poem on "The Devil's Thoughts," a successful proprietor said that he "never knew two pieces of writing, so wholly disconnected with daily occurrences, produce so lively a sensation. Several hundred sheets extra were sold by them, and the paper was in demand for days and weeks afterwards." But it was not in Coleridge to proceed steadfastly on any paths; and his later attempts at a higher independent journalism in *The Watchman* and *The Friend* duly collapsed.

Nor was it to be through men of Coleridge's calibre or cast of conscience that newspaper influence was to be built up. It is in Cobbett's time that what he loved to call "the bloody old *Times*" begins to rank as what Spencer might have called a "superorganic" entity, a factor or force embodying an incalculable influence, not reducible to any rational process or responsible personality, whether writer or proprietor. In his *Tour in Scotland*, in 1832, Cobbett specifies two "she-proprietors," "these two impudent women, Anna Brodie and Fanny Wraight," who hired "infamous wretches" to write in their journal, of which "Jack Walter" is described as but a former manager. Cobbett, Heine's "dog of England, with his red face and his scolding voice," was certainly not that kind of journalist; and, changing though he did from high Toryism to a

species of violent Radicalism, he made himself a power in the land. The addresses presented to him on his tour, signed sometimes, as in Tyneside, by over 800 admirers, tell of a more widely diffused influence than that of the *Times*. It is not unlikely that he could have been retained for Toryism in 1801, if the Addington Ministry had appreciated him as did Wyndham; but in his later war against landowners and paper money, and Poor Law reform and the Reformation, and so many other things and people, he was certainly as honest as any of the owners and writers of the journals of his day. A belief in his sincerity was the basis of his influence. But neither was his sort of journalism to be the surviving English type. That was to be the capitalistic form, in which a primarily commercial concern turns the procedure of propaganda to commercial ends, policy being made a matter of securing the support of the well-to-do classes, with occasional deflections under stress of the hatreds or prejudices of the proprietorate or the editor. The result is the institutional fetish.

Here there seems to have been an evolution peculiar to England. In the early days of the French Revolution, there were journals and journalists, each named as forces; but the journal was always the flag and platform of the journalist, nothing more. Camille Desmoulins was a force; and *La Lanterne* was a force; but *La Lanterne* was the journal of Camille Desmoulins, and only a journalist of similar gifts could hope to keep *La Lanterne* in the field. To this day French journalism keeps the same character of personality and reality. If the French retain any fetishism, it is not by way of the deification of newspapers. There is a *Temps*, as there is a *Times*, but an anonymous oracle has never been worshiped in Paris. Nowhere, perhaps, are journalists in general more influential as such. The late M. Rochefort, with his *Intransigeant*, was a power, because he was an admirable and wonderfully effective writer, recognized as such by many who, like the late Mr. G. A. Sala, detested his politics. In our own day M. Clemenceau is such a force. But when his title is taken from him he at once reappears under another, and *L'Homme Libre* becomes *L'Homme Enchaine*. Since Napoleon there has been no fetish of any account in France. In one of his stories Anatole France tells how the Emperor paralyzed a senator engaged in plotting against him. "Do you think," asked the Man of Destiny, laying his hand on the shrinking plotter's shoulder, "that a throne is four pieces of wood nailed together and covered with velvet? I tell you, No; it is a Man; and the Man is I." So might the French journalist say after him.

If a French journal is to subsist, it must be in terms of its men, its writers, its persistent policy. Jaures made *L'Humanite* a Socialist journal; and after his death *L'Humanite* carries on his work. But it must do that work. Let a Conservative capitalist buy it—if he can—and try to run it in the Conservative interest, and he would find in his hands an absolute nonentity. They do not try such things in Paris; there, there are no fetish-worshipers. A journal like the *Figaro* may develop commercially in the English fashion, but not by its mere name draping anonymities. Its writers may use pseudonyms, but these are transparent; the man is known, and, good or bad, his influence is that of his personality and his doctrine. To say in Paris that the *Figaro* or the *Temps* says this or that, would be to say nothing.

Long ago Taine spoke of England as if its population were similarly constituted. An Englishman, he wrote in his vivacious way, subscribes to a newspaper, and reads its articles daily

at breakfast; if one morning he finds an article which seriously clashes with his views, he simply stops his subscription, and subscribes to another paper. Of course, there are such Englishmen still: every journalist knows them—at least every Liberal journalist does. But Taine cannot have studied the phenomena of the *Times*. The news that, at a certain date in the past year, a number of city men, who had been in the habit of buying and reading that journal, publicly burned copies of a certain issue, was far more astonishing than the outrage itself. It seemed to tell that fetishism was at an end. But the moral flame was the analogue of the physical combustion. It did not last, as regarded the majority of the fetishists. Not in a day, nor in a year, does an English fetish die, because not in a day is it made.

If we ask, What is the *Times*? and seek an answer in terms of tangible facts, we find that it is a name printed every week-day on certain sheets constituting a newspaper. As a simple newspaper the publication was once really valuable, and is still of some importance. For threepence it once gave an amount of varied information such as no other daily journal could show; and its early "influence" was in that way maintained, while the resulting advertisement revenue gave a power of commanding useful services which preserved the whole *præstigium*. Threepence had been the common price of a century ago, when the *Times* sought to facilitate its footing by charging only twopence-halfpenny. Before the tide of penny newspapers which marked the removal of the stamp-duty and other hindrances to a cheap press, it held its old ground; it had become an established institution in virtue of English habits of mind and the cast of English society. And all the while it was but the name of a newspaper in which the leading articles, the opinion-makers, were strictly anonymous.

Ability of many kinds had certainly gone to create the fetish. There were the born men of letters who, like Thackeray, wrote articles for which they were poorly paid when they were poor, well paid when they had become famous. There were the competent leader-writers who had culture and conscience, and wrote like scholars and gentlemen. But what constituted the practical "influence" was, first and last, the writing of the men who could bang the drum political, typified by the elder Sterling, who stands out known in a long series of mostly unknowns. They were neither thinkers nor writers; as politicians they were neither original nor thoughtful; and, whatever side they might take, they contributed little or nothing to national progress. And from first to last they wrote to order. Independence of thought might be left to those who wrote on "side" topics: the political leader-writer, from the days of the first Walter onwards, was an animated pen which was directed by the "policy" of the moment.

In the main that policy consisted in keeping in touch with the supposed preponderance of opinion in the class which subscribed. Every vitally innovating movement, accordingly, was more or less brutally fought. But when a cause,—such, for instance, as that of Free Trade—had fought its way to a majority, the order for a right-about face would be duly given; and the manœuvre would be executed with what semblance of decency and dignity could be mustered. All the while it was only a "we," a voice with an abstract name, that was speaking, and there was no personality to be discredited. The formula: "the *Times* says," covered the fact that the nameless leader-writer had had his orders to tack. And when the *Times* tacked, a

large proportion of its readers, with or without grumbling, tacked with it. If there was ever anything in English public life that could properly be called a "herd" it was that shepherded by the crook labeled the *Times*.

So thoroughly established became the usage of speaking of newspapers of all kinds as abstract moral entities that to this day we keep it up. We speak, as a rule, neither of proprietor nor editor, still less of the leader-writer, the animated pen; though we know that the proprietor either gives orders to the editor or leaves that personage to give orders to his pens at his own discretion. And every day thousands of adult Englishmen read the results with a strong tendency to acquiescence, very much as they read the speeches of their political leaders. The pen—that kind of pen, that is: there are better kinds—like the proprietor and the editor, is a person who in a signed book, on a platform, or in the House of Commons, would carry no more weight than the average member, probably not so much. With all the advantage of pen and desk over the speaking debater, he rarely frames an original argument, never a memorable sentence. There are no Coleridges or Mackintoshes in the business nowadays, though some journals employ very good writers. But the fetish, the oracle, still carries for its herd a weight which Coleridge and Mackintosh, in the nature of the case, carried only for the better brains.

That this relation of fetish and fetishist still subsists is due, in the case of the *Times*, to a series of causes. In his valuable history of the British press, Fox Bourne remarks how, about the middle of the Victorian era, the "supremacy" of the *Times* began to wane. Other newspapers, more intelligently written, were coming into control of "public opinion," the more intelligent readers backing them. When the "Jupiter" machine began to function with the aim of recovering influence, it took the perilous path of Liberalism, thereby regaining some of the attention it had lost, while retaining at least the subscriptions of the older orders of mind, partly by the chronic pose of independence, partly by maintenance of simple efficiency as a newspaper. When, later, its proprietor decided that Gladstone must be dropped, Disraeli having finally secured the reluctant allegiance of the well-to-do Conservative mass, there was necessarily no recovery of intellectual status. Good writing or wise thinking was not what was wanted for Conservative purposes, then or now, any more than in the days of Edward Sterling. And when, after making whatever gain could come from the Home Rule "split," the oracle made the awful mistake of employing Piggott, even English fetish-worship was shaken. It was the oracle that had fulminated, and it was the oracle that came to grief. Many even of the upper class herd were shaken in their allegiance and the decay of the sway of the fetish became obvious and continuous.

Changes of front, on the other hand, have often occurred in other journals from time to time, and some of the cheap journals have effected them, without any change of proprietorship, in a fashion which for the old *Times* would have been impossible. A given policy seen to be fraught with disaster for the party propounding it has been condemned as such by one of the party's organs. After a few days it is found that, good or bad, the policy in question is widely acclaimed, and promptly the decision is taken to recall the veto and bless the doctrine which had been damned. A course which would have ruined a Paris journal or journalist has no effect on an English reputation. The proprietor goes about unashamed, in a social circle governed by his own species of conscience; and the pen, being a no-

[illegible]

[illegible] Napoleonically, [illegible] discharge others [illegible] the other Ministers [illegible] condemn him. And [illegible] herd call upon the [illegible] Ministers to prostrate them- [illegible] accordingly, a certain number [illegible] of the non-fetishists feel such [illegible] as they might at the spectacle [illegible] of a mob in Timbuctoo driven by the

[illegible]

[illegible] function.

It is difficult to tr[illegible] the demand made [illegible] meaning people tha[illegible] be met by making [illegible] newspaper propri[illegible] names of their ed[illegible] and so on. You [illegible] fetish-worshiper in[illegible] him how the feti[illegible] cannot save a fe[illegible] The man who [illegible] an opinion or [illegible] responsible in [illegible] under the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

By [illegible]

[illegible]

Joel [illegible]

Lucy lay upon the [illegible] down in the grass [illegible] fronds. The sun was [illegible] and the mountains were suffused with a [illegible] haze. Over the roof of [illegible] on the other side of the [illegible] rooks were flying home.

About the [illegible] peewees wheeled, making a [illegible] and the hill-pastures were [illegible] with the bleating of sheep, for the flocks had just been shorn. But Lucy heeded neither sound nor sunset; the world about her seemed to be as silent and dark as her own soul.

Joel had bidden her good-bye. Tomorrow he was going away—and so far away: to America. Once she had not been able to think of parting with-

[illegible] now she [illegible] willingly she would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

body by profession, is still less affected. Once, during the Boer War, the present writer was attacked by name in a certain journal, then nearing its time of loss of fetishhood, in a leading article which angrily propounded a question as to who he was. Replying on the merits, he concluded by asking who his critic was. The letter was actually printed in full, whether in sheer stupefaction or with a secret appreciation of the point in the sanctum, he was unable to guess. Fetishhood in the case of that journal was later lost by the failure of the owners to see the expediency of talking to its herd as they wanted to be talked to on the tariff question.

In the case of the *Times*, fetishhood has dwindled, almost disappeared, and then re-arisen. In times of special passional excitement, that sort of Avatar is possible. Excited men often reapproximate to the fetish-worshiping temper: witness the Angels of Mons. As is well known, the enterprising proprietor is conscious of a combination of the qualities of Napoleon and Warwick, and accordingly harbors a genial ambition to shape the politics of his country. Resolved to play "Jupiter" in a recognizable way, he will command his pens alternately to "run Irving for the Abbey" and "write down the Budget." When he sees or hears of opinion going that way, he will "run Kitchener for the War Office"; when the impassive War God ignores and thwarts him, he will "write down Kitchener"; and if one thunderbolt misses fire badly, he will none the less Napoleonically, after a prudent interval, discharge others from the sheaf at the other Ministers who ignore and condemn him. And when the faithful herd call upon the assailed Ministers to prostrate themselves accordingly, a certain number even of the non-fetishists feel such concern as they might at the spectacle of a mob in Timbuctoo driven by the sorcery of the medicine man's drum.

This concern is the counterpart of the fetish-worship, which stands for the intellectual primitiveness of a section of the nation. While war lasts, there will always be men in England who, having no comprehension of war, while chronically given to war-mongering, decide that when any war goes hardly with England it must be the fault of the Ministers. Lord Northcliffe, doubtless, feels quite spontaneously that a man who so successfully manages newspapers is the man to construct Cabinets; even as Mr. Bottomley quite honestly feels that the administration ought to be in the hands of tried men of business like himself; and as Mr. Bowles feels that it ought to be in his. Each uses journalism to his own patriotic ends, feeling that patriotism consists in his having his way.

The only serious danger in the matter is that saner people should be alarmed by the procedure. In the House of Lords or in the House of Commons, Lord Northcliffe would count for less even than his nameless pens. He knows better than to try to figure in open debate. He is in point of fact a fetish-worker of the school of Timbuctoo, declaiming through a paper horn, claiming to "smell out" sorcerers for sacrifice. Rational men, familiar with the technique, leave him to his fuliginous function.

It is difficult to treat quite seriously the demand made by some well-meaning people that the "evil" should be met by making it compulsory for newspaper proprietors to print the names of their editors, leader-writers, and so on. You cannot rationalize a fetish-worshiper in war-time by telling him how the fetish works; because you cannot save a fool from his own folly. The man who can accord authority to an opinion or a diatribe because it is propounded in the first person plural, under the heading of a newspaper's

label, is not to be enlightened by any legal enactment. Nor is it possible rationally to enact that either a book or an article shall not be published either anonymously or pseudonymously. The anonymity of our press is partly a natural result of the economic conditions of journalism, partly a concomitant of the fetish habit. It does not exclude the activity of honest and able men who, having perforce to write anonymously, nevertheless write only what they honestly believe. But the man who is ready to write for pay what he does not believe, to panegyrize or vilify to order, is of a tribe that will not be moralized by any machinery of registration. Ordered to "run" Lord Kitchener over the signature of John Doe, he will when ordered asperse Lord Kitchener over the signature of Richard Roe, if necessary. As for a proprietor who sets the chorus of his herd against the contempt of thinking men, he must remain immune while "public opinion" is what it is.

The usage of signature, now slowly establishing itself even in the great quarterly reviews, after ruling for forty years in the monthlies, will gain ground precisely as men become intelligent enough to appreciate and expect it. As it is, the most really influential editor in London, for intelligent readers, is one who is known to write his own articles, and to be both wise and honest. Many anonymous leader-writers already eschew the fatuity of the "we," if not the kindred pretence that they speak for "the country"; even reviewers use the plural less and less. Further purification will come in time, as men realize more and more the essential cowardice of anonymous aspersion. Fetishes will disappear only with the fetish-worshipers.

J. M. Robertson.

The Contemporary Review.

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER VIII.

Joel Goes Away.

Lucy lay upon the fell-side, face down in the grass, hidden by the bracken fronds. The sun was setting, and the mountains were suffused with a rosy haze. Over the roof of Forest Hall, on the other side of the dale, rooks were flying home.

About the recumbent figure peeweeps wheeled, making a piteous calling, and the hill-pastures were tremulous with the bleating of sheep, for the flocks had just been shorn. But Lucy heeded neither sound nor sunset; the world about her seemed to be as silent and dark as her own soul.

Joel had bidden her good-bye. Tomorrow he was going away—and so far away: to America. Once she had not been able to think of parting without despair, but now she knew how willingly she would bear it, if they might only part as lovers. Joel stood firm. Her entreaties and tears had no effect: he was kind; he was also self-righteous. He had never meant to tie her to him, he said; he had no right to ask for her love, when he could not marry her; he had done her a great wrong; further wrong he would not do.

"When you've made your fortune, you'll come back, Joel?" she had whispered.

Then had descended upon him a sullen cloud. The exaltation, which he had felt in Barbara's presence, vanished; he no longer breathed the clear, invigorating air that had roused him to the strong resolve—"Heaven help me! I'll return for Lucy." He felt angry, because his hand had been

forced, because his plans had miscarried, because he had put himself in the power of two women; and, looking at the drooping form of the girl whom he loved, though she was innocent, he felt glad that he had the power to hurt her.

"Back!" he had said, "back! Few that go away come back."

The words were no sooner uttered than he had repented of them. The girl had shrunk back as though struck, and he had been tempted to clasp her in his arms, to vow that he would return, and marry her, if she would only wait for him. But, remembering his promise, he had refrained. He would not be so dastardly a soul as to ask for something he might never be able to have. Lucy was very fair, gentle, and kind; his love had brought her little happiness; he would not blight her future. She should not wear his fetters; she should be free. If luck took sides with him; if she remained true to her heart, then the last word had not been spoken between them. But if he found only his old bad fortune dogging his steps in a foreign land—which he fully expected—and she grew weary of waiting; then this good-bye was good-bye forever.

He was going off at dawn. Lucy had seen the last of him, and the future lay before her like a desolate plain, upon which no hopeful star rose to lighten the monotony. Just now, however, her mind ignored it, and, gripping the present, hugged it close to extract its utmost bitterness.

She did not understand Joel, but she was conscious that he had steeled his heart against her, that his handsome, haughty face was determined not to relax into its old, loving, intimate look, with which he used to regard her. He was going away, where he would meet many pretty women, prettier than she, who would feel the charm of his fine manners and handsome presence, and who would be only too eager to take his heart captive.

Lucy knew nothing about Joel's untimely visit to her great-grandmother in the middle of the night. Neither did she know that the old woman had given him money. The events, which led up to his sudden determination to go away, were hidden in obscurity, and his attitude towards her made it impossible to inquire further. She thought that he was acting wisely, in all but his newly assumed consideration for her. She wanted to have the right to think of him, encourage him, dream of him; she wanted, in fact, to be sure that he would remain hers when he got beyond the reach of her influence. He had said that she must be free. Free! the word was a mockery! She had given herself to him. But now he returned the gift, which he had once pleaded for! Was it, then, he who desired to be free? Her breast was torn with the hard sobbing of outraged affection.

Unable to bear her loneliness any longer, though shrinking from the chance of meeting some one, she got up and looked round her. Dusk had fallen; the pee-weeps were still flying overhead; the undersides of their bodies glimmered in the gloom; all the glitter had died out of the sky; and Forest Hall looked gray and frowning above its sea of green.

Lucy pushed her hands through her hair, ordered her dress, which had become disarranged with lying on the ground, and then she went slowly down hill. She had no clear idea what she wanted to do, but her feet took her to Forest Hall. She would, at least, feast her eyes upon the lamp-light from his window, if she might not look upon his face. It was the last time she would see him for many years, perhaps forever. A shudder swept over her as she thought how his form would slowly vanish from her memory. Could she keep the intensity of this hour with her till she died, it would be some com-

fort through the desolate life which lay before her. But she knew, she had often been told, that the heart sooner or later forgot, that wounds always closed, that the mind grew indifferent, and would some day be able to look back wonderingly upon itself as it had once suffered. The fear of these things befalling her became like a nightmare. She cried out against them. She felt that she could live, so long as she might continue to feel; but life, grown insensible to that which it had once cherished, was as dreadful a thought as no life at all beyond the grave.

She came to the rock upon which Forest Hall was built and looked up. Its remoteness chilled her. She paused, then walked some steps away. She wanted to see Joel again, to reassure herself that the fears which beset her were untrue. But if she went to the door and knocked, what could she say? Had she not said all that was possible for a woman? Must she not keep silent now unless he spoke? Ah! the bitterness of her sex! Had she been the man, she would have surrounded the soul that she loved with a wall of fire. It should never have stood in doubt, wondering if it might warm its hands. Love would have compassed it.

She drew back onto the undergrowth and sat down. The place was damp, and smelled earthy, but she gave no heed. Here she would stay and watch for Joel's passing by. She would stay till dawn, if he did not come sooner, in the hope of seeing some look upon his face that would give her comfort. She did but crave a crumb to assuage the hunger of her heart.

Lucy's despair had a deeper cause than Joel's departure. At the back of her mind lay a thought, from which she would not draw the face-cloth to see what kind of features it bore. It had lain there for months—a corpse-like thing—having the power to throw a gloom over her brightest moments. Had it not been for this baleful influence she could have dried her tears with hopes for the future. She would have acquiesced in his decision that she must be free, believing him only the more worthy of her love for having made it; would have smiled bravely at the lonely years that must pass before he could come back. But her mind was turned into a charnel-house by that ghastly thing, which she would not bring to the light.

It was fear.

Had she been wise and strong enough to look at it, she would have known that below her love for this man was the apprehension that his beauty of face and form held a shallow soul; that his sincerity was a thin sheet of gilt over a hollow heart; that he was but a slender reed, which would break if too heavy a weight were put upon it. But she loved, she worshiped, she refused to see her idol's feet of clay. And the result became that which she was trying to escape—a tormented mind.

The forest lay silent. She could still hear the bleating of sheep on the fells, and the crying of the pee-weeps. But under the dark blue shadow of the trees nothing moved save a sheaf of flag leaves growing in a ditch beside the road. After a little while Jake, the rat-catcher, came along, leading Peter's big brown bear, which he had taken out for exercise. The thin little man and the ungainly beast passed up the path to the house on the crag, then the curtain of silence fell again, only lifted for a moment by the return of Jake alone. He did not see Lucy, and went home through the forest playing upon his flute.

She wondered what time it was! She began to feel cold and thought that she would not have the courage to stay there all night. Besides Barbara, or the hind, or Jan Straw would soon come to look for her, and they would come

first to Forest Hall. She got to her feet meaning to go home.

Then a window was thrown open far over her head, and the loud laughing of men went jarring above the tree-tops. Some of Joel's friends, from the country around, had ridden over to see him off and wish him god-speed. He was making merry, while she was eating her own heart with hunger. She wavered, took a step forward, then a step back, hesitated, but in the end, impelled by a stronger power than her own, she crept up to the house, and looked in at a window.

The room was lit with many candles, burning with long red tongues, and much smoke. They shone upon pewter mugs, rough heads, and jocular faces. Not a man among the lot could match Joel in bearing or grace of countenance. He stood in the middle of them, with a tankard held high, for he had just called a toast. She had not been in time to hear what he had said, but she saw the smile run from lip to lip, and heard again the loud laughing.

She sank down on the grass under the window. So this was all that Joel cared! She felt that he had torn out her heart, and flung it still fluttering in her face. He could amuse himself with his companions, finding a time for mirth upon his last night in Forest Hall; he could blot her out of his thoughts with jests and singing.

As a matter of fact Joel was thinking of her, and the toast which he had called was to "the lass of his heart." It was not his nature to be stiff, when others were genial, or pull a long face in the faces of his friends.

But tonight he was in a reckless mood. He had torn himself away from the hands that would have held him; he had been forced to wound the woman he loved; he was afraid to meditate upon his present frame of mind or the future upon which he was entering. He craved for distraction, and was grateful to his friends for providing it. He was ready to enter into any wild scheme that would make the night spin and the morning come before he had time to realize what it meant.

Lucy lay stricken upon the ground; she could not tear herself away. Chilling vapors rose and numbed her limbs. But behind her eyes she felt flames. At times she was seized with fits of shivering. She knew that it was dangerous for her to lie there for a heavy dew was falling—the points of her hair hung with drops, which, now and then, rolled down her neck into her bosom. But she wished that she might die, she wished that the morning could find her stiff and stark under the window, with her sightless eyes gazing up at the room, where Joel had spent the night in merriment. And above all she wished that he might come there in the dawn, and find her. She wanted him to carry away the eternal reproach of a dead girl's face.

This is that which she desired, and the scene which she saw with the vividness of delirium. His horse stood ready saddled and bridled, his gay companions were lounging in the doorway, he was about to mount when his eyes fell upon her body half hidden by the grass. She felt the hush that would follow his cry of horror. She saw the remorse upon his face, the clenching of his hands, the sweat on his brow. With grim satisfaction she lingered over the scene. Then her mind wandered on. She thought that she followed him into distant lands. She saw him alone in great forests, alone on wide prairies, alone in solitary huts, but never alone, because her dead face would be peering into his. She saw him in crowded cities, in drinking bars, in dancing halls, and even there her dead eyes would blot out the light of other faces. He should never escape her, she would follow him and haunt him until in death they met again.

Then she would show him the love and forgiveness of her heart.

Yes, all that she had dreamed would come to pass. Soon she would die, even now her limbs were dead, only her heart lived and her eyes burned. But before she died she would look at him once more.

She raised herself with difficulty, and stared into the room. It was empty, most of the candles had gutted out, the remains of food were scattered here and there, the mugs lay about, as though they had been emptied in a hurry and dropped. For a moment she leaned against the stone, trying to recollect herself, for she was dazed with hunger and cold and sorrow; then she groped her way round to the back, where she heard voices.

Joel stood in the yard among his friends with half-a-dozen snarling dogs. The moon was rising and she could see him clearly. But she kept behind an outhouse so that no one should spy her. The knot of figures broke up into groups, and in the vacant spot Peter Fleming's bear stood, chained to the pump. It growled, dogs snapped, men laughed and whips were cracked.

Lucy looked on aghast. Was she dreaming? Was the scene a painting of her own imagination or was it real life? Did Joel stand near her, gazing at the bear-baiting, sometimes with reluctance—as though his heart was not in it—and then with gradually growing excitement? Lucy's mind was unstrung. All that she saw and heard came to her as through a mist. She tried to rally herself, to get a grip of something that would bring her senses back. Her hand passed up and down the stone wall of the outhouse beside which she crouched, and finding a big rusty nail, she clung to it as a drowning man might cling to a spar. It gave her support.

The yard into which she gazed was a chaos. Men with whips and snarling dogs circled about the pump. Limbs and bodies seemed to be tied together in a knot that heaved and heaved in an attempt to undo itself and could not. Lucy thought it was a nightmare. She dared not move, dared hardly breathe, like one, who in sleep, is subjugated by dreadful visions.

But a change came over the barbaric revelry. The men surged aside, the dogs were lashed off and flew howling to the rear. Lucy wondered what had happened, feeling a vague relief, as though a weight had been lifted from her brain. She swept her eyes round the yard. Surely her sister stood yonder! Barbara it must be, for the form was that of a woman though as tall as the tallest man. She stood in the clearing by the bear, whose growling still continued to make a thunderous undertone to the shriller sounds of men and dogs.

The sight of her sister brought a breath of life to the stricken girl. She had felt as though she were dying, but not peacefully as those who are willing to lay down existence should die. Her path had been haunted by evil shapes and visions. The Valley of the Shadow was as Pilgrim found it—"full of hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit, overhung with the discouraging clouds of confusion." Barbara's coming dispelled the horror. It was the visitation of an angel. From Lucy's distracted mind the vapors cleared. She could think and see clearly again.

She looked round for Joel; he had gone in with his friends. Only Barbara remained to see to the bear and Mally Ray, sour and stern, came out to help her.

Then Lucy got to her numbed feet, and crept forward.

"Barbara," she whispered, "Barbara."

Her sister turned.

"Why, lass," she said calmly, "I's been looking for thee high and low.

Come home, Lucy, come away home."

The girl clung to her with both hands, sobbing:

"I's been baited like yon beast, Barbara. Oh! I's wounded and sick and weary. I's been hurt by the hands I kissed, and life's dark as a cloudy night."

CHAPTER IX.

Peter at Oxford.

Peter Fleming sat by his study window, looking down into the quadrangle. It was early morning, so early that stars still glimmered round Saint Mary the Virgin's spire and over the Radcliffe Camera. Candles burned dimly in the room at his back, and on the table, spotted with wine stains, lay the remains of supper. All the guests, but one, had gone, and he was only a voice, for the window curtains swallowed him up. To him Peter unburdened his soul; upon such an occasion, at such an hour as this, men are not afraid to speak of themselves.

Peter's college career was ended. Last night he had set the seal to it; this morning he was entering upon a new phase.

"You are not ambitious," said the voice—a mature voice, lacking the boyish note that rang so triumphantly off Peter's tongue, as though he were confident of conquering the world—"It's a pity; I always thought you were! With your honors it's monstrous, that you should turn schoolmaster to your native vale, content with—how much?"

" 'Passing rich on forty pounds a year'—and a goosegate!"

"My dear fellow! it won't buy your books."

"I shall read the book of mother Earth."

"Sentimental rubbish! Is your mind quite made up?"

"Screwed to the sticking point."

The voice was silent for a moment, then continued:

"So you'll spend your days teaching the young to make pot-hooks! Are you going to succeed?"

"The truth is, I think a little reflection will be good for me."

"Reflection! What upon?"

"Life."

"Can't you reflect upon life without burying yourself first?"

"My friend, you have never been among the mountains."

"Conclusive! I haven't. I've only seen them from afar, and been chilled by them. But seriously, why didn't you accept that post in India? You were just the man for it—strong, honest, clever. . . ."

"Don't catalogue my virtues, my good fellow."

"But why didn't you go?"

"I'm the only son of my mother."

"Hum . . . a man's foes. . . . And if you return home now, what will you do eventually? I don't suppose village school-mastering will satisfy you long."

"Eventually! heaven knows. Perhaps I shall turn flute player up and down the countryside, go to all the fairs and markets and wakes and enjoy myself. Or I might become a potter, or a tinker, or make a modest income leading about a dancing bear. I've a predilection for the last."

"You're too versatile, Fleming. But I'm really troubled about you! That country of yours is a savage place—I make due apologies—nevertheless it's the truth. You'll get into a backwater of life; you'll be cut off from culture and learning—things you like, and long for, more than most—I'm afraid that the lump will leaven you, not you the lump."

Peter put away his half-bantering tone, and became serious.

"I've had a good time here," he said. "If I weren't convinced that regret is a weed, which flourishes with the smallest encouragement, and chokes

many and better things, I'd regret that it's over. Like Father Thames I've been mightily pleased to lap the stones of Oxford, and give no thought to the changes lower down, or the ultimate submergence in the salt sea."

"You're heir to a considerable patrimony, aren't you, Fleming?"

"I do not care about money," he replied without affectation.

"Lucky dog! that's a pinnacle of virtue to which I have never attained. Still money is an asset worth considering."

"My father has saved, I believe; how much, I don't know—he's given me all I ever asked for without stint. I can surely give him a year of my life in return and not grumble. Still, of course, India attracted me. But it would have broken his heart, his and my mother's, if I'd gone."

"Your folk wanted you to enter the Church, didn't they?—dedicated you, like Samuel, to the Lord, before you were born!"

"Yes."

Peter did not enlighten his friend further. He was not able to think without pain of his parents' grief when he had told them that he could not fulfil their wishes. At first the miller had been very angry, had grudged the money he had spent on his son's education, had called it wasted, and said Peter was ungrateful, unfilial, and a fool. Then he had ended by imploring him, with tears, to think seriously before blighting his hopes. Peter's mother had kept silence, that was more distressing than his father's passion. When they found him obdurate, though greatly troubled because of their disappointment, they begged him to come home for a year, think it over and see, if by reflection, he could not come to a happier decision. He had consented to their wishes, on condition that he should not be idle, but have the post of schoolmaster, which the old pedagogue, who had held it for a lifetime, was now too old to fulfil any longer. This was easily arranged.

"You need not fear," he said breaking the silence, "I shall not drift and drift and at last get silted up in a stagnant pool of decaying promises. My time will come, and when it comes I shall be ready for it, and none the worse, I hope, for this interregnum."

"Heaven send it soon. I have no faith in your reflections. They may lead you anywhere. You're such a queer chap. Think of a man like you, looking forward, actually looking forward, to burying himself at the ends of the earth in the heyday of his youth."

Peter laughed, a hopeful, manly laugh. He had no fears.

"You'll come and stay with me next summer, old fellow?" he said.

"Lord! do you expect to see me in that Hyperborean inaccessible, out-of-the-world vale of yours? Aren't the people savages, heathen, Goths? Didn't you once speak of a giantess, a sort of Polyphemus's mamma, that lived in a cave and herded sheep."

"Oh, Barbara Lynn! Yes, I'll introduce you to Barbara Lynn. But let me tell you, you'll take off your hat to her as you would to a duchess."

"Look here, Fleming, don't make a fool of yourself."

"I assure you I have no intention of doing so."

"Well, you know what I mean. When you get up there among your mountains, and are locked in by ice and snow, you'll turn lonely. Nothing sucks the marrow out of a man's bones like loneliness. So take care. Don't marry a peasant lass."

"Most of my friends at home claim to be the sons and daughters of statesmen."

"Statesmen!"

"Yes, statesmen. It's the finest aristocracy in the world that lives in the little gray houses among the Westmore-

land fells. Most families can trace their pedigree back for more grandfathers than the greatest folk in the land. And they have coats of arms too, have them carved on their bread cupboards and meal kists—though you'll not find them at the College of Heralds."

The two men were quiet for a while: the dawn grew and the irregular buildings came out in blurred masses against the sky. There was not a spire or pinnacle, whose shape Peter could not clearly trace. They were drawn, as it were, upon his flesh, nay, engraved upon his bones so that the wasting tissues of age should not be able to fret their outlines. He had been marked indelibly by the finger-print of Oxford. To him had been given the gift of an historical imagination. He lived in hourly touch with the learning, the tragedies, the visions of the past. Hall and cloister, chapel and narrow stair, echoed with its voices.

On a summer's day his favorite haunt was the high gallery round Saint Mary the Virgin's spire, where he could look over the city from its center, and delight his eyes and his mind with vision and picture. Town and gown would seem to swirl below him in the narrow streets; processions of monks and prelates would pass and repass; Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer would come and go, and face the flames yonder by Balliol College. Archbishop Laud might pause opposite to his great porch, which he had crowned with a statue of the Virgin and Child; the deformed figure of Alexander Pope might wander by from the tower of Stanton Harcourt, his mind stirring with the martial lines of Homer. Or Peter might see Matilda, when the snow lay thick on the ground, escaping from the castle, clad in white, while the armies of Stephen besieged it. Then he would look at the shady gardens, the great trees, the silver sheen of Cherwell or Isis, and remember that these had all been living in those far-off days, and were still living, and would continue to live, after he, and his generation had returned to dust.

From the wider view he would turn to the winged monkeys, the griffins, the pelicans of the roof below him, and he would hear again the chip, chip, of chisel and hammer in the thirteenth century, when the very stones he could lay his hands upon were first placed there.

Northward he would gaze with Saint Cuthbert, who stands in his niche, holding the head of King Oswald in his hand—and he would link his own wild Northern hills, where Barbara Lynn herded sheep, with this ancient city of civilization. Mayhap, as he thought of Barbara Lynn, his eyes would light upon Christ Church, and he would remember the saint whose shrine it guards, to whom Oxford owes her birth—Saint Frideswide, blue-eyed and yellow-haired, who might have worn a crown.

Thought is linked to thought, North to South, man to man, in endless succession. Since Adam there has not been one break in the chain; the whole of life is knitted up without a rent. Saint Frideswide and Barbara Lynn stretched their hands to each other through the dim years. Something of the same spirit lived in both, a spirit of self-mastery and aspiration though one refused a crown to keep herself unspotted from the world, the other, pure as any lily, should be crowned—so Timothy Hadwin had prophesied.

Peter did not despise the present because he lived so much in the past. He was no step-bairn of his glorious mother, but received a full inheritance from her hands. In the life about him he found inspiration and fellowship, without which he would have been shorn of his Samson locks. And he was a power among his fellow students. They might laugh at his childlike

enthusiasms; but they found him a tower of strength when strength was needed; and under his outward sentimentality, they tapped a clear spring of common sense. He had a masculine love of independence; he could work with mind and muscle strained to their utmost; he could idle like an Oriental; but he rose at dawn, slept on a truckle bed, ate plain fare like an ascetic. Of his lowly birth he made no secret. Patronage ran off him like water off a duck's back. He was curiously insensible to differences of rank or breeding. In mental ability he stood second to few. That which was said of William Pitt might be said equally well of him —"He never seemed to learn, but simply to recollect."

Thus his academic years had passed; now he stood without the closed door. His friends were going forth to careers of interest or influence; he was drifting back to his Northern home to teach the village children how to make pothooks.

He had wrestled with himself for one bitter day, when the offer of a post, under the East India Company, had come from one who had seen and understood his worth. A glorious prospect had opened out before him—golden hands had beckoned, the fair face of Fame had smiled. But he had turned away resolutely after one keen, longing glance, and forbade his eyes to stray after the vision again. Then his parents had begged him to come home, and though he could have found other spheres of work and influence congenial to him, he felt that the wishes of those who had given him birth, had struggled, denied themselves all, denied him nothing, had lived only for him, must be respected. Now he was not sorry, though at first he had been bitterly disappointed. He was fatalist enough to believe that no other course would bring him success, that the way would open out sooner or later; and wise enough to know that a period spent alone in reflection might be made of infinite benefit.

The sun was rising. Over the slender minarets came a broad yellow beam that lighted up Saint Mary's spire, which soared into the blue air—a being of character and destiny, a maker and moulder of men, as well as a symbol of their deepest need.

Great buildings, like great minds, deepen and fix their personality with the passing years. The varied winds of life round their corners, refine their angles, and blend them into a harmonious whole. Great buildings, like great minds, endure a loneliness that is awful in its magnitude. It is the price which must be paid by those who would rise above the fretting trivialities of existence. And this is their compensation—they uplift, they inspire others: they are an eternal assurance of the wonder and sacredness of human life.

There is nothing great in the world that has not this spirit of loneliness. Mountains, piercing the clouds, stars glittering overhead, purple seas, pyramids, palaces, cathedrals—no man knows them with the familiarity that can breed contempt. They may rouse hatred and fear, fire and sword have been turned against them; but fingers have rarely been snapped in their faces, or shoulders shrugged under their shadow.

The church of Saint Mary the Virgin, at Oxford, with the sun on its spire moved Peter profoundly. It had influenced him all his college days, it was influencing him still, It was sending him back to his home with two strong guardians for his soul—Faith and Duty —to help him in the monotonous way. It was giving him over—as it were—to the mountains to be taught by them.

That which the mountains have to give, they give freely to those who seek it. David and Mahommed, simple herders of sheep, were not ashamed to

learn at their knees. Buddha and John the Baptist sought them in manhood and returned to be teachers of men, and to change the current of thought through all the world.

Peter did not know what his future would be. He believed that he would learn about it among his native hills.

As the light grew, the man who was only a voice withdrew from the shadow of the window curtains, and went away. With an uncompromising sunbeam in the room to light up the supper dishes and soiled cloth, who could speak of those things, which for the most part, remain hidden in the heart?

But he thought of Peter as he climbed up the narrow winding stair to his own room. He believed that his friend would succeed, yet he regretted, nearly as deeply as Peter, that it had not been possible for him to accept the post in India. He would have been a great man, he thought; now he was likely to be simply a good man—a good man lacking distinction. Then he shrugged his shoulders with a laugh. The powers that be, no doubt, set the latter above the former in their book of human achievements.

Later in the day Peter left Oxford. As he turned his horse on the London road to look back upon the city, he looked with regret, it is true, regret because he was leaving the place where the happiest years of his life had been passed; but he was full of hope for the future. If fritillaries hung in the Christ Church meadows, blue geraniums grew in Boar Dale; if there were no spires and pinnacles at High Fold, there was the gray gable of the old mill-house, and the revolving wooden wheel. Though a great dome like the Radcliffe Camera did not rise out of Cringel Forest, Thundergay was more noble. He would not be lonely for there was Timothy Hadwin to sustain and inspire him.

He flicked his horse's reins and rode away. It was vain to stand and gaze. Deep in his heart was a thought to which he would not allow expression, but for some time he could not see distinctly or breathe with the ease of a man who is reviewing his past and looking forward to his future with an undivided mind.

(*To be continued.*)

"CARRY ON!"

The Continued Chronicle of K (1).

By the Junior Sub.

CHAPTER I.

Winter Quarters.

We are getting into our stride again. Two months ago we trudged into Bethune, gaunt, dirty, soaked to the skin, and reduced to a comparative handful. None of us had had his clothes off for a week. Our ankle-puttees had long dropped to pieces, and our hose-tops, having worked under the soles of our boots, had been cut away and discarded. The result was a bare and mud-splashed expanse of leg from boot to kilt, except in the case of the enterprising few who had devised artistic spat-puttees out of an old sandbag. Our headgear consisted in a few cases of the regulation Balmoral bonnet, usually minus "toorie" and badge; in a few more, of the battered remains of a gas helmet; and in the great majority, of a woolen cap-comforter. We were bearded like that incomparable fighter, the *poilu*, and

we were separated by an abyss of years, so our stomachs told us, from our last square meal.

But we were wonderfully placid about it all. Our regimental pipers, who had come out to play us in, were making what the Psalmist calls "a joyful noise" in front; and behind us lay the recollection of a battle still raging, in which we had struck the first blow, and borne our full share for three days and nights. Moreover, our particular blow had bitten deeper into the enemy's line than any other blow in the neighborhood. And, most blessed thought of all, everything was over, and we were going back to rest. For the moment, the memory of the sights we had seen, and the tax we had levied upon our bodies and souls, together with the picture of the countless sturdy lads whom we had left lying beneath the sinister shade of Fosse Eight, were beneficently obscured by the prospect of food, sleep, and comparative cleanliness.

After restoring ourselves to our personal comforts, we should doubtless go somewhere to refit. Drafts were already waiting at the Base to fill up the great gaps in our ranks. Our companies having been brought up to strength, a spate of promotions would follow. We had no colonel, and only our Company Commander. Subalterns—what was left of them—would come by their own. N.C.O's again, would have to be created by the dozen. While all this was going on, and the old names were being weeded out of the muster-roll to make way for the new, the Quartermaster would be drawing fresh equipment—packs, mess-tins, water-bottles, and the hundred oddments which always go astray in times of stress. There would be a good deal of dialogue of this sort:

"Private M'Sumph, I see you are down for a new pack. Where is your old one?"

"Blawn off ma back, sirr!"

"Where are your puttees?"

"Blawn off ma feet, sirr!"

"Where is your iron ration?"

"Blawn oot o' ma pooch, sirr!"

"Where is your head?"

"Blawn—— I beg your pardon, sirr!"—followed by generous re-issues all round.

After a month or so our beloved regiment, once more at full strength, with traditions and morale annealed by the fires of experience, would take its rightful place in the forefront of "K (1)."

Such was the immediate future, as it presented itself to the wearied but optimistic brain of Lieutenant Bobby Little. He communicated his theories to Captain Wagstaffe.

"I wonder!" replied that experienced officer.

II.

The chief penalty of doing a job of work well is that you are promptly put on to another. This is supposed to be a compliment.

The authorities allowed us exactly two days' rest, and then packed us off by train, with the new draft, to a particularly hot sector of the trench-line in Belgium—there to carry on with the operation known in nautical circles as "executing repairs while under steam."

Well, we have been in Belgium for two months now, and as already stated, are getting into our stride again.

There are new faces everywhere, and some of the old faces are not quite the same. They are finer-drawn; one is conscious of less chubbiness all round. War is a great maturing agent. There is, moreover, an air of seasoned authority abroad. Many who were second-lieutenants or lance-corporals three months ago are now commanding companies and platoons. Bobby Little is in command of "A" Company: if he can cling to this precarious eminence for thirty days—that is, if no one is sent

out to supersede him—he becomes an "automatic" captain, aged twenty! Major Kemp commands the battalion; Wagstaffe is his senior major. Ayling has departed from our midst, and rumor says that he is leading a sort of Pooh Bah existence at Brigade Headquarters.

There are sad gaps among our old friends of the rank and file. Ogg and Hogg, M'Slattery and M'Ostrich, have gone to the happy hunting-grounds. Private Dunshie, the General Specialist (who, you may remember, found his true vocation, after many days, as battalion chiropodist), is reported "missing." But his comrades are positive that no harm has befallen him. Long experience has convinced them that in the art of landing on his feet their departed friend has no equal.

"I doot he'll be a prisoner," suggests the faithful Mucklewame to the Transport Sergeant.

"Aye," assents the Transport Sergeant bitterly; "he'll be a prisoner. No doot he'll try to pass himself off as an officer, for to get better quarters!"

(The Transport Sergeant, in whose memory certain enormities of Dunshie had rankled ever since that versatile individual had abandoned the veterinary profession (owing to the most excusable intervention of a pack-mule's off hind-leg), was not far out in his surmise, as subsequent history may some day reveal. But the telling of that story is still a long way off.)

Company Sergeant-Major Pumpherston is now Sergeant-Major of the battalion. Mucklewame is a corporal in his old company. Private Tosh was "offered a stripe," too, but declined, because the invitation did not include Private Cosh, who, owing to a regrettable lapse not unconnected with the rum ration, had been omitted from the Honors' List. Consequently these two grim veterans remain undecorated, but they are objects of great veneration among the recently joined for all that.

So you see us once more in harness, falling into the collar with energy, if not fervor. We no longer regard war with the least enthusaism: we have seen it, face to face. Our sole purpose now is to screw our sturdy followers up to the requisite pitch of efficiency, and keep them remorselessly at that standard until the dawn of triumphant and abiding peace.

We have one thing upon our side—youth.

"Most of our regular senior officers are gone, sir," remarked Colonel Kemp one day to the Brigadier—"dead, or wounded, or promoted to other commands; and I have something like twenty new subalterns. When you subtract a centenarian like myself, the average age of our Battalion Mess, including Company Commanders, works out at something under twenty-three. But I am not exchanging any of them, thanks!"

III.

Trench-life in Belgium is an entirely different proposition from trench-life in France. The undulating country in which we now find ourselves offers an infinite choice of unpleasant surroundings.

Down south, Vermelles way, the trenches stretch in a comparatively straight line for miles, facing one another squarely, and giving little opportunity for tactical enterprise. The infantry blaze and sputter at one another in front; the guns roar behind; and that is all there is to be said about it. But here, the line follows the curve of each little hill. At one place you are in a salient, in a trench which runs round the face of a bulging "knowe"—a tempting target for shells of every kind. A few hundred yards farther north, or south, the ground is much lower, and the trench-line runs back into a re-entrant, seeking for a position which shall not be commanded from higher ground in front.

The line is pierced at intervals by railway-cuttings which have to be barricaded, and canals, which require special defenses. Almost every spot in either line is overlooked by some adjacent ridge, or enfiladed from some adjacent trench. It is disconcerting for a methodical young officer, after cautiously scrutinizing the trench upon his front through a periscope, to find that the entire performance has been visible (and his entire person exposed) to the view of a Bosche trench situated on a hill-slope upon his immediate left.

And our trench-line, with its infinity of salients and re-entrants, is itself only part of the great salient of "Wipers." You may imagine with what methodical solemnity the Bosche "crumps" the interior of that constricted area. Looking round at night, when the star-shells float up over the skyline, one could almost imagine one's self inside a complete circle, instead of a horseshoe.

The machine-gunners of both sides are extremely busy. In the plains of France the pursuit of their nefarious trade was practically limited to front-line work. When they did venture to indulge in what they called "overhead" fire, their friends in the forefront used to summon them after the performance, and reproachfully point out sundry ominous rents and abrasions in the back of the front-line parapet. But here they can withdraw behind a convenient ridge, and *strafe* Bosches a mile and a half away, without causing any complaints. Needless to say, Brother Bosche is not backward in returning the compliment. He has one gun in particular which never tires in its efforts to rouse us from *ennui*. It must be a long way off, for we can only just hear the report. Moreover, its contribution to our liveliness, when it does arrive, falls at an extremely steep angle—so steep, indeed, that it only just clears the embankment under which we live, and falls upon the very doorsteps of the dug-outs with which that sanctuary is honeycombed.

This invigorating shower is turned on regularly for ten minutes, at three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock daily. Its area of activity includes our tiny but, alas! steadily growing cemetery. One evening a regiment which had recently "taken over" selected 6 P.M as a suitable hour for a funeral. The result was a grimly humorous spectacle—the mourners, including the Commanding Officer and officiating clergy, taking hasty cover in a truly novel trench; while the central figure of the obsequies, sublimely indifferent to the Hun and all his frightfulness, lay on the grass outside, calm and impassive amid the whispering hail of bullets.

As for the trenches themselves—well, as the immortal costermonger observed, "there ain't no word in the blooming language" for them.

In the first place, there is no settled trench-line at all. The salient has been a battlefield for twelve months past. No one has ever had the time, or opportunity, to construct anything in the shape of permanent defenses. A shallow trench, trimmed with an untidy parapet of sandbags, and there is your stronghold! For rest and meditation, a hole in the ground, half-full of water and roofed with a sheet of galvanized iron; or possibly a glorified rabbit-burrow in a canal-bank. These things, as a modern poet has observed, are all right in the summertime. But winter here is a disintegrating season. It rains heavily for, say, three days. Two days of sharp frost succeed, and the rain-soaked earth is reduced to the necessary degree of friability. Another day's rain, and trenches and dug-outs come sliding down like melted butter. Even if you revet the trenches, it is not easy to drain them. The only difference is that if your line is situated on the forward slope of a hill the sup-

port trench drains into the firing trench; if they are on the reverse slope, the firing trench drains into the support trench. Our indefatigable friends Box and Cox, of the Royal Engineers, assisted by sturdy Pioneer Battalions, labor like heroes; but the utmost they can achieve, in a low-lying country like this, is to divert as much water as possible into some other Brigade's area. Which they do, right cunningly.

In addition to the Bosche, we wage continuous warfare with the elements, and the various departments of Olympus render us characteristic assistance. The Round Game Departr has issued a set of rules for t.. -rect method of massaging and grea..ng the feet. (Major Wagstaffe refers to this as, *Sole-slapping; or What to do in the Children's Hour; complete in Twelve Fortnightly Parts.*) The Fairy Godmother Department presents us with what the Quartermaster describes as "Boots, gum, thigh"; and there has also been an issue of so-called fur jackets, in which the Practical Joke Department has plainly taken a hand. Most of these garments appear to have been contributed by animals unknown to zoology, or more probably by a syndicate thereof. Corporal Mucklewame's costume gives him the appearance of a St. Bernard dog with astrakhan forelegs. Sergeant Carfrae is attired in what ooks like the skin of Nana, the dog-nurse in *Peter Pan*. Private Nigg, an undersized youth of bashful disposition, creeps forlornly about his duties disguised as an imitation leopard. As he passes by, facetious persons pull what is left of his tail. Private Tosh, on being confronted with his winter *trousseau*, observed bitterly—

"I jined the Airmy for tae be a sojer; but I doot they must have pit me doon as a mountain goat!"

Still, though our variegated pelts cause us to resemble an unsuccessful compromise between Esau and an Eskimo, they keep our bodies warm. We wish we could say the same for our feet. On good days we stand ankle-deep; on bad, we are occasionally over the knees. Thrice blessed then are our Boots, Gum, Thigh, though even these cannot altogether ward off frost-bite and chilblains.

Over the way, Brother Bosche is having a bad time of it: his trenches are in a worse state than ours. Last night a plaintive voice cried out—

"Are you dere, Jock? Haf you whiskey? We haf plenty water!"

Not bad for a Bosche, the platoon decided.

There is no doubt that whatever the German General Staff may think about the war and the future, the German Infantry soldier is "fed-up." His satiety takes the form of a craving for social intercourse with the foe. In the small hours, when the vigilance of the German N.C.O.'s is relaxed, and the officers are probably in their dug-outs, he makes rather pathetic overtures. We are frequently invited to come out and shake hands. "Dis war will be ober the nineteen of nex' month!" (Evidently the Kaiser has had another revelation). The other morning a German soldier, with a wisp of something white in his hand, actually clambered out of the firing trench and advanced towards our lines. The distance was barely seventy yards. No shot was fired, but you may be sure that safety-catches were hastily released. Suddenly, in the tense silence, the ambassador's nerve failed him. He bolted back, followed by a few desultory bullets. The reason for his sudden panic was never rightly ascertained, but the weight of public opinion inclined to the view that Mucklewame, who had momentarily exposed himself above the parapet, was responsible.

"I doot he thocht ye were a lion escapit from the Scottish Zoo!" explained a brother corporal, referring to

his indignant colleague's new winter coat.

Here is another incident, with a different ending. At one point our line approaches to within fifteen yards of the Bosche trenches. One wet and dismal dawn, as the battalion stood to arms in the neighborhood to this delectable spot, there came a sudden shout from the enemy, and an outburst of rapid rifle fire. Almost simultaneously two breathless and unkempt figures tumbled over our parapet into the firing-trench. The fusillade died away.

To the extreme discomfort and shame of a respectable citizen of Bannockburn, one Private Buncle, the more hairy of the two visitors, upon recovering his feet, promptly flung his arms around his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. The outrage was repeated, by his companion, upon Private Nigg. At the same time both visitors broke into a joyous chant of "Russky! Russky!" They were escaped Russian prisoners.

When taken to Headquarters they explained that they had been brought up to perform fatigue work near the German trenches, and had seized upon a quiet moment to slip into some convenient undergrowth. Later, under cover of night, they had made their way in the direction of the firing line, arriving just in time to make a dash before daylight discovered them. You may imagine their triumphal departure from our trenches—loaded with cigarettes, chocolate, bully beef, and other imperishable souvenirs.

We have had other visitors. One bright day a Bosche aeroplane made a reconnaissance of our lines. It was a beautiful thing, white and birdlike. But as its occupants were probably taking photographs of our most secret fastnesses, artistic appreciation was dimmed by righteous wrath—wrath which turned to profound gratification when a philistine British plane appeared in the blue and engaged the glittering stranger in battle. There was some very pretty aerial manœuvring, right over our heads, as the combatants swooped and circled for position. We could hear their machine-guns pattering away; and the volume of sound was increased by the distant contributions of "Coughing Clara"—our latest anti-aircraft gun, which appears to suffer from chronic irritation of the mucous membrane.

Suddenly the German aeroplane gave a lurch; then righted herself; then began to circle down, making desperate efforts to cross the neutral line. But the British airman headed her off. Next moment she lurched again, and then took a "nose-dive" straight into the British trenches. She fell on open ground, a few hundred yards behind our second line. The place had been a wilderness a moment before; but the crowd which instantaneously sprang up round the wreck could not have been less than two hundred strong. (One observes the same uncanny phenomenon in London, when a cab-horse falls down in a deserted street.) However, it melted away at the rebuke of the first officer who hurried to the spot, the process of dissolution being accelerated by several bursts of German shrapnel.

Both pilot and observer were dead. They had made a gallant fight, and were buried the same evening, with all honor, in the little cemetery, alongside many who had once been their foes, but were now peacefully neutral.

IV.

The housing question in Belgium confronts us with several novel problems. It is not so easy to billet troops here, especially in the salient, as in France. Some of us live in huts, others in tents, others in dug-outs. Others, more fortunate, are loaded on to a fleet of motor-buses and whisked off to more civilized dwellings many miles away.

These buses once plied for hire upon the streets of London. Each bus is in charge of the identical pair of cross-talk comedians who controlled its destinies in more peaceful days. Strangely attired in khaki and sheepskin, they salute officers with cheerful *bonhomie*, and bellow to one another throughout the journey the simple and primitive jests of their previous incarnation, to the huge delight of their fares.

The destination-boards and advertisements are no more, for the buses are painted a neutral green all over; but the conductor is always ready and willing to tell you what his previous route was.

"That Daimler behind you, sir," he informs you, "is one of the Number Nineteens. Set you down at the top of Sloane Street many a time, I'll be bound. Ernie"—this to the driver along the side of the bus—"you oughter have slowed down when thet copper waved his little flag: he wasn't pleased with yer, ole son!" (The "copper" is a military mounted policeman, controlling the traffic of a little town which lies on our way to the trenches.) "This is a Number Eight, sir. No, that dent in the staircase wasn't done by no shell. The ole girl got that through a skid up against a lamp-post, one wet Saturday night in the Vauxhall Bridge Road. Dangerous place, London!"

We rattle through a brave little town, which is "carrying on" in the face of paralyzed trade and periodical shelling. Soldiers abound. All are muddy, but some are muddier than others. The latter are going up to the trenches, the former are coming back. Upon the walls, here and there, we notice a gay poster advertising an entertainment organized by certain Divisional troops, which is to be given nightly throughout the week. At the foot of the bill is printed in large capitals, A HOOGE SUCCESS! We should like to send a copy of that plucky document to Brother Bosche. He would not understand it, but it would annoy him greatly.

Now we leave the town behind, and quicken up along the open road—an interminable ribbon of *pave*, absolutely straight, and bordered upon either side by what was once macadam, but is now a quagmire a foot deep. Occasionally there is a warning cry of "Wire!" and the outside fares hurriedly bow from the waist, in order to avoid having their throats cut by a telephone wire—"Gunners, for a dollar!" surmises a strangled voice—tightly stretched across the road between two poplars. Occasionally, too, that indefatigable humorist, Ernie, directs his course beneath some low-spreading branches, through which the upper part of the bus crashes remorselessly, while the passengers, lying sardine-wise upon the roof, uplift their voices in profane and bloodthirsty chorus.

"Nothing like a bit o' fun on the way to the trenches, boys! It may be the last you'll get!" is the only apology which Ernie offers.

* * * * *

Presently our vehicle bumps across a nubbly bridge, and enters what was once a fair city. It is a walled city, like Chester, and is separated from the surrounding country by a moat as wide as the upper Thames. In days gone by those ramparts and that moat could have held an army at bay—and probably did, more than once. They have done so yet again; but at what a cost!

We glide through the ancient gateway and along the ghostly streets, and survey the crowning achievement of the cultured Bosche. The great buildings—the Cathedral, the Cloth Hall—are jagged ruins. The fronts of the houses have long disappeared, leaving the interiors exposed to view, like a doll's house. Here is a street full of shops.

That heap of splintered wardrobes and legless tables was once a furniture warehouse. That snug little corner house, with the tottering zinc counter and the twisted beer engine, is an obvious estaminet. You may observe the sign, *Aux Deux Amis*, in dingy lettering over the doorway. Here is an oil-and-color shop: you can still see the red ochre and white lead splashed about among the ruins.

In almost every house the ceilings of the upper floors have fallen in. Chairs, tables, and bedsteads hang precariously into the room below. Here and there a picture still adheres to the wall. From one of the bedposts flutters a tattered and diminutive garment of blue and white check—some little girl's frock. Where is that little girl now, we wonder; and has she got another frock?

One is struck above all things with the minute detail of the damage. You would say that a party of lunatics had been let loose on the city with coal-hammers; there is hardly a square yard of any surface which is not pierced, or splintered, or dented. The whole fabric of the place lies prostrate, under a shroud of broken bricks and broken plaster. The Hun has said in his majesty: "If you will not yield me this, the last city in the last corner of Belgium, I can at least see to it that not one stone thereof remains upon another. So—yah!"

Such is the appearance presented by the venerable and historic city of Ypres, after fifteen months of personal contact with the apostles of the new civilization. Only the methodical and painstaking Bosche could have reduced a town of such size to such a state. Imagine Chester in a similar condition, and you may realize the number of shells which have fallen, and are still falling, into the stricken city.

But—the main point to observe is this. We are inside, and the Bosche is outside! Fenced by a mighty crescent of prosaic trenches, themselves manned by paladins of an almost incredible stolidity, Ypres still points her broken fingers to the sky—shattered, silent, but inviolate still; and all owing to the obstinacy of a dull and unready nation which merely keeps faith and stands by its friends. Such an attitude of mind is incomprehensible to the Bosche and we are well content that it should be so.

(*To be continued.*)

Blackwood's Magazine.

MRS. MEYNELL.

When Southey told Charlotte Bronte that "literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be," he little dreamed of the multitude of women who would rise up to disprove his rash theory. Still less, apparently, did he imagine that literature of exquisite quality could be produced by one who did *not* make its production her life's business; by a woman who was wife and mother, poet and essayist in one. Everyone knows, however, that Mrs. Meynell is all this and much more; interested, with the scholar's discriminating interest, in all manner of books and bookmen, while sharing the reformer's zeal for justice and freedom, especially in regard to the political emancipation of her own sex. She has marched in suffragist processions and supported demonstrations on behalf of various humanitarian causes; being at the same time the most devoted of those much-praised "home-women" whose light is nowhere seen more clearly than on their own hearth. But it is her literary activities which chiefly concern us here; her prose and poetry—

twin fabrics of the same magic loom, with the same golden thread of genius running through and uniting both.

It was as a poet, in the "Preludes" of her twentieth year, that Alice Thompson (as she was then) began her literary career. Her father, Mr. J. T. Thompson, had devoted himself to the education of his two gifted daughters; Elizabeth's pencil being as active and skillful as Alice's pen. Now the one is acknowledged queen of the women poets of her day, while the other—Lady Butler—has won as wide a fame for the wonderful battle pictures which have lately, alas! acquired an interest so tragically "topical." To-day it seems incredible that few critics recognized the rare and individual music of the "Preludes"; few, at least, of the professional critics who are supposed to be ever listening, with ears a-strain for the first note of a new voice. Worthier appreciation, however, the younger singer did not lack: Ruskin's, Coventry Patmore's, and in course of time George Meredith's, even before the rich tribute of Francis Thompson came to crown the rest. Never, surely, did one poet lay at another's shrine, a more appropriate offering!

"Later Poems," published after an interval of over twenty years, found an audience awakened by the various volumes of essays—all sharing the same delicate distinction of style and thought—which had seen the light during that period. But only with the appearance of the "Collected Poems," issued two years ago, did Mrs. Meynell, as poet, enter into her full heritage of fame. Readers and reviewers are now ready to agree with Ruskin, Patmore, and the other rare minds who hailed the new planet at its rising. Its light is now visible to the crowd; many of whom agreed with the critics who pleaded that the seal and crown of the Laureateship should be placed on the poet's work. Mrs. Meynell herself, however, would be the last to claim other laurels than those which Apollo and Urania have already conferred upon her. It may justly be doubted, moreover, whether the Muse whose place is with the stars could ever give a voice to the valley and plain. Such a Muse breathes an air of the hills and the heights above them, and speaks a language too subtle, at its simplest, to echo the commonplace speech of every day. And some measure of "topical" poetry, some utterance on public events, is undoubtedly expected from even the most scholarly of Laureates.

It cannot be too often insisted that the poet and the prose-writer in Mrs. Meynell are, in all essentials, identical. Is not "Ceres' Runaway," with its companion essays, of the very stuff of which the poems are wrought? The "Rushes and Reeds" essay, for example, or that on "Wells," betrays in every paragraph its origin in a poet's mind; and the same may be said of "Shadows" in "The Color of Life" volume, "Solitudes" in "The Rhythm of Life," and many another. And is it not a poet's passion for freedom—as well as a woman's for the freedom of women—which burns through its veil of light irony in this characteristic passage?

See the curious history of the political rights of woman under the Revolution. On the scaffold she enjoyed an ungrudged share in the fortunes of party. Political life might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death. She was to spin and cook for her citizen in the obscurity of her living hours; but to the hour of her death was granted no part in the largest interests, social, national, international. The blood wherewith she should, according to Robespierre, have blushed to be seen or heard in the tribune, was exposed in the public sight unsheltered by her veins. . . . Women might be, and

were, duly silenced when by the mouth of Olympe de Gouges, they claimed a "right to concur in the choice of representatives for the formation of the laws"; but in her person, too, they were liberally allowed to bear political responsibility to the Republic. Olympe de Gouges was guillotined. Robespierre thus made her public and complete amends.

It is a fact curiously significant of the rarity, in both senses, of Mrs. Meynell's poetic utterance that her "Collected Poems" should number only seventy-six. With a few lyrics not included in the volume (we always regret, by the way, that one of these omitted lyrics should be "The Poet to His Childhood," a poem charming alike in metre and matter) this book represents its author's whole poetic output: a harvest slender in bulk, but in beauty how well worth the reaping! Pure gold only, rare and chance and choice, is garnered here; the gold-dust drifted to earth in that unsummoned wind which bloweth not only where but when it listeth. Mrs. Meynell has been content to wait for it, and to sift and winnow from every taint of dross its spare but priceless largesse. The result is that her jewels never lack their appropriate setting: the most tenuous mist of thought is held as in a prism of light, as a sunlit globe of dew holds the vapor which gave it birth. This is especially true of the religious poems: of "The Crucifixion," "The Courts" (one of the noblest religious lyrics of our generation), and that crystal quatrain called "Via, et Veritas, et Vita." It is here, and in kindred utterances, that Mrs. Meynell proves herself the true descendant of Crashaw and Herbert and Herrick—not the Herrick of the "Hesperides" but of the "Noble Numbers"; of Vaughan in "The Retreat" and "Early Hours," above all of Coventry Patmore in "Remembered Grace" and its sister lyrics, for perhaps none of the other religious poets enshrines thoughts so deep and subtle in such clarity of form. Beauty does not here "put on invisibility"; except, it may be, in such high abstractions as "The Two Poets" attempts to clothe in words.

But it is in such sonnets as "Renouncement" and "To a Daisy," such lyrics as "After a Parting" and "The Shepherdess," that her appeal is widest. Those who cannot breathe the rarefied atmosphere of some of the later poems can feel the charm of these; though they, too, are of ether and fire—never of the common air and earth. "The Shepherdess" has always seemed to the present writer her masterpiece; and it gains a special significance from the fact that it is the first adequate poetic utterance of that new love of woman for woman which came to flower in the early years of this century. Never has a woman poet so set to music the essential charm of womanhood; so caught and woven into words the glamour of its mystery, the wonder of its purity and withal the vestal fire which burns at the core of that whiteness. I would quote the lines, for pure delight in their beauty, but for the restraining recollection that every lover of poetry carries them in his heart.

Visitors to Mrs. Meynell's home in Granville Place find that her muse, like Aurora Leigh's, is a bird of a high-built nest. "You see I live close under the sky," she says to the caller who (very gladly) climbs the eighty stairs leading up to her flat; "with only the roof between her and the sun," or the stars. And yet there is no lack of affinity with human joys and ardors; with the simplest of earth's pleasures—flowers, children, and all the lovely "little things" of life and Nature. Her scorn of conventional floral patterns on wall-papers and curtains and carpets is but the complement of her delight in the grace they travesty; of the Nature-lover's instinctive aversion

from the artifice which is not even art. At her country home in Sussex she is indeed at home, reveling in its surrounding beauties as only a poet can; and the "winds austere and pure" of the Sussex downs seem to breathe through her verse and make their own music audible in it. The west wind chiefly, as one of the sonnets tells us; or the south which sings of Italy, a country specially dear to Mrs. Meynell's heart, as to Mrs. Browning's and Christina Rossetti's before her. No wonder that Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, in his charming "Verses and Reverses," claims kinship, through her, with both these "elect ladies" of the Muse's court!

Yet the song in tune with theirs is like itself and no other: a thing distinct, unique, apart. It has in it a breath of high altitudes, or unfamiliar starry places; where, as once in those ruined belfries of Belgium which few will lament as she:

> Sudden the cold airs swing,
> Alone, aloud,
> A verse of bells takes wing
> And flies with the cloud.

S. Gertrude Ford.

THE COMING OF THE HUN.

The *maire* sat in his parlor at the Hotel de Ville dictating to his secretary. He was a stout little man with a firm mouth, an indomitable chin, and quizzical eyes. His face would at any time have been remarkable; for a French provincial it was notable in being clean-shaven. Most Frenchmen of the middle class wear beards of an Assyrian luxuriance, which to a casual glance suggest stage properties rather than the work of Nature. The *maire* was leaning back in his chair, his elbows resting upon its arms and his hands extended in front of him, the thumb and finger-tips of one hand poised to meet those of the other as though he were contemplating the fifth proposition in Euclid. It was a characteristic attitude; an observer would have said it indicated a temperament at once patient and precise. He was dictating a note to the *commissaire de police*, warning the inhabitants to conduct themselves "paisiblement" in the event of a German occupation, an event which was hourly expected. Much might depend upon that proclamation; a word too little or too much and Heaven alone knew what innuendo a German commandant might discover in it. Perhaps the *maire* was also not indifferent to the question of style; he prided himself on his French; he had in his youth won a prize at the Lycee for composition, and he contributed occasional papers to the journal of the *Societe de l'Histoire de France* on the antiquities of his "department." Most Frenchmen are born purists in style, and the *maire* lingered over his words.

"Continuez, Henri," he said with a glance at the clerk. "*Le Maire, assiste de son adjoint et de ses conseillers municipaux et de delegues de quartier, sera en permanence a l'Hotel de Ville pour assurer*——" There was a kick at the door and a tall, loutish man in the uniform of a German officer entered, followed by two gray-coated soldiers. The officer neither bowed nor saluted, but merely glared with an intimidating frown. The *maire's* clerk sat in an atrophy of fear, unable to move a muscle. The officer advanced to the desk, pulled out his revolver from its leather pouch, and laid it with a lethal gesture on the *maire's* desk. The *maire* examined it curiously. "Ah, yes, M. le Capitaine, thank you; I will examine it in a moment, but I have seen better ones; our new service

pattern, for example. Ja! Ich verstehe ganz gut," he continued, answering the officer's reckless French in perfect German. "Consider yourself under arrest," declaimed the officer, with increasing violence, "we are in occupation of your town; you will provide us within the next twenty-four hours with ten thousand kilos of bread, thirty thousand kilos of hay, forty thousand kilos of oats, five thousand bottles of wine, one hundred boxes of cigars." "Mon Dieu! it is an inventory," said the *maire* to himself. "If these are not forthcoming by twelve noon tomorrow you will be shot," added the officer in a sudden inspiration of his own.

The *maire* was facing the officer, who towered above him. "Ah, yes, Monsieur le Capitaine, you will not take a seat? No? And your requisition—you have your commandant's written order and signature, no doubt?" The officer blustered. "No, no, Monsieur le Capitaine, I am the head of the civil government in this town; I take no orders except from the head of the military authority. You have doubtless forgotten Hague Regulation, Article 52; your Government signed it, you will recollect." The officer hesitated. The *maire* looked out on the *place;* it was full of armed men, but he did not flinch. "You see, monsieur," he went on suavely, "there are such things as receipts, and they have to be authenticated." The officer turned his back on him, took out his field notebook, scribbled something on a page, and, having torn it out, handed it to one of his men with a curt instruction.

The *maire* resumed his dictation to the hypnotized clerk, while the officer sat astride a chair and executed an impatient *pas seul* with his heels upon the *parquet* floor. Once or twice he spat demonstratively, but the *maire* took no notice. In a few minutes the soldier returned with a written order, which the officer threw upon the desk without a word.

The *maire* scrutinized it carefully. "Ten thousand kilos of bread! Monsieur, we provide five thousand a day for the refugees, and this will tax us to the uttermost. The bakers of the town are nearly all *sous les drapeaux.* Very well, monsieur," he added in reply to an impatient exclamation from the officer, "we shall do our best. But many a poor soul in this town will go hungry tonight. And the receipts?" "The requisitioning officer will go with you and give receipts," retorted the officer who had apparently forgotten that he had placed the *maire* under arrest.

* * * * *

Subdued lights twinkled like glow-worms in the streets as the *maire* returned across the square to the Hotel de Ville. He threaded his way through groups of infantry, narrowly escaped a collision with three drunken soldiers, who were singing *Die Wacht am Rhein* with laborious unction, skirted the park of ammunition wagons and reached the main entrance. He had been on his feet for hours visiting the boulangeries, the patisseries, the hay and corn merchants, persuading, expostulating beseeching, until at last he had wrung from their exiguous stores the apportionment of the stupendous tribute. It was a heavy task, nor were his importunities made appreciably easier by the receipt-forms tendered, readily enough by the requisitioning officer who accompanied him, for the inhabitants seemed to view with terror the possession of these German documents, suspecting they knew not what. But the task was done, and the *maire* wearily mounted the stairs.

The officer greeted him curtly. The *maire* now had leisure to study his appearance more closely. He had high cheek-bones, protruding eyes, and a large underhung mouth which, when he

was pleased, looked sensual, and when he was annoyed merely cruel. The base of his forehead was square, but it rapidly receded with a convex conformation of head, very closely shaven as though with a curry-comb, and his ears stood out almost at right angles to his skull. The ferocity that was his by nature he seemed to have assiduously cultivated by art, and the points of his moustaches, upturned in the shape of a cow's horns, accentuated the truculence of his appearance. In short he was a typical Prussian officer. In peace he would have been merely comic. In war he was terrible, for there was nothing to restrain him.

Meanwhile the officer called for a corporal's guard to place the *maire* under arrest. "But you will first sign the following *affiche*—by the General's orders," he exclaimed roughly.

Le Maire informe ses concitoyens que le commandant en chef des troupes allemandes a ordonne que le maire et deux notables soient pris comme otages pour la raison que des civils aient tire sur des patrouilles allemandes. Si un coup de fusil etait tire a nouveau par des civils, les trois otages seraient fusilles et la ville serait incendiee immediatement.

Si des troupes alliees rentraient le maire rappelle a la population que tout civil ne doit pas prendre part a la guerre et que si l'un d'eux venait a y participer le commandant des troupes allemandes ferait fusiller egalement les otages.

"One moment," said the *maire* as he took up a pen, "'*les civils*'! I ordered the civil population to deposit their arms at the *mairie* two days ago, and the commissaire de police and the gendarmes have searched every house. We have no armed civilians here."

"Es macht nichts," said the officer, "we shall add *ou peutetre des militaires en civil.*"

The *maire* shrugged his shoulders at the disingenuous parenthesis. It was, he knew, useless to protest. For all he knew he might be signing his own death-warrant. He studied the style a little more attentively. "Mon Dieu, what French!" he said to himself, "'etait,' 'seraient,' 'venait!' What moods! What tenses! Monsieur le Capitaine," he continued aloud, "if I had used such French in my exercises at the Lycee my instituteur would have said I deserved to be shot. Pray allow me to make it a little more graceful." But the Prussian's ignorance of French syntax was only equaled by his suspicion of it. The *maire's* irony merely irritated him and his coolness puzzled him. "I give you thirty seconds to sign," he said, as he took out his watch and the inevitable revolver. The *maire* took up a needle-like pen, dipped it in the ink, and with a sigh wrote in fragile but firm characters "X——Y——." The officer called a corporal's guard and the *maire*, who had fasted since noon, was marched out of the room and thrust into a small closet upon the door of which were the letters "*Cabinet.*" This, he reflected grimly, was certainly what in military language is called "close confinement." The soldiers accompanied him. There was just room for him to stretch his weary body upon the stone floor; one soldier remained standing over him with fixed bayonet, the others took up their position outside.

Meanwhile a company of *Landwehr* had bivouacked in the square, four machine-guns had been placed so as to command the four avenues of approach, patrols had been sent out, sentries posted, all lights extinguished, and all doors ordered to be left open by the householders. Billeting officers had gone from house to house, chalking upon the doors such legends as "*Drei Manner*," "*6 Offiziere—Eingang verboten*," and, on rare occasions, "*Gute Leute hier.*" The trembling inhabitants had been forced to wait on their uninvited guests as they clamored

noisily for wine and liquors. All the civilians of military age, and many beyond it, had been rounded up and taken under guard to the church; their wives and daughters alone remained, and were the subject of menacing pleasantries. So much the *maire* knew before he had returned from his errand. As he lay in his dark cell he speculated painfully as to what might be happening in the homes of his fellow-townsmen. He sat up once or twice to listen, until the toe of the sentry's boot in his back reminded him of his irregularity. Now and again a woman's cry broke the silence of the night, but otherwise all was still. He composed himself to sleep on the floor, reflecting that he must husband his strength and his nerves for what might lie ahead of him. He was very tired and slept heavily in spite of his cold stone bed. At the hour of one in the morning he was awakened by a kick, and he found himself staring at an electric torch which was being held to his face by a tall figure shrouded in darkness. It was the captain. He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"'*Fusille*'! Bien! so I am to be shot! and wherefore, Monsieur le Capitaine?"

"Some one has fired upon us," said the officer, "one of your dirty fellows; you must pay for it."

"And the order?" asked the *maire*, sleepily, "you have the Commandant's order?"

"Never mind about the order," said the officer reassuringly, "the order will be forthcoming at eight o'clock. Oh, yes, we shall shoot you most authoritatively—never fear."

The officer knew that nothing could be done until eight o'clock, for he dared not wake the Commandant, but he did not see why he should deny himself the pleasure of waking up this pig of a *maire* to see how he would take it. The *maire* divined his thoughts, and without a word turned over on his side and pretended to go to sleep again. From under his drooping eyelids he saw the officer gazing at him with a look in which dislike, disappointment, and pleasurable expectation seemed to be struggling for mastery. Then with a click he extinguished his torch and withdrew.

At eight o'clock the *maire* awoke to learn with mild surprise that he was not to be shot. Beyond that his guard would tell him nothing. It was only afterwards he learned that one of the drunken revelers had been prowling the streets, and having given the sentries a bad fright by letting off his rifle at a lamp-post, had expiated his adventure at the hands of a firing party in the cemetery outside the town.

For two days the *maire* was unmolested. He was allowed to see his *adjoint*,* who came to him with a troubled face.

"The babies are crying for milk," he said, "the troops have taken it all. I begged one of the officers to leave a little for the inhabitants, but he said the men did not like their coffee without plenty of hot milk." The *maire* reflected for a moment, and then dictated an "avis" to the inhabitants enjoining upon them to be as sparing in their consumption of milk as possible for the sake of the "meres de famille" and "les petits enfants."

"Tell the commissaire de police to have that posted up immediately," he added. "We can do no more."

"They have taken the bread out of our mouths," resumed the *adjoint*, "and now they are despoiling us of our goods. They are like a swarm of bailiffs let loose upon our homes. Everywhere they levy a distress upon our chattels. There is an ammunition wagon outside my house; they have put all the furniture of my *salon* upon it."

*Deputy.

"You should make a protest to the Commandant," said the *maire*, but not very hopefully.

"It is no use," replied the *adjoint*, despondingly. "I have. He simply shrugged his shoulders and said, 'C'est la guerre.' It is always so. They have shot Jules Bonnard."

"Et pourquoi?" asked the *maire*.

"I know not," said the *adjoint*. "They found four market-gardeners returning from the fields last night and shot them too—they made them dig their own graves, and tied their hands behind their backs with their own scarves. I protested to a Staff officer; he said it was 'verboten' to dig potatoes. I said they did not know; how could they? He said they ought to know. Then he abused me, and said if I made any more complaints he would shoot me too. They have made the *civils* dig trenches."

"Ah," said the *maire*. He knew it was a flagrant violation of the Hague Regulations, but it was not the tithe and mint and cummin of the law that troubled him. It was the reflection that the *civil* who is forced to dig trenches is already as good as dead. He knows too much.

"And the women," continued the *adjoint*, in a tone of stupefied horror, "they are crying, many of them, and will not look one in the face. Some of them have black eyes. And the young girls!"

The *maire* brooded in impotent horror. His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the captain. "The Commandant wishes to see you *tout de suite*," he exclaimed. "March!" He was conducted by a corporal's guard, preceded by the captain, into the presence of the General, who had taken up his quarters in the principal mansion looking out upon the square. The General was a stout, square-headed man, with gray moustaches and steel-blue eyes, and the *maire* divined at a glance that here was no swashbuckler, but a man who had himself under control. "I have imposed a fine of 300,000 francs upon your town; you will collect it in twenty-four hours; if it is not forthcoming to the last franc I shall be regretfully compelled to burn this town to the ground."

"And why?" exclaimed the *maire*, whom nothing could now surprise, though much might perplex.

The General seemed unprepared for the question. He paused for a moment and said, "Some one has been giving information to the enemy." "No!"—he held up his hand, not impolitely but finally, as the *maire* began to expostulate—"I have spoken."

"But," said the *maire* desperately, "we shall be ruined. We have not got it. And all our goods have been taken already."

"You have our receipts," said the General. "They are as good as gold. German credit is very high; the Imperial Government has just floated a loan of several milliards. And you have our stamped *Quittungen*." He became at once voluble and persuasive in his cupidity and forgot something of his habitual caution. "You surely do not doubt the word of the German Government?" he said. The *maire* doubted it very much, but he discreetly held his tongue. "And our requisitioning officers have not been niggardly," continued the General, "they have put a substantial price on the goods we have taken." This was true. It had not escaped the *maire* that the receipt-forms had been lavish.

"I will do my best," said the *maire* simply.

He was now released from arrest, and he retired to his house to think out the new problem that had presented itself. The threat to burn down the town might or might not be anything but bluff; he himself doubted whether the German Commandant would burn the roofs

over his men's heads, as long as the occupation lasted. The military disadvantages were too obvious, though what the enemy might do when they left the town was another matter. They might shoot him, of course; that was more than probable.

But how to find the money was an anxious problem and urgent. The municipal *caisse* was empty: the managers of the banks had closed their doors and carried their deposits off to Paris before the Germans had entered the town; of the wealthier bourgeoisie some had fled, many were ruined, and the rest were inadequate. The *maire* pondered long upon these things, leaning back in his chair with knitted brows in that pensive attitude which was characteristic. Suddenly he caught sight of a blue paper with German characters lying upon a walnut table at his elbow. He took it up, scrutinized it, and studied the signature.

Empfangschein.
Werth 500 fr. erhalten.
Herr Hauptmann von Koepenick.

Then he smiled. He got up, put on his overcoat, took up his hat and cane, and went forth into the drizzling rain.

* * * * *

Two hours later he was at the headquarters of the Staff and asked to see the Commandant. He was shown into his presence without delay. "Well?" said the Commandant. "Monsieur le General, I have collected the fine," said the *maire*. The General's face relaxed its habitual sternness; he grew at once pleasant and polite. "Good," he said. The *maire* opened a fat leather wallet and placed upon the table under the General's predatory nose a large pile of blue documents, some (but not all) stamped with the violet stamp of the German A. Q. M. G. "If the *hochgeehrter* General will count them," said the *maire*, "he will see they come to 325,000 francs. It is rather more than the fine," he explained, "but I have made allowance for the fact that they are not immediately redeemable. They are all stamped and—*they are as good as gold.*"

For three minutes there was absolute silence in the room. The gilt clock in its glass sepulchre on the mantelpiece ticked off the seconds as loudly as a cricket on the hearth in the stillness of the night. The *maire* speculated with more curiosity than fear as to how many more of these seconds he had to live. Never had the intervals seemed so long nor their registration so insistent. The ashes fell with a soft susurrus in the grate. The Commandant looked at the *maire;* the *maire* looked at the Commandant. Then the Commandant smiled. It was an inscrutable smile; a smile in which the eyes participated not at all. There was merely a muscular relaxation of the lips disclosing the teeth; to the *maire* there seemed something almost canine in it. At last the General spoke. "Gut," he said gutturally, "you may go."

* * * * *

"You astonish me," I said to the *maire*, as he concluded his narrative. We were sitting in his parlor, smoking a cigar together one day in February in a town not a thousand miles from the German lines. "You know, Monsieur le Maire, they have shot many a municipal magistrate for less. I wonder they didn't make up their minds to shoot you." The *maire* smiled. "They did," he said quietly. He carefully flicked the ash off his cigar as he laid it down upon his desk and opened the drawer of his escritoire. He took out a piece of paper and handed it to me. It was an order in German to shoot the *maire* on the evacuation of the town.

"You see, monsieur," he exclaimed, "your brave soldiers were a little too quick for them. You made a surprise attack in force early one morning and drove the enemy out. So surprising

was it that the Staff officers billeted in my house left a box half full of cigars on my sideboard! You are smoking one of them now—a very good cigar, is it not?" It was. "And they left a good many official papers behind—what you call 'chits' is it not?—and this one among them. Please mind your cigar-ash, monsieur! You see I rather value my own death-warrant."

Moved by an irresistible impulse I rose from my chair and held out my hand. The *maire* took it in mild surprise. "Monsieur," I said frankly, if crudely, "you are a brave man. And you have endured much."

"Yes, monsieur," said the *maire* gravely, as he glanced at a proclamation on the wall which he has added to his private collection of antiquities, "that is true. I have often been *tres fache* to think that I who won the Michelet prize at the Lycee should have put my name to that thing over there."*

* * * * *

Sykes had finished packing my kit and had succeeded with some difficulty in re-establishing the truth of the axiom that a whole is greater than its parts. When I contemplated my valise and its original constituents, it seemed to me that the parts would prove greater than the whole, and I had in despair abandoned the problem to Sykes. He succeeded, as he always did. One of the first things that an officer's servant learns is that, as regards the regulation Field Service allowance of luggage, nothing succeeds like excess.

Sykes had not only stowed away my original impedimenta but had also managed to find room for various articles of *vertu* which had enriched my private collection, to wit:

(1) One Bavarian bayonet of Solingen steel.

(2) Two German time-fuses with fetishistic-looking brass heads.

(3) A clip of German cartridges with the bullets villainously reversed.

(4) A copper loving-cup—*i.e.*, an empty shell-case presented to me with a florid speech by Major S—— on behalf of the —th Battery of the R. F. A.

(5) An autograph copy of *The Green Curve* bestowed on me by my friend "Ole Luk-Oie" (to whom long life and princely royalties).

(6) The sodden Field Notebook of a dead Hun given me by Major C—— of the *Intelligence*, with a graceful note expressing the hope that, as a man of letters I would accept this gift of *belles-lettres*.

(7) A duplicate of a certain priceless "chit" about the uses of Ammonal* (original very scarce, and believed to be in the muniment-room of the C.-in-C., who is said to contemplate putting it up to auction at Sotheby's for the benefit of the Red Cross fund).

(8) An autograph copy of a learned Essay on English political philosophers presented to me by the author, one of the *liaison* officers, who in the prehistoric times of peace was a University professor at Avignon.

(9) A cigarette-case (Army pattern), of the finest Britannia metal, bestowed on me with much ceremony by a Field Ambulance at Bethune, and prized beyond rubies and fine gold.

(10) A pair of socks knitted by Jeanne.†

To these Madame‡ had added her visiting-card—it was nearly as big as

*This narrative follows with some fidelity the course of events as related to the writer by the *maire* of the town in question. But for the most obvious of reasons the writer has deemed it his duty to suppress names, disguise events, and give the narrative something of the investiture of fiction. It is, however, true "in substance and in fact."—J.H.M.

*See *Nineteenth Century and After*, August, 1915.

†*Ibid.*, October 1915.

‡*Ibid.*, October 1915.

the illuminated address presented to me by the electors of a Scottish constituency which I once wooed and never won—wherewith she reminded me that my billet at No. 131 rue Robert le Frisson would always be waiting for me, the night-light burning as for a prodigal son, and steam up in the hot-water bottle.

I had said my farewells the night before to the senior officers on the Staff, in particular that distinguished soldier and gallant gentleman the A. G., to whose staff I had been attached (in more senses than one), and who had treated me with a kindness and hospitality I can never forget. The senior officers had done me the honor of expressing a hope that I should soon return; their juniors had expressed the same sentiments less formally and more vociferously by an uproarious song at the mess overnight.

The latter had also, with an appearance of great seriousness, laden me with messages for His Majesty the King, the Prime Minister, Lord Kitchener, the two Houses of Parliament, and the ministers and clergy of all denominations: all of which I promised faithfully to remember and to deliver in person. Sykes, with more modesty, had asked me if I would send a photograph, when the film was developed, of the snapshot I had taken of him to his wife and the twins at Norwich.

My car, upon whose carburettor an operation for appendicitis had been successfully performed by the handy men up at the H. Q. of the Troop Supply Column, stood at the door. I held out my hand to Sykes, who was in the act of saluting; he took it with some hesitation, and then gave me a grip that paralyzed it for about a quarter of an hour.

"If you be coming back again, will you ask for me to be detailed to you, sir? My number is ——. Sergeant Pope at the Infantry Barracks sees to them things, sir."

I nodded.

"Bon voyage, monsieur," cried Madame in a shrill voice.

"Bon voyage," echoed Jeanne.

I waved my hand, and the next moment I had seen the last of two noble women who had never looked upon me except with kindness, and who, from my rising up till my lying down, had ministered to me with unfailing solicitude.

* * * * *

At the Base I boarded the leave-boat. Several officers were already on board, their boots still bearing the mud of Flanders upon them. It was squally weather, and as we headed for the open sea I saw a dark object gamboling upon the waves with the fluency of a porpoise. A sailor stopped near me and passed the time of day.

"Had any trouble with German submarines?" I asked.

"Only once, sir. A torpedo missed us by 'bout a hund-erd yards."

"Only once! How's that?"

For answer the sailor removed a quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other by a surprisingly alert act of stowage and nodded in the direction of the dark object whose outlines were now plain and salient. It was riding the sea like a cork.

"Them," he said briefly.

At the port of our arrival the sheep were segregated from the goats. The unofficial people formed a long queue to go through the smoking-room, where two quiet men awaited them, one of whom, I believe, always says, "Take your hat off," looks into the pupil of your eyes, and lingers lovingly over your pulse; the other, as though anxious to oblige you, says, "Any letters to post?" But his inquiries are not so disinterested as they would seem.

The rest of us, being highly-favored persons, got off without ceremony, and

made for the Pullman. As the train drew out of the station and gathered speed I looked out upon the countryside as it raced past us. England! Past weald and down, past field and hedgerow, croft and orchard, cottage and mansion, now over the chalk with its spinneys of beech and fir, now over the clay with its forests of oak and elm. The friends of one's childhood, purple scabious and yellow toad-flax, seemed to nod their heads in welcome; and the hedgerows were festive with garlands of bryony and Old Man's Beard. The blanching willows rippled in the breeze and the tall poplars whispered with every wind. I looked down the length of the saloon, and everywhere I saw the blithe and eager faces of England's gallant sons who had fought, and would fight again, to preserve this heritage from the fire and sword of bloody sacrilege. Fairer than the cedars of Lebanon were these russet beeches, nobler than the rivers of Damascus these amber streams; and the France of our new affections was not more dear.

Twilight was falling as the guard came round and adjured us to shut out the prospect by drawing down the blinds. As we glided over the Thames I drew the blind an inch or two aside and caught a vision of the mighty city steeped in shadows, and the river gleaming dully under the stars like a wet oilskin. At a word from the attendant I released the blind and shut out the unfamiliar nocturne. Men rose to their feet, and there was a chorus of farewells.

"So long, old chap, see you again at battalion headquarters."

"Good-bye, old thing, we meet next week at H. Q.'s

"Tomorrow night at the Savoy—rather! You must meet my sister."

As I alighted on the platform I saw a crowd of waiting women. "Hullo, Mother!" "Oh, darling!" I turned away. I was thinking of that platform next week when these brief days, snatched from the very jaws of death, would have run their all too brief career and the greetings of joy would be exchanged for heart-searching farewells.

* * * * *

I was dining at my club with two friends, one of them a young Dutch attache, the other a barrister of my Inn. We did ourselves pretty well, and took our cigars into the smoking room, which was crowded. Some men in a corner were playing chess; the club bore, decent enough in peace but positively lethal in war, was demonstrating to a group of impatient listeners that the Staff work at G. H. Q. was all wrong, when, catching sight of me, he came up and said, "Hullo, old man, back from the Front? When will the War end?" I returned the same answer as a certain D. A. A. G. used to provide for similar otiose questions: "Never!"

"Never! Hullo, what's that?"

Everyone in the room suddenly rose to their feet, the chess players rising so suddenly that they overturned the board. "Damn it, and it was my move, I could have taken your queen," said one of them. Outside there was a noise like the roaring of the lion-house at the Zoo; your anti-aircraft gun has a growl of its own. "They're here," said some one, and we all made for the terrace.

I looked up and saw in the dim altitudes a long silvery object among the stars. As the searchlights played upon it it seemed almost diaphanous, and the body appeared to undulate like a trout seen in a clear stream. Jupiter shone hard and bright in the southern hemisphere, and suddenly a number of new planets appeared in the firmament as though certain stars shot madly from their spheres. Round and about the monster came and went these exploding satellites. Then another appeared close under her, and like a frightened fish she swerved sharply and was lost to view among the Pleiades.

"Let's go and see what's happened," said one of my friends. "I hear she's dropped a lot of bombs down——"

As we went down the street I saw that for about two hundred yards ahead it was sparkling as with hoar frost. Suddenly the soles of our boots "scrunched" something underfoot. I looked down. The ground was covered with splinters of glass. As we drew nearer we caught sight of a cordon of police, and behind them a great fire springing infernally from the earth, and behind the fire a group of soldiers, whose figures were silhouetted against the background. Our way was impeded by curious crowds, among whom one heard the familiar chant of "Pass along, please!"

We stopped. Close to us two men were stooping with heads almost knocking together and searching the ground, while one of them husbanded a lighted match against the wind.

"Blimey, Bill," said one to the other, "I've found 'un!"

"What have you found?" we asked of him.

"A souvenir, sir!"

Truly, they know not the stomach of this people.

J. H. Morgan.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

AT THE SOURCE.

"Oh," said Francesca, coming into the library, "I see you're busy with your papers. Don't let me disturb you."

"If," I said, "it depended on me I wouldn't. I'd take you at your word and have you out of the room in two-twos. But you wouldn't like that, now, would you?"

"I'm afraid I should have to enter a protest. That's right, isn't it? Protests *are* things that have to be entered, aren't they?"

"Yes," I said, "they're like candidates for examinations, or rooms, only some rooms oughtn't to be entered, but are."

"Jocose?" said Francesca.

"No," I said; "I was thinking of Blue Beard. I daresay you remember about him. He was a very uxorious man, you know, and most domestic. Something of a traveler, and when—"

"We won't worry about Blue Beard," she said. "I think I know the outlines of his family history."

"Well, then," I said, "why can't you leave me alone? You see I'm busy and yet you insist on staying here and interrupting me. Do you call that being a helpmeet?"

"Well," she said, "I call it joining myself unto you, and that's what we were told to do to one another in the marriage service."

"You're wrong," I said. "I was told to do that unto you, but you were told to submit yourself unto me and to reverence me."

"It's all the same," she said. "All I'm doing is to help you to obey the Prayer-Book."

"Anyhow," I said, "you've sat down and you mean to stay here. Is that what it comes to?"

"It is," she said. "You're in tremendous guessing form today."

"All I know," I said gloomily, "is that if my return for Income Tax contains many mistakes it'll be your fault, not mine; and I shall take care so to inform the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I shall put down in the Exemptions and Abatements, 'Interrupted by wife. Abatement claimed, £100.' The Chancellor will understand. He's a married man himself."

"So you're doing your Income Tax,"

she said dreamily. "I've often wondered how that was done. Do you like it?"

"No, Francesca," I said, "I do not like it. To be quite frank with you I detest it."

"But you're helping the War," she said. "That ought to buck you up like anything. Every extra penny you pay is a smack in the eye for the Kaiser," so cheer up and make a good big return.

"I will do," I said, "what is strictly fair between myself and the Government. I can afford to be just to the Chancellor, but, by Heaven, I cannot afford to be generous. Generosity has no place in an Income Tax return."

"Go ahead with it then," she said. "I don't know what's stopping you."

"You," I said, "are stopping me—you and that part of my income from which the tax is not deducted at the source."

"That sounds quite poetical," she said. "It runs into metre directly. Listen:—

No man can well be rude or even coarse
Who has his tax deducted at the source.

But I wish you'd tell me what it means."

"Francesca," I said bitterly, "you are pleased to be a rhymer. You are, in fact, rhyming while the exchequer is burning; and then you add insult to injury by asking me the meaning of an elementary financial phrase.

"Well, what *does* it mean?"

"It means," I said, "that if your money is invested in public companies or things of that nature, then when your half-yearly dividend—— You know what a dividend is?"

"Rather," she said. "It comes in on blue paper or pink, and you say, 'That's something to be thankful for'; and you write your name on one half of it and you send that half to the bank, and you tear off the other half and lose it in the next spring-cleaning. I know what a dividend is all right."

"Francesca," I said, "your knowledge is very wonderful. But if you suppose that that is the whole dividend, you are much mistaken. It is the dividend minus the tax. The company saves you trouble by deducting the tax and pays it to the Chancellor for you."

"Bravo the company!" said Francesca.

"And so say I. You see you never get that part of your money, so there's no temptation to spend it—in fact you don't spend it."

"That," she said, "sounds highly plausible."

"Yes, but listen. Suppose you've got some little job at, say, two hundred and fifty pounds a year——"

"Like the little job you were so pleased to get a few years ago."

"Yes," I said, "more or less like that."

"Not so honorable, of course," said Francesca.

"No, of course not, but similar as to emoluments. Well, in that case you get the whole amount, and you spend it in perfectly useless things and forget all about it after you've put it down in your return; and then suddenly some Surveyor of Taxes writes and demands Income Tax on those two hundred and fifty pounds, actually demands something like forty pounds. I tell you, it goes through you like a knife."

"Haven't you any remedy?"

"Of course I could chuck the job," I said, "or do it for nothing. Yes, I think I'll chuck it. It'll be a lesson to them."

"Yes," she said, "it would probably make the Government sit up—but, on the whole, I don't think I should go so far if I were you. You see——"

"Go on," I said, for she was hesitating. "Let us strip ourselves of everything at once and throw ourselves on the charity of our neighbors."

"Well," she said, "I'd go on for a bit. A job's a job even if it does make you pay. You've had £210 on balance, and you ought to be thankful to have been allowed to pay forty pounds for munitions."

"And now," I said, "perhaps you'll let me get on with my work."

Punch. *R. C. Lehmann.*

THE POETIC SPIRIT.

For deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do as they themselves decay,
But wise words, taught in numbers for to run,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye,
Nor may with storming showers be washed away;
No bitter-breathing winds with harmful blast,
Nor age, nor envy, may them ever waste. *Spenser.*

One of the late Professors of Poetry at Oxford has defined poetry as "the art which produces pleasure for the imagination by imitating human actions, thoughts and passions in metrical language." Even certain philologists derive the words "minister" and "minstrel" from the same root. This fact is not without significance. The poet and the prophet are fundamentally at one. The particular mood of the poet is independent of the power that he wields by the beauty he disseminates. Poetry is, therefore, the outcome not only of an effort of will but also of a rare and an imaginative impulse; and, like every other art, it needs some clear peace and quietness of mind, however momentary, for its creation. The soul of poetry is feeling. When we have grasped this fact, half the problem of form disappears. For we see that the greater part of poetry lies in the thought, not the form; that, feeling deeply, as a poet feels, his expression will shape itself, and that all which is mechanical in the art is the polishing and correction of the expression till it approaches as closely as possible to the thought, and combines with clearness of utterance all the available charms of style.

Yet, after all, poetry makes its primary appeal to the ear; and the modern habit of reading it seems to have thrown the essential test of quality somewhat into the background. "It may be conjectured also," wrote the late Sir Alfred Lyall, "that the metre, in length of line and cadence, formed itself to a great degree on the national conditions of oral delivery and listening.... The order of all modern versification (except in blank verse, which is never popular) depends on the echoing rhyme, which marks time like the stroke of a bell, and is waited for with keen anticipation by the sensitive listener."

Poetry, of course, can never be the popular form of literary expression; it is, in its essence, an aristocratic art, and it does well to set up its bulwarks against the advance of democracy. For whenever given over to the service of a purely popular movement it has always failed to preserve its dignity. It is the privilege of poetry, though its phases are poignantly affected by main currents, to recover very quickly from purely temporary influences, and that there is never wanting a reaction against any tendency in a perilous direction. The desire of a poet is to invoke in his reader a certain mood or tone of mind which is neither active thought nor active emotion, but quiescent, sympathetic resignation to a sense of beauty remote but permeating.

Beauty is Truth: Truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Men may differ about poets, but they do not differ about poetry. They may have different codes of honor, but a sense of beauty is the same thing for a savage as it is for a bishop. And so not all things are called beautiful by the same men, but beauty is the same for all. It communicates something which is not the less real because it is intangible and mysterious.

Charm is the glory which makes
Song of the poet divine,
Love is the fountain of charm.
How without charm wilt thou draw,
Poet! the world to thy way?
Not by the lightnings of wit—
Not by the thunder of scorn!
These to the world, too, are given.
Wit it possesses and scorn—
Charm is the poet's alone.

It has been plausibly argued that most things worth saying have been said already; that even the words best fitted for poetic expression have been worn out, have been weakened by familiar usage or soiled by misuse, and that the resources of language for adequate presentation of ideas and feelings are running very low. We hesitate to believe in the goodly custom prescribed by the Governor of the Cana marriage feast: that poets put forth in the beginning their good wine, and they fall back upon inferior brands only when the public, having well drunk of the potent vintage, will swallow anything from a favorite author. For the public taste is, or ought to be largely influenced by the *imprimatur* of a popular collection; and every inferior piece which such an anthology preserves tends to debase that taste. It must be remembered, too, that the general taste is naturally vicious, and that in these days of rampant journalism it is vitiated more and more. Palgrave's words can scarcely be improved upon. He writes "that a poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius—that is, shall reach perfection commensurate with its aim; and that we should require finish in proportion to brevity—that passion, color and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity or truth; that a few good lines do not make a good poem; that popular estimate is serviceable as a guidepost more than a compass—above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the parts. Such and other canons have been always steadily regarded."

It is important to realize the dependence of form on ideas. Apart from the philosophy we learn from poetry, we can get illimitable benefit from the reading of the poets. Poetry needs intellect, of course, and rots without it. The highest work which poetry can do is to glorify what is the most natural and simple in the whole of loving human nature, and to show the exceeding beauty, not so much as the stranger and wilder doings of the natural world, but of its everyday doings and their common changes. Definitions are never satisfactory. The satisfaction of the craving to say something brilliant or paradoxical is inconsistent with the requirements of logic. Poetry is a fine art and shares the characteristics of fine arts generally. Accordingly, its end is pleasure as distinguished from utility, and the kind of pleasure which it aims at producing is æsthetic pleasure, such pleasure, that is to say, as is associated with the emotions of the Beautiful. Fascination is and should be the chief power of the poet. "Poetry," a laureate wrote, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." Concerning the poet, Wordsworth writes again that he is a man "who has great knowledge of human nature, and a more

comprehensive soul than are suffered to be common among mankind."

All attempts to define poetry most obviously come short, for such conceptions belong to a scheme of thought based on the idea of a finite machine-made world. The whole spirit of poetry is freedom which "bloweth whither it listeth." Spirit is life, and poetry acts by intensifying all it touches, by raising all to a higher value, by giving life to all. The ordinary man cannot know the forces that move a poet. He vaguely believes that a poet is an unpractical man, speaking a highly artificial language. The farther the man in the street is removed from a share of the poet's insight, the more he tends to regard the "seer" as a dreamer, and to look on his resources of metre, rhyme and so forth as unnatural aids and appliances. But, in fact, it is the poets who live the most true life and speak the most natural language. It is we who are unpractical and unnatural—we, with our broken sentences and half-formed ideas—we who are content to know only the surface of things, without ever realizing the truth that behind our daily occupation, behind the business of the market and the pleasure of the circus, there lies an unexplained world of beauty—a world of complete quintessence for the highest human capacity, a world from which we may derive courage and life and faith to help us in this world we live in. The training of the modern world tends to make us hard, practical, sceptical of all sentiment, still more of sentiment bordering on emotion. Nowadays most people think they need no interpreter, that life has no riddle, and that all is plain sailing. And yet it is because their eyes are too dull to see more than the material world around them, because they do not stop to think of the secrets, the mysteries, the eternal problems that confront us every day. To the poet the reverse is the true picture. Although a great critic once wrote that "poetry is apparent pictures of apparent realities," yet the important thing is, not that there should be realities which are unapparent, but the things which are unapparent, of which the poet gives apparent pictures, should be realities. Imagination should be sight, not wonder. The subject is not the matter of a poem at all, and its opposite is not, says Dr. Bradley, the form of the poem but the whole poem. The subject is one thing—the poem, matter and form alike, another thing. All form is expression, and the poem is the creative impulse of a vague imaginative mass, pressing for development and definition; and it still is the *ignis fatuus* of criticism. All art implies composition; therefore no subject is, in itself, more poetical or less poetical than another, except in so far as poetry touches and kindles it.

In the vivid phrases of Carlyle, in his "Lectures on Heroes," it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that make him a poet. We should no longer think of poetry as something half mechanical and half magical, but as an introduction to the proper function of life. The artistic power of the creator is shown in the way he deals with his thoughts and problems; the boundaries of personality are enlarged, absorbed and assimilated. Each writer lives and sings by virtue of some peculiar strength or grace. The qualification of a poet should consist of a flawless form of plastic imagination, matured by beauty, portrayed in beautiful verses of a luminous and tranquil kind, free from commentaries and theories. The vision should be childlike, yet combined with the scholar's understanding, and to estimate from the flying vapor of language of life the image of perfection. The progress of poetry, with its tremendous power, is immortal. Poetry will become the nobler interpretation of an ampler life. That is prophecy, but

at least it is to some a vision and no dream. Men's appreciation of this wonderful art is almost in proportion to their instinctive understanding of what greatness is. The more that men have this thirst for beauty, for serene energy, for fullness of life, the higher they are in the scale, and the less will they quarrel with the obscurity of life, because they are confident of the larger issues of the poetic spirit—which power is sublime.

The Poetry Review.

Claude C. H. Williamson.

1715 AND 1915.

Under the pleasant walls of Kensington Palace, backed harmoniously by the prim red-brick architecture, is a small statue of William the Third. The little monument has a modest symmetry that matches its surroundings, though the figure of the King, firmly posed, with his plumed hat and big boots, pushes composure almost to the point of swagger. Without being too defiant, it has a slightly humorous air, and also the excellent quality of blending character with repose. This effigy of Dutch William was a gift to us from his German namesake, our friend the enemy—the Kaiser. Perhaps in a calmer time the present of this charming piece may be allowed to wipe out some of the giver's lesser sins; but at the moment there is satire in the thought that the ruler whose armies are striking for European dominion should have given us a statue of the man whose life was dedicated to resisting just such another ambition. The Kaiser is a showy Monarch; Dutch William seems the antithesis of show. His adversary, Louis XIV, was more than showy, he was radiant; he was the Roi Soleil, the sun of courtly Europe. A sun, really, whose rays were more brilliant than warming, of whom his best friends had to say in the end that he cared for nothing but himself, yet giving, undoubtedly, a glowing sense of power by contrast with William's Batavian ice. To this redoubtable enemy, the schemes he planned and failed in, and their consequences for his own country, a very natural train of reflection leads us if we turn from the struggle with Germany to other moments when we have been fighting an ambitious Power.

This year, more than others, carries suggestiveness in its date. For if it is the centenary of Napoleon's downfall, it is also the bicentenary of the death of Louis XIV. The "Fifteen" would be a livelier memory than it is if Louis's death had not drawn the sting of the Jacobite rising and reduced it to a local episode. There were moments at which Louis was perhaps more dangerous to us than Napoleon was, or than the Germans have yet been. He was lucky in having first of all to deal in London, not with the tenacious Dutchman, but with a King who was willing to be paid. Man for man, the Merry Monarch was a cleverer creature than the Grand Monarque, but he loved ease more dearly than the ruler who worked nine hours a day and could do without sleep. And so it became possible to sign the Treaty of Dover, which would have made England a satrapy of France in very much the same way that the Pan-Germans now suggest she should become a satrapy of Germany. The chief difference is that corruption was more evident than force—but force was there, in the background. For it meant the installing of a foreign army in England to establish absolute Monarchy and the old religion, and the surrender of English policy to a foreign master, who would use us against the other bulwark of European liberty—Holland.

We were saved very largely because the Dutch refused to be eaten up by Louis. When the French armies threw themselves on Holland, equipped as no troops had ever been, and commanded by men of whose genius we still talk, like Turenne and Conde, the impact looked as crushing as the German invasion of Serbia. The Bishop of Munster and other German princes played the parts of Bulgaria or Greece. But Holland's dykes were a safer barrier than Serbia's mountains, and "the undigested vomit of the sea," as Marvell had unkindly called her a short time before, not realizing what she would do again for freedom, saved Europe by letting in the waters. Then it was but a matter of time for William of Orange to bring Power after Power, England included, over to the right side, until every State but Sweden stood ranged against France. Her last hope vanished when a stray shot in the Black Forest carried off Turenne.

There was a dark hour in store for us in the next war, when Tourville scattered our Fleet off Beachy Head, and we were in danger till the command of the Channel was won back at La Hogue. But our basis, at least, was more secure after the Revolution, and the leadership was unified. William had not changed his purpose when he crossed the sea, though we did not like him and he liked as little our reluctance to engage in Continental war. It was the enemy —it always is the enemy—who made the last great duel inevitable when he struck at our trade and recognized the Pretender. William did not live to see the War of the Spanish Succession; he made the Grand Alliance for it and then died; how opportunely no one could have guessed, for no one knew that his death would give the command to the greatest military genius we have had. The discovery of Marlborough, strategist on the grand scale and great captain in the field, smooth and wary diplomatist, adroit to coax the Dutch or cajole a hero like Charles XII, was our final stroke against Louis. He would be worth an army to us now; but we have had him only once in history.

The great likeness between Louis and modern Germany is that in both cases we see State absolutism striking for dominion by force. We can imagine, also, that some of the reasons were the same in the two cases; that absolutism, whether of State or Sovereign, is less felt at home when it is extended over foreign subjects, and that the habit of considering only the interest of the State makes you trample recklessly on the life of other States and other people. Treitschke has told us that it is the essence of the State to suffer no higher power than itself, and that "in the eternal conflict of separate States lies the beauty of history." We are not surprised to find him drawing the inference that war is an institution ordained by God. Louis and his contemporaries did not preach so cold and systematic a doctrine. But they believed that the nation was personified in its ruler, that his aim was glory, and that glory was most naturally sought in war. Louis spoke of glory like a lover. Meanwhile, he was told that he was the "vice Dieu," and more than that, a God on earth; while for him and many of his bishops God was only an attenuated King in heaven.

With these conceptions of absolute State and absolute Sovereign floating in their minds, Louis XIV and the rulers of Germany were faced with the same temptation. Each had the greatest army of their time waiting ready for use, and each had an incitement to use it. Louis had at his disposal Turenne and Conde, the two greatest French soldiers before Napoleon; why let them rust? Germany had the prestige of 1866 and 1870; the feeling that she had not unsheathed her bright weapon

for more than forty years, which was already long. Then there was an Imperial creation, the Navy, which must be tested some day. The difficulty with fleets and armies, as with other things, is that you cannot have them and eat them. But a moment comes when hunger or *gourmandise* is too strong; and it came for Germany last year, and for Louis when he made war upon the Dutch.

It was a disaster for Louis that he embarked on militarism without having the heart or brain of a soldier. He delighted in the parade of war, especially if ladies were present, but he missed the golden moment in Holland when Conde could have ridden straight to Amsterdam. And then there was his pride. Everyone knew he was the finest institution in Europe, and was prepared to allow for it; but he really went too far. At his best a skillful diplomatist, tireless in conciliating small States and spending money for the purpose as freely as the Germans, he let his divine respect for himself cloud his judgment and lead him into quarrels with everybody, from the Pope to the Turks, and sometimes into a big miscalculation. So he squandered the moral capital of France, which was as great as its material resources. This had been the main difference between old France and modern Germany. The Germany of today has few willing imitators, but everyone wanted to imitate Louis and France. There were many Carls of Rosenmold in those days, and it was reasonable to copy the most intellectual and artistic country. You might fight against the arms of Louis, but you could not fight against the plays of Moliere and Racine, the prose of Pascal, and the garden terraces of Le Notre. Suppose there lived in Germany today, behind the big guns and bristling bayonets, Beethoven and Bach, Goethe and Schiller and Lessing, our estimate of *Kultur* would be different. They would be better agents than spies and commercial travelers and waiters.

The end of it all for Louis was that his larger designs failed and we founded our maritime and commercial supremacy. Being a great King, he kept up the grand facade of France, but the house inside was falling into ruins. In the black winter of 1709 the King at his windows in Versailles could hear the people crying out in the streets. The disaffection in Paris was a sign of something more serious than the little popular risings which had broken out constantly in the reign under a particularly tiresome tax or levy. The King's militarist policy answered for much, and a muddled and iniquitous fiscal system perhaps answered for more. The King could not keep accounts, and he was smitten with a building mania like that of another absolute, Justinian. All the time he was drawing the threads of government more closely into his hands. It is a sign of the completeness of his work that the Monarchy survived the first stages of the Revolution, and but for personal accidents might have survived it altogether. But Louis had made the Revolution possible. His chief modern historian in France, while writing tenderly of him as of one who represented her brilliantly in a glorious epoch, admits that everything else that may be said about his reign can be summed up in this, that the Monarchy only outlived him for three-quarters of a century.

So much for France; but Germany might deny that she is exposed to any of these revolutionary dangers. German absolutism is not that of a prodigal Sovereign, but of a terribly efficient State. The Empire is as bent on method and economy as the France of Louis was confused and wasteful; it is all arranged so that no ounce of resources and no unit of man-power can

be squandered. Instead of turning her people into beggars Germany has given them wealth and made them citizens of no mean city; and, compared with 1715 or 1815, the prosperity of the twentieth century is dazzling. But the question is as to what will come after. When Germany wakes up out of her dream and realizes the drainage of her manhood, the loss of foreign trade, financial disorder, and other consequences, certain or probable, to what sort of criticisms and reflections about her rulers will she be moved? Will not the adventure, ended on any terms that seem likely, leave a bitter taste behind and inspire a longing for something different?

Germany may try for something different if she realizes that militarism is a mistake. Then she may find that the only way to get rid of militarism is to make a hole in the fabric of the absolutist State. And it might be argued that revolution is easier in a country like Prussia, where the King, however technically "absolute," is by habit the first servant of the State. The Hohenzollerns have kept up a wonderfully high standard of State service; and this recoils on themselves, for it means an exacting criterion by which they may be judged. There is a test and a supremacy to which even the Monarch must submit. On the other hand, a people accustomed to follow its Kings does not forsake them lightly; and a King of Prussia who is also German Emperor is a more redoubtable person than Frederick William IV was in 1848. When the State idea has sunk into a people's mind as deeply as it has sunk into the Germans, they are not inclined to question or rebel. The whole presumption of the system is that reform works from above and not from below. Sometimes we think that this state of mind is peculiar to Prussia, and we have hopes that the rest of Germany will revolt from it. But the submissive temper in politics is not limited to the Prussians, and the strange thing is to find it in a person and at a time when we should least expect it—in Luther at the Reformation. Luther's name does not suggest Prussian tendencies; and yet he preached passive obedience and the divine right of princes. He could not be blamed for leaning on the princes for support, but it is sinister that he should have trampled so fiercely on the people as he did in the Peasants' War, that tragedy of the Reformation. Luther, though he brought the democratic spirit into religion, saw no reason why it should go any farther; and he left his Church in temporal fetters. The turn of mind which made Lutheranism a department of State has blocked one road to freedom and had a fateful influence on Germany's development.

From the Peasants' War to the March Days revolution in Germany has not been fortunate or frequent. Southern Germany, of course, has had its Republicans, whose outbreaks in the first half of the nineteenth century show a mentality different from the Prussian. Those traces of advanced politics, and the particularism which shows itself from time to time among the German States, have led some of us to speculate on a recoil of the rest of Germany from Prussia at the end of the War. But the old Republicanism is well-nigh dead, and against the old particularism powerful forces are working. Probably the war has inspired a keener sense of German unity than has been felt at any time since the creation of the Empire. And is particularism proof against the steady Prussianization which has gone on throughout the Empire, the gospel of power, wealth and efficiency which has produced what might be called a neo-German consciousness? The crash, one may think, would have to be tremendous for the non-Prussian States to choose another road.

The more we think about the problem, the more we seem to fall back on the conclusion that the only guarantee of change in Germany is change in Prussia. And this is just the region where the past offers least encouragement to those who hope for a new order of things. Prussia is a State owing existence demonstrably to its kings and army, and we can only measure the strength of its militarism when we remember how firmly it is rooted in the past. It may be an exaggeration to say, as has been said, that Prussia was a State which had to be dangerous in order to be safe, but it is truth to say that she could only make a frontier by making an army. The process was begun before the days of Frederick, and the greatest moments of Prussian history have been moments of war. Even the failures have not been final. No disaster could have been more crushing than Jena, but so far from ending militarism, it only made Prussia more formidable. Instead of the old army of nobles and serfs, it brought the Prussian people, acting for the first time as a nation, into the field for the War of Liberation. It is quite characteristic that the first use to which Prussia put a common citizenship should have been to make her citizens fight. But as the armed nation defeated Napoleon, and fifty years later secured Prussian supremacy in Germany, and then German unity under Prussian headship, militarism very naturally seems a glory as well as a burden to the Prussians.

Heine has left us his view of what happened at the Liberation in a charming sentence:—

After God, the snow, and the Cossacks had destroyed the best portion of Napoleon's forces, we Germans received the command from those highest in authority to free ourselves from the foreign yoke, and we straightway flamed with manly wrath at the bondage too long endured; and we let ourselves be excited to enthusiasm by the fine melodies, but bad verses, of Koerner's ballads, and we fought until we won our freedom—for we always do what our princes command.

Heine was a Jew by birth and a Frenchman by preference, and his version is, naturally, rather scandalous; it does considerably more than justice to Frederick William III. But it reminds us how little of a really political public there was among the people whom Fichte roused and Stein organized and led. The lack of it was clear each time that the spirit of reform tried conclusions with the spirit of authority in the last century. For want of strong and practiced opinion the Berlin Revolution, of 1848, which had begun like a whirlwind, realized so little. The same air of speculativeness hung about the more distinguished Frankfort Parliament. Could anything else be expected from a people that had not gone through the forms of political training? The tendency was to leave criticism fatally in the hands of the theorists, dreamers, or enthusiasts, whom Stein distrusted as "metapoliticians." And when the conflict arose over those Army Bills of 1862 which were to be so decisive for the future of Prussia and Germany, the middle class was helpless before the will of Bismarck.

Since then new elements, of course, have appeared in the situation. Conservatism is faced by industrialism—the possible menace of labor and the power of capital. It is true that capital and labor did not prevent the war from happening or, when it happened, from being energetically pressed. And in peace the Social Democracy, excluded from control in the Reichstag, and shut out from representation in Prussia, has shown the characteristic weakness of German politicians. But politics are now tested more closely by results, and what remains to be seen is

the difference which the stress of war may make to the balance of power in Germany. The great industrialists as well as the workers may have something to say. It would rather contradict experience if at the end of the war the quickened national consciousness simply relapsed into torpor. The nation, fighting in millions on the battlefield, has learned its strength, and may express it. In the new knowledge of itself it may be strong enough to insist on political reform, defying those omens of the past which are nearly as adverse to reform as they are to revolution. But evidently the chances of reform would increase almost in ratio to our success on the battlefield. We have been told by Delbruck that nothing less than a Sedan inflicted on the Germans would secure Parliamentary control of the German Army. It is in a German Sedan, therefore, that the best chance lies of effecting change in Germany; though the interested judgment of a Prussian need not lead us into assuming that it is the only chance.

The Times.

"THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS."

The *Times* correspondent at Washington in Wednesday's issue quotes the *New York World* as responsible for the statement that the Government of the United States are about to issue a protest asserting that our present policy towards contraband "contravenes the traditional British attitude in regard to the treatment of foodstuffs," and that it "runs counter to the views of the Government as expressed during and after the formulation of the Declaration of London." The *New York World* goes on to suggest that "as the Order in Council was proclaimed as a retaliation for the German submarine campaign, it ought to be abandoned if Germany is now really prepared to abandon her 'blockade.'" We sincerely hope that this does not represent the real intentions of the American Government, and that no action of theirs will be based upon it, though of course we can well believe that the German diplomatists have been moving Heaven and earth to induce the President and the State Department to act as their cat's-paw and to take a line which superficially looks fair and reasonable. "We," say the Germans, "give up the indiscriminate sinking of enemy ships when and where we can and without affording any real protection to the passengers and crews, but in response to that great concession the United States must sternly request and require that Britain shall give up her blockade, or by whatever name she calls her policy towards contraband."

It is obvious that if the United States falls into this trap, and then tries to support her demand by such elaborate verbal devices as those indicated in the *New York World*, a position of very great danger and inconvenience may arise, which we are certain would be deeply regretted by the best friends of America here, and also by the most far-seeing and most patriotic of Americans. In our opinion, the best way to prevent the emergence of a condition of things highly dangerous for both nations is to make it clear to America what is the real position of the British people on this vital matter. What America has to consider is not the verbal ineptitudes of our Foreign Office or of any other Department of State, but the feelings that are stirring and will control the heart and the brain of the nation as a whole. We want, if we can, to show the American public what is the true attitude of our people, for in all

controversies between two such States as ours the danger on both sides is ignorance and misunderstanding rather than ill will. We are quite sure that the Washington Government, let alone the American people, are not essentially hostile to us, do not want to injure us at a vital point, and are not deliberately seeking to tie our hands behind us in the final round of our death-struggle with Germany. Yet if they are ignorant of our true attitude they may drift into, or rather be enticed into, action of that very kind.

If in the course of our plain speaking to America we have to say things which are disagreeable to our own Government and Foreign Office, and which no doubt will be bitterly resented by them, we shall be sorry, but it cannot be helped. This is a case in which there must be the plainest of plain speaking or serious harm will ensue. The first thing that we may ask the American Government to remember is that the British people cannot and will not be entangled in a net of words. That such entanglement will prove easy is, we grant, more than likely. The State Department at Washington is served by men of much quicker wits and abler pens than our Foreign Office, and we shall not be in the least surprised to see an argumentative victory won by the President and Mr. Lansing over attempts to define such words and phrases as "blockade," "retaliation," and "freedom of the seas." Still more easily will they be able to secure a verbal triumph over the ridiculous attempt of our Government at the beginning of the war to protect their *amour propre* by pretending to maintain the Declaration of London, when in reality they were abandoning its chief provisions. To the State Department, engaged in the easy task of knocking verbal sparks out of our Foreign Office, we want, then, to say what is said by a character in one of Stevenson's novels: "*You cannot fight me with a word.*" They may obtain any amount of dialectical successes over our diplomatists, but that will make no difference to the determination of the British people, nor will it alter by one iota the facts behind the words. Call it a blockade, a policy of retaliation as regards war zones, the organic development of contraband of war, or what you will, the fact remains that, come what may, we mean to use our sea power to bring Germany to her knees, and shall not allow the accident of the peculiar geographical position of certain of the neutral Powers to defeat a policy essential to our existence as a free people. *Germany is a besieged nation, and we are the besiegers.* That is the long and short of the matter. To imagine that we are going to raise the siege, or maintain it as a blood-stained sham, because of the geographical difficulties of which we have spoken is utterly to misread the character of the British people. They are no more going to surrender to a punctilio of this kind than the Government of the North would have surrendered to it during the Civil War. Any Minister here who was to suggest that we ought to relax our hold upon the neck of Germany because we could not "square" it with some foolish statement made three or four years ago as to the Declaration of London would be literally hurled from office by his indignant fellow-countrymen. No departure from the policy and practice of a siege can or will be tolerated by us.

But while we shall insist upon the maintenance of the siege of Germany, and not allow it to be rendered void by the technical claims of neutrals or by that sinister figment called "the freedom of the seas," invented by the Germans as a lure to American public opinion, we shall of course do nothing which will infringe the substantial and legitimate rights of neutrals. We cannot allow them to feed and supply

Germany under the cloak of neutrality. On the other hand, we have no desire to make them suffer any unnecessary hardships because we are at war with Germany. All their just rights will of course be respected, even though we cannot concede that Germany must be supplied with food and articles necessary for the manufacture of munitions as long as there is a neutral label upon them and somebody is willing to swear that they are not consigned to German merchants or intended for German consumption.

Though, as we have said, we are not going to wrangle over such words and phrases as "blockade," "retaliation," and "freedom of the seas," or once more hold up the Declaration of London to hatred, ridicule, and contempt, and do not intend to allow "the fatal imposture and force of words" to nullify all our sacrifices, a special word may be said in regard to the phrase "the freedom of the seas." Of that phrase we may say, indeed, what South said of "verbal magic" in general:—

> The generality of Mankind is wholly and absolutely governed by Words and Names: Without, nay, for the most part, even *against* the knowledge Men have of things. . . . As for the meaning of the Word itself, that may shift for itself; and as for the Sense and Reason of it, that has little or nothing to do here; only let it sound full and round, and chime right to the Humor, which is at present a Gog (just as a big, long, rattling Name is said to command even Adoration from a Spaniard), and, no doubt, with this powerful, senseless Engine, a Man shall be able to carry all before him, or to draw all after him, as he pleases. For, a plausible, insignificant Word, in the mouth of an expert Demagogue, is a dangerous and a dreadful Weapon.

Just such a word or phrase is "the freedom of the seas," though here it is not the expert demagogue but the expert diplomat who is trying to use the "dangerous and dreadful Weapon."

In all seriousness, we would ask our American kinsmen to pause before they allow the phrase "the freedom of the seas" to be used to embroil the English-speaking race. We are at war, not playing a game of cards or polo. We are fighting for our lives, and to save ourselves and the freedom—strange as it may seem in such context—of the small and neutral nations we must maintain the siege of Germany. In sober truth, "freedom of the seas," means, not what it says, but "the freedom of Germany" to pass in blood and fire over Belgium and Serbia and the Northern Provinces of France, and to slay and ravish and burn. The true freedom of the seas it has always been our part to maintain. Who dare assert that we have ever used our naval power to tryannize over our neighbors or to serve our selfish ends? Others may have talked of the freedom of the seas. We have maintained it. We are maintaining it now. Was it we who sank the *Lusitania* or the *Arabic* or the *Ancona* or did the deeds of shame which have so deeply stirred the American people? Let America look behind the words to the facts and not be bemused by high-sounding phrases, and we have no fear as to her verdict.

The Spectator.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR.

A bare statement at the outset of this article will help the reader to realize how French literature has been affected by the war. Between July, 1914, and January, 1915, there was a practically complete standstill in the bookselling

trade; between January and December, 1915, I find by the "Tablettes Bibliographiques" that eight hundred instead of an average eighteen thousand volumes were published; that is to say, the literary output of France has suffered a depletion of more than nineteen-twentieths, or, to put it differently, about four volumes have come out in 1915 to ninety in the preceding years.

This statement is startling enough, but the reader would be even more surprised if he satisfied himself by glancing at the brief catalogue that a third of the list is made up of pamphlets, while the rest largely consists of reprints, school-books, and practical books of all kinds which nobody notices in ordinary times, but which, being comparatively so numerous, strike one today as of absolutely hardy growth.

When the war broke out in August, 1914, the publishing season was over. The book trade in France regards the twelve weeks following the middle of July not merely as the "dead season," but as a sort of gap which nobody cares to fill, and the habit of people connected with bookselling, like that of people connected with teaching, is to speak of July in October as "last year." It is superfluous to say that nobody thought during the eventful autumn of 1914 either of writing, or printing, or above all publishing anything. During the last three months of the year the bookshops were a picture of desolation. The two Odeon galleries, which have an undisputed claim to be called the heart of literary Paris, were deserted. One of the two was—still is, in fact—completely abandoned by the familiar bookseller; the other, given up to an elderly one-eyed person and to a boy, was frequented by forlorn men past the military age seeking their old haunt much more from a mechanical impulse than to indulge a definite wish.

Week after week the same volumes would be seen staring at the silent arches; books on tactics and strategy which had been novelties only a few months before and now seemed ages behind hand; books on Alsace-Lorraine; translations from German, nay from Turkish books, on the cover of which a scarlet map showed the Northern frontier of France, pushed down to the Loire; military novels by Psichari, the grandson of Renan killed at the battle of the Marne; patriotic medieval sequences by poor Peguy, also killed at the battle of the Marne; the romances of Barres; and as a background the standing army of solid works on literature or art, many of which I have seen where they are the last twenty odd years. Of the truly literary book, the novel or poem of which the snob said loudly, with an important air, "C'est une œuvre," great piles of which rose on the counters as extemporized monuments to fame that would not wait, and before which I remember seeing Huysmans and Remy de Gourmont standing with a judicial expression on their striking ugly red faces, there was no more question than if they had been fabled memories.

Things are not very different now; there may be a hundred or so *nouveautes* lying there in modest bunches of two or three copies, but until a fortnight ago there was not any which had the slightest pretension to being "*une œuvre*," and the one clerk who has come back from the front never dreamed of telegraphing to you over his ledger that there was something worth looking at in his gallery.

The *nouveautes* are made stale almost on the day of their birth because they are either too like the novelties of two years ago, or because the vicinity of the stupendous drama of which they were born is too much for their feeble life. There are new and excellent works on Germany but, like the old ones, they are by M. Chuquet, M. Blondel, M. Muret or Abbe Wetterle; there are

analyses of German brutality by such an able man as M. Andler, and proofs of the same by M. Bedier, or M. Nothomb, but who requires a volume to be convinced? Even a narration like "Dixmude," by M. le Goffic, a Breton poet who seemed predestined to record the heroism of his countrymen, the *fusilliers marins*, cannot appear so excellent as it will some day long after the peace is concluded, because the Dixmude fights were only an episode, and we are all of us actors in the tragedy.

You see respected academical names on a few volumes—the names of Barres, the names of Lavedan, Richepin, Bazin, Leon Daudet; but when you open the volumes you discover with dismay that they consist of reprints from the dailies, just like those of M. Joseph Reinach or M. Jollivet, and the prospect of reading over again a back number of the "Echo de Paris" or of the "Gaulois" during the slowest-going war nearly sickens one; even the effusions which M. Romain Rolland sends us from the heights on which he now lives, original as they are, cannot tempt us to do more than think awhile and shrug our shoulders. The thoughts of yesterday are nothing to men whose consuming longing is to get rid of today.

A number of private diaries which have been published by M. de Noussanne, M. Laudet, the Abbe Klein, the English governess of the Kronprinz's children, several nurses, several chaplains, interesting as they have been at the time of publication and interesting as they will become again, suffer from the same original fault: notes of that kind cannot have in them more than the facts they record, and those facts have been left behind.

Is there no literature left in France? you will ask. Was there nobody in that country who was so possessed of an artistic inspiration that he could not check its expression? Has there been no fiction, no poetry since the outbreak of the war? Strange as the answer may sound, it is a fact that there has been no artistic life proper in France since July, 1914; the atmosphere in towns full of people in mourning and expecting more bereavements, in a country in which everybody awakes with the thought of the German at Noyon, as the phrase now goes, fifty miles from Paris, is too uncongenial. There is no risk in prophesying that the literary production of Great Britain will decrease not in arithmetical but in geometrical proportion with the increase of the British Army. Moral struggles may prepare for artistic beauty; they never see its production. We have had indeed novels, some of them signed by such well-known writers as M. Bourget, M. de Nion, and M. Abel Hermant; but they are war novels, everlastingly war-recalling things, and they evidently owed their birth to the demand of magazine editors for the work of fiction as indispensable to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" as it is to "Le Petit Parisien." "Le Sens de la Mort," M. Bourget's novel, is sincere and in one way powerful, but its sincerity and power come from the author's patriotism and religious belief more than from a literary inspiration; the situation, that is to say, in M. Bourget's method, the purpose, holds us interested, but we take little or no interest in the characters and skip both from a desire to know the progress of the thesis and from an aversion to hearing dialogues in which we scarcely believe.

Only two exceptions can we point out: two solitary works in seventeen months can be claimed by literature worthy of the name. "Gaspard" a short novel by M. Rene Benjamin, is a military story, written by a young writer who saw the war, was wounded and came back from the front just in

time to secure the Prix Goncourt; but it is not an autobiography, like most other military stories; it is a picture of the war as seen by a person as remote from literary aspirations as a snail vendor in the rue de la Gaite may be. "Corona Benignitatis Anni Tui," by M. Paul Claudel, is a collection of liturgical poems, a serene monument rising like the pillar of light in our darkness, and it may be the author's masterpiece. Both works have a right to serious consideration, and I shall advert to them again in due time.

The Saturday Review. *Ernest Dimnet.*

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Greatest of Literary Problems," which James Phinney Baxter discusses and for which he offers a solution, in an impressive volume bearing the title quoted, is, as the reader will guess, the often-discussed problem of the authorship of the "Shakespeare" works. It seems quite possible that this discussion may go on to the end of time; at least, no settlement is at present in sight. Mr. Baxter's work is the most exhaustive and comprehensive presentation of the Baconian theory yet made. He has made a careful study of all available material—literary, biographic and historical—and groups the results in a singularly clear and cogent way. His aim is first to show, by an examination of William Shakespeare's character and career, that it is impossible that he could have written the works attributed to him; and then to prove that Bacon was the only man of the time who was capable of such an achievement. He outlines, with at least sufficient detail, the roystering and adventurous career of Shakespeare the actor; studies the separate plays in their relation to Shakespeare's life; scrutinizes the portraits and what he characterizes as "mythical relics"; and devotes an interesting chapter to what he regards as the crucial question of the genuineness of Shakespeare's signatures to certain documents. The second half of the book is devoted to the affirmative side of the question—the marshaling of evidence in support of the Baconian theory, including a review of Bacon's life and varied activities and of his writings, an argument designed to prove that Bacon was the real author of certain works attributed to Spenser, Greene and Marlowe, and a painstaking study of thumbmarks and ciphers. Seventy or more full page illustrations present portraits, fac similes and other material necessary to the illumination of the text; and a complete bibliography and index complete the work. Altogether, the book is a valuable contribution to the literature of an extremely baffling subject.

The touching study of the life-work of Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, which Stephen Chalmers contributed to the January *Atlantic Monthly* under the title "The Beloved Physician," is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in an attractive little volume, with a dozen or more illustrations, and an Introduction consisting of passages from an address by Dr. Trudeau on "The Value of Optimism in Medicine." Dr. Trudeau's career, from the day when he was carried into the Adirondacks in 1873, apparently doomed to an early death from tuberculosis, down to his death last November, after more than forty years devoted to the open-air treatment of tuberculosis patients at Saranac, is as good an illustration as could be found of the principles which he defined in his address. Mr. Chalmers knew him intimately and this appreciation of his character and his life work is

both affectionate and discriminating.

Americans who, while not addicted to panic, have taken to heart the lessons taught by the present war, and realize something of the possibilities awaiting a happy-go-lucky national policy of getting ready for an emergency after the emergency has come cannot fail to be stirred by Julius Muller's two books, "The Invasion of America" and "The A. B. C. of National Defense" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The first, which is in the guise of fiction, describes an unexpected declaration of war by a coalition of European Powers, the approach of a powerful battle fleet convoying transports, the bombardment of the coast, the landing at Block Island, the smashing of the coast defenses, the invasion of New England, the investment of Boston, the capture of New York City and the prodigious price paid to the conquerors. The story is vividly told, and, if any reader thinks it lurid and wildly fanciful, he should not skip the numerous footnotes which cite statements from official reports corroborating all that is related concerning the inadequacy of the coast defenses, the weakness of the navy and the ridiculous feebleness of the national army. In the other book, the author lays down the first principles of national defense, shows how their application has been impeded by a wavering and shifting policy, by the absence of trained leadership, and by political and personal considerations, and draws from official reports and other authoritative sources unimpeachable evidence of military and naval weakness. Both books will serve a useful purpose if they help to arouse Americans to a realizing sense of existing conditions and the imperative need of a change in temper and policy.

In "The Three Things" (Little, Brown & Co.) Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews tells the story of an American lad who, in the course of his experience while fighting for the Allies in France, was led to abandon three deeply-rooted prejudices—against the "great unwashed," against religion, and against certain alien nationalities. The story is brief, too brief for the best effect, and the coincidences a shade too startling to seem real. There is a faint flavor of romance at the end.

A cynical critic might say that Richard Wightman's slender volume of verse "Ashes and Sparks" (The Century Company) contains rather more ashes than sparks. Much of it is of the latest type, unconventional in form, and resolving itself into little more than prose, cut up into more or less irregular lines—these, for example, from "The Exposition":

We didn't see the Manager at all,
But there must have been one around
there somewhere
To arrange all this and look after it.
And we didn't pay anything to get in;
Our hearts invited us.

Yet there are not wanting real poems, alive with feeling, subtle in thought, and graceful in form—among them "The Guarding Love," "Sing On, O Heart," "The Pilgrim," and this "The Mariner":

O God, call out to me!
Amid the voices of the tossing sea,—
Competing, clamorous, bidding for my
soul,—
Give me thy cheer, and let me see the
scroll,
Full-lit by myriad steady stars,
Whereon are chartered clear the deeps
and bars
Of life's broad ocean where my sail is
set.
The course is dim to me—aye, dim, and
yet
Somewhere, afar maybe, with lights
agleam,
Waits the fair harbor of my hope and
dream.
The storm is high—astern the shelt'ring
lea—
Dear God, call out to me!

"In the Great Wild North," by D. Lange, is a good winter book, for boys of the United States, as it describes the snows and storms of the far colder Hudson Bay region, and the life of those through whom the great Hudson Bay Company made its enormous wealth and, last of all, it tells of a wonderful journey in search of beaver, undertaken early in the nineteenth century by an adventurous Scotsman and his son, Steve McLean. They encountered a grizzly, and a panther, shot a buck, captured an eagle, saw various tribes of Indians and learned something of their customs and traditions, and at last, as a crowning adventure, made their way to St. Louis, boldly defying a hostile party of Indians. Then they settled upon a farm near St. Louis, apparently to live happy ever after. It can be seen that the story is instructive; it is also interesting, and it is excellently illustrated by W. L. Howes. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

No true lover of dogs can fail to feel the appeal of the volume "To Your Dog and My Dog" (Houghton Mifflin Co.), in which Lincoln Newton Kinnicutt has grouped thirty-two poems in which different poets have sung the praises of the intelligence, fidelity and comradeship of dogs to which—or should one say to whom?—they were attached. Scott, Byron, Newbolt, Kipling, Matthew Arnold, Richard Watson Gilder, W. M. Letts, R. C. Lehmann, Burges Johnson, Louise Imogen Guiney, Katharine Lee Bates and St. John Lucas are among the poets whose verses decorate these exquisitely printed pages. It seems almost a pity that Ian Hay had not sung the praise of "Scally," so that he might have been included with Lufra, Leo, Rufus, Tim, Roger, Laddie and the rest.

Joseph Husband, author of "America at Work" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is a past master of the art of graphic, compressed writing. In the twelve sketches or studies of different forms of industrial activity which make up the book, there are no superfluous words. "Semaphore" describes a ride on the engine of a lightning express train; "The Narrow House" a visit to a factory for the making of caskets; "Vulcan" depicts the working of a great steel mill; "Skyscraper" tells of a climb up the staging of a lofty tower; and each of the other sketches describes graphically some phase of modern industry. The sketches are charged with sympathetic feeling, and they will help to a better understanding of the perils and hardships of those who toil in the great constructive industries.

J. B. Thornhill's "Adventures in Africa" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a description, as the author explains in his Introduction, of the life of a pioneer in that portion of South Central Africa known as Katanga—a part of the Congo State—and an account of the exploitation of that region. Mr. Thornhill spent four years engaged in the development of the great Katanga Copper Belt, and in the employ of the Tanganyika Concessions. During most of this time, he was practically cut off from civilization, and lived in a hut among the natives, sharing their hardships and facing all kinds of peril from savages and wild beasts. He disclaims all literary ability, but his narrative is not less vivid and thrilling for the direct simplicity with which it is told. It is a graphic, first-hand account of conditions as they are, and of the processes by which the Dark Continent is being opened up and its vast mineral resources made available. Of especial importance are the chapters descriptive of that dreaded scourge, sleeping-sickness, and of the indentured-labor system in the Portuguese territory of Angola.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ADRIATIC: BY J. A. R. MARRIOTT

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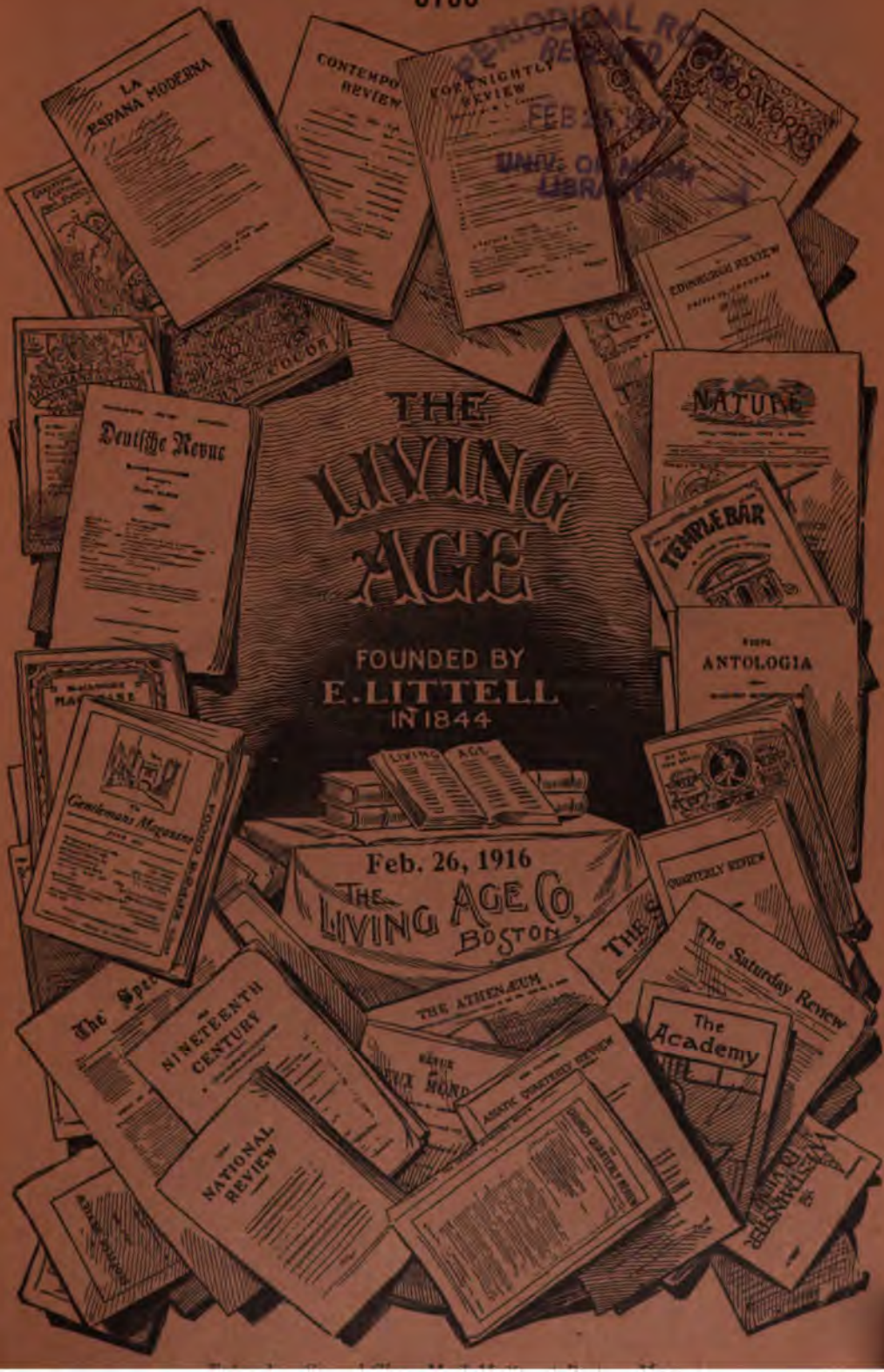

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"TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH."

O God of Light,
How long the night!
How slow Thy grinding mills!

The everlasting hills
Hear and despise
Our doubting cries.

Remember then,
Ye sons of men,
"Not peace," so spake the Lord.

"I bring you but a sword
After the strife
My crown of life:

"Beneath no gale
My years shall fail:
My promise still is sure,

"*To him that shall endure*
Unto the end,
My peace I send."

The Times.

THE LURE OF ENGLAND.

There's a misty sea-girt island in the sunset-haunted west;
I can see it in my wounded dreams of home.
I can see the dwindling hedgerows where the sparrow builds her nest,
And the grass-land with its throw of daisied foam.

Oh! there's Spring upon the island, and the greening lures me back
To mysterious meres and woodways in the west,
. . . They have stripped my manhood from me, they have stretched me on the rack . . .
Take me home, a blinded, broken thing, to rest!

I can never see the island with its fields of sheeted gold,
And the wisps of sunset drifting in the west;
Darkness drowns the dim green valleys, and the silent hills of old,
And the hedges where the sparrow builds her nest.

Let me put my blind eyes down among the bluebells and the grass,
Let me feel the brimming coolness on my brow;
Let me touch the dewy bracken where the dreamful shadows pass;
I have bled for England; let her heal me now!

C. A. Renshaw.

The Poetry Review.

THE LIVING FAR AWAY.

It's not for them that's dead that I'm weepin' now,
For somehow they seem nearer, now my life is runnin' low;
There's the stars come out in heaven,
Each a gold speck in the gray,
An' the dead seem nearer somehow though they be so far away.

It's not for them that's through the world that I'm weepin' now;
An' I not knowin' where they be, though I break my heart to know.
Och! the longin' that comes over me,
As night shuts out the day!
Ay, the dead seem nearer somehow than the livin' far away.

But och! it's *once* to see them that I'm longin' now;
An' sure they're not forgettin' the old times anyhow;
But it's hard to be writin' letters
With the world an' all between,
An' work to set your hand to, an' new friends where old have been.

Dear folk that I've been lovin', that I'm lovin' now,
The breakin' of my heart's the prayer I'm sendin' up for you;
It's my heart's blood shed in longin'
An' in silence day by day!
Ay, the dead seem nearer somehow than the livin' far away!

Mary Paton Ramsay.

Chambers's Journal.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ADRIATIC.

ITALY, AUSTRIA, AND THE SOUTHERN SLAVS.

Among the many problems which the present War has accentuated and forced into prominence there is none more difficult and perplexing, and none more intrinsically interesting than that which involves the future of the Adriatic and its coasts. Nor is there any in regard to which the position of this country is more delicate. That being so, it might well seem that, in this case, silence is, for an Englishman, golden, and that the best service he can render to his country and its friends is to hold his peace. But it is clear that this view is not universally nor even generally accepted. On behalf of one, if not both the parties who are more immediately interested in the solution of this question an active propaganda has for some time past been carried on in this country. Expression is thus constantly given to extreme views on one side and the other. A passionate appeal is made, now to history, now to ethnography, now to geography, now to the imperious claims of economic interest, now to those of strategical security. The question is, however, one on which it is eminently desirable that the citizen rulers of this country should have accurate and dispassionate information. It may not, therefore, be amiss that one who is not conscious of bias in favor of either of the two chief claimants should endeavor to set forth the facts of a complicated situation as simply and succinctly as the circumstances of the case permit. Such is the purpose of the pages that follow.

The task is complicated by the fact that in order to arrive at a fair verdict it will be necessary to assign comparative values to elements which are not really comparable, and to weigh considerations for which there is no common scale: the claims of race, of historical tradition, of numbers, of national security, of commercial interest. Should the investigation lead to a somewhat halting conclusion, this initial fact should in fairness be borne in mind.

In the Adriatic problem there seem to be three primary factors:

(1) The position and claims of Italy, who less than half a century ago realized her sense of national identity and attained the goal of national unity. That unity, it is contended, is still incomplete so long as large Italian populations remain under an alien yoke, and so long as provinces and cities which are manifestly Italian in origin and culture are unredeemed.

(2) The position of the Southern Slavs, who are inspired with a growing sense of national self-consciousness but are as yet very far from having attained to political unity. They claim that the time has come for the fulfilment of their aspiration towards national unity, and they demand such access to the Adriatic littoral as will assure their national future in an economic and geographical sense.

(3) The position of the central empires of Germany and Austria-Hungary. With them it is not a question of satisfying sentiments of race or nationality. Their claims to a place on the Adriatic are frankly utilitarian: it is demanded in the interests of commerce and strategy; and they are in possession.

To these three primary elements we may add a fourth and secondary element. It has become fashionable to assume that the principle of a Balance of Power, the theory of a European equilibrium, belongs to a benighted

period when diplomacy subserved dynastic interests, when the claims of democracy were ignored, and before there was any idea of remodeling the map of Europe in deference to the elusive principle of nationality. Nevertheless, it will not be denied that it is very obviously of the first importance to Europe, at large, and in particular to those Western Powers which, like England, have vital interests in the Eastern Mediterranean, that there should be such an adjustment of these conflicting claims as may secure prolonged, if not permanent, repose in Southeastern Europe.

Such being the parties to the suit, it is desirable to see where their claims and interests do actually clash. The principal areas in dispute are: (1) the Trentino or Southern Tyrol;* (2) the city and district of Trieste, with which we may conveniently group the district of Gorizia-Gradisca; (3) Istria with the important naval dockyard of Pola; (4) Croatia-Slavonia, with the commercial port of Fiume; (5) Dalmatia, the mainland coast and the archipelago; (6) Albania and (7) the Slavonic hinterland, including the existing kingdom of Serbia and the States such as Bosnia and Herzegovina, and perhaps Montenegro, which it is hoped to include in the Greater Serbia of the future. At present this Serbian group touches the Adriatic only through Montenegro, with its port of Antivari. Of the whole of these contested areas, except Serbia, Montenegro and Albania, the Dual Monarchy was, even before the War, in possession.

Before proceeding to discuss the claims put forward by the several parties to all or any of these areas it may be convenient to interject a few words as to the origin of the Adriatic problem. In one sense the problem dates back to the dawn of authentic history, but in its modern shape it did not become acute until about half a century ago. Its genesis may be traced (1) to the unification of Italy, under the House of Savoy, and in particular to the expulsion of the Habsburgs from Venetia, or rather from that part of Venetia which lies on the west of the Adriatic; and (2) to the break-up of the Ottoman Empire, and the re-emergence of the Balkan nationalities which for five hundred years had been inert and dumb under the Turkish yoke. This re-emergence began with the Serbian insurrection of 1804, but it did not seriously affect the Adriatic problem until the Balkan Wars of 1912–13.

In 1866 there happened two events of supreme significance in the history of the Habsburgs. Bismarck, who entered upon his political career, as he has himself told us, "with feelings of admiration, nay, almost of religious reverence for the policy of Austria," had by 1862 come to the conclusion that Austria was devoting all her thought and energy to one end: to thwart the progress of Prussia, and to make the machinery of the *Bund* subserve that object. He decided, therefore, that at the first opportunity the *Bund* must be dissolved and that Austria must be expelled from the new Germany which was to come into existence under the hegemony of Prussia. The disputed succession to the Danish Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein gave him his opportunity; and in 1866 the Seven Weeks' War culminated in the Prussian victory at Sadowa (Koniggratz). To make the assurance of victory doubly sure, Bismarck, in April, 1866, had concluded a treaty with Victor Emmanuel of Italy. The latter had, with some magnanimity, given Austria the first chance, and had offered to assist Austria against Prussia, in return for the cession of Venetia. The Emperor Fran-

*The Trentino is not *geographically* an Adriatic province. but, politically, it forms part, as will presently appear, of the Adriatic problem.

cis Joseph not unnaturally refused the proffered terms, but the refusal cost him dear. Bismarck's terms were accepted by Italy, and in the Seven Weeks' War Italy fought on the side of Prussia.

From that war she emerged with little credit to herself, and the memory of Custoza and Lissa still rankles in the heart of every Italian patriot. Bismarck, however, was true to the letter of his bond. Having turned Austria out of Germany, he tossed Venetia to Italy. But "Venetia" was interpreted in the narrowest possible sense. The northern frontier of the new Italian province was drawn in such a way as to exclude from Italy a compact mass of 370,000 Italians; to exclude the industrial products of these Italian people from their natural market in North Italy, and to thrust into the heart of an Italian province the military outpost of an unfriendly neighbor. This is, in brief, the problem of the Trentino. But that was not the only problem bequeathed to Italy by the niggardly settlement of 1866. Italian though the Trentini are in race, in language, and in sympathies the Trentino never formed part of the kingdom of Italy, except for five years (1809–1814), when it was annexed to his Italian kingdom by Napoleon. Nor was it ever politically united to Venetia except during the periods 1797–1805, and 1815–1866, when Venice itself was under Habsburg rule. It was otherwise with the Venetian provinces to the east of the Adriatic, Istria and Dalmatia, which Austria also retained in 1866. For four centuries at least the Venetian Commonwealth had been dominant on the eastern coast of the Adriatic; though ardent Italians today base their claims upon an even earlier title. But be that as it may, a great opportunity was lost by Italy in 1866. Had Venice been wrung from Austria by Italy's strong right arm, instead of being accepted from Bismarck as the price of a diplomatic bargain, and in spite of a dubious success on land and a disastrous defeat at sea, there might be no Adriatic problem today.

To the details of the problem we may now turn. It is in the first place a contest between Italy and Austria-Hungary for the recovery or acquisition by the former of "unredeemed" Italy; and, secondly, it is a struggle between the conflicting claims of "Italia irredenta" and "Serbia irredenta"—the unification or federation of those Balkan peoples who are closely akin to the Serbians of today.

The Trentino or Southern Tyrol presents a problem which is comparatively easy of solution. To no Power in Europe—great or small—is its possession vital except to Italy. For Austria-Hungary it signifies nothing save a strategic outpost, a strongly entrenched camp barring access to roads which Italy has no desire to tread except for the purpose of acquiring the camp itself. To Italy, therefore, it would afford a defensive frontier; to Austria it has no meaning except for purposes of offense. Military and political considerations would alike seem to point, therefore, to the transference of the Trentino from Austria to Italy. Economic considerations are at least equally insistent in a similar sense. The Trentino, as has been frequently pointed out, is geographically "nothing but a prolongation of the valleys of Venetia and Lombardy. All its gates are open towards Italy."* In a geographical sense they are: but the gates which Nature has left open man presumed to shut. Between the Trentino and Italy there is an almost im-

*Cf. Virginio Gayda. *Modern Austria*, pp. 15, 16. References to Signor Gayda's work will be to the English edition lately published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Prefixed to this edition is a newly written section on Italia Irredenta, which puts the Italian case temperately and strongly.

passable barrier of forts and custom-houses. Thus the Italians of the Southern Tyrol have, by most sinister fortune, been industrially ruined in consequence of the triumph of the national movement in Italy. The completion of Italian unity, involving, of course, the acquisition of Lombardy and Venetia from Austria, has brought commercial disaster upon the toiling peasants of the high valleys of the Trentino. The new customs-frontier, demarcated in a completely arbitrary and artificial fashion in 1866, has cut off the Italians to the north of it from their natural markets in the valley of the Po. The Trentino, writes Signor Gayda:

had a most flourishing silk industry which in 1866 gave employment to ten thousand workers. The little white town of Rovereto alone consumed in its world-famous silk mills not only the whole product of cocoons in the Trentino, but also a part of that of Venetia and Lombardy. The tiny town of Ala had eleven velvet factories. In the valleys of the Saria and the Chiese there were many glass works. A small and mountainous country, the Trentino, with these resources, exploited by the willing labor of its simple people, was well on the road to progress. In 1866, however, . . . it lost at once its natural market and its centers of supply. A distant province on the periphery of the Empire cut off from all the great internal centers of Austria it could not make up for its sudden losses. It was a plant cut off from its roots. And it is dying. Its silk mills can no longer import cocoons or export silken fabrics, and they are being closed. . . . The paper mills, the iron and glass works are disappearing. . . . Isolated, forced back upon itself, the Trentino had to transform itself from an industrial country into an agricultural alpine land. This meant the ruin of the whole population.*

This would indeed seem to be the object of its present rulers; and it cannot be denied that the means they employ are nicely calculated to attain the desired end. Its superb water-power is allowed to run to waste; the construction of roads and railways, though urgently demanded by the people, is prohibited; the rich pastures are generally inadequately stocked, and are sometimes even derelict; in brief, the country is being subjected by its Austrian rulers to systematic economic strangulation.

Is this mere stupidity or deliberate policy? The persecution to which the Trentini have, in recent years, been exposed at every turn by the Austrian officials would seem to suggest the latter alternative. At the same time it explains the eagerness of the inhabitants to escape from a regime so entirely unsympathetic, and to be allowed politically to rejoin their brethren in the valley of the Po. Such a reunion would involve very little dislocation to the Austrian administration and still less to Austrian inhabitants in the district. The latter, are in fact, apart from the military and official class, quite negligible in numbers, amounting to less than 5000 out of a population of 385,000. Ethnographically, therefore, Italy can advance a very strong claim to the Trentino. A thoughtful American writer has lately raised the question whether the union of the Trentini with Italy is really demanded in the interests either of Italy or of Europe at large any more "than would be the union with Italy of the Italian cantons of the Swiss Confederation." To this question there are several answers, each tolerably conclusive. The Swiss Italians form a component part of a truly federal State: the Tyrolese Italians do not. The former are at no economic disadvantage as compared with their Swiss fellow-subjects; the latter suffer from grievous disabilities. The former desire no change; the latter will never

*Op. cit. p. 20.

be satisfied with things as they are.

It may be admitted that on historical grounds the Italian claim is not particularly strong. Under the Carolingian Empire Trent was included in the Venetian march or Duchy of Friuli, but for the greater part of the Middle Ages the Bishopric of Trent formed an independent ecclesiastical Principality under the Holy Roman Emperor and maintained that status until the great secularization of 1803, when it was definitely annexed to Austria. After Napoleon's victory over Austria at Austerlitz the new Charlemagne tossed the Tyrol, and with it the Trentino, to his client King of Bavaria, but five years later, as we have seen, he detached it from Bavaria and annexed it to his own Kingdom of Italy. The latter broke up after Napoleon's abdication and the Trentino went back, along with Lombardy and Venetia, to Austria. Still, even though the modern Kingdom of Italy can make a somewhat slender case on historical grounds, the ethnographic and economic reasons in favor of the reunion of the Trentino with Venetia are overwhelming. Nor, as far as I am aware, is there in any quarter, except at Vienna, any disposition to impede an arrangement so ardently desired by both the parties immediately concerned, and offering to both indisputable economic advantages. Even Germany professed her willingness to satisfy the wishes of Italy in this matter. "Without a drop of blood flowing and without the life of a single Italian being endangered Italy could have secured the . . . territory in the Tyrol and on the Isonzo as far as the Italian speech is heard." So said Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg in a recent speech in the Reichstag. Nor is there any reason to suppose that in this respect the German Chancellor overstated the price which Germany was prepared to make Austria pay in order to avert the threatened rupture of the Triple Alliance.

The same authority further asserted that in the same easy fashion Italy could have obtained "satisfaction of the national aspirations in Trieste." The expression used by the Chancellor is not free from ambiguity; but there is none as to Italian ambitions in regard to Trieste. The city and district are claimed as Italian by right of culture, of historical tradition, and of population. As to the validity of the last claim there can be no question; in the city itself the Italians contribute 200.000 out of a total population of 250,000.

That Trieste is culturally Latin and not either Teutonic or Slavonic will be disputed by no one. The historical claim is not quite so indisputable.

Signor Gayda does not indeed hesitate to make it. Trieste, he affirms,

> has a proud Italian past; it goes back to Roman times when it formed with all Istria a single province together with Venetia. When Rome fell . . . its history as a free municipality . . . remained brilliantly Latin (p. 28).

But, historically, the Austrian claims cannot be disregarded. Trieste commended itself to the Duke of Austria in the fourteenth century, and, except during the Napoleonic regime, the Dukes of Austria have been suzerains, if not sovereigns, over Trieste from that day to this. Curiously enough, it was never absorbed into the Venetian Republic, by whose territory it was encompassed.

The Austrian claim does not, however, rest upon history alone. Its commercial importance not to Austria only, but to all Southern Germany, is incalculably great. The headquarters of the Austrian Lloyd and other important companies, it has a shipping trade amounting to nearly 5,000,000 tons per annum, and among the commercial ports of the Mediterranean it holds the

fifth place. But if Trieste is important to Austria and the German States, so, as Dr. Seton Watson has pointed out, is the Germanic hinterland to Trieste. To incorporate Trieste for tariff purposes into the Kingdom of Italy would, he contends, "mean the speedy economic ruin of a great and flourishing commercial center."* Dr. Seton Watson is well known as an ardent champion of the Southern Slavs, and he may, therefore, be suspected of something more than indifference towards the aspirations of Italian irredentism. But to Trieste the Jugoslavs advance no claims, and Dr. Watson's argument, proceeding from a keen critic of Habsburg rule, is all the more entitled to respect. If we may assume the overthrow of Habsburg power in the Adriatic, it is unthinkable that Trieste should be permitted to break the continuity of Italian territory round the northern and northeastern shores of the Adriatic. But if Trieste should incur the economic fate predicted by Dr. Seton Watson, it would be good neither for Italy nor for the people of Trieste. Under the Emperor Charles the Sixth, Trieste was in 1719 constituted an open port, and so continued until the outbreak of the French Revolution. Is there any reason why, under Italian suzerainty, it should not revert, perhaps under the general guarantee of Europe, to that condition?

A similar solution might perhaps be adopted in the case of the port of Fiume. The latter stands to the Hungarian kingdom in precisely the same relation as that subsisting between Trieste and the Austrian Duchy. The Magyars possessed themselves of Croatia-Slavonia in the eleventh century and, except for very brief interludes, have never relaxed their hold. Fiume depends commercially upon the hinterland of Croatia-Slavonia and Hungary as Trieste does upon Austria and South Germany. But in population Fiume, like most of the coast towns, is predominantly Italian, though the Latins do not greatly outnumber the Slavs.* Croatia-Slavonia, as a whole, is insistently demanded for the Greater Serbia which is to be, but Dr. Seton Watson gives proof of a judicial mind in proposing that Fiume should become a free port under Serbian as Trieste under Italian suzerainty. Whether this solution will be acceptable to or accepted by the Italian irredentists is more than doubtful. The negotiations which took place between Russia and Italy in the spring of last year throw some light upon the controversy and emphasize the doubt I have ventured to express. In April, Russia proposed to Italy the formation of two Slav States upon the Adriatic. Under this proposal Serbia was to be united with Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and to have the Dalmatian coast from the Narenta to Montenegro. To the north of this Greater Serbia there was to be an independent Croatia-Slavonia enlarged by the acquisition of the Slavonic portions of Carniola and of the greater part of Dalmatia, with Agram for a capital, and Fiume, Zara, and Sebenico as its chief ports on the Adriatic. Italy was to get Trieste together with western Istria, including the port of Pola. To these terms Italy emphatically objected. That the Greater Serbia should have ample commercial access to the Adriatic coast was frankly conceded by Italy, but strategically the Adriatic was to become once again what in the days of Venetian greatness it had virtually been, an Italian lake. Fiume then may possibly be a bone of contention between two races who are now happily allied not only with each other but with ourselves. Our own part in the matter will demand consideration later on.

*The Balkans, Italy and the Adriatic, p. 58.

*23,000 Italians as against 19,500 Slavs. Dr Watson gives the Italians 25,000 in Fiume.

The question of Istria should not prove difficult of adjustment, assuming, of course, the decisive defeat of the Austro-German allies. To the latter, Istria is of immense strategical importance by reason of the port of Pola, the Portsmouth of the Adriatic, and the only great naval base which the Austrian Empire commands. Austria, however, will command it no longer if Italy emerges victorious from the present war. Nor, indeed, is Austria's title to it strong either on historical or ethnographic grounds. The western coast of Istria was in the possession of Venice for centuries prior to the Treaty of Campo-Formio (1797), when with Venice itself it passed, by arrangement with General Bonaparte, to Austria. From Venice it was never divorced until 1866. Along the western coast Italians still form the overwhelming majority of the population,* and Pola is unmistakably Italian. To this coast, therefore, Italy has an indisputable claim if nationality is to be the dominating principle of the great settlement. But the same principle which assigns Pola and the west coast of Istria to Italy will decree that the interior and the eastern part of the Istrian peninsula shall be united to the enlarged Croatia. Nor will geography forbid the banns.

The real crux of the Adriatic problem is reached when we pass from the Istrian peninsula to the Dalmatian coast and the Dalmatian archipelago. Here it is necessary to tread warily, if one would avoid pitfalls, historical, ethnographical, and political. Into the remoter history of these lands it is unnecessary to pry. It may, however, be said in passing that the modern Italian kingdom claims to be the successor in title not merely to the Venetian Republic but to the Roman Empire. But this claim is not likely to affect the ultimate verdict. It is common ground that for many centuries the sea-power of the Venetian Commonwealth dominated the Adriatic and that, despite many fluctuations of fortune, Venice has left an ineffaceable mark upon the maritime cities of the Dalmatian coast and upon the islands with which it is fringed. Nor should it be forgotten that owing to the curiously contrasted configuration of the two coasts of the Adriatic, it was, and is, the possession of the eastern shore which gives the command of the sea. On the western shore there is no first-rate harbor between Brindisi and Venice and, except perhaps at Bari and Ancona, no possibility of making one. The opposite coast, from Trieste to Valona, is one long succession of natural harbors: at Pola, Sebenico, and Cattaro the Austrians have already got important naval works, and potential bases exist at half a dozen more points. This fact would be in itself sufficient to explain the anxiety of modern Italy to redeem its Venetian inheritance. Sentiment, however, reinforces the dictation of expediency. One needs, perhaps, to have Italian blood in one's veins to realize the intensity of the feelings which animate the Italians of the kingdom towards the Italian colonies on the opposite coast. It is true that the Italians form today a relatively insignificant minority in most of the Dalmatian towns except Zara, but this does not affect Italian sentiments. No one can set foot in any of these cities—Pola, Fiume, Zara, Spalato, Ragusa, Cattaro—without becoming conscious of the pervasiveness of the Italian tradition. The Italian claims on this part of the Adriatic were set forth in the *Giornale d'Italia* of the 19th of April as follows: (1) The Dalmatian mainland from Zara to the Montenegrin frontier with the naval bases of Sebenico and Cattaro, and (2) the whole of the Dalmatian archipelago, including, of course, the important island of Lissa. Professor Cippico, himself a native of Zara, has

*Some authorities put the proportion as high as 80 per cent.

recently advanced a similar claim with passionate earnestness.

Men of every party in Italy are resolved (he writes) today that Italy's national, geographical and strategical unity should finally be accomplished. Without restoring her position in Dalmatia and Istria it is universally felt Italy would perpetuate her present conditions of unrest and insecurity in the Adriatic, when her actual frontiers from Venice down to Brindisi and Santa Maria di Leuca are indefensible and purely artificial, when every town and village on the opposite shore is a harmonic imitation and continuation, in the architecture as well as in the language and costumes, of Venice. Dalmatia and Istria have never, neither in geography, nor in history, belonged to the Balkans.*

The claim, it will be perceived, is based primarily upon the plea of strategical necessity, but not less upon those of geography and historical and cultural tradition. What do the Southern Slavs and their friends and apologists in this country say to the Italian claim?

They begin by denying its historical validity. "Dalmatia," says Dr. Seton Watson, roundly and bluntly, "is Slav, and has been so for over a thousand years. . . . Dalmatia has always led the van of the Jugoslav movement. . . . Italy has no ethnographic claim whatever to Dalmatia." He admits that the Venetian Republic established its way along the coast as far back as the fifteenth century; but he contends that "its influence was in the main confined to establishing *points d'appui* or strategic outposts for the fleet and for the safety of its trade, now against the Turks, now against the notorious pirates who infested the innumerable islets and creeks of that intricate coast." In support of his contention he appeals to Italians like Mazzini and Niccolo Tommaseo. "I do not believe," wrote the latter, himself a native of Sebenico, "that Dalmatia could ever form an appendage to Italy. . . . Future destiny intends her to be the friend of Italy, but not her subject."* It should be noted that Tommaseo's words were written before Austria had been driven out of Venice, and before Italy had attained the goal of national unity, and before, therefore, she had developed to the full that sense of national self-consciousness by which her people are inspired today. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the Jugoslavs have a strong case, least of all by Englishmen who are supremely anxious that the Adriatic problem should be solved in such a way as at once to satisfy the claims of historical justice and political expediency, and at the same time to provide the basis for a cordial and, if it may be, a permanent friendship between two peoples whom she desires to retain as friends and as allies. In Dalmatia the Slavs contribute 96 per cent of the population. That they should possess the whole of the hinterland, to the west of the mountain barrier formed by the Carso, the Velebit, and the Dinaric Alps, is freely acknowledged even by the most extreme champions of the Italian cause. But if the Jugoslavia of the future is to be anything more than a third-rate Power, that concession is obviously insufficient. The Greater Serbia must have ample and assured access to the Adriatic coast. Had it not been for Austrian intervention, Serbia would have secured that access after the first Balkan war, and in that event the second Balkan war might never have been fought and Bulgaria might not be at the throat of Serbia today. With consummate adroitness did Austro-German diplomacy attain the twofold object of heading Serbia off from the Adriatic, and thus thrusting her into sharp conflict with Bulgaria on her eastern frontier. It

**Fortnightly Review*, August, 1915, p. 300.

**Op. cit.* pp. 61 seq.

will be the special and urgent task of English diplomacy to frustrate any similar attempt to sow discord between Italy and Serbia.

One danger Italy has herself anticipated and averted. There can be no doubt that before the outbreak of the present war Germany was turning her thoughts towards the organization of Valona as a naval base in the Adriatic, or that her insistence upon the creation of an autonomous Albania—under a German Prince—was a step towards the realization of her hopes. The timely seizure of Valona so soon after the outbreak of hostilities was not the least significant sign of Italy's approaching withdrawal from the Triple Alliance and not the least definite announcement of her resolve to keep in her own pocket the keys of the Adriatic. But Italy has not confined her activities in Albania to the naval occupation of Valona. For some years past her economic and cultural penetration of Albania has been proceeding apace. In Valona itself, in Scutari and Durazzo, Italian schools, Italian banks, and Italian newspapers afford some among many indications of the interest which Albania possesses alike for the Italian Government and for the Italian people.*

No activity on the part of Italy can, however, dispose of the equally insistent and the equally intelligible claims of the Southern Slavs. In 1912 Serbia would have been satisfied with a commercial outlet to the Adriatic. Her claim to such an outlet neither has been nor is denied by Italy. But in 1912 it was only a question of dividing the spoils of the Ottoman Empire. It is the hope and expectation of the Jugoslavs that at the next great settlement Austria-Hungary will be in the melting-pot. Should that hope be realized it is obvious that an Albanian port would no longer satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Greater Serbia. Such a concession would be ridiculously inadequate as a recompense for all the sacrifices she has made and the sufferings she has undergone. What is the extent of the claims now made on her behalf?

Southern Slav unity (writes Dr. Watson) means the union of the Triune Kingdom of Croatia-Slavonia-Dalmatia, of the Eastern or Slav portion of Istria, of the Slovene territory of Southern Austria (in Carniola, Carinthia and Styria) and of the Western or Serb section of the Banat, with the existing kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro, in a single Southern Slav State, the new Jugoslavia. Geographically it involves the acquisition of the river frontier the Drave and the Mur on the north; the protection of Belgrade by a fair partition of the Banat between Serbia and Roumania; the discovery of a reasonable line separating Italian and Southern Slav territory on the west . . . and on the south the union of Montenegro and Serbia.*

Such is the fundamental claim. It is beyond the scope of the present article to inquire how the aspirations of the Jugoslavs are to be translated into fact: whether the satisfaction of the nationality principle will entail a unitarian State, or whether (as is far more probable) the Southern Slavs will be content with some form of federalism. It may be assumed that there is an understanding between Serbia on the one hand, and Montenegro and Croatia-Slavonia upon the other. For the moment we are concerned only with the point at which the claims of Serbia Irredenta come into conflict with those of Italia Irredenta in Dalmatia.

If the extremists on either side are allowed to have their heads, it would seem to be inevitable that the assumed expulsion of Austria-Hungary from the Adriatic should be followed by an internecine struggle between Italy and Serbia. To those in England and else-

*Cf. M. Charles Vellay, *La Question de l'Adriatique*, p. 14 seq.

*Op. cit. pp. 40, 41.

where who are in cordial sympathy alike with the Italians and the Southern Slavs such a sequel to the present struggle is unthinkable.

To the Italians we Englishmen are bound by ties of traditional friendship. As long ago as 1848 Lord Palmerston favored the withdrawal of Austria from North Italy, and the union of Italy from the Alps, to the Adriatic under the House of Savoy. In the intensely critical period between the armistice of Villafranca (July 8, 1859) and the annexation of the Two Sicilies to the North Italian Kingdom (November, 1860) the cause of Italian unity had no more cordial advocate than Great Britain. It is, indeed, questionable whether Italy had any other friend among the Powers. Napoleon the Third would certainly have prevented Garibaldi crossing from Sicily to the mainland in 1860 if England would have joined in the scheme. Every other Chancellery in Europe regarded Victor Emmanuel with suspicion and denounced Garibaldi as a brigand. "Her Majesty's Government," wrote Lord John Russell, instead of joining in the censure pronounced by the Powers against Victor Emmanuel, "will turn their eyes rather to the gratifying prospect of a people building up the edifice of their liberties and consolidating the work of their independence." Russell's words caused much heart-burning among respectable diplomatists. "Ce n'est pas de la diplomatie," said Baron Brunnow, "c'est de la polissonnerie." But the service rendered by England at this supreme crisis to the cause of Italian unity was fully appreciated at the time in Italy, and has never since been forgotten. Thus in his message to King George on the 25th of May, 1915, King Victor Emmanuel the Second happily referred to "the ancient traditional friendship between the Italian and English peoples."

The memory of that friendship has not faded from the minds of either people. On both sides there is a cordial hope that it may be renewed and cemented by comradeship in arms. But it seems desirable to recall the attitude of England towards the Italian *Risorgimento* at a moment when we may be called upon to play the difficult and ungrateful task of arbitrating between friends.

The sympathy extended in this country towards the national aspirations of the Jugoslavs is more recent, but not less cordial. If indeed, the problem of the Balkan nationalities may be regarded as a unit, our interest in it must be dated back to the Hellenic revival of 1821. The Greek cause had no more enthusiastic advocates than those it found in England. Only recently, however, has popular sympathy been actively aroused in this country on behalf of a Greater Serbia. Not that this fact should cause any particular surprise. The average English elector has not been accustomed to take any sustained or intelligent interest in foreign affairs. An intimate knowledge of the main currents of European diplomacy has in the past been confined to a very small group of publicists and politicians. For confirmation of this judgment reference may be made to the speeches delivered and the articles indited after the delivery of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia on the 23d of July, 1914. The vast majority of those speeches and articles betray little appreciation of the peculiar significance to be attached to these new manifestations of the trend of Austrian diplomacy, still less of the supremely important role which it would fall to Serbia to play in a general European war. Even so late as the 30th of July, 1914, a historian of high distinction, with special knowledge of modern European history, wrote to me expressing his astonishment that "it should be supposed that we are anxious to

plunge into war for the *beaux yeux* of Serbian pig-dealers with swelled heads." That my correspondent expressed the views current at that date among cultivated Englishmen can hardly be questioned. It has taken a European War to open our eyes to the fact that the little Serbian nation, with heroic endurance and self-sacrifice, has been holding the gate of the East for the last fifteen months. The Serbians have, it is true, been fighting primarily for their own national existence; they have been fighting the battle of the whole Southern Slavonic race, but they have been fighting not less certainly for us and our Allies.

This fact gives them a claim which no words can adequately measure, not only to all the military assistance we can immediately afford but to every possible consideration in the final resettlement of the map of the Near East. The Habsburgs have always played with consummate adroitness and no inconsiderable success the game of dividing their enemies. The problem which we have to solve is how to unite our friends. It is a piece of rare good fortune for our opponents that the aspirations of Italia Irredenta and Serbia Irredenta should come into conflict in the Adriatic; that Bulgarian and Serbian ambitions should clash in Macedonia, that Roumanian interests should be at variance with those not only of Austria-Hungary but also of Russia and Bulgaria, and that the Greek Irredentists should be profoundly jealous and suspicious of all other parties. But the obvious interest and policy of our enemies ought to render clearer and easier the recognition of our own. If theirs is to exacerbate differences, ours must be to appease and, if possible, to reconcile them.

How is this to be done in the case of the Adriatic? The Jugoslavs recognize two claims on the part of Italy on the eastern coast: the cultural and strategic.

No sane Jugoslav (writes Dr. Watson) dreams of ousting Italian culture (from Dalmatia) as a spiritual force. . . . What they resent and will resist to the death is any attempt to employ that culture as the tool of Italianization or as an excuse for imposing another alien yoke upon the Slav population. But otherwise they can be relied upon to offer adequate guarantees for the survival and proper treatment of the Italian minorities and for complete linguistic liberty in their schools and local cultural institutions.*

Nor will they be niggardly in their recognition of Italy's right to exclusive naval supremacy in the Adriatic and to possession of the keys which shall safeguard it. Thus Sir Arthur Evans, who writes with peculiar authority and responsibility, has put it upon record that, so far as the Jugoslavs are concerned, Italy's claim will not be questioned to the Trentino or the Valley of the Isonzo (with which, of course, the Southern Slavs are not concerned), nor to Trieste, to Western Istria with Pola, nor to Valona.† To these he is prepared to add "as a supreme concession" the island of Lissa, which may be regarded as the key of the inner Adriatic, and which in English hands proved its great value as a naval base during the latter years of the Napoleonic wars (1808–1815). He would further be prepared to offer an additional guarantee to Italy in the shape of the dismantling of the fortifications at Sebenico and Cattaro, and the perpetual neutralization of the Dalmatian coasts. Finally it is understood that Italy may have the little island of Lussinpiccolo, which "covers the back of Pola and commands the entrance to the Quarnero and to the port of Fiume."‡ The proffered concessions are certainly, from the Jugoslavic standpoint, on a generous scale, though it seems difficult to rate very highly the value of Dr. Watson's assurance that "the new Jugoslavia will not merely have no navy,

Op. cit. p. 69.
†*Manchester Guardian*, May 13, 1915.
‡Seton Watson, *op. cit.* p. 7.

but no spare capital to invest in one." For the moment this is indisputably true, and for some considerable time to come it is likely to remain so. But Italy, looking to a more distant future, may well ask: How long? Secure in possession of all the essential naval keys of the Adriatic—Venice, Trieste, Pola, Lussinpiccolo, Lissa, Valona, and Brindisi—Italy will, however, be well advised not to press for an answer to a legitimate question. Apart from this point will the concessions offered by Sir Arthur Evans and Dr. Walson satisfy the Italians?

Signor Virginio Gayda insists that the anti-Italian feelings of the Dalmatian Slavs have been fostered and indeed created by the machinations of the politicians at Vienna and Buda-Pesth. But he acknowledges their existence and he admits that "the Italian people must come to terms with the Slavs: they must not do violence to their national aspirations, their claims to economic liberty. But it is," he adds, "a question of restoring a just balance and the natural harmony between Italians and Slavs which existed before 1866, before the Austrian Government's new policy" (pp. 44–45).

To assist the restoration of that "just balance" and "natural harmony" is plainly the office of the Entente Powers and more particularly of Great Britain bound as she is by ties of ancient friendship to Italy, and at the same time deeply involved in gratitude towards the Serbia of the present and by her professed principles towards the Jugoslavia of the future.

For we cannot too frequently or too urgently reaffirm the truth that in the present war principles even more than interests are in conflict. Between us and our enemies there is, as we believe, a moral issue. Among the principles to which we have repeatedly appealed is the complex and elusive idea of nationality. No redrafting of the map of Europe can be satisfactory or reasonably enduring which fails to take account of the racial affinities, the historical traditions, the religious beliefs, the economic requirements, and the natural geographical definitions of the peoples who are primarily concerned. The difficulty comes when, as in the case of the Adriatic, one or more of these principles are mutually conflicting, and it is accentuated when there is a conflict of principle or even of interest between two peoples who are equally united with ourselves in the bonds of friendship and alliance.

Our position cannot in these circumstances be otherwise than delicate, but our duty is plain. I would venture therefore to conclude with the expression of an earnest hope that in the difficult time ahead no word may be written or spoken in this country, and no action taken by ourselves or our Allies, which may make the situation more delicate, which may render the performance of our special task more arduous, or may endanger or retard its successful accomplishment.

J. A. R. Marriott.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA.

The Russian situation, military and political, internal and external, continues to absorb public attention in Britain. While the Russian armies in the field continue to justify all the sublime confidence which we have reposed in them and all the adulation we have showered upon them, much apprehension, founded upon vague rumors and significant hints, continues to exist as to the factors in the Russian internal situation. This much may now be free-

ly stated: Russia has quite recently passed through a terrible crisis, the culmination of a bewildering succession of covert events and the outcome of as sorry a page in Russian history as it is possible to conceive. The outlook is, indeed, much brighter, though many perilous shoals have yet to be navigated and the influences which wrought the crisis have yet to be completely destroyed. Much mystery still surrounds the dismissal of the Grand Duke Nicholas from the chief command. Many theories have been advanced in an endeavor to explain away the loss which the Russian armies have sustained in the removal of the personality of one who was adored by the humblest soldier and the highest officer. But all the theories have been founded on decidedly absurd reasonings and drawn from false premises. Meanwhile, the wonderful skill, the grim tenacity, and the inspiring leadership of the Grand Duke Nicholas no longer direct the course of Russian strategy, the administration of the war, and the progress of the Russian armies. But the Russian outlook improves from day to day. To all acquainted with Russia and her colossal difficulties, this is a startling phenomenon. The reason can only be found in the wonderful spirit, indifferent to all difficulties, which animates the Russian armies and the Russian people. Impressed by the spirit of the nation, as I have been during my recent visit to Russia, I am immeasurably more impressed by the fact that this spirit has survived the removal of one who was the personification of war-ridden Russia and the most popular leader in the whole country. Assailed as she has been by the evils of two centuries and remnant effects of the Mongol domination, Russia has indeed shown a spirit which has well earned the title "Unconquerable."

An analysis of this spirit as it is reflected by each of the six distinct classes of the people of the Empire will afford much instructive enlightenment at this conjuncture. The six classes may be divided thus: the Court and the higher elements of Russian society; the armed forces of the Empire; the Duma and all it connotes; the bureaucracy; the commercial element; and the mass of the civilian population. Each reflects a different spirit, each possesses its own distinctiveness.

I will deal with each in turn.

Ever since Peter the Great conceived the idea of calling in the assistance of Germans to infuse a regenerated vivacity into the Russian body after the deleterious effects of the Mongol domination and the tyranny of successive Tsars, and conferred nobility only upon those who performed useful service to the State, the German influence at the Russian Court has been predominant. Not only has this influence secured proselytes to German philosophy and German ideals, but by the process of intermarriage between mendicant German princesses and Russian nobles, and the surrounding of successive Emperors with German Court harlots and successive Empresses with German "favorites," the whole Court, with a few honorable and notable exceptions, has been permeated with all the vices of German influence and subjected to all the machinations of German intrigue. Liberal reforms have only been carried out in face of the formidable German and pro-German group, who conceived it to be in the interest of the Hohenzollerns that the "divine right" should be mutually upheld at Berlin and Petrograd, that dynastic interests should not become subservient to the common welfare of the people, and that the autocratic power should be visited unmercifully upon those who advocated a substantial change in the body-politic. To them the alliance with Republican France and the *entente* with Democratic Britain was nauseous. How Russian foreign

policy has survived the Germans and pro-Germans at home is to many people a profound mystery. By all the political laws Germany and Russia, with the Dual Monarchy, should have been allies. That Russia is fighting today on the side of France and Britain is a significant fact. It is a handsome tribute, firstly, to the short-sightedness of the German Emperor, and, secondly, to the power of the Russian people.

But the German and pro-German group at the Court, though less in numbers and less formidable, nevertheless exercise a wealth of power at Tsarkie Selo and the Winter Palace. Prudently, they remained silent during the period immediately following the declaration of war. But by expressing open contempt for British efforts, by minimizing Russian victories and expatiating on Russian defeats, and by insinuating, with each Russian reverse, that the time was now favorable for a separate peace, they eventually reasserted their power, until one man expressed his determination to clear the vile crew out of the Russian ship. That man was the Grand Duke Nicholas; the present position which he now holds is the price he has been forced to pay for his gallant attempt. Treachery of the basest kind and handicaps to Russian success have been the contributions of the Germans and pro-Germans to the conduct of the war. We have good reason to be thankful that the Emperor has been sufficiently wise in the past to listen to the Grand Duke Nicholas. What will happen in the future none dare prophesy.

We turn with profound relief from the vile atmosphere of the Court to the invigorating surroundings of the camp and deck. Here several isolated pro-German and German tendencies asserted themselves in the early stages of the war. A thorough process of elimination, instituted by the Grand Duke Nicholas and carried out under his personal supervision, quickly extirpated the evil and scourged the army of those elements, the products of Court favors and Court intrigue, which, if they were not criminally incompetent, were criminally culpable in striving for Russian defeat. It was a stupendous task, undertaken while Germany was in full enjoyment of her preparedness for war, but it was satisfactorily, if not completely, achieved.

Given the Grand Duke Nicholas as a leader, the spirit of the army rose with each successive day of the war. Officers and men, poorly paid, poorly equipped, and forced to fight under conditions which prevailed in no other sphere of the war, and under hardships which no other army was forced to endure, exhibited a spirit of endurance, a spirit of sacrifice, and a sublime indifference to the perils of war, which was at once magnificent and a happy augury for ultimate success. That spirit, despite a succession of reverses, is intensified today. The Galician retreat, conducted under conditions which would have driven many armies into a panic, saw the serene patience, the immortal valor and the fierce determination of the Russians at its highest point. Against an orgy of shell-fire, to which our conceptions of hell bear no comparison, the Russians could only offer the rifle and the bayonet. On one occasion twenty-five Russians were swept out of existence by one shell. With a calm indifference, which only a fatalistic people could possess, their places were filled and the retreat passed steadily on. A foreign military attache, who accompanied the Russian Headquarters Staff in the Galician retreat, told me in Petrograd that no other army in the world, not even the army of his own country, would have maintained its lines were it subjected to such a tornado of shell-fire. The spirit of the Galician retreat still survives; it has again manifested itself in Poland. No sacrifices for the Russians are too great. The peasant sol-

dier does precisely what he is told, fights with an all-compelling ardor, and goes to his death as serenely as he goes to his meals. Of what he is fighting for he neither knows nor cares.

Grim fate has decided that he shall fight and maybe die, and *grim fate* is to him an inexorable law. "If God wills it, it must be so," is the attitude of the Russian, whether he lie in hospital badly wounded or in the trenches covered with mud. He is not cheerful like a British soldier, he is not grimly serious like the French and the Belgians. Sweet contentment of mind is his chief virtue; and. the Russian army is the most contented in the world. The officers, bearing responsibility, do not reflect the same spirit. Their fatalism is subordinate to military expediency. Intensely generous and sometimes excitable, they share the sacrifices of the common soldier, uncomplainingly and unreservedly. To them civilization owes an especial debt; on their continued zeal and wisdom much depends.

The naval forces reflect the same spirit as the military. Their exploits in the Baltic and in the Black Sea have shown them to possess qualities for which few of us were inclined to give them credit. Happy is Russia at this crisis of her affairs, in possession of forces which no defeats can subdue in spirit or in ardor, and happy will she be when the time arrives for material inequalities between herself and her foe to disappear, and when the might of Russian resiliency inflicts disaster upon Germany. It was only after Napoleon had advanced to Moscow that Alexander advanced to Paris. Can it be that we shall substitute Berlin for the French capital?

Amid the tumult of war the spirit of the Duma attracts universal attention. All political parties, whatever their policies prior to the war, are united in the firm and relentless determination to prosecute hostilities to a successful conclusion. The Octobrists, the Social Democrats, the Cadets, the Extreme Right, and the Center parties have one common and definite aim—the defeat of the common foe. It is precisely because of this aim that the call for political reorganization—the responsibility of Ministers to the Duma and not merely to the Emperor, and the cooperation between the Cabinet and the Chamber—has gone forth. Intelligent Russians recognize that the deficiencies of the administration lay a heavy burden on the forces in the field. A policy of secrecy obscures these deficiencies; a policy of parliamentary control exposes them in all their nakedness and enforces their removal.

Much has already been accomplished that has borne excellent results. The suppression of General Sukhomlinoff, the War Minister, by General Polivanoff, was a move of far greater purport and portent than unenlightened Britons imagined. The subsequent administrative changes, demanded by the Grand Duke Nicholas, were a distinct blow to pro-German reactionaries and a victory for the forces of Russian Liberalism. It is against the bureaucratic curse that the new movements in the Duma are directed; it is to facilitate victory that great political changes are contemplated. We may pronounce, without fear of refutation, that the activity of the Duma is one of the most significant happenings of the war. It forms, of itself, a distinct challenge to the pro-Germans, who desire a separate and immediate peace.

How very different is the spirit of the Russian bureaucracy. Permeated by naturalized Russians of German origin, living by bribery, corruption, and political oppression, fearful lest a successful Russia should adopt the administrative systems of her allies, incompetent to a point which is distinctly criminal and savors of German influence, it is one of the most damnable, most dastardly, most revolting features

of Russian life today. I have yet to see a bureaucrat with an honest face; I have yet to meet one who knows his business and is able to transact it. Their own pockets come before patriotism; the lives of their countrymen may be needlessly sacrificed, as they have been sacrificed, by their negligence, but what care they so long as there are bribes to be received! The bureaucracy is the bulwark of all that is sordid in Russian life. A hive of German intrigue, it exercises an influence and a power which are appalling.

When I was in Petrograd I ventured to suggest to an eminent diplomatist, whose duties demand that he shall know all that is happening in Russia, that Russia was fighting one more enemy than those in the field—she was fighting her own bureaucracy. He heartily agreed with my view, and confirmed many stories of bureaucratic ineptitude, bureaucratic corruption, and bureaucratic intrigue. The bureaucratic factor in this war must not be overlooked; it must be consistently borne in mind by all who follow the progress of the Russian armies. Many inexplicable happenings may be traced to the bureaucracy. It is not above treason, it is distinctly below honor. But its hour is assuredly coming. Even long-suffering Russia will not much longer tolerate a German institution, founded by Germans for their own express benefit in the days of Peter the Great, to which practically all the evils which have manifested themselves in Russian life during the last two centuries are due, and to whose account may be placed the unpreparedness and disorganization of Russia in the days immediately prior to the war.

We are presented with a more complex problem in defining the spirit of the commercial element in the Russian Empire. So thoroughly inundated with German agents, naturalized as Russians, had commercial circles become, so dependent were Russian markets on German supplies, and so extensively was the German credit system cultivated in Russia, that, prior to the war, Russia was economically a Germany colony thoroughly exploited by and securely bound to its neighbor. Banking and financial houses, factories, and agencies controlled and owned by Germans were established in Russia. German industrial colonies were formed in strategical areas, and the whole of Russian commercial life became honeycombed with German methods, German ideas, and German intrigue. The canker could not, of course, be removed with the interruption of German relations. Many businesses dependent on German supplies languished and died, while German agents exploited the occasion for a premature and separate peace. The indebtedness of Russians was a valuable lever in their hands. To express sentiments against Germany, within hearing of such agents, was to invite commercial ostracism after the war. Threats were not wanting on occasions; insinuations were freely made and reluctantly received. To complain was futile. The German agents, in co-operation with Germans in the bureaucracy, all naturalized as Russians, held the Russian fast. He became a pacifist; and when Germany launched her recent offer of peace at Petrograd she sincerely hoped that such commercial elements would, in collaboration with Court circles, exercise pressure on the Russian Government and force Russia to forsake her allies, conclude a separate peace, and thus release the German troops for the western theatre of the war.

But, happily, a resolute Foreign Minister, a determined army leader, a patriotic commercial community, and an overwhelmingly anti-German public opinion rendered but one answer possible —a decided negative, reinforced by assurances of Russian determination to fight to a victorious issue. Since then,

the commercial assemblies in Moscow and Petrograd have reaffirmed their determination to support Russia until final and complete victory is achieved, and private advices I have received assert that, despite the heavy losses which the prosecution of the war inflicts upon Russian commerce, commercial circles wish for but one issue—a total German defeat. Bearing in mind the economic exploitation of Russia by Germany, this is indeed a satisfactory result. All Germany's hopes in that direction have been shattered. Her economic-political policy has been pursued in vain.

We now turn to the Russian people, those who have most to gain by a German defeat, and those who fervently trust that the alliance with France and Britain will speed the day when the inherent democratic spirit of the Russians will shine refulgent, as it did in the pre-Tsarism period. Differences of race, of religion, of philosophy, and of life all serve to kindle the animosity of the Russian for the German. The brutal materialism of the German is repugnant to the dreamy Russian; the doctrine of "frightfulness" penetrates to the soul of the Russian and leaves him sullenly determined to emancipate Russia from the inroads of Germans and Germanism. The man who concluded a separate peace with Germany would precipitate a Russian revolution.

But the Russian concerns himself very little with the immediate course of the war. He has his alternating spells of exhilaration and depression, and he discusses the war in all its divers aspects. In his leaders he places every confidence. If he is called upon to assist in driving the enemy from Russian soil, he goes cheerfully and willingly. But he is ever a fatalist. Some omnipotent power controls his destiny; victory is but the evidence of the favor of that power; defeat, punishment for errors and sins. He views the situation calmly, dispassionately, and contentedly. He may temporarily bemoan a defeat or exult over victory. But his imperturbable serenity quickly returns. He is not indifferent, although he conveys the impression of indifference. The sacrifices demanded by the war are not conducive to sublime indifference. Hope, confidence, and fatalism are all depicted in his spirit towards the war. One fact to him is very comforting. Britain is a Russian ally. The resources of the British Empire must ensure victory. When he is not thinking of the Russian front he is wondering what our great industrial centers are doing, what tactics the British navy is following, and what progress has been made in the Dardanelles. He appreciates the opinions of Britons above all others. He eagerly reads the news from London. He extracts comfort in the dark hours of defeat from British praise and British confidence; he values our praises when Russia secures victory.

All classes, with few distinctions, are animated by the one desire to assist in the defeat of the enemy. I have spoken with representatives of every class. All exhibited a spirit of profound good will and cordiality to Britain; all expressed their abhorrence for the crimes of Germany. All agreed that life as Germany would have it would be intolerable; all affirmed that no enduring peace would be possible while a "swelled-head" Germany dominated Europe. From the humblest plebeian to financial magnates and leaders of public opinion, from peasants to professors, from workingmen to politicians, I found a common spirit imbuing all: the spirit of sacrifice for a great cause; the spirit of a nation, conscious of its services to civilization in the days of Napoleon, conscious of the great future which lies before it, conscious of the blessings of peace and the unmitigated horrors of war, inflexibly resolute, and fully determined to perish rather than submit to the detestable German.

H. Bailey.

BARBARA LYNN

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER X.

Ketel's Parlor.

Barbara sat on a stool in the mouth of the cave, reading aloud Pope's translation of the Iliad to Timothy Hadwin. The old man watched the girl narrowly, and felt his mind swing back through the ages to the days of Greek and Trojan.

Had Barbara lived then she would have been called the daughter of a god. Thetis of the Silver-foot ought to have been her mother, and some strong warrior king her father. She would have made a worthy sister to Achilles, a fit wife for Hector, tamer of horses. A wife! a wife! Timothy wondered. Would Barbara Lynn ever become the wife of some good, honest, plain man, and chain her mind to making and mending, the bearing of children, the ordinary toils of a married woman's life. He could not imagine her as such. She was in her fitting place as a herder of sheep upon the mountains, where sun and tempest were her familiar friends. Would she be happier if her lot brought her down from the clouds to the earth? Would not the four gray walls of a cottage choke her? He felt that in her nature was an intensity of feeling so great, that it was more likely to bring her sorrow than happiness.

The hour was noon of a summer's day. All around the heat shimmered upon rock and grass; the tarn lay white and motionless; Thundergay was wrapped in a haze; not a breath of air stirred the fern fronds.

Barbara's voice when she read had an exaltation, which it lacked in ordinary conversation. Her eyes, also, had lost their prevailing meditativeness, and shone with an inner light. She thrilled to the depths of her soul with the lives of the people about whom she read. Her ears were alert to catch the voices still echoing down the centuries.

Timothy Hadwin had told her that nothing which happened had an end. No thought ever thought, no action ever committed could cease. Just as a pebble, dropped into the sea, caused waves to spread all about it, which rolled on and on in ever widening circles till they communicated their movements to the edges of the world, so the accumulated energy of the past was still surging around, beating upon human brains, and influencing the latest born of man, though its origin had been swallowed up and forgotten in the darkness of antiquity.

Barbara believed this. Through books she reached direct contact with the past. She was a vessel into which the magic old wine could be poured, and it warmed her, filled her serene mind with passions and sympathies, unknown to it at other times.

Often through the week Barbara went to Timothy Hadwin's cottage, or he came to Ketel's Parlor to hear her read, and to impart some of his knowledge to her hungry soul. The brief hour was a treasure snatched from the crowded commonplaces of the day, and was valued accordingly.

Just now, Barbara was reading about the ransoming of Hector's body. Her voice thrilled, and her eyes grew luminous as she pictured the old king stealing across the plain by night with a wain filled with rich vestments, tripods, shining cauldrons, and a priceless bowl of gold to offer them in return for the dead body of his son. She could see the whole scene—the city of Troy with its battlements and towers vaguely outlined against the darkness, the dreadful plain of war, the long black boats of the Greeks, behind which sounded the ever-

rolling sea. She saw Achilles' hut with its palisades, and pine bolt, that three strong men were wont to drive home at night, though Achilles could drive it home himself. And near by lay the body of Hector, face downwards, in the dust, as Achilles had left him after dragging him round the barrow of his dead friend at the dawn of day. Her eyes filled with tears for Hector, tamer of horses, Hector of the glancing helm, who strove against fate, but strove in vain; who was still beloved of Jove, and cared for in death by the god of the winged sandals, who closed his wounds, and kept his flesh from corruption.

But that which touched her most was Achilles' speech to the old king, when he came a suppliant to his hut in the night. The two urns standing by the throne of Jupiter, one full of curses, one full of blessings, arrested her attention. Was it not true? Did the god not deal a mingled lot to most of his creatures, but gave them an enduring soul to bear it? The best and most beautiful things in the world were fraught with sorrow. The sunset often made her sad; equally sad sounded the singing of birds in spring; and love, the love of father, mother, husband, child, was saddest of all. This she had learned among her friends of the dale.

She read on to the end of the book, where the mourners sat down to the sepulchral feast:

"And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

Then she closed the volume and looked at Timothy.

"Why do we sup it so eagerly?" she asked. "It's a poisoned cup to some, a bitter one to most, and sweet only to few, a very few."

The old man knew that she referred to life.

"There was a preacher once," he said, "who thought it a burden too heavy to be borne. He believed in re-birth. countless re-births through generations, and the idea filled him with despair. His name was Gautama, but people called him Buddha, the Enlightened One, the Enlightener. He found a way of salvation and opened it to men."

"Was it a good way?"

"Judge for thyself, Barbara. *The mind,*" he said, "*approaching the eternal has attained to the extinction of all desires!*"

She mused for a moment upon the words.

"I don't like them," she replied, "If I had no desires I shouldn't be Barbara Lynn but a lump of clay."

"Then drink the cup. Buddha turned it upside down so that it could hold nothing. He emptied it of the sweetness as well as the bitterness. But thou, hold it up to be filled and drink."

"I shall have sorrow, Timothy?"

"Yes, child."

"Pain and disappointment."

"It is the lot of those who would dig to find the riches of their own nature."

"The soil might be poor, and suffering turn up naught but dead ashes."

"Tears fertilize it, Barbara."

"Do you think that's the reason we have so much to bear? Should we be like weakly flowers, things that would wither up with the sun, or the cold winds o' winter, if suffering did not set us to deep trenching?"

All the vehemence had died out of her voice now. Speech had sunk to the meditative tones of every-day life.

"Contentment leads to shallowness," said the old man. "If you had been born in a great house instead of an upland farm, I doubt if you would have striven so hard to know and understand things that lie far out of your beaten track."

"I've got a bitter envy towards those who have chances denied to me."

"To some learning may be the goal; to you it may be the means to a higher goal."

"What dost mean, Timothy?"

"You're a better scholar at self-discipline than at your books, my lass."

Her face fell and she looked disappointed.

"Don't I do well? Will Peter think I have not improved?"

He patted her shoulder.

"You do very well indeed. I'm proud of you."

Her brow flushed with pleasure and she rose, dwarfing and bedimming the little man with her large frame and golden head.

"Tomorrow you'll come to me at the cottage," he said.

She nodded, and they parted, he going down the dale, and she, leaping like a deer up the fell-side, to the sheep pastures high upon Thundergay.

She paused on a rocky point and looked back. Below her lay Swirtle Tarn, and far, far off the shining waters of the great mere. She could see Greystones, no bigger than a pebble, lying under the cliffs, and the trees of Cringel Forest like a bundle of green wool fallen down between a split in the hills. Troy, and the battlefield, and the long black boats had vanished; but the land was mysterious with the epic of her own life.

She did not ask herself the reason for this emergence of her spirit into fuller existence. But she was aware of a veil which had been drawn over the arduous toils of the day, and the unveiling of beautiful things that made a new setting to her mind.

Peter Fleming was coming back. She often thought of Peter, and wondered what changes he would bring to the lonely life of the fells. But her imagination was nebulous; it pictured nothing concrete; she was content to let her mind hover round the sun-glistening vapor and leave the realization for the unfolding of time.

Surprise, which gave rise to many wild rumors in the dale, had greeted the announcement that Peter Fleming was going to keep school. No one could think of an adequate reason for such a descent from the pinnacle of learning where he stood. Anyone could keep school, but few had the opportunity or ability to become a bishop. Dusty John said little, but Peter's mother lost her disappointment at the turn of affairs in having the schoolroom cleaned for her son, in seeing the moss scraped from the door-step, and in herself hanging curtains in all the windows. Peter would live at home, and sleep in his attic under the mill-house roof, but the school parlor was to be his study. There he could have silence, his books, and grow wise.

The village school of High Fold was a little stone building standing just within the fringe of Cringel Forest. The road ran by it, and the trees crowded so closely around, that they seemed to jostle each other in their eagerness to peer through the doors and windows. A kitchen, bed-chamber and parlor, and a long room fitted with desks and benches made up the interior, the walls of which were plastered and white-washed, and patterned by the ever-moving shadows of the encroaching trees. There the rustle of leaves was never silent. A cobbled path led from road to threshold. Just now, in the late summer, it was bordered on either side by a rank growth of hemlock.

Barbara had passed by it several times lately, and looked at it with speculative interest. She thought of a house as the shell of the mind that inhabited it. Greystones was the cipher of her great-grandmother's personality. The old woman had made it what it was, had given it an atmosphere of a wild, yet living, past. What would Peter make of the little green-bowered cot in Cringel Forest? She pondered upon Peter all through the day, which sped with winged feet.

In the evening Barbara went home. Swirtle Tarn smoked like a cauldron of boiling water as she threaded its lonely

shore. The vapor swirled up in spiral form, and when it reached the light of the moon, appeared most strange and beautiful, like columns of white marble rising from a floor of polished blue stone. It was late and Lucy must have gone to bed some time ago; yet she would linger for a while to enjoy the beauty of the night.

The air was very still; even the waterfalls were subdued; the birds were silent; the flocks were asleep; everything looked unsubstantial.

Barbara thought that she had never before felt quite the same sense of mystery in the night. Surely that which she looked upon was not the material form of the earth, but its spiritual body! Were not those white vapors its thoughts going up to the Eternal Being who gave them? All thoughts had the same origin. The universe was full of them, but only into the receptive mind could they come. There they worked magic, were humanized themselves, while they spiritualized the human being in whose brain they lodged. And having suffered this metamorphosis, they flowed back again, as the glistening vapors flowed back to their source.

Thus man and his Creator come into touch with each other. The Creator gives the thought, the creature returns it with its own interpretation thereof. So man is made spiritual, and God human.

Such ideas as these were the outcome of Barbara's conversations with Timothy. But she did not accept his many strange statements without question. She pondered them for days, colored them with her own imagination, absorbed them at length into her own personality. This gave her beliefs the force of experience.

Barbara went home.

Lucy had gone to bed but she was not asleep. Nevertheless, she shut her eyes, and made no movement when her sister entered their room. She knew that Barbara was bending over her, that Barbara's face was full of compassion for her sorrow. But she was too weary with weeping to long for anything save silence and a corner where she could indulge her tears unseen.

Barbara dreamed that night of the mingled cup, which Jove gave the children of men to drink. She tasted it herself, and Lucy drank it to the dregs. Peter, laughing as was his wont, took it from Jove's hand, and she saw his eyes grow wild, his hair white, his cheeks haggard like a ghost. Then the vapors of the tarn rose around, swirling, twirling, up to the light of the moon, blotting out their faces. After this dream the night was a blank until the day dawned.

"Do you know when Peter will be back?" asked Barbara, as she milked the kye in the gray of early morning.

"Nay," replied Lucy: then she added passionately, "if I had a chance of leaving the dale I'd never come back to it, never again. I'd put the memory away like a bad dream. It's an ill place. It's under a ban. Peter's silly to set foot in it when the world is free for him to walk in."

"I'm glad Peter is coming home," said Barbara.

Lucy made no reply. So far she had not given much heed to Peter's return. Now the thought sent a touch of color to her face.

Since Joel went away life had dragged for her. Drudgery had become her lot, unlightened by any pleasant experience, or made bearable by hope. She ate her bread with tears. She was glad when each day dawned, and thankful when each day died. She longed for change, any change that would break the monotony of her existence. She was weary of living, although so young. Yet she did not desire death. All that she wanted was to fall asleep, and waken up with the thread of her old life cut, and the possibility of a new life before her. To go on and on, year after year, always following the same humdrum path

was a contingency, which she could not contemplate without despair. She had striven to put Joel's image out of her mind. He had written once, but his letter was superficial, and she believed that he had ceased to care for her. Regret that the past was past drove her to spend many a night in weeping. If she could, willingly she would have forgotten him; but she was unable to forget.

Some days later as Lucy was walking through Cringel Forest she saw Peter sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree near the school-house. He did not hear her approach, and she had been watching him with gradually brightening eyes for a few moments before he felt their influence. Then he rose with a laugh; but it was not as spontaneous and merry as it used to be.

"You're welcome back, Peter," said Lucy. "The dale is very dull without you."

"Is that so?" he replied, taking her hand, and looking affectionately into her face.

"Even great-granny smiled when she heard you were back. 'Tell him to come to Greystones,' she said, 'and bring his dancing bear with him. I want waking up.'"

"Well," he answered, with a faint note of sarcasm in his voice, "it's some compensation for giving up your heart's desire to fill the role of merry-andrew with satisfaction."

"Didn't you want to come back, Peter?"

"I was just thinking when I saw you, how duty, and affection and inclination get mixed up and twisted into a knot in a man's soul."

"In a woman's too," she replied.

He looked at her. There was a pensiveness in her face that attracted him. It had lost the inconsequence of childhood, and taken on the maturity of the woman. She was less vivacious, but there was a sympathetic glow in her sweet eyes. He saw all this at a glance: she was not like Barbara, who hid her feelings under a placid brow. Lucy lived and suffered in the eyes of the world. Peter had heard rumors of an attachment between her and Joel Hart, but as Joel had neither substance, nor—to a man's eyes—much character, he had paid little heed to them in the past. Now he wondered if Joel had treated her badly. Poor Lucy! she was far too good for him.

He walked with her through the forest.

"You know I'm going to keep school?" he said.

"Aye. The children are delighted They think you will feed them on lollipops and give them no lessons to do. They call you Peter Piper, you know."

"Peter Piper is it! Soon it will be Peppery Peter. I'll go out tomorrow morning and cut birch-rods to put in pickle."

Lucy thought that in spite of his laugh he was sad. Her own sorrow had opened up her nature so that she could understand others in a way she had never been able to do before. Peter felt her sympathy. Though she said little, the knowledge of it was conveyed to him by those unspoken words, which are uttered and heard by the heart alone. He told her about the post in India which had been such a temptation to him; about his parents' disappointment because he would not enter the Church; and how he had consented to their wishes to come home for a time, so as to give the matter a longer consideration.

"I wish I could do what they want," he said, "especially as my dear old father is failing. Don't you think he's failing, Lucy? He is so much quieter and slower than he used to be!"

"Oh, your coming will cheer him up."

"You have great faith in that side of my nature."

"It's true, Peter, you've cheered me up a lot in the last half hour."

"By telling you my troubles?"

"I'm sorry," she said kindly. "I can understand, oh, believe me, I can understand how you felt when you gave up the thought of going to India. I've learned a lot lately; I've had to give up things myself. Life isn't all roses at Greystones, you know!"

He looked down at her.

"We've both lost some of the sparkle out of our eyes, Lucy," he said. "It's the price men and women have to pay for the possession of their own souls."

(To be continued.)

"CARRY ON!"

THE CONTINUED CHRONICLE OF K (1).

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

CHAPTER II.

"SHELL OUT!"

This, according to our latest subaltern from home, is the title of a *revue* which is running in Town; but that is a mere coincidence. The entertainment to which I am now referring took place in Flanders, and the leading parts were assigned to distinguished members of "K (1)."

The scene was the Chateau de Grandbois, or some other kind of Bois; possibly Vert. Not that we called it that: we invariably referred to it afterwards as Hush Hall, for reasons which will be set forth in due course.

One morning, while sojourning in what Olympus humorously calls a rest camp—a collection of antiquated wigwams half submerged in a mud-flat—we received the intelligence that we were to extricate ourselves forthwith, and take over a fresh sector of trenches. The news was doubly unwelcome, because, in the first place, it is always unpleasant to face the prospect of trenches of any kind; and secondly, to take over strange trenches in the dead of a winter night is an experience which borders upon nightmare—the hot lobster and toasted cheese variety.

The opening stages of this enterprise are almost ritualistic in their formality. First of all, the Brigade Staff which is coming in visits the Headquarters of the Brigade which is going out—usually a chateau or farm somewhere in rear of the trenches—and makes the preliminary arrangements. After that the Commanding Officers and Company Commanders of the incoming battalions visit their own particular section of the line. They are shown over the premises by the outgoing tenants, who make little or no attempt to conceal their satisfaction at the expiration of their lease. The Colonels and the Captains then return to camp, with depressing tales of crumbling parapets, noisome dug-outs, and positions open to enfilade.

On the day of the relief various advance parties go up, keeping under the lee of hedges and embankments, and marching in single file. (At least, that is what they are supposed to do. If not ruthlessly shepherded, they will advance in fours along the skyline.) Having arrived, they take over such positions as can be relieved by daylight in comparative safety. They also take over trench stores, and exchange trench gossip. The latter is a fearsome and uncanny thing. It usually begins life at the "refilling point," where the A. S. C. motor-lorries dump down next day's rations, and the regimental transport picks it up.

An A. S. C. sergeant mentions casually to a regimental Quartermaster that he has heard it said at the Supply

Depot that heavy firing has been going on in the Channel. The Quartermaster, on returning to the Transport Lines, observes to his Quartermaster-Sergeant that the German Fleet has come out at last. The Quartermaster-Sergeant, when he meets the ration parties behind the lines that night, announces to a platoon sergeant that we have won a great naval victory. The platoon sergeant, who is suffering from trench feet and is a constant reader of a certain pessimistic halfpenny journal, replies gloomily: "We'll have had heavy losses oorselves, too, I doot!" This observation is overheard by various members of the ration party. By midnight several hundred yards of the firing line know for a fact that there has been a naval disaster of the first magnitude off the coast of a place which everyone calls Gally Polly, and that the whole of our Division are to be transferred forthwith to the Near East to stem the tide of calamity.

Still, we must have *something* to chat about.

Meanwhile Brigade Majors and Adjutants, holding a stumpy pencil in one hand and a burning brow in the other, are composing Operation Orders which shall effect the relief, without—

(1) Leaving some detail—the bombers, or the snipers, or the sock-driers, or the peasoup experts—unrelieved altogether.

(2) Causing relievers and relieved to meet violently together in some constricted fairway.

(3) Trespassing into some other Brigade Area. (This is far more foolhardy than to wander into the German lines.)

(4) Getting shelled.

Pitfall Number One is avoided by keeping a permanent and handy list of "all the people who do funny things on their own" (as the vulgar throng call the "specialists"), and checking it carefully before issuing Orders.

Number Two is dealt with by issuing a strict time-table, which might possibly be adhered to by a well-drilled flock of archangels, in broad daylight, upon good roads, and under peace conditions.

Number Three is provided for by copious and complicated map references.

Number Four is left to Providence—and is usually the best-conducted feature of the excursion.

Under cover of night the Battalion sets out, in comparatively small parties. They form a strange procession. The men wear their trench costume—thigh-boots (which do not go well with a kilt), variegated coats of skins, and woolen nightcaps. Stuffed under their belts and through their packs they carry newspapers, broken staves for firewood, parcels from home, and sandbags loaded with mysterious comforts. A dilapidated parrot and a few goats are all that is required to complete the picture of Robinson Crusoe changing camp.

Progress is not easy. It is a pitch-black night. By day, this road (and all the country-side) is a wilderness: nothing more innocent ever presented itself to the eye of an inquisitive aeroplane. But after nightfall it is packed with troops and transport, and not a light is shown. If you can imagine what the Mansion House crossing would be like if called upon to sustain its midday traffic at midnight—the Mansion House crossing entirely unilluminated, paved with twelve inches of liquid mud, intersected by narrow strips of *pave*, and liberally pitted with "crump-holes"—you may derive some faint idea of the state of things at a busy road-junction lying behind the trenches.

Until reaching what is facetiously termed "the shell area"—as if any spot in this benighted district were not a shell area—the troops plod along in

fours at the right of the road. If they can achieve two miles an hour, they do well. At any moment they may be called upon to halt, and crowd into the roadside, while a transport-train passes, carrying rations, and coke, and what is called "R. E. material"—this may be anything from a bag of nails to steel girders nine feet long—up to the firing line. When this procession, consisting of a dozen limbered wagons, drawn by four mules and headed by a profane person on horseback—the Transport Officer—has rumbled past, the Company, which has been standing respectfully in the ditch, enjoying a refreshing shower bath of mud and hoping that none of the steel girders are projecting from the limber more than a yard or two, sets out once more upon its way—only to take hasty cover again as sounds of fresh and more animated traffic are heard approaching from the opposite direction. There is no mistaking the nature of this cavalcade: the long vista of glowing cigarette-ends tells an unmistakable tale. These are artillery wagons, returning empty from replenishing the batteries; scattering homely jests like hail, and proceeding, wherever possible, at a hand-gallop. He is a cheery soul, the R. A. driver, but his interpretation of the rules of the road requires drastic revision.

Sometimes an axle breaks, or a wagon side-slips off the *pave*, into the morass reserved for infantry, and overturns. The result is a block, which promptly extends forward and back for a couple of miles. A peculiarly British chorus of inquiry and remonstrance—a blend of biting sarcasm and blasphemous humor—surges up and down the line, until plunging mules are unyoked, and the offending vehicle man-handled out of sight into the inky blackness by the roadside; or, in extreme cases, is annihilated with axes. Everything has to make way for a ration train. To crown all, it is more than likely that the calmness and smooth working of the proceedings will be assisted by a burst of shrapnel overhead. It is a most amazing scrimmage altogether. One of those members of His Majesty's Opposition who are doing so much at present to save our country from destruction, by kindly pointing out the mistakes of the British Government and the British Army, would refer to the whole scene as a pandemonium of mismanagement and ineptitude. And yet, though the scene is enacted night after night without a break, there is hardly a case on record of the transport being surprised upon these roads by the coming of daylight, and none whatever of the rations and ammunition failing to get through.

It is difficult to imagine that Brother Bosche, who on the other side of that ring of starshells is conducting a precisely similar undertaking, is able, with all his perfect organization and cast-iron methods, to achieve a result in any way superior to that which Thomas Atkins reaches by rule of thumb and sheer force of character.

At length the draggled Company worms its way through the press to the fringe of the shell-area, beyond which no transport may pass. The distance of this point from the trenches varies considerably, and depends largely upon the caprice of the Bosche. On this occasion, however, we still have a mile or two to go—across country now, in single file, at the heels of a guide from the battalion which we are relieving.

Guides may be divided into two classes—

(1) Guides who do not know the way, and say so at the outset.

(2) Guides who do not know the way, but leave it to you to discover the fact.

There are no other kinds of guides.

The pace is down to a mile an hour now, except in the case of men in the tail of the line, who are running rapidly. It is a curious but quite inexplicable

fact that if you set a hundred men to march in single file in the dark, though the leading man may be crawling like a tortoise, the last man is compelled to proceed at a profane double if he is to avoid being left behind and lost.

Still, everybody gets there somehow, and in due course the various Company Commanders are enabled to telephone to their respective Battalion Headquarters the information that the Relief is completed. For this relief, much thanks!

After that the outgoing Battalion files slowly out, and the newcomers are left gloomily contemplating their new abiding-place, and observing—

"I wonder if there is *any* Division in the whole blessed Expeditionary Force, besides ours, which ever does a single damn thing to keep its trenches in repair!"

II.

All of which brings us back to Hush Hall, where the Headquarters of the outgoing Brigade are handing over to their successors.

Hush Hall, or the Chateau de Quelquechose, is a modern country house, and once stood up white and gleaming in all its brave finery of stucco, conservatories, and ornamental lake, amid a pleasant wood not far from a main road. It is such a house as you might find round about Guildford or Hindhead. There are many in this fair countryside, but few are inhabited now, and none by their rightful owners. They are all marked on the map, and the Boche gunners are assiduous map-readers. Hush Hall has got off comparatively lightly. It is still habitable, and well furnished. The roof is demolished upon the side most exposed to the enemy, and many of the trees in the surrounding wood are broken and splintered by shrapnel. Still, provided the weather remains passable, one can live there. Upon the danger-side the windows are closed and shuttered. Weeds grow apace in the garden. No smoke emerges from the chimneys. (If it does, the Mess Corporal hears about it from the Staff Captain.) A few strands of barbed wire obstruct the passage of those careless or adventurous persons who may desire to explore the forbidden side of the house. The front door is bolted and barred: visitors, after approaching stealthily along the lee of a hedge, like travelers of dubious *bona fides* on a Sunday afternoon, enter unobtrusively by the back door, which is situated on the blind side of the chateau.

Their path thereto is beset by imploring notices like the following:—

THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT DRAWS SHELL FIRE. KEEP CLOSE TO THE HEDGE.

A later hand has added the following moving postscript:—

WE LIVE HERE. YOU DON'T!

It was the Staff Captain who was responsible for the re-christening of the establishment.

"What sort of place is this new palace we are going to doze in?" inquired the Machine-Gun Officer, when the Staff Captain returned from his preliminary visit.

The Staff Captain, who was a man of a few words, replied—

"It's the sort of shanty where everybody goes about in felt slippers, saying 'Hush'!"

Brigade Headquarters—this means the Brigadier, the Brigade Major, the Staff Captain, the Machine-Gun Officer, the Signal Officer, mayhap a Padre and a Liaison Officer, accompanied by a mixed multitude of clerks, telegraphists, and scullions—arrived safely at their new quarters under cover of night, and were hospitably received by the outgoing tenants, who had finished their evening meal and were girded up

for departure. In fact, the Machine Gun Officer, Liaison Officer, and Padre had already gone, leaving their seniors to hold the fort till the last. The Signal Officer was down in the cellar, handing over ohms, amperes, short-circuits, and other mysterious trench-stores to his "opposite number."

Upon these occasions there is usually a good deal of time to fill in between the arrival of the new brooms and the departure of the old. This period of waiting may be likened to that somewhat anxious interval with which frequenters of racecourses are familiar, between the finish of the race and the announcement of the "All Right!" The outgoing Headquarters are waiting for the magic words—"Relief complete!" until that message comes over the buzzer, the period of tension endures. The main point of difference is that the gentleman who has staked his fortune on the legs of a horse has only to wait a few minutes for the confirmation of his hopes; while a Brigadier, whose bedtime (or even breakfast-time) is at the mercy of an errant platoon, may have to sit up all night.

"Sit down and make yourselves comfortable," said A Brigade to X Brigade.

X Brigade complied, and having been furnished with refreshment, led off with the inevitable question—

"Does one—er—get shelled much here?"

There was a reassuring coo from A Brigade.

"Oh, no. This is a very healthy spot. One has to be careful, of course. No movement, or fires, or anything of that kind. A sentry or two, to warn people against approaching over the open by day, and you'll be as cooshie as anything!" ("Cooshie" is the latest word here. That and "crump.")

"I ought to warn you of one thing," said the Brigadier. "Owing to the surrounding woods, sound is most deceptive here. You will hear shell-bursts which appear quite close, when in reality they are quite a distance away. That, for instance!"—as a shell exploded apparently just outside the window. "That little fellow is a couple of hundred yards away, in the corner of the wood. The Bosche has been groping about there for a battery for the last two days."

"Is the battery there?" inquired a voice.

"No; it is further east. But there is a Gunner's Mess about two hundred yards from here, in that house which you passed on the way up."

"Oh!" observed X Brigade.

Gunners are peculiar people. When professionally engaged, no men could be more retiring. They screen their operations from the public gaze with the utmost severity, shrouding batteries in screens of foliage and other rustic disguises. If a layman strays anywhere near one of these arboreal retreats, a gunner thrusts out a visage enflamed with righteous wrath, and curses him for giving the position away. But in his hours of relaxation the gunner is a different being. He billets himself in a house with plenty of windows: he illuminates all these by night, and hangs washing therefrom by day. When inclined for exercises, he goes for a promenade across an open space labeled—*Not to be used by troops by daylight.* Therefore, despite his technical excellence and superb courage, he is an uncomfortable neighbor for establishments like Hush Hall.

In this respect he offers a curious contrast to the Sapper. Off duty, the Sapper is the most unobtrusive of men—a cave-man, in fact. He burrows deep into the earth, or the side of a hill, and having secured the roof of this cavern against direct hits by ingenious contrivances of his own manufacture, constructs a suite of furniture of a solid and enduring pattern, and

[illegible] refuse. [illegible] pursuit of his [illegible] retiring of [illegible] condition of [illegible] belongs [illegible] however [illegible] to interfere [illegible] execution of his [illegible] interpreted [illegible] that you must [illegible] task under [illegible] to do so under [illegible], as a rider, that [illegible] inadequate supply of [illegible] So the Sapper [illegible] on the tops of [illegible] large and conspicuous [illegible] or clashing together [illegible] as happy as [illegible]

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"Now we can pass along quietly," he said. "Good luck to you. By the way, take care of Kilgar, won't you? Any little attention which you can show him will be greatly appreciated."

"Who is Kilgar?"

"Oh, I thought the Staff Captain would have told you. Kilgar is the swan, the last of his race, I'm afraid, so far as this place is concerned. He lives on the lake, and usually comes ashore to draw his rations about lunch-time. He is inclined to be stand-offish on one side, as he ha only one eye; but he is most affable on the other. Well, now to find our horses!"

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General Bramwell Booth, on the death of his father, had thrust upon him the duty of "carrying on." During the short interval that has elapsed the Salvation Army has proved that it possesses sufficient initiative, vitality, and unity to compensate for the loss of an outstanding personality in whom were embodied its essential qualities. His successor has also remained long enough in command to prove his power of control. Dangers beset the Army at the period of the change of leaders which were not hidden from General Bramwell Booth. He was assured of the loyalty of his own people, but he had then to face the problem whether the generous public would show similar confidence in his control as in that of his father. Any fears that might have existed on this account have, however, been swept away by the assistance given by all classes of people, and especially by the support extended during the war. When older Churches and organizations with a settled order and equipped with large financial resources have felt the strain of the period the Salvation Army could scarcely expect to escape. Yet it has, in fact, increased the number of its officers as well as the quality and variety of its agencies.

True to the instinct of its Founder, the Salvation Army welcomed new opportunities at the beginning of the campaign. With foresight and courage these were pressed upon the military and other authorities, and plans were organized whereby Salvationists who joined the colors could be followed to the camps abroad as well as at home by their own religious society. Huts and marquees were erected at a number of centers, and in addition to the accredited Salvationists in the ranks of the King's Army, their comrades, who were possibly without any religious allegiance, were equally welcomed. Each center

is in charge of an experienced Salvationist and his wife, who supply the soldiers with refreshments at low prices, and writing material and newspapers free, besides performing any good turn of value to the men. When the camp is near a town or village the soldiers are invited to take their socks and underclothing to the local headquarters of the Salvation Army, where the women without charge wash and mend the articles at their own homes. And in a similar way the munition workers are being cared for by means of social centers and hostels.

An interesting and valuable phase of activity is that organized at some of the large railway termini, such as Waterloo, Victoria, and Liverpool Street. At Waterloo and Victoria men are constantly arriving from or departing to the front, and frequently have an hour or two to spare before proceeding on their journey. The week-end trips from the home camps crowd Waterloo and other stations with khaki-clad men, some of whom are glad to obtain refreshment and lodging before they start again homewards. Others miss their train because of the company they have kept, and occasionally arrive at Waterloo without a penny, minus their railway ticket, and in much confusion as to their next procedure. It is not a pleasant sight to see a strapping fellow in a fuddled condition amidst a group of bedraggled harpies and male touts who have encouraged him to disgrace his uniform. But for the Salvationist station patrol he might have experienced some awkward consequences, but the Salvationist has endeavored to save the man from his associates and put him right for his destination. When the necessity arises the Salvation Army provides beds for soldiers and sailors, and in many ways seeks to circumvent the dangers peculiar to a man in the King's uniform.

Some 40,000 of the young men (Soldiers and Adherents) of the Salvation Army have responded to the call for service in His Majesty's Forces. Within two months of the declaration of war a thousand men had joined the King's Forces from its social institutions. The elevator in Spa Road, Bermondsey, has supplied no fewer than 450 recruits. At one time these could have been fairly described as the "impossibles" or the "derelicts" of humanity. They did not follow any useful employment until the Salvation Army reached them and pulled them up from the abyss. No recruiting officer could have passed them for service immediately they entered the shelter from the human scrap heap on which they were discovered, but discipline, steady work, freedom from drink, wholesome food gave them their chance when the nation required volunteers. One hundred men from the Salvation Army's Land Colony at Hadleigh also enlisted, and in the majority of instances are now serving as non-commissioned officers. At the time of writing not a Salvationist Colonist remains at Hadleigh of military age fit for service.

Pressure has not been exerted by the leaders of the Salvation Army to induce men to enlist. General Booth refuses to urge any of his people to join His Majesty's Forces. War is abhorrent to him. He does not invoke the God of Battles. Nor does he favor a theology that leaves the Divine as creator of only part of the race. He considers that the issues are so momentous that the decision for active service must remain with the individual. When a man has decided for himself, not a single barrier is placed in his way, and his choice is respected as a conscientious resolve to serve his country at its hour of crisis. Salvationists in His Majesty's Forces have by the characteristics of their belief and by their distinctive methods advanced their religion in camp and

trench. Allegiance to the Salvation Army helps them to refrain from intoxicating liquors and tobacco. No officer in its ranks is allowed either to drink or smoke, and probably 97 or 98 per cent of the rank and file observe a similar self-denying ordinance. On occasions of danger or difficulty in the field they have shouted their choruses and openly manifested the faith they professed, no man daring to make them afraid. Here, for instance, is the story of a Salvation Army bandsman who was in the firing line in the early days of the war:—

"At last the battle so far as the batteries in our neighborhood were concerned," he wrote, "went in our favor, and we were ordered to follow the retreating Germans. In doing this six of us got lost, and for four days we were tramping about without a mouthful of food or drink! By day we lay concealed in the corn or grass fields, and by night we crept along without any guide, only hoping and praying—I've prayed many times in the past, but never so much as on these nights—that all would come right. On the first day we were fairly well; on the second day we were hungry; on the third our tongues were hanging out, and two of my comrades went mad. On the fourth night we fell in with a British Ambulance Section, and were taken into a camp. As I was passing an ambulance tent I heard someone singing:

"I'm a child of a King.
I'm a child of a King.
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm a child of a King."

"I asked who it was, and was told it was a Salvationist. In the stillness of another night from one of the tents I heard:—

"Then we'll roll the old chariot along,
And we won't drag on behind.'

"I tell you it was thrilling; it made me dance for joy. After the chorus had been sung once or twice, I heard it presently taken up by other Salvationists in other tents, and presently from many parts of the camp could be heard the old Salvation Army songs."

People could not have chided General Bramwell Booth if the actual war activities of the Salvation Army were restricted to the provisions already described. The members of his organization are not wealthy. Not a single millionaire is found in its ranks. Yet out of moderate incomes, and in some instances despite conditions that were extremely meagre, they raised £2,000 mainly amongst themselves, in order to provide their first ambulance unit. Later on another £3,000 was obtained, so that altogether the Salvation Army furnished eleven cars and a transport wagon bearing its name, and worked in connection with the British Red Cross Society. From the first these cars have been manned by Salvationists, and have carried hundreds of wounded soldiers from the field hospitals to the base. Another unit of five cars purchased and equipped by Canadian Salvationists is now on its way to the Russian front, the Czar not only having accepted the offering, but directed that it should bear the name of their Imperial Majesties the Empresses.

With less outward evidence but with the happiest results, the Salvation Army Officers—both male and female—have received permission from the authorities to visit the military hospitals in France. Wounded and sick soldiers in France, even at the base hospitals, seldom obtain the chance of seeing British civilians. War is war. Their circumstances do not admit of the attentions being shown to them as to sick patients in this country. Two women officers were asked by a hospital orderly whether they would go into the enteric ward. "There is no danger," he added, "but no one will go." "Certainly we will," replied the Salvationists, and on entering the ward they were received with cries of "Hurrah! Salvation Army! You are the first visitors we have seen."

A further incident in the base hospitals in France reveals the ministering sympathy these women officers were enabled to perform. Pursuing their rounds of visits, they inquired of one man how he was progressing. "I'm going on all right," he admitted, "but I should like a bit of the missus's cake." "You shall have it," replied the Salvation lass, "if you will let me know where she lives." Communication was established with his wife at home, but she replied: "Are you sure he's my husband? The War Office says that he is dead." Satisfactory inquiries proved the soldier's identity, and the cake was forwarded with a loving letter crowded with "kisses" for the husband once mourned as dead.

During the progress of the war General Booth proposed to the military authorities that a company of his male officers should be allowed to go on the battlefield at the close of the day, when the big guns had ceased firing, and search as best they could for wounded British soldiers. These searchers, it was suggested, should carry a supply of restoratives, and endeavor to sustain life until the stretcher bearers could carry the stricken men off the field. The Salvationists were even prepared to risk their lives by remaining all night by the side of the soldier, in order to administer such comforts as were possible under the circumstances. Those in authority expressed deep gratitude for the proposal, but military reasons unfortunately precluded its acceptance. I am told that if the suggestion had been favorably received, more than sufficient volunteers from the Salvation Army would have responded to the General's invitation and undertaken duty not one whit less onerous and self-sacrificing than that of the ordinary soldiers.

The Salvation Army leaders have adopted a general principle in respect of the development of activities in other lands. Early in the history of the Army they discovered that so far as the organization was concerned the word "autonomy" might spell "disruption." They therefore associated each territorial division with the headquarters and, whilst giving all possible freedom of action suited to the needs of the nationality, preserved a determining voice in matters of policy and finance. The control has meant more than restriction. It has secured large financial assistance from headquarters, and the consideration and co-ordination of initial efforts that might otherwise have drifted into something quite different from the plans of the founder. Whether in France or Sweden, Germany, or Norway, each group of Salvationists in these countries has preserved its national identity while finding a definite place in the economy of the Salvation Army as a whole. German Salvationists have fought against British Salvationists, while Belgian and French Salvationists have suffered untold cruelties and sorrows at the hands of their common enemy.

France has not proved an easy country for the Salvationist propaganda. General Booth and his family (including the present General and his wife) endeavored to "attack" the boulevards of Paris. But the pleasure-loving Parisians who had turned from Roman Catholicism had no heed for the methods of an English religious revival. One of the old General's daughters suffered imprisonment in the early days, and there were scenes in Paris somewhat similar to those associated with Skeleton Armies at home. Still Salvationists obtained a footing—with difficulty, it is true, but nevertheless they have not lost it in the intervening year. Corps are established at Paris. The war has swept over some of these places. One day the French have been in possession, followed by the Germans, and yet later the original owners have recovered their lost and battered territory. Salvation officers

lives the life of a comfortable recluse. But when engaged in the pursuit of his calling, the Sapper is the least retiring of men. The immemorial tradition of the great Corps to which he belongs has ordained that no fire, however fierce, must be allowed to interfere with a Sapper in the execution of his duty. This rule is usually interpreted by the Sapper to mean that you must not perform your allotted task under cover when it is possible to do so under fire. To this is added, as a rider, that in the absence of an adequate supply of fire, you must draw fire. So the Sapper walks cheerfully about on the tops of parapets, hugging large and conspicuous pieces of timber, or clashing together sheets of corrugated iron, as happy as a king.

"You will find this house quite snug," continued the Brigadier. "The eastern suite is to be avoided, because there is no roof there; and if it rains outside for a day, it rains in the best bedroom for a week. There is a big kitchen in the basement, with a capital range. That's all, I think. The chief thing to avoid is movement of any kind. The leaves are coming off the trees now—"

At this moment an orderly entered the room with a pink telegraph message.

"Relief complete, sir!" announced the Brigade Major, reading it.

"Good work!" replied both Brigadiers, looking at their watches simultaneously, "considering the state of the country." The Brigadier of "A" rose to his feet.

"Now we can pass along quietly," he said. "Good luck to you. By the way, take care of Edgar, won't you? Any little attention which you can show him will be greatly appreciated."

"Who is Edgar?"

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True to the instinct of its Founder, the Salvation Army welcomed new opportunities at the beginning of the campaign. With foresight and courage these were pressed upon the military and other authorities, and plans were organized whereby Salvationists who joined the colors could be followed to the camps abroad as well as at home by their own religious society. Huts and marquees were erected at a number of centers, and in addition to the accredited Salvationists in the ranks of the King's Army, their comrades, who were possibly without any religious allegiance, were equally welcomed. Each center

is in charge of an experienced Salvationist and his wife, who supply the soldiers with refreshments at low prices, and writing material and newspapers free, besides performing any good turn of value to the men. When the camp is near a town or village the soldiers are invited to take their socks and underclothing to the local headquarters of the Salvation Army, where the women without charge wash and mend the articles at their own homes. And in a similar way the munition workers are being cared for by means of social centers and hostels.

An interesting and valuable phase of activity is that organized at some of the large railway termini, such as Waterloo, Victoria, and Liverpool Street. At Waterloo and Victoria men are constantly arriving from or departing to the front, and frequently have an hour or two to spare before proceeding on their journey. The week-end trips from the home camps crowd Waterloo and other stations with khaki-clad men, some of whom are glad to obtain refreshment and lodging before they start again homewards. Others miss their train because of the company they have kept, and occasionally arrive at Waterloo without a penny, minus their railway ticket, and in much confusion as to their next procedure. It is not a pleasant sight to see a strapping fellow in a fuddled condition amidst a group of bedraggled harpies and male touts who have encouraged him to disgrace his uniform. But for the Salvationist station patrol he might have experienced some awkward consequences, but the Salvationist has endeavored to save the man from his associates and put him right for his destination. When the necessity arises the Salvation Army provides beds for soldiers and sailors, and in many ways seeks to circumvent the dangers peculiar to a man in the King's uniform.

Some 40,000 of the young men (Soldiers and Adherents) of the Salvation Army have responded to the call for service in His Majesty's Forces. Within two months of the declaration of war a thousand men had joined the King's Forces from its social institutions. The elevator in Spa Road, Bermondsey, has supplied no fewer than 450 recruits. At one time these could have been fairly described as the "impossibles" or the "derelicts" of humanity. They did not follow any useful employment until the Salvation Army reached them and pulled them up from the abyss. No recruiting officer could have passed them for service immediately they entered the shelter from the human scrap heap on which they were discovered, but discipline, steady work, freedom from drink, wholesome food gave them their chance when the nation required volunteers. One hundred men from the Salvation Army's Land Colony at Hadleigh also enlisted, and in the majority of instances are now serving as non-commissioned officers. At the time of writing not a Salvationist Colonist remains at Hadleigh of military age fit for service.

Pressure has not been exerted by the leaders of the Salvation Army to induce men to enlist. General Booth refuses to urge any of his people to join His Majesty's Forces. War is abhorrent to him. He does not invoke the God of Battles. Nor does he favor a theology that leaves the Divine as creator of only part of the race. He considers that the issues are so momentous that the decision for active service must remain with the individual. When a man has decided for himself, not a single barrier is placed in his way, and his choice is respected as a conscientious resolve to serve his country at its hour of crisis. Salvationists in His Majesty's Forces have by the characteristics of their belief and by their distinctive methods advanced their religion in camp and

trench. Allegiance to the Salvation Army helps them to refrain from intoxicating liquors and tobacco. No officer in its ranks is allowed either to drink or smoke, and probably 97 or 98 per cent of the rank and file observe a similar self-denying ordinance. On occasions of danger or difficulty in the field they have shouted their choruses and openly manifested the faith they professed, no man daring to make them afraid. Here, for instance, is the story of a Salvation Army bandsman who was in the firing line in the early days of the war:—

"At last the battle so far as the batteries in our neighborhood were concerned," he wrote, "went in our favor, and we were ordered to follow the retreating Germans. In doing this six of us got lost, and for four days we were tramping about without a mouthful of food or drink! By day we lay concealed in the corn or grass fields, and by night we crept along without any guide, only hoping and praying—I've prayed many times in the past, but never so much as on these nights—that all would come right. On the first day we were fairly well; on the second day we were hungry; on the third our tongues were hanging out, and two of my comrades went mad. On the fourth night we fell in with a British Ambulance Section, and were taken into a camp. As I was passing an ambular ce tent I heard someone singing:

"I'm a child of a King.
I'm a child of a King.
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm a child of a King."

"I asked who it was, and was told it was a Salvationist. In the stillness of another night from one of the tents I heard:—

"Then we'll roll the old chariot along,
And we won't drag on behind.'

"I tell you it was thrilling; it made me dance for joy. After the chorus had been sung once or twice, I heard it presently taken up by other Salvationists in other tents, and presently from many parts of the camp could be heard the old Salvation Army songs."

People could not have chided General Bramwell Booth if the actual war activities of the Salvation Army were restricted to the provisions already described. The members of his organization are not wealthy. Not a single millionaire is found in its ranks. Yet out of moderate incomes, and in some instances despite conditions that were extremely meagre, they raised £2,000 mainly amongst themselves, in order to provide their first ambulance unit. Later on another £3,000 was obtained, so that altogether the Salvation Army furnished eleven cars and a transport wagon bearing its name, and worked in connection with the British Red Cross Society. From the first these cars have been manned by Salvationists, and have carried hundreds of wounded soldiers from the field hospitals to the base. Another unit of five cars purchased and equipped by Canadian Salvationists is now on its way to the Russian front, the Czar not only having accepted the offering, but directed that it should bear the name of their Imperial Majesties the Empresses.

With less outward evidence but with the happiest results, the Salvation Army Officers—both male and female—have received permission from the authorities to visit the military hospitals in France. Wounded and sick soldiers in France, even at the base hospitals, seldom obtain the chance of seeing British civilians. War is war. Their circumstances do not admit of the attentions being shown to them as to sick patients in this country. Two women officers were asked by a hospital orderly whether they would go into the enteric ward. "There is no danger," he added, "but no one will go." "Certainly we will," replied the Salvationists, and on entering the ward they were received with cries of "Hurrah! Salvation Army! You are the first visitors we have seen."

A further incident in the base hospitals in France reveals the ministering sympathy these women officers were enabled to perform. Pursuing their rounds of visits, they inquired of one man how he was progressing. "I'm going on all right," he admitted, "but I should like a bit of the missus's cake." "You shall have it," replied the Salvation lass, "if you will let me know where she lives." Communication was established with his wife at home, but she replied: "Are you sure he's my husband? The War Office says that he is dead." Satisfactory inquiries proved the soldier's identity, and the cake was forwarded with a loving letter crowded with "kisses" for the husband once mourned as dead.

During the progress of the war General Booth proposed to the military authorities that a company of his male officers should be allowed to go on the battlefield at the close of the day, when the big guns had ceased firing, and search as best they could for wounded British soldiers. These searchers, it was suggested, should carry a supply of restoratives, and endeavor to sustain life until the stretcher bearers could carry the stricken men off the field. The Salvationists were even prepared to risk their lives by remaining all night by the side of the soldier, in order to administer such comforts as were possible under the circumstances. Those in authority expressed deep gratitude for the proposal, but military reasons unfortunately precluded its acceptance. I am told that if the suggestion had been favorably received, more than sufficient volunteers from the Salvation Army would have responded to the General's invitation and undertaken duty not one whit less onerous and self-sacrificing than that of the ordinary soldiers.

The Salvation Army leaders have adopted a general principle in respect of the development of activities in other lands. Early in the history of the Army they discovered that so far as the organization was concerned the word "autonomy" might spell "disruption." They therefore associated each territorial division with the headquarters and, whilst giving all possible freedom of action suited to the needs of the nationality, preserved a determining voice in matters of policy and finance. The control has meant more than restriction. It has secured large financial assistance from headquarters, and the consideration and co-ordination of initial efforts that might otherwise have drifted into something quite different from the plans of the founder. Whether in France or Sweden, Germany, or Norway, each group of Salvationists in these countries has preserved its national identity while finding a definite place in the economy of the Salvation Army as a whole. German Salvationists have fought against British Salvationists, while Belgian and French Salvationists have suffered untold cruelties and sorrows at the hands of their common enemy.

France has not proved an easy country for the Salvationist propaganda. General Booth and his family (including the present General and his wife) endeavored to "attack" the boulevards of Paris. But the pleasure-loving Parisians who had turned from Roman Catholicism had no heed for the methods of an English religious revival. One of the old General's daughters suffered imprisonment in the early days, and there were scenes in Paris somewhat similar to those associated with Skeleton Armies at home. Still Salvationists obtained a footing—with difficulty, it is true, but nevertheless they have not lost it in the intervening year. Corps are established at Paris. The war has swept over some of these places. One day the French have been in possession, followed by the Germans, and yet later the original owners have recovered their lost and battered territory. Salvation officers

have remained throughout these sudden changes, and they experienc d something worse than bombardment in the horrors of German invasion. Two women officers at Rheims—Adjutant Carrell and Captain Gaugler—stayed throughout the varying fortunes which befell this capital of the champagne country, and exhibited such a fine blend of heroism and piety as to receive the unstinted admiration of the whole countryside. They narrowly escaped shells, but they remained at their post to carry comfort and consolation to the people to whom they ministered. Those who know the circumstances of their life in Rheims write as follows:—

At the beginning of the War they realized to the full what their duty was in face of the tragical circumstances. Every day found them at the station distributing Salvation literature and speaking kind words to the train-loads of men called up for military service, as well as doing everything possible to soothe and cheer the sorrowing ones left behind. The most trying days of the officers' experience were those when the troops of the invaders occupied the city. A few grief-stricken neighbors were gathered for prayer in the small quarters. Suddenly someone was heard knocking at the window; the Adjutant opened it and saw a German soldier. At sight of the praying group the man drew back, uttering excuses. But the Adjutant, who did not know a word of German, beckoned him to stay, and then, from his coat pocket, the German drew forth the photograph of his wife and children, and began to sob as he tried to make the officers understand that he too was a converted man!

On the morrow, another soldier, opening the shutters of the quarters very violently, asked for something to drink, by appropriate signs making the officer understand his wish. The Adjutant answered in one phrase: "Heils Armee." The man immediately understood that the Salvation Army could not provide him with wine and beer, and passed on his way. Having grasped the magical significance of those words, the Adjutant used them every time a soldier crossed the threshold of their little home, and thus both they and their neighbors were absolutely unharmed during the period of the occupation.

When to the joy of the inhabitants the French troops reappeared in the city, the Salvation Army officers' gratitude and thankfulness took a practical form, and for many days they did their utmost to help the men prepare their food. Possessed of only limited cooking arrangements—just a small gas stove and an oil lamp—they almost accomplished miracles of energy and labor. One day the soldiers brought a large ox to the quarters, and for twenty-four consecutive hours the Salvation Army officers were busy with the cooking. The portions that could neither be grilled nor fried were distributed to the poor of Rheims.

Peace, however, was not long the lot of the city. A violent bombardment commenced, and the inhabitants were obliged to seek refuge in their cellars, the Salvation Army officers, with all their neighbors, finding shelter in the cellars of their landlord, the British Vice-Consul. Next day, when making an inspection, this gentleman caught sight of the uniform, and exclaimed: "Oh, here is the staff of the Salvation Army!" Whereupon the Adjutant said to her Captain: "Look here! You can remain if you like, but I am going." "And I shall go with you," the Captain replied. Thus they started to work in abnormal times, and in and out of season have proved themselves "Servants of All."

Upon a certain occasion the Salvation officers were out visiting. Once more the town was furiously bombarded. For one moment our comrades hesitated: should they continue on their way or should they go back? Though facing death at every step, they decided to proceed. When they reached the cellar in which one of their comrades had fixed her abode they knocked and knocked, but found it impossible to get an answer. So for a few moments they sought shel-

ter in a doorway, then continued on their way. At that same moment, five men having taken their places under the doorway, a bomb fell in the midst of them and all five were killed on the spot.

These two Salvation officers at Rheims have won the respect and admiration of all, and soldiers and officers greet them with a military salute."

When the Germans ravaged Belgium, thousands of refugees flocked across the boundary into Holland, and became in many cases a charge on the generosity of the Dutch and on the institutions established in the vicinity. Salvationists are strong in Holland, and at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, The Hague, Amersfoort and other places have established a number of religious and social institutions. Many of these sheltered the Belgian refugees, or provided for their immediate necessities. "The Slum Post," as one of the Salvationist agencies is termed, frequently emptied its resources of bread, milk, and clothing to succor Belgian women and children who had escaped devastation and massacre by the Huns. During the siege of Antwerp the calls upon the Salvation Army were as distressing as they were insistent, and as far as resources permitted the Dutch Salvationists helped in every instance. With equal readiness the Salvation Army has appointed officers to visit the 1,600 British sailors and soldiers interned in Groningen. Services have been arranged in English, to the delight of the men, who have appreciated the singing of familiar hymns associated with their home life. English Salvation officers, when visiting Holland, have after the meeting obtained from the interned men the addresses of friends in the homeland, in order to write them concerning the health and safety of son, husband, or father.

For the refugees who flocked over from Belgium to England in the earlier stages of the war a large amount of hospitality was extended by the Salvation Army, while its farm colony at Hadleigh was placed entirely at the disposal of the Belgian Committee. For the Belgian people still living in Belgium considerable relief was also administered by Salvation officers of neutral countries by means of funds specially placed at the disposal of the General for the purpose.

The international character of the Salvation Army has enabled its leaders to get into touch with various classes of people on the Continent. Thus, for instance, its comradeship in religion with Swiss, Norwegian, Danish, and Swedish Salvationists has influenced an exchange of humanitarian services for the benefit of sufferers through the war. It is conceivable that an organization that secures the co-operation of neutral countries can obtain in Germany information for the comfort or consolation of the distressed. In this spirit and with such possibilities the Salvation Army established the Strangers' Bureau in order to communicate with those who had become prisoners of war, and if possible with those reported missing. There was also that large class of Belgian refugees who in their flight had cut themselves off from relations and friends—wives from husbands and children from parents. Hundreds of communications from all classes of society have been received by the Bureau, describing conditions of the most touching character, and revealing depths of distress, anxiety, and suspense caused by the war. The members of a well-known titled family desired knowledge of their son who had been taken prisoner; they could not ascertain whether he was alive or dead. A Belgian lady was searching for her husband from whom she had not received a word since the outbreak of war. In the first case the Salvation Army secured information from a soldier, also interned in Germany, that he

was present when the officer was killed. Sad as was the intelligence, it suspended further anxiety. In the second instance the Bureau had the joy of reuniting husband and wife by one of those fortuitous chances that seem directly providential. The man had originally been invalided to the Salvation Army Farm Colony after wounds received in Belgium. He recovered, and was sent back to the Belgian lines. Just at this period the inquiry of the wife established the identity of the man at the Salvation Colony, but before she could reach him he had started back to Belgium. The Army officials at headquarters were, however, able to pilot her to Victoria just in time to catch the mail train and intercept him at Folkestone.

Social conditions have considerable influence on the finances of organizations similar to the Salvation Army. The great coal strike of 1912 adversely affected its Self-Denial Fund to the extent of £10,000. Such results are inevitable in the circumstances, because its staple source of revenue proceeds from the freewill offerings of comparatively poor people. The amount of their contributions is, however, astonishing. This follows a rule imposed by General Booth upon his followers. He insisted that religion should cost something to the man or woman who professed it. He never advocated acceptance because of its cheapness. One of the first duties of a convert was, he declared, to assist each week in the support of the local Corps, and without fail once a year to exercise self-denial, so that the missionary efforts of the Army in other lands might be adequately supported.

How, then, has the war affected the freewill offerings of Salvationists? A few months since they took up their usual self-denial collection, and, despite the national situation, received more than that of the previous year to the extent of £6,000. I should mislead the reader if I suggested that General Booth, during the present time, is relieved from all financial anxiety in meeting his heavy liabilities. He has frequently to turn awkward corners that require continual faith in the responsive philanthropy of his own people—who give to the point of self-sacrifice—and also in that of a large section of the public who are not of the same religious community, but value the evidences of Christianity in the Salvation Army's care for stricken and sorrowing humanity.

Charles T. Bateman.

The Contemporary Review.

THE CRY OF A CENTURY.

The Infant Phenomenon stood outside the Brixton Theatre of Varieties waiting, with his hands in his pockets, for his mother who did not come. It was ten o'clock, and he had finished his turn and left the theatre at half-past nine; but he still stood there, unregarded by the passers-by who laughed, or scowled, or blundered past him. For, off the stage, he was only a rather pinched and very tired little boy of eleven, in no way catching the eye like the amazing cherub in purple velveteen knickerbockers who smiled fatuously upon the world from the hoardings.

The night was very cold, and it was the first time his mother had failed to meet him after his performance was over so that it is quite likely that he would have wept if he had not been so wise. As it was, he kicked the pavement with the toes of his boots, which were protected or armored with discs of metal, and wished that he had twopence for his tram fare home. He knew that he could borrow it from the manager, but he did not like to ask because it might impair that dignity of the artist which he had been taught to consider the final virtue of boys of talent. So he

continued to wait for the mother who did not come, and felt very cold and very sleepy and very nearly what an ordinary boy would have felt in the same plight.

It was too far to walk, and he was beginning to think that perhaps after all he would have to borrow the twopence; and his tired eyes strayed up and down the reach of pavement on either hand, seeking an alternative. It presented itself sooner than he might have expected: a large red motor-car drew up to the curb in front of him, and a man dressed regally in furs climbed in:

"Right away through Streatham," he said to the chauffeur.

Here surely was a chance for a boy of spirit. There was a bright flicker of the dying boyishness in the Infant Phenomenon; he took one final glance along the pavement for his mother, and then scrambled up behind as the car started off.

It was one of those sensible cars with a broad ledge at the back for little boys to rest on. If it had a fault, it was that it was too comfortable, and he felt very much inclined to sleep. He stretched himself out luxuriously, and for three or four minutes lay admiring the swift progress of the car and watching the chain of lights unwind between his nods. Once when the car slowed down in the traffic he recognized, with a shiver, a little boy smiling fatuously down from a hoarding, a little boy in ridiculous knickerbockers of purple velveteen. And then he fell asleep.

When he woke up, cramped and stiff with cold, the motor-car had stopped before a brightly-lit porch, and windows gleamed to right and left. Round about were great black trees which the boy knew to be cedars, and overhead was that wonderful width of stars which means the country.

Near at hand the man in the fur cloak was regarding his sparkling eyes, bright with the dews of sleep, with amazement.

"Hello," said the boy, "have we passed Streatham?"

"Thirty-seven miles back; and we did it under the hour, if you know what that means?"

"Gracious!" said the boy faintly.

"Come indoors, and we'll talk it over," said the man.

The boy tried to climb down, but he was too stiff; and the man took hold of him and lifted him lightly on to his feet in the porch.

"Goodness, but you're cold!" he said; and peering down at him he added, "But I seem to know your face."

"I'm the Marvel of the Twentieth Century," the boy said dully.

"Oh!" The man whistled. "I know. The Queen of Bohemia patted you on the head and said—"

"She didn't really," the boy interrupted, pettishly. "They made that up. What she said was: 'Run away and play, you poor little devil!' It was silly; I'm too old for play."

"Do you know, I'm inclined to agree with her. But come along in, and we'll talk about that too," said the man.

He took hold of the boy's hand and led him into the house. A great fire of cedar logs was blazing in the hall, and in front of it a girl was waiting with expectant, welcoming eyes.

"George!" she cried. "And—" She looked at the boy in a speechless amazement.

"I culled this on the way," said George. "Let me introduce you. The Marvel of the Twentieth Century—Mistress Dorothy of Cedar Hill."

The girl's eyes shone with kindliness, and, holding out both hands to the boy, she said laughing:

"I can't call you all that. I shall call you Marvel."

The boy was staring at her intently; and the people whose duty it was to teach him all his terrible knowledge

would have discerned that he was learning her by heart.

"I have seen you in a picture," he said reflectively. "That dress is eighteenth century—1710 to 1750."

"Is he English?" said Mistress Dorothy, suspiciously.

George nodded.

"They do this sort of thing in England nowadays," he said.

"Poor little mortal!" she said softly.

"What does it mean?" cried the boy. "This dress—it's too old—it isn't right——"

"There are some things you don't know yet, sonny," said George. "It's a sort of birthday—a night for keeping memories—a night for old ghosts."

"Psychic phenomena only credited by the superstitious, originating with the Fox family," said the boy, in a tone of challenge.

"I say supper," said George, inconsequently. "Supper and hot punch for both of us."

"Supper's ready, and the things for the punch!" said Dorothy, clapping her hands. "Come along, Marvel, and tell us how to brew it."

At supper the boy gave Dorothy three recipes for making punch, and told her which Charles James Fox had liked best.

"The green tea should not stand too long," he said.

She looked at him earnestly, wondering.

"Won't your mother be worried about you?" she said.

"I should think she would be!" he answered, with quick conviction. "I'm worth four pounds ten a week."

They asked him no more questions.

The warmth and food loosened his tongue, and for the rest of the meal he told them many things, including one which he did not know himself: how very much of a little boy's life four pounds ten a week costs.

"Of course, I'm too old for sweets; but I think it's very kind of the people who come to ask questions to send me so many."

Supper was finished and the punch was brewed, and George said, gravely: "I suppose we'd better go right to Rupert's room and drink it there."

Dorothy nodded. "There's a good fire," she said.

"Why is it called Rupert's room?" said the boy. "Is it after Prince Rupert?"

"No," said Dorothy. "Rupert was a little boy."

"I don't think I like little boys," he said with his sage, reflective air. "They're so silly. Why did they call the room after him?"

"It's rather a long story," said Dorothy quietly. "It's his birthday today; and this is the day he died, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago."

"And that's why you're wearing that dress tonight?"

"Yes; it was his mother's. He thought it very pretty, so she used to wear it on his birthday."

"It *is* very pretty," said the boy. "I like it very much, though, of course, it's rather faded."

They walked up the broad stairs to the first landing and along to the end of a corridor where a door stood open into a long room, with panels dark with age, and a wide window opening on to a balcony. Through it gleamed strange shapes of cedars touched by the moon. Over the great fireplace many-branched candlesticks lighted up the portrait of a handsome boy dressed in black velvet; but for the rest the room was given up to gently confused shadows and reflections.

On the threshold the boy paused, frowning.

"What's the matter? said George gently.

"I don't know," he said. "I feel a little queer—there's something about this room—in my head, you know."

George glanced at Dorothy over his

head and muttered with a whimsical smile: "Psychic phenomena."

"I'm not afraid," said the boy, walking into the room. "It's the supper. I don't often eat so much supper as that."

Neither took up his challenge; and they all sat down before the fire, the boy in the middle. Huddled in the great armchair, now and again in the deceiving firelight he looked an old, old man, shriveled and withered almost to a dwarf. A heavy drop of water was falling on to the leaden-floored balcony with the sound of a muffled slow footfall.

"It's a pity you're too old to sit in my lap," said Dorothy gently.

"I'm not a baby," he said, surprised.

"I'm afraid you're not," she sighed.

He turned away impatiently, sipped his punch, and his eyes rested on the picture over the fireplace.

"So that's Rupert," he said. "He was handsome. Why, he's like you!" And he turned his eyes again on Dorothy's face.

"It seems strange—a little boy like that," she said. "But he was my great-great—I don't know how many greats—grand-uncle. He died when he was eleven years old."

"How did he die?"

Dorothy looked across to George, and he shook his head.

"It doesn't seem fair to tell you," she said.

"Why not?" he asked quickly.

Dorothy bent her head so that the firelight touched her cheek with crimson; and the sound of the dull footfall on the balcony quickened to a patter and slowed again.

"You see, he was only an ordinary little boy, Marvel, not at all like you, and—I'm afraid you wouldn't understand."

The boy seemed to sink back into the shadow of the great armchair, and was quiet for a minute or two; and the footfall on the balcony came very slow. Then, with a certain steadiness of speech that seemed to show him still thinking as he spoke, he said to Dorothy:

"It's rather funny my being here at all, and there's something about this room—I feel uncomfortable, I don't know why. And then there's that dress with the flowers on it. It doesn't really matter, of course. I've seen things like it before. But it seems somehow as if I could see it more plainly than anything else. And I want to hear about Rupert too. I think it is because he has such a handsome face. If you tell me, I think I shall understand."

The footfall on the balcony stopped, and there was a sudden rustle among the branches of the cedars stirred by some gust.

Dorothy gazed at the strained face, surely a little wizened in the firelight, and then she looked down at the flowers of silk trailing across the old dress.

"It's only a little story because he was only a little boy," she said. "But somehow it seems important to us who are of his family, you know. We call this Rupert's room; but we might very well call it Rupert's house. It's all his—all."

"But he's dead," said the boy in incredulous protest.

She did not heed it, but went on: "He lived here all alone with his mother. His father lived in London. He was not a good man; and Rupert had hardly ever seen him. So he lived here with his mother; and he was very happy except for one thing: he sometimes felt lonely because he had no one to play with."

She paused, but the boy's face was set: there was no room for play in his scheme of life. And a drop fell on the balcony with the sound of a hasty step.

"Do you ever say your prayers?"

The boy shifted uneasily in his chair.

"I don't know," he said with a frown.

Dorothy wrung her hands among the silk flowers.

"Well, the night before he was eleven years old Rupert prayed that a friend might come to play with him—What is it?"

She broke off suddenly, for the boy had twisted sharply in his chair and was looking with wide-open eyes towards the window.

"I thought I heard a footstep in the room," he said in a hushed voice. "It must have been the boards contracting with the heat."

Dorothy looked across at George with shining eyes, and George smiled back.

"If you say Psychic Phenomena, I shall hate you!" the boy cried to him with sudden, quite unlooked-for violence.

There was a queer pause, and when a blazing brand fell on the hearth they all started.

"Well, his birthday came, and all day he kept leaving the toys his mother had given him and running down to the big door to see if his play-friend were coming. And when the night came and he had not arrived, he made up his mind that he would come with the carol-singers. He was only a little boy, Marvel, and not clever like you."

She paused; the boy said nothing; and they all listened for a moment to hear—if the boards were contracting.

"In the evening his mother wore her pretty dress, because he thought it pretty and it was his birthday."

"That dress?" the boy interrupted.

"Yes; this dress. And they sat here in front of the fire waiting for the carol-singers, who always came on Rupert's birthday, because it was a treat for Rupert to sit up and hear them. We have them still on his birthday; you'll hear them presently. You know what carol-singers are?"

"Yes; old English custom—generally known as Waits—go on!" said the boy impatiently.

"It is only a little story. When the carol-singers came Rupert ran out on the balcony to look for his play-friend. And the carol-singers singing below saw him hold out his hands as if to welcome some one and heard him cry out joyfully. And then he slipped and pitched forward over the low parapet on to the stones below.

"And so he died," said the boy softly.

"He died in his mother's arms in this room half-an-hour afterwards. And while he lay there dying he told her that he had seen a little boy with a beautiful face standing under the cedars smiling up at him. But the carol-singers said that no boy was there. And so——"

"I don't believe it!" cried the boy hotly. "It's all a stupid story! How could he have seen him if he wasn't there?"

"We believe it," said Dorothy, looking up at the picture. "And the old people about Cedar Hill say——"

"What's that?" cried the boy with a start.

For a minute they were silent.

"I think," said George gravely, "the boards must be con—"

But the carol-singers interrupted him. Their voices, a man's and a woman's, rose clear in the old Derbyshire carol:

As it fell out one May morning.
  One bright holiday,
Sweet Jesus asked of His dear mother
  If He might go to play.
"To play, to play, sweet Jesus shall go,
  And to play now get you gone,
And let me hear of no complaint
  At night when you come home."

"I told them to come," said Dorothy.

George nodded: "Let's go and look at them," he said.

They all went to the window; and George opened it so that the sound of the carol swelled suddenly.

They stood looking down at the singers, and George, nodding towards

the corner of the balcony, said: "That's where he fell."

The boy leaned out eagerly; and they heard him catch his breath. And then with a shrill scream he ran back into the room.

"I've forgotten!" he cried. "I've forgotten how to play!"

"What is it?" said George hoarsely.

But the boy was on his knees with his face in his hands, sobbing helplessly.

"I've forgotten! Oh, I've forgotten!"

Dorothy bent down and lifted him gently in her arms and sat down in the armchair before the fire, hushing and soothing him. But the tears of several years of dry-eyed childhood are not wept in a minute; and the boy was still sobbing when he fell asleep.

George watched her carry him away, even as that other Dorothy had carried her boy to bed on his birthday in that earlier century.

And he stood wondering till the carol-singers had gone and the fire had lost its flames and was a dull glow on the hearth over which Rupert stood smiling proudly in his new black velvet suit. But George was thinking of that other little boy whose purple velveteen knickerbockers troubled half London from the hoardings.

At length Dorothy came back, the old dress rustling softly about her ase she walked.

"He's fast asleep," she said. "Poor little Marvel."

"Poor little Twentieth Century," said George.

And while they stood there with compassionate faces it seemed as if the boards were contracting once more.

Richard Middleton and Edgar Jepson.

The English Review.

THE UNITED STATES AND SEA POWER.

We take—and have taken for the last year or thereabouts—a languid interest in the latest news about Bernstorff and Papen and Austria's insults to America and so on; for the truth is the people of the United States and their rulers are today not bent on war. But this is not to say that the United States is to be despised or overlooked in the future of military history, and in the future of nations. Indeed the absolute contrary is evident to us. Keep your eye on America is a good rule if you wish to get some good idea of the great nations of tomorrow, of their vaster doings and destinies.

The United States of America has done many great things in the history of war. Nothing could be finer than Lincoln's attitude to National Service; and the way in which he raised troops by a just and necessary compulsion, despite the violence of mobs and muddlers, is a permanent model to the statesmen of all democracies. He understood that dogmas of a quiet past were perilous to a stormy present. "The occasion is piled high with difficulty," he said, "and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthral ourselves, and then we shall save our country." Lincoln had to deal with a people as truant as our trade unionism, but he bent them to his will. In a time of danger the selfish and unruly should be forced to obey the discipline of war. Lincoln never put white feathers into his dealings with tetchy persons and reluctant States.

It is necessary to mention these matters because the influence of the present war is renewing here and there in the United State a liking for the foresight and courage of Lincoln. Mr. Roosevelt has ever been a disciple of the greatest President, and again and again

he has spoken his mind not about Germans only, but about his country's neglected defenses because ill-armed nations have no effective policy in their intercourse with armed and aggressive Powers. No one in England supposes that the United States has any fondness for Roosevelt's conscription propaganda—has any wish to be military in the European manner; but no student of events can fail to see that the United States, with its export trade and its tremendous seaboard, must become a great naval Power, if it desires to protect right with might in an industrial world subject periodically to war. What the British Fleet in seventeen months has done to the sea-going trade of Au tria and Germany, and what German submarines have done to liners and merchantmen are additions to Mahan's creed of power that no neutral with great possessions will omit to study with care and foresight. The United States has studied them, and its fleets in the years to come, if Mr. Daniels's plans be carried out, will be guardians of formidable strength. Then there will be at least two pacific nations with great navies armed against aggressive policies, so that their force will be a vigilant police in the affairs of diplomacy. The British Navy will remain the strongest in the world, and the United States will be the second naval Power.

Already it has built or is building 12 super-Dreadnoughts, 22 battleships, 11 armored cruisers, 14 light cruisers, 62 destroyers, 13 torpedo-boats, and 30 submarines. In 1921, according to Mr. Daniels's far-seeing plans, there will be 27 first-rate battleships with 6 battle cruisers, 25 battleships of the second line, with enough armored cruisers and more light cruisers, 18 cruisers of other types, 108 destroyers, 18 fleet submarines, and other vessels. But, if Congress accepts the advice of Mr. Daniels, some troublesome problems will have to be encountered. It is difficult in the United States to raise men enough for the Navy, for a people that thinks—not in francs, nor marks, nor shillings, but—in dollars, and that loves comfort in large towns, needs the attraction of big wages. Discipline on a battleship, we imagine, will have to be popularized by inducements of exceptional pay. According to Mr. Daniels the American Navy is short-handed by 7,500 men, 2,500 apprentices, and 1,500 marines.

As for the attitude of the President towards naval matters, it is said to be progressive, but not ardently so. Perhaps it is best described as an attitude of pained obligation. Lessons taught by the war have to be obeyed. Some of these lessons are military, and the United States has at home only about 50,000 Regular troops, with about 120,000 raw Militia. Mr. Roosevelt desires a nation in arms, while the General Staff has asked officially for three developments:

1. A standing army of 250,000.
2. A reserve of the same strength of ex-professional soldiers; and
3. Half a million second line troops with a sufficient reserve of capable officers.

On the other hand, neither Mr. Roosevelt nor the General Staff has a serious party following. There is no military feeling in the United States outside the volunteer training camps, the American Security League, and those who are concerned as soldiers in national service. It is believed that even the Pr sident's little army proposals—an increase of 40,000 to the regular forces and a body of "disciplined citizens" to be raised to 400,000 by yearly increments of 133,000—may scare the pacifists and anger the labor zealots and set by the ears many capitalists, who have all the militarism that they like in trusts, in corners, and

in other peaceful persuasions. Mr. Roosevelt in the part of Lord Roberts has no chance at all; but if the United States gets the navy that Mr. Daniels desires to give it then quarreling over military affairs can go on, without danger, as a relaxation from the ordinary strife of politics.

Sooner or later, no doubt, special conditions of life in the United States, and the effects of these conditions on the stamina of white families, will reconcile a great many pacifists to the use of military drill in order to counteract physical overstrain and its gradual degeneration. Industrialism is bad for a nation's health even in a temperate climate; it is far and away more hurtful in the extremes of heat and cold through which the United States passes every year. Add to this fac another: that the United States by th middle of this cen ury will be unable to import fresh blood and bone because its population will be large enough by then to meet all the wholesome needs of its social life. Then quest ons of physical health and wear and tear will be more important than they are now.

Meantime the defensive policy of the United States remains what it has usually been—a policy more attracted by naval considerations than by military discipline; and no doubt the Monroe Doctrine and the safety of the Panama Canal must be added to the protective foresight which America is beginning to learn from recent and current events.

The Saturday Review.

THE END OF A GREAT ADVENTURE.

The Gallipoli undertaking recalls the saying about King Charles I, that nothing in his life became him so much as the manner of his leaving it. The brilliant and complete success of the two evacuations throws a sudden glory of efficiency over an enterprise in which that particular glory had not hitherto been the most conspicuous.

It is early to cast up any profit and loss account of the attack on the Dardanelles. War is a complicated game, in which the results of a particular move do not all appear immediately. A single illustration may show what is meant. Sir John Moore's march into Spain and retreat to Corunna (1808–9) must have seemed on the morrow of the re-embarkation a heroic but total failure. Later historians have viewed it differently. They point out that Moore's diversion against Napoleon's line of communications interrupted Napoleon's conquest of the peninsula; that in consequence the peninsula was not conquered; that Wellington's subsequent campaigns were thereby made possible; and that the steady drain which those campaigns entailed on French resources was a decisive factor in enabling revolted Germany (with Russian aid) to defeat Napoleon at Leipzig in 1813. Without positively affirming that a parallel exists between Moore's stroke and that against Constantinople, it is easy to suggest one. In August last the Germans were victoriously pressing into Russia, driving rapidly before them a defeated and ill-equipped foe. In September they had to suspend this pursuit, and send Field-Marshal von Mackensen to the Balkans with a substantial force. They had to do so in order to save Constantinople, which was likely to succumb to the Dardanelles attack, unless the Central Powers could force open a route for relief supplies of munitions. Their excursion into the Balkans succeeded; but in the meantime they had dropped

their chance of knocking out Russia; and possibly it may never recur.

A reflection of this sort compels the critic to caution, if to nothing else. Only in regard to details of the adventure can criticism be confident. The idea of an attack on Constantinople was sound in itself. One may perhaps exaggerate the degree in which its capture would have swayed the policy of the Balkan neutrals But by opening the Black Sea to the Allies, and restoring their access not only to Russia but to Roumania, it would have vitally affected the war. At the same time it was always necessarily a side-show. Only subsidiary forces could be spared for it. And in view of the natural strength of the position, such forces were only likely to succeed if the defense was ill-prepared, and Turkish inefficiency rather than German efficiency was its pervading principle. These conditions were present at the beginning of the war, when the Turks gave hospitality to the *Goeben;* and an ultimatum at that stage and on that issue might have brought Constantinople into our net, either by polite surrender or by a *coup de main*. Already two months later, when he Turks made war on us, German officers had greatly strengthened their position. Before the naval attack in February, 1915, it was stronger still; and after that attack there was probably never much chance for any land force which the Allies could bring together before August. The attack delivered by the Navy alone is still rather a mystery. On the face of it, there s emed scarcely any chance of its getting through the Narrows, and none whatever of its doing any further good, if it had. As a demonstration, it could only be justified if all intentions of making a land attack had been abandoned. If after the naval failure the Allies retained such an intention, they might have been wise to dissimulate it; and by diverting the enemy's attention elsewhere during the spring and summer, to throw him off his guard against the blow at the heart which in August they would have had forces enough to deliver.

On the face of it, Sir Ian Hamilton's plan of attacking the peninsula at its tip was a mistake. It is said that his forces in April were too small to attack elsewhere; but if so, it would seem better to have made no spring landing at all. The reason given in his first published dispatch for the selection of the original landings was that the coast admitted of no others. This, it is now evident, was inaccurate; there were the Suvla alternatives, and his last dispatch discusses Ebrije. The original Anzac landing seems to have been only an additional mistake. It achieved no useful purpose, and it diverted troops whose presence on Cape Helles might have enabled Krithia to have been captured in the first few days. But behind Krithia was Achi Baba; behind Achi Baba was Kilid Bahr; behind Kilid Bahr was Sari Bair; and it is difficult to believe that any plan was prudent which (like that of starting from the tip of the peninsula) necessitated the frontal storming of all these positions in succession.

Down to August, therefore, our local commanders seem to have been without any strategical conceptions but those of a forlorn hope; and it is very doubtful if the troops and munitions at their disposal were sufficient to permit of any. The combined Suvla and Anzac movement, which followed, was of a different order. It was a good plan, and there were forces enough to execute it. If successful it would have given us the whole western shore of the Dardanelles; though how much even that would have availed us is not very certain. But it failed owing to faults in the execution. They were committed at Suvla, not at Anzac, and they made of no avail a good deal of skill, as well as superb

bravery, exhibited on the Anzac side. The initial fault was the bungling of the water supply; the crucial fault was the indecision of certain officers in charge of the Suvla landing force. The Commander-in-Chief's share of the responsibility is still a moot point. After this failure the whole enterprise was doomed, unless another large reinforcement of men and munitions had enabled yet another stroke to be promptly developed. That these men and munitions were not available resulted from the French decision in favor of a Western offensive. The forces, which might have been employed in taking Gallipoli, were employed in taking Loos.

The Government have been criticised because they did not thereupon decide to take off the men at once. But could they have been taken off at that time? How much did the success of the eventual evacuations owe to the length of the mid-winter nights? The interval of three or four months, which was allowed to pass, cost us losses (chiefly from disease), but it possibly saved the force as a whole. Certainly it lessened the blow to our prestige in the East. Moreover, until the German project of re-establishing communications with Constantinople had been actually carried out, there was much to be said against relinquishing bases of attack on the Turkish capital, which it had cost us so much to occupy, and which it would be scarcely practicable to occupy afresh.

From start to finish the enterprise cost us more men, and possibly more money, than the Boer War. Its indirect results, as we have said, cannot yet be calculated. Its direct results were, that it relieved Turkish pressure on Russia, that it inflicted on the Turkish army losses probably equal to our own, and that for a time, at least, it administered a paralyzing shock to the Ottoman Empire. For the present there are difficulties about agreeing with either school of critics—whether with those, like Mr. Churchill, who claim that the idea was excellent but was wrecked by the "delays" of some persons unspecified; or with those who denounce it root and branch as a species of crime, for which the Ministers responsible ought to be impeached. Few sound war projects are without big risks; and a Ministry which took no big risks would be a Ministry of defeat. On the other hand, there is little evidence of avoidable delays. Probably neither the smaller nor the larger of Sir Ian Hamilton's armies could have been forthcoming sooner than they were. The Government's errors were rather errors of haste. It was not necessary for the Fleet to attack before the smaller army was ready. It was not necessary for either Fleet or Army to do so before the larger army was ready. Yet even so success was not far off; and the mistakes which definitely forfeited it were those of men on the spot.

The New Statesman.

MY BIRTHDAY.

"My birthday," I said, "is setting in with its usual severity."

"What," said Francesca, "has driven you to this terrible conclusion?"

"Little signs; straws showing how the wind blows."

"I wonder," she said, "how that came to be a proverb. Personally I don't keep packets of straws to test the wind by, and I never met anybody else who did. Handkerchiefs are much more certain, and men's hats are best of all."

"Yes," I said, "when I see my hat starting full tilt on an excursion I always know which way the wind is

blowing right enough. Tell me, Francesca, why does a man's hat when it's blown off, always bring up in a puddle?"

"And get run over by a butcher's cart?"

"And why does everybody laugh at the hat's owner?"

"And why does the boy who brings it back to you expect payment for the miserable and useless object?"

"And where," I said, "does the owner disappear to afterwards? You never see a man with a hat on his head that's been run over—no, I mean, with a hat that's been run over on his head—no, no, I mean, with a hat that's been run over off his head—Francesca, I give it up; I shall never get that sentence right, but you know what I mean. Anyhow, I will put the dreadful vision by. What was I talking about when this hat calamity broke in?"

"You had made," said Francesca, "a cold and distant allusion to your birthday. It's coming tomorrow."

"Well," I said, "it can come if it likes, but I shall refuse to receive it. I don't want it. I'm quite old enough without it. At my age people don't have birthdays. They just go on living, and other people say how wonderful they are for their years, and they must be sixty if they're a day, but nobody would think so, and—"

"And that it's all due to early rising and regular habits."

"And smoking and partial abstemiousness."

"And general good conduct. But you can have all that sort of praise and yet celebrate your birthday."

"But I tell you I won't have my birthday celebrated. Those are my orders."

"Orders?" she said. "People don't give orders about absurdities like that."

"Yes," I said, "they do; but their orders are not obeyed. There's Frederick, for instance. He's only eight, I know, but he's got something up his sleeve. He asked me yesterday if I could lend him threepence, and did I think that a small notebook with a pencil would be a nice present for a sort of uncle on his birthday—not a father, mind you, but an uncle. There's a Machiavelli for you."

"And what did you say?"

"I told him I had never met an uncle who didn't adore notebooks, but that few fathers really appreciated them; and then he countered me. He said he had noticed that many fathers were uncles too."

"That child," said Francesca, "will be a Lord Chancellor. He'd look splendid on a woolsack."

"Yes, later on. At present his legs would dangle a bit, wouldn't they?"

"They're very-well-shaped legs, anyhow. Any Lord Chancellor would be proud to possess them."

"To resume," I said, "about the birthday. There's Alice too. She's engaged on some nefarious scheme with a paint-box and a sheet of paper. It's directed at me, I know, because, whenever I approach her, things have to be hustled away or covered up. However, it's all useless. My mind's made up. I will *not* have a birthday."

"You can't prevent it, you know."

"Yes, I can," I said. "It's mine, and if I decide not to have it nobody can make me."

"But isn't that rather selfish?"

"It can't be selfish of me to deprive myself of a birthday."

"But you're depriving the children of it, and that's worse than selfish. It's positively heartless."

"Very well, then, I'm heartless. At any rate my orders are that there shall be no birthday; and don't you forget it, or rather, forget it as hard as ever you can."

"I can't hold out the least prospect that your suggestion will meet with favorable consideration."

* * * * * *

The birthday duly arrived, and I went

down to breakfast. As I entered the room a shout of applause broke from the already assembled family. "Look at your place," said Frederick. I did, and beheld on the table a collection of unaccustomed articles. There was a box of chocolates from Muriel and Nina; there was a notebook with an appropriate pencil. "That," said Frederick, "is for Cousin Herbert's uncle. Ha, ha!" And there was from Alice, a painted calendar fit to hang on any wall. It represents a Tartar nobleman haughtily walking in a green meadow, with a background of snow-capped mountains. He has a long pig-tail and a black velvet cap with a puce knob. His trousers are blue striped with purple. He has a long blue cloak decorated with red figures, and his carmine train is borne by a juvenile page dressed in a short orange-colored robe. It is a very magnificent design, and on the back of it is written:—

This is but a Birthday rhyme.
Written in this dark War-time.
We can't afford to waste our ink,
And so I'll quickly stop, I think.

Thus I was compelled to have a birthday after all.

R. C. Lehman

Punch.

A SOLDIER AND HIS MOTHER.

Signora Assunta (in blessed Italy we call all ladies by their Christian names) is one of those mothers who are immediately recognized as motherly. Plump and well-liking, full of harmless fun, shining with sympathetic smiles. Yet the poor dear has had little enough to smile or jest about.

Until eight or nine years ago she was lapped in luxury. Her husband had a big town house at the Capital of Flowers, and four fine villas with gorgeous gardens in various parts of Tuscany. There were crowds of servants. Open house was kept. Signora Assunta's lightest whims were instantly gratified.

Then, under the German system of peaceful or preliminary penetration, her husband's big business was broken up. He died of grief, or, as the doctors pronounced, of heart failure, and the estate was wound up with assets *nil*. But she, brave woman, went on living and smiling for the sake of her two boys.

One, aged fourteen, has not yet succeeded in earning anything, and remains at Portoferraio to share her penury in a spotless attic. The other, Sandro, volunteered for the army at the first whisper of war. I chanced to do her a small service, and we have become friends. One day she showed me a bundle of Sandro's letters, asking whether I cared to print extracts. A journalist had wanted them for the Italian press, but she would not lay her soul bare to the public. England, however, was far away, far out of her orbit.

The first letter was written while Italy was hesitating about war. It is dated Florence, March 23, 1915. The first three pages are devoted to an outburst of boyish patriotism, in which the influence of d'Annunzio and many fervent orators may clearly be traced. "Dearest Mama, you know my opinions about the duty of war. . . . We must give up all for lovely Italy . . . our persecuted brethren call us from beyond the Alps . . . my heart glows, my veins thrill, my pulses beat when I ponder over the old glories of Rome and dream of the glories which now await my Italy." Half rhapsody—half perorations; half prize essay—half hustings. Rather crude, but very nice.

The boy is more convincing when he describes events. He is a quick observer and has a gift for selecting facts. "I want to tell you," the letter proceeds, "what happened to me two nights ago when I was on guard at

the Austrian Consulate. Towards ten o'clock news came that some five thousand people were advancing upon the Consulate where we were. We immediately formed a cordon and fixed bayonets to bar their way. In about ten minutes they began to arrive—a vanguard of students who made such a demonstration as you can't imagine. Then followed all sorts of people—men and women, old and young, children and veterans, reservists, Garibaldians: in a word, the deluge—all yelling and singing. As you can well imagine, I began to perspire. How were we to keep back all those people who wanted to pass? And all the time we were wishing we might let them pass. Seeing we would not give way, they changed their tactics. We were assaulted by a swarm of ladies in such a way that we could not even attempt to resist. The fact is, I found myself embraced by a lovely girl, who would not let me go until I unfixed my bayonet. As a reward for doing this she presented me with a rose and a kiss. The rose is a bit crumpled, but I send it with this letter. Keep it as a memento. It is not all there, though, for I am keeping part of it to bring me luck at the front. Keep your heart up, mother. I've been told by a fortune-teller that I shall live to be eighty. As I am only twenty that leaves me sixty years to live."

Nearly all Sandro's letters from the front reveal his constant anxieties about his mother. He must be kept constantly informed about her health, he fidgets if she has a cold; but the overwhelming preoccupation is about her finances. . . . The lady who had five houses and posses of servants and furs and feasts not so very long ago must now maintain herself and a growing boy on 2frs. 15c. (say, 1s. 9½d.) a day, and the prices of necessaries have gone up fully 50 per cent. He does what he can, but never ceases to lament how little that is.

"September 9, 1915. I hear that the Alti Forni (the munitions factory at Portoferraio) are giving employment to those who return from the front. Winter is beginning here, operations are being suspended, and the factories will have more work to do in view of renewed activity in the spring. Why shouldn't I get a job there in the interval and earn a bit for you? I have learned to do so many things at the front. . . . My rest has been a short one, and now I am ordered off to the trenches again, a beastly place this time. During the three days I have been down here I have eaten only once, but now things are to change a bit. One thing against which there is no remedy is the water which filters in everywhere and in which one has to sleep. As a matter of fact, the cold prevents one's sleeping at night, and the cloak and blanket are really insufficient. I look up at the Alps in envy. They appear so cozy in their new white cloaks of snow. All the same, I am quite well, as I hope you both are. Let me know if you received the 30frs. I sent you on the 2d. As soon as I receive my next bonus I will send it to you. It is the bonus for my work as telephonist (1fr. a day). I will keep half a franc for myself, if you don't mind."

Next to the anxiety about his mother's moneys comes the first thrill of excitement over the prospect of short leave home.

"September 26, 1915. You tell me in your letter that there only remains 14frs. out of the 30frs. I sent you, and this month I can only send you 15frs. as I have to think of the journey and keep a few coins for the first few days at home. I am still well. I say 'still,' because I have now been sleeping for three nights softly couched in a puddle containing four inches of reddish water. Aldo can describe the color to you, for he has spent many nights in it."

The next letter explains where all those precious francs went.

"September 27, 1915. I received your parcel yesterday. But I must say you have sent me far too many things, and I see they are all new, which shows me that you bought them, spending God knows how much. This really upsets me very much, for nothing, or next to nothing, can have remained out of the miserable sum I was able to send you. And at the end of this month I shan't be able to send you anything, because the authorities have now adopted the beautiful plan of paying extras only at the end of the next month. You can imagine how much this annoys me. I hoped to be able to send you a bit more this month out of my earnings from the sale of empty cartridges, which one picks up and takes to headquarters, where they are paid for at the rate of 1fr. 25c. the kg. (say, 6d. the lb.)."

Is it not a pathetic picture—the boy and his mother each struggling to spend these small windfalls on the other? And mother's parcel turns out not to have been so very urgent, after all. Every Italian town has been subscribing lavishly for parcels for the heroes at the front. Turin sent off ten thousand parcels for Christmas. Sandro's next letter describes the arrival of a consignment from Naples.

"October 5, 1915. Like all the soldiers of the Tenth Army Corps in the first line, I have received from Naples a parcel containing a mountain of things: three pairs of foot-wrappers, 20 stamped post cards with the names of the donors printed on them, one packet of mild pipe-tobacco, one packet of Maryland tobacco, one pipe, one copying pencil, one packet of peppermints, two neckties, one white scarf, two colored ones, one woolen belt, three cakes of soap, one clothes brush with a mirror at the back, one comb, one shirt, one towel, one box of insect powder. What a heap of good, useful stuff! When we received the parcels all of us—infantry, artillery, pompom-men, etc., nearly all Neapolitans—yelled out, 'Hurrah for Naples!' Hearing all this row, the Austrians suspected an attack, and began the devil's own fusillade, without however, hurting anybody."

Now the hopes of leave grow brighter and brighter.

"November 5, 1915. At last, after two months of trenches, I am to go behind and rest. Next Monday I am to come down from this high altar, now consecrated by history. I have seen so many go up to it and so few come down. I hear that leave may be given during this rest, perhaps to all, certainly to those who have been at the tight corners. I am at the head of the list, because I am the only one of my company of 300 men who spent two nights on the Carso in the most dangerous positions. The proof is that, only ten days ago, one of my comrades (we were three in one observatory) was killed at the telephone by a grenade, and I had my clothes shot through and torn three times. But never mind all this rot (*queste schiochezze*). The essential is to have those happy days of leave and to come home and kiss you all, and see my native hearth again after ten months' absence. I enclose a money order for 25frs. Do, of course, what you please with the money. Only, if you don't happen to need it all, you might put aside 7frs. in case I do come home. Save them only if you are sure you really have enough. I shall really be happier if you spend it all."

And, after all these bright dreams, there comes a hideous nightmare of misgiving. Can the boy really afford to come home when he does get his leave?

"November 10, 1915. Here I am resting at Brescia. I have had 63 successive days in the trenches. But

even in that there are compensations. The Captain assures me that, as soon as leave is allowed, I shall be one of the first to enjoy it, and he is proposing me for the medal for valor. But while there is time, it is better to think well before doing a thing. Do you think I can come on leave without being a nuisance? Of course, you two can't keep me for the sixteen days of my leave, and I shall have few coins in my pocket. What is to be done, mother dear? Think it well over, and let me know what you decide. I leave it to you. Another annoyance is that this month I can't send you anything, because I earn nothing while I am resting. Just answer my question quite frankly. I repeat it, so as to be quite clear: *Ought I or ought I not to come home on leave?* Yes, yes, I will do all I can to come home for Christmas. . . . Well, if I can't, I will remain down there in the trenches."

But he did not have to remain "down there in the trenches." He reached Portoferraio by the evening boat on the 15th of December, wearing the silver medal for valor and the proud smile of a hero. My eyes grew very dim when I saw him embracing "mamma carissima" on the quay. I know, but he doesn't, that she pawned her wedding ring and her last trinkets to give her boy a merry Christmas.

Herbert Vivian.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

In the distant mid-Victorian days the prevalent sex attitude was nowise more clearly marked than in the different estimates adopted towards men and women who remained single after thirty. It was generally held that women who passed into early middle age without marrying, were and even recognized themselves to be failures in life. Exceptional cases were always admitted of women who deliberately chose to live single, and had the character and the means to live in comfort and independence. But the general attitude towards "old maids" was one of some commiseration and contempt as for those who had tried and failed to "get" a husband. In very many instances the feeling was quite unjustified, for there had been no attempt, and therefore no failure. But there was enough warrant in the social and economic conditions of the time to support the view that the position of a married woman was regarded by women as well as by men as more "eligible" than that of an "old maid." No such sense of failure attached to the unmarried man. The presumption was that he could have married if he had liked. There was even a suggestion that by superior self-command or obduracy he had escaped "the snares of matrimony." Married folk were indeed prone to strictures upon bachelors as selfish men who refused the burdens of married life from considerations of personal comfort and pleasure. Their morals were often called in question; it was intimated that they sought the pleasures and consolations of the married state without its fetters. But their evident self-satisfaction and material prosperity made it impossible for us to feel that they were failures.

Now, as regards unmarried women, a great and rapid transformation has already taken place. Hosts of women whose personal attractions nobody would deny, deliberately refuse the career of wife and mother. Professional, business, or the artistic life offer ever-growing opportunities of livelihood and personal success. Everywhere the old conventional taboos are breaking down. The national emergencies of war are bringing

home the dignity of labor to many classes of women who had hitherto clung to the narrower conventions of reputable idleness within the home. They will never return to the dullness of the old respectability. The experience of a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, absolutely novel in the history of womankind, will have revolutionized the attitude of myriads of women of all classes towards the old ideals of "the sheltered life." They will refuse to come back afterwards. The demand for economic independence and a career of public service, as an alternative to wifehood and motherhood, will have been immensely stimulated by this experience. But we are here concerned with its sentimental reactions. It will redress the unfairness of the balance of conventional feeling towards unmarried women and bachelors. Unmarried women over thirty will be no longer failures, now that they are manifestly able to support themselves and "get on." So frankly do material standards govern our estimates of success in life.

Little attention, however, has hitherto been paid to the other side of the balance. We have remarked that the unmarried man has never been branded with the sense of failure which has depressed the value of the unmarried woman. It has been reserved for a single incident of the war to bring out into sharp consciousness the distinction of the married and unmarried man. Those who move among the clubs and restaurants frequented by young business men, mechanics, clerks, shop assistants and others, find a new spirit of active animosity springing up between married and unmarried men. Though the preference accorded under the Compulsion Bill to married men is the direct and obvious cause of antagonism, the strength and the nature of the feeling that is evoked require some deeper explanation. Is it not likely that the psychology of the average bachelor has been misconceived? Is not misogyny commonly imputed to, and sometimes assumed as a protective pride by, men whose desire for feminine companionship is at least as keen as that of other men, but who are precluded by some defect of external appearance or some sensitiveness of sex feeling from successful approaches towards the other sex? Men who know that they lack physical attractiveness, or ease of address, suffer the added penalty of that want of self-confidence which is so damaging to every sort of social intercourse. Many of these ineligibles entertain keen feelings of admiration and of envy for the easy manners and the popularity enjoyed by their fellows among young women. In perhaps no other matter is there so much inequality of opportunity, and nowhere is it more bitterly resented. Thousands of men remain bachelors because they think they never had a chance. Possibly they had many chances, had they known. But it is their feelings and not the facts that we are here concerned with. Those who know how easy it is for decent, unassuming men to go through youth and early manhood with hardly any easy personal intercourse with even three or four of the hosts of young women with whom business or society brings them into contact, will realize that a very large proportion of single men over thirty are not by set purpose single, but even feel a certain inferiority in their position. Sensitiveness about personal appearance is probably the most common aspect of this feeling of inferiority. But the half-conscious recognition of low vitality and the lack of buoyancy and captivating energy that goes with it, often a concomitant of weak appearance, contribute largely to the sentiment. These physical and emotional traits count, however, not only as disadvantages in social intercourse with women, but as

general handicaps for success in life. The young men whose good looks, energy and confidence make them popular with women, also make the running in the business and professional worlds. This is, of course, not equally applicable to all callings and careers. Brains and character, though possessing little sex value, count heavily towards success in many skilled occupations. But, even in such callings as the Bar, the Church, and Medicine, physical appearance and energy, with the manners and deportment that derive from them, are immensely important ingredients of success.

The upshot of uch considerations is that most unmarried men over thirty secretly regard themselves as unsuccessful men, outstripped socially and economically by other men who have married the sort of girl they would have liked to marry, and have got the posts they would have liked to have. These successful rivals they do not usually regard as their superiors in the qualities that ought to count, but only in the superficial qualities in which they have been unfairly handicapped by Nature. These bachelors have a grievance against society and against their married companions, which is by no means canceled by the pretense or even the reality o' their superior liberty. Until the present moment, however, this envious sentiment was not drawn out into clear consciousness. Still less was it generalized into a sense of class conflict. Now these unmarried men are everywhere feeling with the new intensity of a sudden discovery that those who have been preferred to them, and whom they envy, have been endowed with an important privilege at their expense. The bachelor of forty, physically feeble and tired with the monotonous grind of a business which yields him no prospect of success or of ability to maintain a family, finds himself liable to incur the toils and perils of a fighter, while his stronger, more prosperous friends, whose vigor and prosperity have enabled them to marry young, are at liberty to stay in comfort and in safety in their homes. So the devastating hand of war inflicts a new wound upon national unity, and drives a new rift into society.

The Nation.

RICHARD WHITEING.*

"I was born, alas! as far back as 1840," Mr. Whiteing writes on the first page of his memoirs, "and there is still so much to see." Nothing could be more characteristic of him than that little touch of regret. How many men born so far back as 1840 are still so alertly alive, so keenly interested in the world around them and all that is happening and going to happen in it that their one regret is they are not much younger and so might hope to see much more of it? He has had a full and strenuous career; he has warmed both hands at the fire of life but he is by no means ready to depart. It is no ordinary nature that could come through the wear and tear of seventy-five years and still be so young at heart, so bravely optimistic, so true to the fine ideals of his youth, that could still find the world a right joyous and a kindly place, and be more eagerly interested in everybody and everything in it than he is in himself and his own affairs. He can say with Ulysses:

"Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

and might add with him as truthfully:

*"My Harvest," By Richard Whiteing. 10s. 6d. net. Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Myself not least, but honored of them all."

only that it would not be natural in Mr. Whiteing to make that addition.

Half the charm of his personality, and half the charm of his book, are in this invincible modesty. If you read his pages, knowing nothing of him beforehand, you would gather that he had roamed the earth as a busy journalist and had written two books, and that is about all. When he is picturing his boyhood, his school-days, his early adventures in the Grub Street of London journalism, Mr. Whiteing is delightfully intimate; all this—the sketch of his life with his widowed father in the lodgings down Norfolk Street, Strand, his school experiences, his attendances at the Workingmen's College, when Frederic Denison Maurice was its Principal and his colleagues and supporters were such men as Ruskin, Furnivall, Hughes, Kingsley; his apprenticeship to Wyon the great seal engraver; his yearnings towards authorship, and how he found means to realize them—all this is as fascinating as a first reading of parts of "David Copperfield"; perhaps because it takes you back into the Dickens atmosphere and among scenes and characters such as Dickens knew, but chiefly, I think, because Mr. Whiteing has much the same delight in life and the human element of it that Dickens had, and much the same genial humor and large-heartedness. Reticent of himself and his own achievements when he comes to tell of his later years, he seems to have been able to look back on his boyhood and write of himself as a boy and as a young man as freely and sympathetically as he might have written of some other boy he used to know, and now remembers with a certain wistfulness.

When he was out of his apprenticeship as an engraver, he "set up for myself with parental aid, and with varied fortunes, mostly bad." Then, at six-and-twenty, to his father's disappointment, he abandoned this craft, and went to Paris, for two pounds a week, as secretary to the English Committee of a Working Class Exhibition that was to be held there. Returning from that, in due course, he installed himself in a garret off Gray's Inn Road, resolved to live the literary life. "I was so eager for this that I never thought of pleasing myself: so it was a sort of double event of misapplied energy. I turned out stories, essays, these preferred, skits, sketches, anything that came into my mind as distinct from coming out of it, and, of course, I had nothing but failures to my credit." His first success came with the acceptance by the *Clerkenwell News* of an article on clocks and watches, which was duly published, but not paid for. Just then, James Greenwood's article, "A Night in a Workhouse—by an Amateur Casual," made its sensational appearance in the *Pall Mall Gazette;* it was the first of a series relating the adventures in lower London of a gentleman disguised as a tramp. A friend of Mr. Whiteing's suggested that he should give the other side of the picture—the experiences of one of the lower orders who, suitably disguised, was introduced into the upper circles. The immediate result was "A Night in Belgrave Square—by a Costermonger," which promptly appeared in the *Evening Star*, and was so gloriously successful that the author followed it with more in the same vein, and eventually collected the series into his first book, "Mr. Sprouts—His Opinions."

For the *Star*, Mr. Whiteing went to Paris in 1867; and collogued with some of those fiery spirits who were presently to figure tragically in the story of the Commune; in 1873 he went to Spain for the *New York Tribune*, and saw Spain in the throes of a revolution. Returning to England, he worked for a time on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian;* then went back to Paris in the early

days of the Republic, saw much of the leading men of that period, and became resident correspondent there for the *New York World.* Thereafter, he was in Berlin; and thence went to Russia for *Scribner's Magazine;* thence to America; then to France again, and at length back to London, where he joined the staff of the *Daily News;* and was for many years one of its principal contributors, he and Herbert Paul and Andrew Lang writing its leading articles. In 1899 he retired from the *Daily News,* turned altogether from journalism, and carrying out a long cherished purpose, took up his literary career in earnest. In that same year (1899) he stepped into instant popularity as a novelist with "No. 5, John Street." Already, in 1876, he had published "The Democracy," and in 1888 that brilliantly satirical novel, "The Island," but it was "John Street" that gave him his first big success as a writer of fiction.

Wherever his journalistic duties had taken him Mr. Whiteing evidently entered into the life of the place and the hour with the finest gusto. It always interested him, and he interests you in it unfailingly. His pen-portraits of the editors, journalists, authors, politicians, and remarkable personalities he has met, with the shrewdness and understanding of his judgments on them, and his masterly, condensed sketches of the social and political movements of his times throw real and illuminating side-lights on the general history of the last half century. The occasional running commentary on English, French and American literature is acute, independent and admirably suggestive. Mr. Whiteing sat at dinner with Dickens, when Sala and Lord Lytton were present; he has the vividest recollections of Victor Hugo in his old age; of Ouida, and many another; of that literary bohemianism which is almost a thing of the past now; and his account of how Disraeli balked him of an interview and Gladstone was lured into granting one is among the most entertaining of the many good stories that are scattered up and down his chapters. Everywhere the book takes its distinctive tone from the vigorous personality of the writer; his opinions of the men he has known, the events he has witnessed, are full of the same ripe philosophy of life, the gracious humor and searching worldly wisdom that enrich not only "No. 5, John Street," but are the salt and savor of that delectable volume of essays, "Little People," and of "The Yellow Van," and those other books of his of which he tells you never a word. Which last is like him, too, and completes the picture of himself while it seems to leave it unfinished.

C. W.

The Bookman.

THE NEW HOPE.

The three cardinal Christian virtues are constantly changing their values. Faith is not just now accounted the greatest; charity, which has for a long time taken easily the first place, is ceasing to satisfy the religious craving of the human mind; and hope, for so long the least in the triumvirate, is forcing recognition from the Churches, who have hitherto held it in small esteem. The truth is that doubt is a huge factor in the modern world. Faith of necessity deprecates it, charity ignores it, hope can only make terms with it. Obviously the word "hope" implies doubt. "What a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?" said St. Paul. Religious hope might, we think, be described as religious doubt which has been transformed by grace, which

is no longer "hungry and barren and sharp as the sea," but which has been changed by the breath of the Spirit into something fruitful and sweet. All the same, it is not faith, and it is by faith alone—according to the Creeds—that men may be saved. But the stronghold of the religious outcast, the New Testament, would seem in this dilemma, as in so many others, to offer a shelter to the heretic. There he may read that men can be "saved by hope." It goes without saying that every man who seeks salvation by hope craves for faith, but it is true also that he often desires it in vain. Faith is the goal of his search. If ever he finds it, he will feel himself free. Fear will have no more dominion over him, but it is not unlikely that by that time death will have none either. Meanwhile he is still in bonds. The Churches in their official robes still look askance at him. They are ashamed of his humble attitude. In no official document do they admit his claim—too often made by proxy—to the Christian fellowship. They are logical. The New Testament is not. "Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope."

To all appearances certain natures are not capable of receiving the gift of faith. Or perhaps we ought rather to say that certain mental atmospheres prevent its action upon certain minds. Such atmospheric conditions are widespread in the present century. Has religion nothing to offer to men and women in this case? Obviously it has something to offer; in the present distress such people are obviously upheld. They themselves testify to the fact. The Churches would not deny it—except officially. Many men and women who cannot profess faith are yet "begotten again unto a lively hope."

Each age has its own form of religious experience. The word "hope," we believe, typifies the religious experience of the present age, and, like all forms of religious experience, it does for the recipient change life and "make all things new." We have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us, how widespread an experience was faith in the days that are not so long gone. It was not confined to natural saints or to repentant sinners. Like the manna wherewith the Israelites satisfied their hunger, it seemed to be had for the asking.. Men of religious genius and men of moral heroism shared it with dolts and unworthy and self-satisfied worldlings. Most people—so far as we can tell—if they turned their minds to religion at all, did so in unquestioning faith. If they gave any thought to spiritual matters, if, we mean, they considered the matter with any devotion, any recollection, any conscious effort, the problems of life were solved before their eyes. They could trace the hand of God not only in the history of the world, but also in the course of their own lives. The obstacles in the way of such tracings were not, as we are apt to think, modern discoveries. They were always there and always conspicuous. But for them the light shining behind and through rendered them transparent; for us it is not so. For our grandfathers the Great Companion who would accompany them in the shades of death, Who had companioned those who had already passed that way, was visible to the eye of faith. We can only sigh with the Apostle: "No man hath seen God at any time." The men of the past, even of the near past, had faith. To say that they were not much better than secularists, to ask what "use" there was in their religion, to vow that they were all hypocrites because they were not outstandingly good or spiritual, is simply to moralize to no purpose, and to show, perhaps unconsciously, a certain jealous chagrin. A small percentage, no doubt, pretended to have faith, just as later on a percentage

pretended to philanthropy, and as now a few only pretend that they live in hope. The vast majority were sincerely convinced, and their horror of the doubter was genuine. They believed that he was refusing salvation. They did not believe, what most men now know, that we believe not what we will, but what we can. That their faith was an inspiration no thoughtful believer in God can deny, though the superficial are apt to declare that inspiration comes only to the exceptionally good. Humanity would be in a bad way if this were so, and Christianity would be nonsense. Whether they deserved it or not, our grandfathers had faith, and by it they were consoled in life and upheld in death. The gift was marvelously widespread. For some inscrutable reason, it was in great measure withdrawn. For a long time there has been "no open vision." Science suddenly threw bomb after bomb into the midst of the Churches. They emptied, and have never refilled. The religious experience of the time, as it is reflected in literature, was an experience of conflict, and the spiritual fatigue which is its necessary corollary is everywhere apparent. Men turned to charity, and declared philanthropy to be the only true and undefiled religion. In altruism they found an inspired consolation, but it is a religion without hope. The Christian life is an even nobler thing than the Christian faith, but it has less power to satisfy the human heart. The Whence and the Whither are more insistent and press more heavily on man's imagination than the Now. It is better to live in a slum in hopes of Heaven than to walk through luxury to a ditch in a churchyard. It would be better to give a man the hope of everlasting life than to give him a water-tight roof over his head, work, fire, and dinner; only it is not in the power of man to give the first, and it is his duty to give the second.

It is strange indeed that the catastrophic stroke which fate has aimed at European civilization should be accompanied by a revival of hope. We are not speaking of that hope which is the result of calculation. Such hope is a mere opinion. As well call the solution of an arithmetical problem inspired as call that inspired. The hope which stands with faith and charity is the anthithesis of spiritual despair. It neither calculates nor dreads. It is not faith because it cannot assert, and the divine contagion of faith is absent from it. Faith inevitably pushes a man to assertion, often to wild, exaggerated assertion which, while it does not over-express—indeed, it falls far short of expressing—the speaker's sense of assurance, infallibly suggests unreality to the outside world. Hope—religious hope, at any rate—is more likely to silence a man than to make him speak; but if it is not expressed, yet how many of those who watch sorrow can today testify to its strange salvation. Men and women who never belonged, in any sense, to the household of faith are serene and brave in the face of the worst of human sorrows and bereavement. Even now they do not "testify"; but sorrow does reveal, in a measure, the thoughts of all hearts, and even the sympathetic witness must know that they are upheld by hope—to their own amazement. But it is not only the sad, or even only the serious, who share in the overflow of this religious experience. In the language of poetry, "it fills the Church of God, it fills the sinful world around." We trace it in the almost miraculous cheerfulness of men in hard and depressing circumstance, and the genuine resentment felt just now against the hopeless witnesses to it in a less admirable manner, just as the resentment against the doubter, now passed away, was a witness to the universality of faith. That at such a

moment as this hope should be intensified into inspiration, when war "has emptied the cities of the world of their ancient inhabitants and filled them again with so many and so variable sorts of sorrows," is "marvelous in our eyes." The origin of life remains a secret. In the spiritual world the secret of revival is an analogous mystery. The physicists and the theologians know very little about either the First or the Second Birth.

The Spectator.

THE SLAVES OF THE SPIDER.

It has been said that any claim which women may make to equal rights and political privileges can never be taken seriously so long as women follow the fashion. And the observation is just. The long, glittering line of Oxford Street alone, with its shop after shop devoted entirely to different kinds of clothes and ornaments for women, shouts a negative to the Woman's Rights question. Our fashion papers, blossoming week by week with the exotic flower of some new absurdity; our daily Press, with its woman's page, and its serious treatment of a thousand feminine fripperies; the very existence, the prosperous existence, of these things proves more convincingly than a whole library of anti-feminist tracts that the great mass of women are not as yet fitted for the use of power and responsibility; and, what is more, that they do not really desire these. The Northern farmer said, "The poor in the lump is bad." We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that woman in the lump is silly.

Otherwise, how could women find it in them to waste time, thought, money, brains, heart, and energy, not on inventing and making, or causing to be made, beautiful garments, distinguished and individual, but in a passionate, delirious, all-absorbing effort to wear what other people are wearing—to be "in the fashion"?

The incurable optimists among us, those in whose breast experience never kills hope, have believed, and said, that the war would change us—make us more reasonable, less bird-witted; that danger and death, which are great things, might make us ashamed to give so much thought to the little things of fashion; that the smoke of battles might dim the mirror, if only for awhile. Vain hope! Delusive dream!

It is true that for a few months women did think less of their clothes and more of life and of death. And perhaps this condition of common decency and common-sense might have been prolonged. But such a lucid interval was intolerable to the Arbiters of Fashion. These spiders, in their Parisian parlors, beheld with dismay the faint dawnings of reason in their giddy victims. The flies were keeping out of the web. A bold stroke was needed to lure them in. No slight change in the cut of a sleeve or the trimming of a skirt would avail against such powers as Death and the Fear of Death, love, and the loss of the beloved. The only chance for the spider was to invent changes so great that they might be expected to overshadow the great things . . . in the minds of women. A complete change of fashion, involving a complete change of outfit. This was the lure. And, in spite of the protests of those women who do think, the lure was brilliantly successful. While our fighting men were setting an example to the world by their magnificent valor and the splendor of their endurance, their wives and sisters and sweethearts could find no more engrossing thoughts than lace petticoats and new skirts six yards round. In the midst of the greatest war of the world women found time to "change

the fashion," an act so shameless that the most brazen of men must have blushed for it.

Well—the fashions were changed. And this is spilt milk. But the spiders must live, and the fashions go on changing. You read records of valor, of the sufferings of soldiers and the deaths of heroes; of unimaginable agony and incalculable sacrifice; you turn the page and see "Of Interest to Women. Picturesque tea gowns. . . . Complete under-robe of pale lilac Liberty satin—long coat of fine creamy lace—two satin ruches." You read of petticoats, "a glimpse of lace beneath the hem and a ruche of taffeta roses in shades of damask and pink," of "tulle scarves of immense length and width and gossamer-like fragility"—lace "lightly beaded with mother-of-pearl," of millinery "with an old-world flavor" (save the mark!), of hat-pins headed with tulle embroidered in silk. . . . And the brothers and lovers of the women who bother about these things fight, breathless, covered with the blood of brave comrades and the mud of the field of battle. . . . Does it not make you sick to think of the chiffon and the lace and the taffeta roses in shades of damask and pink?

If it were only the rich who succumbed to the arts of the spider it would not perhaps matter so much. It would be disgusting, of course, but the rich have, at least, money that they can part with without injuring any but themselves.

But the curate's daughter, the doctor's wife, the typewriting girl, the factory girl, the binder girl, the laundry girl, these, with little to spare, are passionately eager to follow the lead of their richer sisters. There is, I believe, a league advocating economy in dress, where Lady Somebody Something implores her poorer sister not to spend more than two guineas on each of her new hats. What we want is a league—if leagues ever did any good—against changes of fashion, a league whose members should buy *no* new hats, but when their old ones wear out—which takes longer than a man would suppose—should buy a yard of cloth and make a hood, such as mediæval ladies wore, such as nuns wear now, a hood that will last a lifetime, and, this bought and made, should bother no more about hats; should buy a dress if the old one were worn out, a dress warm enough for comfort, short enough for walking, and loose enough for work. And that being bought and made, should wear it, and bother no more about dresses.

Queen Isabella swore not to change her shift till the war of her day should be over. Is it too much to ask of our women that they should refrain from changing, not their shifts, but their fashions?

The shadow of a national poverty looms large ahead. The time is coming, and coming quickly, when women will be no longer able to buy the glittering, worthless adornments of silk and tulle and lace and roses in shades of damask and pink, when they will look back on the money they wasted in Oxford Street, and wish they had the money again, and wonder how they could have been so silly. The time is coming when they will be forced against their will to renounce all this folly which they might now with so good a grace voluntarily renounce. How much better, how much finer, if they could only bring themselves to give up this following of fashion before they are beaten back from it by the cudgel of poverty.

Vain is the old misleading parrot-cry: "Changes of fashion are good for trade." That is true But it does not make the following of fashion any the more reasonable.

If you loaded a barge with all your furniture, sank it in the Thames, and bought more furniture, that would be good for the furniture trade, but it

would be none the less a wanton and unreasonable action. The fact that we let off no crackers on Guy Fawkes' Day must be very bad for the firework trade, but it is all the same a right and proper abstention. This attempt to justify folly on the ground that it is good for trade will not hold out against a moment's serious thought. If you spend your money on your own clothes, it is good for the dressmaking trade, but it is bad for all the other trades on whose goods your money might otherwise be spent. People should buy what they really want, and people should earn their living by making what is really wanted. Whereas, for a long time now, trade has meant the making and selling of whatever can be sold at a profit, and the forcing of the product on people who do not need it. (For the carrying of this sort of trade to the lowest possible depths we are, by the way, indebted to Germany.)

Day by day, we see in print the question, "What can women do?" Well, to begin with, they can stop making fools of themselves with chiffon and velvet and roses of shades of damask and pink. And when they have done this, they will find a good deal of time left on their hands, some money in their pockets, and in their minds, let us hope, some room for thought about the things that really matter.

Some, writing with pens dipped in treacle, assure us that women should follow the fashions because, "when their dear ones come back from the trenches, they will like to find their women looking smart, ready to welcome them in pretty gowns, and looking their best." Do the purveyors of this pure, thick, rich nonsense really suppose that when a man comes back from the jaws of death to his love he cares for more than her living hands in his, her living lips on his own, her living voice to call him by his name, her living love to clasp him and hold him, and know him safe? Will he need, to add zest to such a homecoming, Liberty velvet and chiffon, and lace and roses in shades of damask and pink?

E. Nesbit.

The Westminster Gazette.

PORTUGAL AND THE WAR.

Of all the nations who have refrained hitherto from active intervention in the war none has declared itself so heartily or so spontaneously in favor of the Allies as our ancient comrades-in-arms, the Portuguese. Hostilities had no sooner begun than the Portuguese Government assured this country of their loyal adherence to the terms of the English alliance and of their readiness to give practical effect to it as soon as desired. That assurance, which was confirmed by a unanimous vote in Parliament, has since been repeated at each change of Government by politicians of all parties and by newspapers of all shades of opinion. So general was the expression of patriotic ardor in the early days of the war that Senhor Bernardino Machado, then Premier, even proposed to send an Expeditionary Force to Flanders, an offer which was favorably entertained by the British Government. That the project was abandoned was not due to any lack of zeal on the part of the Portuguese Government or people, but to certain material difficulties which had escaped notice in the first moments of enthusiasm. It was discovered that the army was not ready, and that the Treasury had no surplus funds at its disposal. Moreover, a little calm reflection suggested doubts as to the wisdom of sending a

Portuguese force abroad at a time when other problems might demand serious attention. The requirements of home defense could not be overlooked; while in Africa the reat colonies of Angola and Mozambique would obviously require strong reinforcements from the motherland in case of attack from the neighboring German territories. Such considerations could not be ignored, and it was eventually agreed that Portugal would serve the common cause more usefully by avoiding a rupture with Germany and husbanding her resources with a view to future needs.

The decision was no doubt wise in the circumstances, but it none the less placed Portugal in a somewhat equivocal position. While rendering valuable services to the Allies, she has remained at peace with Germany: and, consequently, she has been obliged to extend prolonged hospitality to the large and miscellaneous fleet of German shipping that ran for shelter to Portuguese harbors in the first weeks of the war, and to tolerate the unwelcome presence in Lisbon of the German Minister, Dr. Rosen, who, like his colleagues in other neutral capitals, has turned his Legation into a busy center of intrigue and pro-German propaganda. At the same time she has been exposed, as the Ally of Great Britain to the provocations of the German Press and to such vexatious acts as the abortive raids from German Southwest Africa upon the frontiers of Angola. She has, in fact, enjoyed neither the advantages of a true neutrality nor the moral stimulus and the enhanced prestige which she would have gained by co-operation in the field with her Allies. The ungrateful position which she thus assumed in the common interest must have imposed a severe strain upon a high-spirited nation with traditions no less famous than our own; but she has filled it with a loyalty and a patience that are beyond all praise. We make no doubt that she will continue to do so, while awaiting the opportunity to play the more active part to which her long and glorious history entitles her.

How soon this opportunity may occur we have still no means of judging. In outlining his policy in the Cortes, Senhor Affonso Costa, who is once more in power at the head of a Democratic and partisan Cabinet, renewed his professions of devotion to the English alliance and pledged his Government to further the triumph of the Allied cause by all possible means. But, while the preparation of the Army for war bulks largely in his program, there are other things beside. He intends, for instance, to reform the public finances, the judiciary, the police, and the Colonial system; to overhaul local government and national education; to reorganize industry, commerce, and agriculture; to develop the fisheries and the mercantile marine; and to establish a system of State insurance. The task which Senhor Costa thus confidently assumes is one that might tax the genius of a Pombal with a united people at his back. Today, unfortunately, the Portuguese people is not united except on one point, and as the Moderate Republicans—the Evolutionists under Senhor Almeida and the Unionists under Senhor Brito Camacho—have been once more excluded from all share in the administration, it would be rash to prophesy for the new Government either a long life or an easy one. Senhor Costa is a strong Minister, and he has a great opportunity. We wish him all success; but, whether he succeeds or fails, Englishmen and Portuguese alike may rejoice in the knowledge that the alliance between the two countries was never in the whole course of its long history more cordial or more powerful for good than it is today. The experience of the last eighteen months has amply proved, if proof were needed, that at whatever moment we call upon our Allies for help we shall not call in vain.

The Times.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Fashions change in literature as in other things, and it may well be that essays are not read as widely or as enthusiastically as they once were; but readers who still care for them will find Frederic Rowland Marvin's "Fireside Papers" alluring. The book is well named, for the essays which it contains are quiet and meditative and well suited to fireside reading. They are upon such subjects as The Loneliness of Genius, Human Derelicts, Death from Unusual Causes, Romance and Symbolism of Animal Life and The River of Oblivion. They are the fruit of wide reading and wholesome experience and reflection. Sherman, French & Co.

Dr. S. S. Curry of The School of Expression in Boston has written two books in order to bring the theories for which he stands clearly before the American public. The books he calls "How to Add Ten Years to Your Life" and "The Smile"; they are closely related, are in fact but two chapters of the same book. The first takes up the physical side of his theorem, the second the spiritual; but both deal with both sides. In "How to Add Ten Years to Your Life" the author sets forth in exact terms the system of muscular development practised by his students. He claims that a good body creates a good voice and a good voice creates a good body. The smile on the face, which he insists on in his exercises as essential from the start, is here something more than the mere expression of the spirit, it is an influence on the character, a lever to move the whole man, body, mind, and spirit. School of Expression, Book Department.

"More Jonathan Papers," by Elisabeth Woodbridge, begins with the good natured bickering of a husband and wife who are neither ill-bred nor ill-tempered, and can give and take a joke, but after "The Searchings of Jonathan" and "Sap-Time" and "Evenings on the Farm" the character of the papers changes. "After Frost" is a good garden essay and "The Joys of Garden Stewardship" is an exquisite blending of the pastoral and the comic. "Trout and Arbutus" takes the two into the forest, she carelessly bearing a fishing pole, he humbly attendant upon another, both with an eye to arbutus, about the pronunciation of which they do not agree. Probably they settled it before marriage, as provident lovers decide whether to give vermicelli the American grocer's name or that borne in its native land. The last three papers, "Without the Time of Day," "The Ways of Griselda" and "A Rowboat Pilgrimage" end with the oars dipping into Long Island Sound, off a headland familiar to the voyagers. "It is over," says the author, speaking of the joyous little cruise, "and yet not really over, after all. . . . 'You cannot eat your cake and have it too.' True, but that is because it is cake. There are other things which you can eat and still have. And our rowboat-cruise is one of these. It is over, and yet it is not over. It never will be. I can shut my eyes . . . and again I am under the open sky. I am afloat in the sun and wind with the waters all around me. I see again the surf-curved edges of the beaches, the lines of the sand-cliffs, the ragged horizon-edge, cut and jagged by the waves. I feel the oars, I am aware of the damp, pure night-air, and the sounds of the waves, ceaselessly breaking on the sand." So the reader of "More Jonathan Papers" having read it once, even if he did not read it again, will have in his memory its jests, its cheer, and its occasional elevated passages recording things seen and felt on sea and land. If he be country-bred, he will all but taste the unique maple sugar that Jonathan beat and beat and beat, making clover

and polliwog designs on the top of the cakes, with the scrapings of the pan. And the fun and the beauty will remain in the book after many readings. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Fifty Years of American Idealism" is the broad title which Gustav Pollak gives to a volume commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the New York *Nation*. The book is in three parts: the first an outline of the history of *The Nation*, with sketches of its editors and contributors; the second a series of selections from *The Nation's* comments on public affairs, from year to year; and the third consisting of twenty-four essays contributed to *The Nation* by eminent writers. No one can dispute the large influence which *The Nation* has exerted upon public opinion during its half century of existence, and the present volume is at once an explanation of that influence and an impressive memorial. Houghton Mifflin Co.

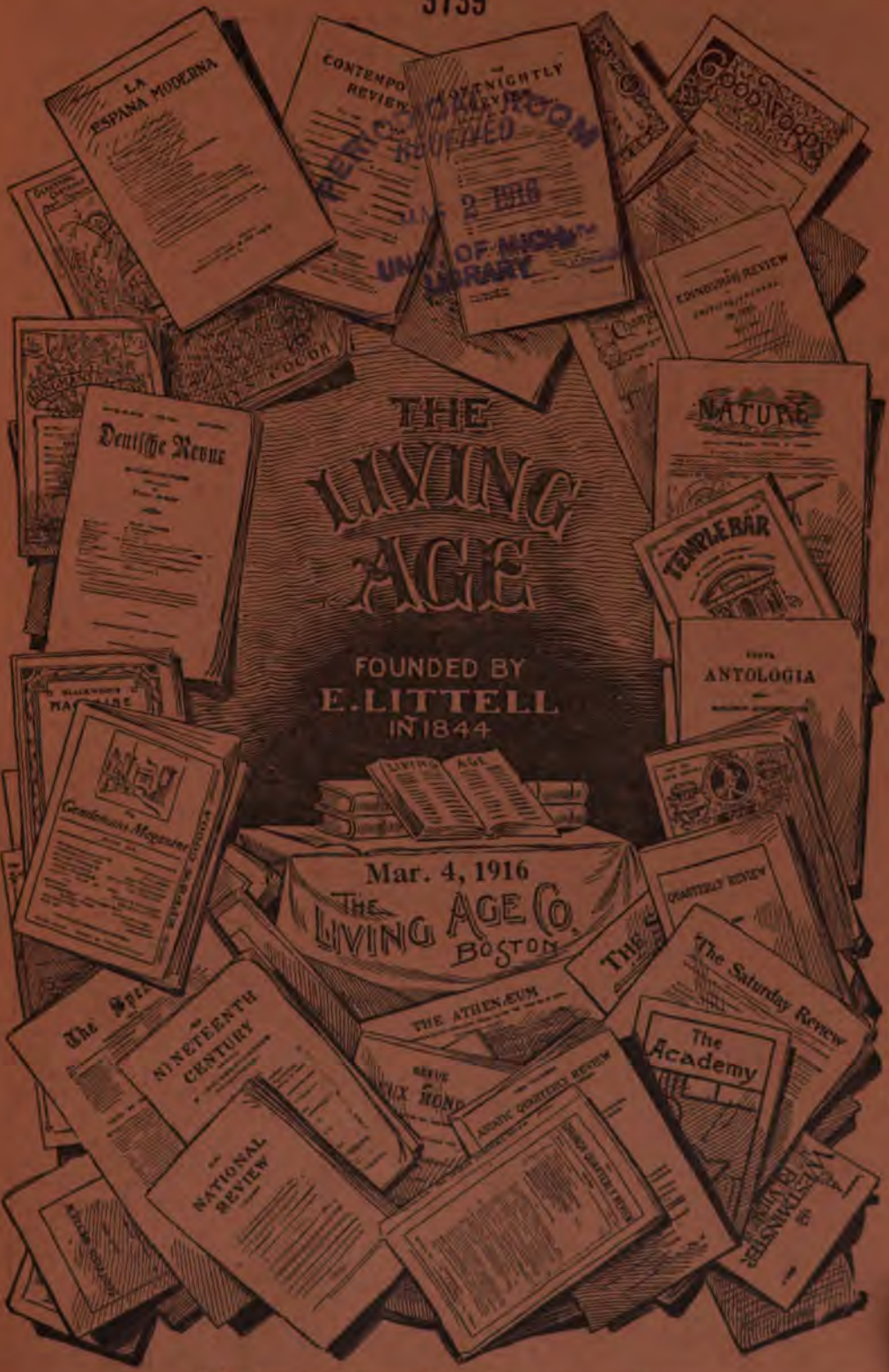
The little volume called "The Baby's First Two Years," written by Dr. Richard M. Smith of Boston, with the assistance of Rosalind Huidekoper Greene, contains rules for the care and feeding of infants up to two years of age, and general suggestions to mothers and nurses, supplemented by recipes and charts. It is eminently wise, practical and up-to-date, and the mother who follows its directions will be spared a great deal of anxiety. The chapter which gives a detailed outline of a typical day—which is a part of Miss Greene's contribution to the book—is especially good. There are nine illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The heroine who helps herself is in the best of good form today, and Joan Lynn, who dispenses fate and good fortune to the various persons included in the story of "Mildew Manse," by Belle K. Maniates, is compounded of equal parts of fairy godmother and sharp woman of business. Lucky will be the man who finds her like, and submits with docility to her orders. Joan rules the Hazard family, her friends, entirely for their good, and she enriches herself by selling advice to all who ask for it, charging only a quarter of a dollar for each bit of wisdom. An enormous number of those persons uncertain whether or not to go into the house when it rains, flock to her shrine in droves and, duly enlightened, send others to publish her praise abroad. The story is a pleasant bit of genial extravagance and happily exemplifies J. M. Barrie's maxim, "Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves." Joan cannot resist a harmless joke, and plays more than one upon her friends and clients for their good, and to their eventual pleasure. "Mildew Manse" is a joyous, wholesome story. Little, Brown & Co.

Under the apt title "Democracy in the Making" (Little, Brown & Co.) there are grouped a series of articles descriptive of Ford Hall, Boston, and the Open Forum Movement, of which it is an inspiring example. The book is edited by Mr. George W. Coleman, the leader in the movement, and various aspects of the aims and ideals for which the movement stands are presented by Mary Caroline Crawford, Harold Marshall, Edward A. Steiner, Norman Hapgood, Stephen S. Wise, Charles Zueblin and others who have had a share in its activities. At these Ford Hall meetings, as Mr. Coleman describes them, preacher and atheist, Jew and Christian, Protestant and Catholic, Socialist and anarchist, radical and conservative, syndicalist and monopolist, trade unionist and trust magnate, hear each other propound antagonistic views with never a serious violation of the limitations of courtesy, toleration and fair play. That is an achievement worth chronicling and an example worth following.

SEVEN POSTULATES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW: BY SIR JOHN MACDONELL

3739



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A HAPCHANCE ORACLE.

Heart's rest it seems their kindly talk to leave,
Who this for comfort hold, and fain would share:
Not far off bide our Dead, they say, and cleave
New access for despair.

As if no dead vast deeps should hide the star
Evanished from our void and darkling air,
When, verily, except it shine afar,
It shines not anywhere;

Nor ever a ray thereof shall hope retrieve
That fared not forth on paths of loneliest light . . .
Here soft falls silence down the hushed gray eve,
The unfooted road curves white.

Some lads pass, trampling up a dust-cloud dim,
All brownly garbed as soil that labor delves;
Deathward they march to humor a mad world's whim,
And sing to please themselves.

A witless song; yet haply, overheard,
Fraught with the lore that Fortune sends us so:
A long, long way to go; aye, take the word:
A long, long way—to go.

Jane Barlow.

The Nation.

TWENTY-TWO.

Twenty-two
At the end of the week, if he'd seen it through.
We left his grave in the cure's hands;
I met him as I was coming away—
A white-haired man in cassock and bands—
And I showed him where it lay.

"Twenty-two—
Yet he's older than you or me, M'sieu,
And the riddle of time for him is read.
Yes, I will see the grave kept trim,
And after the prayers for our own are said
I will add a prayer for him."

Twenty-two—
Someone will bitterly weep for you;
Yet she'll lift her head with a wonderful pride:
"He was my son, and his life he gave.
Shall I grudge such a gift, tho' my heart has died?
He was brave: I must be brave."

Twenty-two—
Ah! for the dreams that can never come true:
All that the world should have had in store!
He had will to die though he loved to live.
We must be ready to follow—the more
That we've many less years to give.

Punch.

GHOSTS.

Some dismal nights there are when spirits walk,
Who lived and died unhappy in their time,
To waste the air with vows and whispered talk
Of tarnished love or hate or secret crime.
But now the moon moves splendid through the sky;
The night is brilliant like a silver shield;
And in their cavalcades come riding by
The mighty dead of many a tented field.
For this one hour at least of all the year
The lists are set again, the lines are drawn;
Again resounds the shock of horse and spear,
And sweet applause of ladies till the dawn
Makes glad the hearts of vizored knights; then they,
Hearing the seneschal, the cock, all troop away

Theodore Maynard.

The New Witness.

SEVEN POSTULATES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

It is a commonplace today to say that International Law has been discredited by reason of the events of the war. I have heard the question asked: Does International Law exist? I have read statements to the effect that it is at an end, or that it is for the time suspended, and that we must wait for a distant and improbable future before it becomes a reality. Such statements are doubtless new to those who make them. They are familiar to anyone with knowledge of the subject. They were common more than a century ago when the high-handed arbitrary acts of the Directory and of Napoleon and his marshals seemed to their adversaries to be the destruction of the public law of Europe. The burden of the writings of Burke and Gentz, of the speeches of Pitt and other spokesmen of the Allies of those days, was that treaties had become "scraps of paper," that the usages of war were violated, and that the sea law as established by long usage was contemned.* What has become of the teaching of Grotius and Vattel, asked the adversaries of France, just as the adversaries of Germany are asking: "What has become of the Hague Conventions and of the Declarations of Paris and of London?"

Generally this language says more than is meant by those who use it. They do not think—and, indeed, there is no ground for thinking—that many of the important rules of conduct between nations in time of peace, when it returns, will not be observed by the States now at war; or that between States now at peace with each other they are at present inoperative. We know that most of those rules are, in fact, observed between neutrals, and I doubt whether ever more faithfully. Nor is it meant that the rules regulating the conduct of belligerents to neutrals, or of neutrals to belligerents, have ceased entirely to operate. There have been many complaints that these rules have been broken or evaded by belligerents. It would be an obvious exaggeration, to which the complaints of neutrals give no countenance, to say that they are entirely disregarded. Some of these rules—for example, as to search and contraband—are found irksome by neutrals; but they are endured. Other rules prove inconvenient to belligerents who happen to be driven from the high seas; for example, the rule that neutrals may freely sell munitions of war to belligerents without breach of neutrality. But it cannot well be denied that the majority of neutral States have, on the whole, conformed to the letter of the old rules. Neutrals complain of the conduct of belligerents. When, however, we compare the complaints of neutrals, such as the United States, of recent delinquencies of belligerents, with those made by neutrals during the Napoleonic wars, we find no ground for alleging that those rules are less operative today than they were. I go so far as to say (subject to important qualifications which I shall mention) that rarely in a war of great magnitude have they been so strictly adhered to as in this.

Reduced to precision, the criticisms and complaints which I have mentioned generally come to an assertion that the rules regulating warfare will not be observed, at all events in contests such as the present, with the very existence of States in peril, wherever breaches of them are demanded by military necessity. Or, expressing these criticisms

*For example: "France has trampled under foot all laws, human and divine. She has at last avowed the most insatiable ambition and greatest contempt for the law of nations which all States have hitherto professed most religiously to observe; and unless she is stopped in her career all Europe must soon learn their ideas of justice—law of nations, models of Government and principles of liberty—from the mouth of the French canon"—(Pitt's peech, February 1st, 1793.)

somewhat differently, they amount to this, that when national existence is at stake, when great military or social advantages are to be obtained by a forbidden course of conduct, conventions as to the rules and usages of war will not be allowed to stand in the way. If this be true, the value of such conventions may be small, the work of the Hague Conference may be disappointing and but a poor preparation for an effective international code. But if we are to give these facts no more than their proper importance, let us bear in mind what befalls municipal law when the existence of the State is believed to be in jeopardy, or when large bodies of persons think their lives or possessions are in danger. In such times of strain and stress, when the deepest passions of men are aroused, and that which they account dearest is imperiled, martial law, that is, in effect, a suspension of all law is proclaimed, or there are outbreaks of violence and rapine in defiance of fundamental principles of law.

If treaties between nations are violated in time of war, the breaches of contracts between man and man become then more frequent. Nay, more, in such periods legislatures are wont to pass enactments which either release debtors from contracts or vary their terms or postpone payment, or deprive creditors of the usual remedies, or set up special tribunals. Such was the character of the Moratorium given to debtors at the beginning of the war. Such is the character of the Emergency Act now in force affecting contracts entered into before the war. Such is the effect of much similar legislation in all belligerent countries. Indeed, apart from special statutory enactment, the effect of war is under English law to annul or suspend all contracts with alien enemies.

Let us also bear in mind two facts: first, that the great majority of the violations—certainly all those of the worst kind—have been committed by one group of belligerents, who have been sensitive to criticism and anxious to justify themselves; secondly (if I may quote certain words of my own):

There have been breaches of the old rules ascribable to the altered conditions of modern warfare; to changes on land and at sea; to new methods of attack and defense; to the use of new weapons and munitions; to the altered relations of combatants to non-combatants and of belligerents to neutrals; to the changes in trade; to the introduction of steam and the increased size of vessels; and to greatly heightened facilities for the conveyance by railways of goods from one country to another. With mines and torpedoes as weapons, with an increasing number of articles used both in war and industry, with the readiness with which goods really intended for the armies and navies of belligerents can be conveyed to their destination by wav of neutral ports, rules as to many points, notably contraband and continuous voyage, must change. No matter what was the temper of the belligerents, the changes in war and industry could not fail to produce some strain in the relations of belligerents and neutrals and a revision of old rules. There has been an appalling reversion to barbarism. There has also been growth, rapid, unexpected, and still incomplete.*

And, unfortunately, there is no provision for the consequences of this growth. There is no court to expand intelligently and with authority the principle of the old law beyond the precedents which have come down to us from earlier wars. "No single nation can change the law of the sea. That law is of universal obligation, and no statutes of one or two nations can create obligations for the world. Like all the laws of nations, it rests upon the common consent of mankind."†

*Introduction to *International Law and the Great War*. By Dr. Coleman Phillipson. P. 1

†Mr. Justice Strong, in the *Scotia*. 14 Wal. 187, 188.

Further, there are no conventions devised with the novel experience of this war before the eyes of the framers. The old rules as to search, contraband, and blockade do not fit present exigencies. It is small surprise that in applying them to novel circumstances there should have been many violations of them. What is the controversy now going on between our Government and the United States as to contraband and blockade and the Orders in Council but a dispute as to the construction of old rules in wholly new circumstances; Sir Edward Grey insisting upon the changed conditions of maritime warfare, the President and Mr. Lansing relying upon old precedents? Would our municipal law be well obeyed if it were much in the same condition as it was in 1800? Would our criminal law work satisfactorily if it stood today in many respects as it did before the labors of Bentham, Romilly, and Mackintosh?

I have thought it right to recall these facts as correctives of over-statements which are very common, and preparatory to approaching in a fair spirit some fundamental questions. But I should not be candid if I did not add a confession of keen disappointment at many incidents, and an admission that the international lawyer who has watched the course of events finds himself confronted with some serious difficulties. So much, apparently, brought within the region of International Law has been lost and again given over to the reign of violence. There have been so many brutal and wanton breaches of international convention—and, what weighs with me more, so many avowals by statesmen of principles subversive of all law—that those who speak in the terms which I quoted at the outset seem justified, to an extent which I shall endeavor to define.

I shall not attempt to complete a list of the various kinds of notable breaches of International Law committed in the course of this war: I merely recall the crimes perpetrated by the German soldiery upon civilians, especially in France and Belgium; much in excess, so far as I can judge, of the worst achievements of the Napoleonic wars and equaled, if anywhere, only in wars between people of a low order of civilization; the imposing of vicarious terms of punishment, to a degree and on a scale, so far as I know, unknown; the wanton bombardment of open towns, and the attacks on civil population by Zeppelins, and otherwise, it would seem, merely to intimidate; the destruction, sometimes without warning of any kind, by submarine of vessels carrying inoffensive non-combatants; the employment of poisonous gases, and other means of destruction hitherto believed to be forbidden.

Brutal things have been done in other wars, though, so far as I can make out, never on so large a scale. The point of urgent present interest, the ominous fact for the future, is that these deeds have been justified. The notable fact —that which I desire to emphasize—is that there have been put forward excuses for such crimes; there have been taught doctrines which, if tenable, undermine or modify some of the postulates of International Law.

Let us look at some of the foundations of International Law. Let us see whether the Prolegomena of the science are, in view of present experience, all that could be desired. Of the postulates of International Law, which have varied from time to time, the first which need be mentioned is that which is prominent in the Prolegomena of Grotius's great work, and which was repeated by many writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the assumption that there is binding between nations a body of rules known as the law of Nature. There has been endless controversy as to its actual value; but the modern opinion is that there is no

such thing as a law of Nature in the sense in which it was understood by Grotius and his contemporaries; that there was no state of Nature in which these rules originated; that there is, in fact, great diversity among nations and communities as to the so-called laws of Nature. Translated into modern language, the phrase means that the rules of morality as understood between men among civilized nations, are much the same, and are binding in international relations. But today there is a body of opinion flatly denying this. For the State there are no moral rules. It is an end in itself. It is outside or above morals as well as law. At many points we come face to face with the antagonism which runs through history—the eternal antagonism between the principles of Grotius and Machiavelli. Even when this extreme position is not taken up, it is not uncommon to hold that morality for statesmen is wholly different from that between man and man. He may lie—it may be his duty to do so. He may break his word—he may be bound to do so. Deceit may be for him a fair weapon. To overreach an adversary may be quite legitimate. I am not thinking of the writings of hot-headed partisans, of pamphleteering historians, of the authors of emergency theories thrown hastily up to protect or justify some political enterprise. The point to be noted is the large body of opinion openly favorable to systematic international immorality; to diplomacy as the art of deceit; to war untrammeled by chivalry or any *temperamenta*. I cite a publicist of great knowledge, moderation, and wide culture, the late Gustav Rumelin, who in his essay on "The Relations of Politics to Morals"—"Ueber Verhaltniss der Politik zur Moral: Reden und Aufsatze" (1875) (p. 144), draws this distinction with less exaggeration than is usual. Not merely does he advert, as would be fair, to the differences between the State whose existence is permanent, and the individual whose life is short; between the statesman who represents multitudes, and the individual who represents only himself. Nor does he confine himself to pointing out, which also would be fair, that treaties between States for long indefinite periods may be continued in circumstances and in an environment quite dissimilar to those existing when they were concluded; which fact is rarely true of private contracts. To the question clearly put by him: Is the State subject to morality? his answer is: No. Many who do not altogether justify this antagonism extenuate it or declare it to be inevitable. They remind us of the peculiar ethics of the crowd, and they tell us that States are at best only crowds, "enormous and heterogeneous crowds," always conforming to a somewhat low standard and not reasonably to be expected to obey any other.*

A second postulate is that the various nations of Europe form a society or community, or, as it is sometimes said, a family of nations, with rules to which it has individually or tacitly agreed. That theory is stated by Grotius. It is the theory of Vattel, his words including all mankind—"the universal society of the human race being an institution of Nature herself" (I. s.11). It is the theory of the great majority of modern writers.

It is the theory of Professor Westlake, for example (Collected Papers, 81), that International Law is the body of rules of the international society to which we belong, composed of all European States, all American States, and "a few Chris-

*Christiansen, *Political and Crowd Morality.* Translated by A. C. Curtis. 1915. P. 77. "Politics and Ethics are not mutually exclusive, they only seem to be so, because individual morality has outstripped crowd morality by centuries." P. 79.

tian States in other parts of the world." "Without society no law, without law no society. When we assert that there is such a thing as International Law, we assert that there is a society of States; when we recognize that there is a society of States, we recognize that there is International Law" (p. 3). Quite apart from the experience of this war, I have always thought that this assumption was a little loosely worded, and ambiguous; that the assumption rested on insufficient facts; and that the large deductions habitually drawn from them were unwarranted. What exactly is this society? Of the many possible and actual forms of society, ranging from a loose aggregation to a highly organized body, which is it? It has no executive or legislative organs. It acts as a whole only rarely. And even in peace the so-called society of nations is of a very loose rudimentary order; there is agreement, no doubt, as to many matters, but with many points of repulsion; a society, if such can be called, the members of which have different ideals, different culture, many antagonistic aims, and no common superior. Such as it is in peace, it comes to an end in time of war.

3 I name as a third postulate what is really another statement of the second; and that is, that this society has given its consent to certain rules. In the often cited remarks of Mr. Justice Strong (*The Scotia*, 14 Wal., 170, 187-188): "Like all the laws of nature, it rests upon the common consent of civilized countries." That such consent has been given as to many points is obviously true; it appears in treaties or conventions, in well settled, rarely disturbed usage, and in repeated acknowledgments. But as to many points of great consequence, far from there being consent, there is positive dissent; as to not a few points, there is uncertainty whether there exists agreement; as to others there is the consent of some groups and the dissent of others. Even in the words of careful, lucid writers, there is apt to be ambiguity as to the exact nature of this consent. According to some no State is bound by any rules to which it has not given its individual assent. Others seem to think that the consent of the majority suffices. "When one of these rules (founded on consent)," says Professor Westlake (Collected Papers, 78), "is invoked against a State, it is not necessary to show that the State in question has assented to the rule either diplomatically or by having acted on it. It is enough to show that the general consensus of opinion within the limits of European civilization is in favor of the rule"; a proposition opposed to that enunciated by Mr. Justice Strong and most other authorities. Others, again, seem to think that only the assent of the chief States of the world is essential to the validity of the rule. What we do see, when we look straight and close at the facts, is not a true, highly organized society of nations, with a code of common rules universally accepted, but groups of nations; some of these groups fairly stable, others loosely knit and temporary, with rules many, but not all of which are generally accepted. We see certain rules (*e. g.*, those as to the position of Ambassadors) universally adopted; others accepted by a majority; others only by a few; some, especially of late, questioned.

4 I may fairly name as a fourth postulate the assumption that States would gradually and surely coalesce into higher unities, that the formation of rules between States is only a continuation of the process which has brought about a society or community composed of individual States. Frequently implied or assumed, this postulate is stated by Kant.* It is also stated clearly by Herbert Spencer in these words (*Prin-*

*Von Verhaltniss der Theorie zur Praxis im Volkerrecht. Werke VI. p. 344. Ed. 1868.

ciples of Sociology, III., p. 600): "While the entire assemblage of nations thus fulfils the law of evolution by increase of homogeneity—within each of them contrast of structure, caused by differences of Government, and entailed occupation—which up to the present time has been displayed in the formation of larger and larger nations—will eventually reach a still higher stage and bring yet greater benefits. As when small tribes were moulded into great tribes; as, when small feudal lords became subject to a King, feudal wars were prevented by him; so in time to come, a federation of the highest nations, exercising supreme authority (already foreshadowed by occasional agreements among the Powers) may, by forbidding wars between any of its constituent nations, put an end to the rebarbarization which is continually threatening civilization." Spencer did not foresee the obstacles to a higher evolution which this war has made plain to every eye. The transition from the family to the tribe, from the tribe to the State, lasted long, and was not always easy. It was often imperceptible and was facilitated by the existence or supposition of a common origin and a common history. It was made easier wherever there was a common language and religion. The transition from the Nation or State, to a larger political unity we now see is beset with difficulties which, far from diminishing, seem to be increasing. The unifying forces which brought into existence great social organizations have created elements of reciprocal repulsion and discord. The very existence of nationalities evolves high explosive passions. The movement which began all over Europe after the Congress of Vienna, for the satisfaction of the aspirations of nationalities, and which had acquired increasing force until 1848, has created divisions, sharp and deep, which Spencer did not anticipate; which would have amazed and disappointed the leaders of the *Aufklarung*. While Socialism, Collectivism, or anti-Individualism is going on within the borders of States, as between themselves there is Particularism.

Looking round at the Europe which we know can we see many signs of "the federation of mankind," or of the federation of Europe? The elevating words proclaiming the unity of mankind which came down the ages from the Stoics and the humanistic poets—in some gnomic saying of Zeno or some lines of Menander or Terence, which were repeated with new emphasis by Christianity, and which were an article in the *credo* of the best spirits of the eighteenth century—have little meaning for a generation which has heard much of the claims of nationalities and little of the cosmopolitan spirit, and much of the pretensions of certain races to a right divine to rule others. To turn from Lansing, with his conceptions of the highest life being outside the restrictions of any one State, or from Herder's letters upon Humanity, or some pages of Diderot or Voltaire, to modern literature championing the supreme claims of this or that nationality, is to step back into tribal conceptions. Centuries ago Bartolus could speak of "Mundus est universitas quædam." He could say so with some show of reason in view of the vague universal jurisdiction claimed by the Emperor, the existence of a spiritual head of Christendom, a common religion, and, with certain reservations, a common law. Europe has become little more than a geographical expression. There is not such a generally accepted theory, such a bond of union, even as the balance of power; and the conception of a law of nature supreme over all States is gone.

5 I come to a different kind of assumption from the postulates which I have named; one perhaps not so common. It was generally conceived that, in the event of war taking place, there would always or often be States observing strict

neutrality; States which would form a sort of jury of impartial bystanders, which would reprobate every grave breach of International Law, and whose disapprobation expressed by their Government would be a real sanction for the laws of war; that the necessary automatic action of neutrals would lead to strict observance of those rules. It was hoped that self-interest would prompt protest against acts directly inimical to those interests, especially the policy of belligerents as to contraband and blockade which touch the pockets of neutrals. It was hoped that as disinterested spectators, they would be impartial censors, condemning all flagrant breaches of International Law, even if they were not the actual sufferers. There may have been circumstances in which this supposition was realized; and they might recur in the event of a war of no great magnitude between second or third-rate Powers. But the experience of the past sixteen months does not encourage these hopes or confirm this assumption. Neutrality may, we find, be understood by responsible statesmen to demand silence on their part, even when horrors such as have rarely polluted the earth are being committed. Neutral Governments may conceive that it is their duty to leave it to their subjects to express on such occasions the indignation of mankind. That sharp distinction to which I have adverted, between morality regulating the conduct of man and man, and morality governing the conduct of States, is recognized by neutral Governments, with the result that the grossest crimes may be allowed to pass in silence. That was not the conception of neutrality of Cromwell, or Pitt, or Palmerston. I am not sure that it was quite the conception of Cobden. It was the very opposite of the conception of Mazzini, who believed in the unity of mankind and the solidarity of its interests.

The sentiment, enthusiastically responded to by the human instinct of a Roman audience, even in Rome's most corrupt days, has yet to be extended or applied by Christian England to international interests. We are a nation, and nothing that concerns other nations do we deem foreign to us. . . . It is not enough that we have established, and are resolute to further and maintain, our own freedom and nationality. Our wishes and endeavors must be to secure the same blessings for other countries. . . . A recluse tribe is as anomalous as a single anchorite. Seclusion is an indulgence that can, in neither case, be gratified, except at the expense of duty, and duty is never sacrificed at the cost of our true interest. For self alone no man, no people lives. Multiplicity in unity is the law and type of national progress. The varied forms of opinion, character, and institutions by which the nations of Europe are respectively distinguished, are all aggregate elements in the great unit of European civilization; and the nation which in solitary selfishness resists the interchange of these God-ordained influences, sins against that law of moral gravitation which knits communities in the same bonds of relationship by which classes and individuals are held together. Though many, the nations of Europe are one, and all members one of another. In the well-being of each all are interested; for all share, consciously or unconsciously, in the mixed good and evil which affects each.—Published 1847. *Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini*, VI, 286, 287.

It may be said that these words are the rhetoric of an enthusiast. I add therefore a sentence by Mr. Roosevelt, during whose presidency the Conventions of the Hague, including those relating to practices in land war and to neutrality, were signed: "If I had for one moment supposed that signing these Hague Conventions meant nothing whatever beyond the expression of a pious wish which any Power was at liberty to disregard with impunity, in

accordance with the dictates of self-interest, I should certainly never have permitted the United States to be a party to such a mischievous force."

I think I may add that among the postulates which have become somewhat inept or inappropriate with respect to the value of treaties. Their history is not calculated to inspire belief in their durability. Never have they been observed with much fidelity. And to be just to statesmen who tore them up there was a theory countenanced by jurists, which justified laxity. In every treaty, according to a common opinion, was implied the phrase *rebus stantibus*. Only while circumstances remained substantially the same as they were when it was signed, was it binding; an accommodating doctrine which gave an unscrupulous statesman a pretext for withdrawing from any engagement when he found it inconvenient. Now, however, there is openly taught—it is the fundamental doctrine of certain publicists—that all treaties are subject to the condition of military necessity. Some publicists go so far as to say that whenever the interests of a State conflict with its engagements under any treaty, it is a duty to tear it up. In a book published lately by a German lawyer (*Der Weltkrieg und das Volkerrecht*, by Dr. Muller), who would defend his country against charges of having violated International Law, the doctrine is avowed with frank cynicism. Bethmann-Hollweg spoke of the treaty of 1839 with respect to Belgium as subordinate to military necessity. Why should he not? "Der Reichskanzler hat nicht als Jurist, nicht als Professor des Volkerrechts, sondern als Politiker, als Vertreter des deutschen Reichs gesprochen" (p. 25), and as such above the rules which were made for little men. Nor is teaching destructive of faith between States confined to any one country. It is sometimes countenanced by men of high and deserved repute in other countries. Only lately I had a correspondence with a distinguished American, in which I ventured to express regret that his country had not lodged a protest at an early date against the breaches of the Conventions at the Hague to which the United States was a party. He told me, in reply, that the Conventions signed by the United States must be read subject to the implication of the well-known American policy, that his country never entered into obligations which might entangle it in European politics.

In the view of many writers a further postulate of International Law is the doctrine of the equality of States, irrespective of size of territory, population, strength of armies or fleets, originating, I believe, with Wolff, and certain writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This doctrine was never true in law or in fact. It was never true of the large number of so-called semi-sovereign States. It was not true of States which were guaranteed, and, as such often debarred from exercising important sovereign powers. In fact, we find at all times, a division between the small and the great States exercising singly or in concert influence in excess of others. What is also at variance with this theory is the doctrine, espoused and put in practice in some quarters, that small States, unable to protect themselves, ought not to survive in the struggle for existence.

Besides these seven postulates, there are others which recent experience has

*"No outcome of the present conflict of nations is more certain than the entire failure of these solemn conventions (Hague Conventions). Principles of Christian morality and civilization have been simply swept aside, and the world has stood amazed to see reproduced some of the worst horrors of savage and barbarous warfare which it had fondly hoped were things of the past, and which could never be known in our civilized days. . . . Not only does honor and the word of a nation apparently in these days count for nothing in international politics, but even neutral nations who have given their adhesion to such restraints of war and its horrors, have not thought themselves morally called upon to protest to the world at the breaking of these laws by other nations."—Cardinal Gasquet, *Dublin Review*, October, 1915, pp. 366–367.

modified. To name only a few of them: It was assumed that dynastic wars, so frequent in the eighteenth century—wars begun by rulers for their personal ends, and without reference to the wishes of subjects—had ceased, and that consequently in future wars must be much rarer than they were, and would generally be only for grave reasons. It was assumed that democracy must always and everywhere work for peace. There was no account taken of the proneness of crowds to be overmastered by sudden gusts of passion. It was assumed that the marvelous extension of commerce must conduce to the maintenance of peace; and Sociologists, such as Comte, told us that all Europe was passing into the industrial stage. The trader, it is found, may be a man of war. The competition for markets may be the prelude to hostilities. It was often assumed that the peace ideal of life must everywhere be viewed as the highest. We know that by some it is questioned and rejected. To Professor Sombart "Militarism is German heroism made visible." It is "a holy thing, the holiest thing on earth" (quoted by Professor Nicholson in *The Neutrality of the United States*, pp. 62, 63). To Professor Lueders war is part of the divine order, and as such wholesome and good. Such expressions of anarchical doctrines have shaken the belief in some comfortable assumptions to be found in the Prolegomena of textbooks.

Now, if I am right in my analysis, each and all of them must be brought nearer to the truth than they are, if International Law is to be what it ought to be and might be. To take the first of these, that a society of nations, a *civitas maxima*, exists. As yet there are only the rudiments of such a society, and such as it is, it from time to time falls to pieces. How to make it more of a reality—how to reconcile the pretensions of nationalities with the larger international interests; how to create a permanent unity out of separate or repelling parts—that is a task which the present war has shown to be more urgent than ever. To pass to the third of these assumptions, there must be consent, not, as now, often ambiguous and implied, but clearly expressed, to rules of conduct, so that the books shall not be as they now are—armories from which belligerents can each draw weapons for their own purpose and to support opinions diametrically opposed. To come to a permanent source of discord, I mean the antagonism between the morality of the statesman and that of the jurist. If the chasm between them is to continue to be as wide as it has been, there can be no stable foundation for International Law. If the doctrine of military necessity, which has passed from manuals for the use of soldiers into some legal textbooks, is to be accepted, treaties are mere delusions. They may sometimes only serve to conceal from us the fact that there is no real agreement. If there are to be stable international relations there must be within communities the true international spirit, for out of the inner life of a nation comes in the long run its foreign policy. If there is to be real equality among States, there must be respect, such as does not now exist, for the rights of small States. If the influence of neutrals is to be a potent restraint, it must be clearly exercised without regard to political considerations. In short, the postulates which I have mentioned must rest much more than they do on facts.

In these remarks I am concerned with things as I find them. I admire the confidence with which certain jurists are able to forecast the future. I am unable to imitate them, and I hazard no precise prediction as to the course of development. But it seems to me that there are several possible lines. As to some parts of International Law, each State may frame for itself its own rules,

which may or may not agree with those followed by others. Or what is more likely, there may be, as foreshadowed by Lord Haldane in his address to the American Bar Association, a development along group lines; certain States adopting certain rules, while other groups adopt different. It is possible that, while general agreement exists as to the rules to be observed during peace, there will for a long time be no unanimity as to some of the rules of war; certain States standing out for complete military discretion, untrammeled by conventions.

I have thought it right and seasonable to examine these postulates in the light of late events, and to point out serious shortcomings. There is no need for despair. In the first place, there is the ever-increasing intercourse of nations in time of peace, which this war cannot permanently interrupt or diminish. Steam, electricity, the telephone, and many other modes of communication necessitate the adoption of common rules. The industrial and financial world is more and more organized, if the political is not. Then, too, there is—and it works for solidarity more than even the necessities of trade—there is something which may be called the formative sense of justice; that which, whenever men, few or many, are habitually brought together, establishes practices and customs hardening into law. That sense of justice affects even its worst enemies. The marvelous copiousness of the terminology of political hypocrisy, the homage paid by the evil doers to better things, the pains always taken to prove that States are acting in accordance, not with the low, but with the higher standard, the eagerness with which they demonstrate that their worst conduct is justified by the rules of International Law—these facts, while showing that some of the above postulates are still far from realities, show also the recognition of that higher standard. The violators of International Law are, even in these days of examples of barbarism, generally on the defensive. Its very enemies testify to the presence of that sense of justice which first created International Law, and which will perpetuate it.

John Macdonell.

The Contemporary Review.

RUSSIA'S RELIGION OF SUFFERING.

Nietzsche wrote of religion disparagingly as an intoxicant, and yet by his own religion he was intoxicated. No one ever acted more strangely or became more excited under the influence of personal religion than Nietzsche. It is no reproach to religion that it changes reasonable beings to emotional beings. And yet there is associated with religion a false emotionalism and sentimentalism that we call morbidity, a desire to be miserable and to make other people miserable, a wearing of weeds on festival days, pessimism, and "God grant we may all be as well two months hence," a living with death and a loving of the gruesome.

Gloominess is a danger for the Slav soul as with us it is for the Celtic. The bright energy of the Teuton is lacking. It is not worth while *making* things or working for *position*. The mind is free and questioning. There is no sense of

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

or of

The trivial round, the common task
Would furnish all we ought to ask.

Nature is "vainly sweet," and the eye looks out on the recurring pageants of the seasons with unutterable ennui and sadness. And in life, the petty circumstances if congenial are but playfully pleasant, but if uncongenial seem surcharged with malice.

The river that runs through life is easily dammed, floods the whole being of a man, and becomes stagnant whilst poisonous mists lower over him. The joyful current ceases.

It is a common disaster in Russia, the falling into a morbid state. A Russian poet writes—

All earthly perishes, thy mother and thy boyhood;
Thy wife betrays thee, yea, and friends forsake.
But learn, my friend, to taste a different sweetness,
Looking to the cold and arctic seas.
Get in thy ship, set sail for the far Pole,
And live midst walls of ice. Gently forget
How there you loved and struggled,
Forget the passions of the land behind thee,
And to the shudderings of gradual cold
Accustom thy tired soul.
So that of all she left behind her here
She craveth naught whatever,
When Thence to thee floods forth the beams of light celestial,—

which is a beautiful poem written for those who have become morbid. It is a beloved poem, and you may come across it written laboriously and exquisitely on tinted paper. But those who read it and love it will never "step into the ship set sail for the far Pole," it is not an invitation to join Shackleton, not even figuratively. It is for those who love and nurse their sorrows. They have not the power nor the wish to move. They are transfixed by mournful ideas, ideas that sing through the air as they come like arrows, and yet console us with music. As another poet writes, Brussof—

On a lingering fire you burn and burn away,
O my soul.
On a lingering fire you burn and burn away
With sweet moan,
You stand like Sebastian shot through with arrows,
Without strength to breathe,
You stand like Sebastian shot through with arrows
In shoulder and breast.

Your enemies around you look on with mirth,
Bending the bow,
Your enemies around you look on with mirth,
Increasing the woe.

So burns the funeral pyre, the arrows stinging gently,
In the eventide,
So burns the funeral pyre, the arrows stinging gently
For the last time,—

which indicates a favorite mood in Russian poetry. Students say such poetry over to one another in their rooms of an evening, teachers in provincial towns say such verses to their women friends, local journalists talk of them, gentle souls of either sex take down the book from the shelf and turn to the familiar page and live with the poet's pain. Such is the melancholy of the cultured, a morbid yet touching melancholy. It is refined. The thoughts are scented, and it is literature and not life which is lending some one expression. But lower down in society, where there is less reading, life itself gives the terms of this outlook. So the coffin-maker in that story of Tchekhof, called "Rothschild's Fiddle," has a ledger in which he records at the end of each day the losses of the day. All life expresses itself to him in losses, terrible losses, and although he is himself quite a normal human being he seems to arrive at the conclusion that it would have been better

if mankind and the world had never existed. Smerdyakof, Dostoieffsky's most morbid conception, catches cats and hangs them at midnight with a ceremony and ritual which he had invented.

The old beggar pilgrim sings with cracked voice as he trudges through wind and rain,

I will go up on the hi-igh mounta-in
And look into the mi-ighty deep,
A-and see about me a-all the earth
Where I fre-et and ve-ex my soul,
Ah Eternity, it is but The-e I se-ek!
Little gra-ave, my little gra-a-a-a-ve
You are my E-verla-asting ho-ome.
Yellow sand my be-ed,
Stones my ne-ighbo-rs,
Wo-orms my fri-ends,
The da-amp earth my mo-other.
Mo-other, my mo-other,
Take me to e-eternal rest,
Oh Lord, have me-e-e-e-ercy.*

Indeed, many such examples might be adduced to show the pre-occupation of the Russian with the idea of death. The funeral service music is favorite popular music. In the procession of moods in the soul of the young man he comes comparatively rapidly to "worms my neighbors." The excessive number of suicides in Russia may be explained by the extraordinary liability of the Russian soul to falling into a morbid state.

But we are all of us, even the merriest hearts that "go all the way," subject to morbid moods, to fits of depression, black hours when we are ready to deny the world, our ambition in it, our life, our greatest happiness, and live wilfully in an atmosphere of grief and pessimism, loving sorrow for its own sake, lamenting for the sake of lamentation. We love what Dostoieffsky calls self-laceration. We must every month or so deliver ourselves up to Giant Despair and be cudgeled.

*Cited by the priest Florensky, who copied down the song as he heard it (*The Pillar and Foundation of Truth*).

The darker the night the clearer the stars,
The deeper the sorrow the nearer to God,

says a Russian proverb, but these recurrent moods are not really sorrow, they are a being morbid. They have nothing in common with the suffering that comes from destiny itself, nothing of the circumstances of going into the wilderness, or taking the road with the burden on one's back, nothing of the pangs of new birth, of the *podvig.**

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the midnight hours
Toiling and waiting for the morrow,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers,

—who never ate his bread in real sorrow. Life is of this sort, that if you will stake all of it for a new life, you will get the new life. But when you really do give up all the old and dear, that is a dark and terrible hour, the hour of renunciation, of the *podvig*.

And on the road of life itself there is a great gulf between the vigorous and Teutonic "welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough," and the morbid and Oscar Wildian "living with sorrow," a great gulf between Father Seraphim kneeling a thousand days on a rock, and the sad "intelligent" who reads to himself in the evening hour:

To stand like Sebastian shot through with arrows
Without strength to breathe,
To stand like Sebastian shot through with arrows
In shoulder and breast.

I suppose if the psychology of Tolstoy were to be followed out we should be surprised at the frequent recurrence of morbid and despondent moods in the old man. Nothing seems more characteristic of his later years than fruitless quarreling with the life of Yasnaya

*Podvig: a Russian word for a holy exploit; a denial of the world, an act of religious affirmation.

Polyana, threatening to run away, lamentations, self-lacerations. And now and again in relief Tolstoy did actually flee. He took the road to Moscow to live like a simple artisan, and earn his living by carpentering, or he set off for a monastery where some famous monk lived in his cell and sought relief by confession and Christian intercourse.

That going forth on the road, a-seeking new life, is characteristic. At times one would think half Russia is on the road. Utility has been flung aside, the chances of gain have been passed over, the so-called duty to work and fulfil your place in the State has been flung to the winds, and the Russian is out on the dusty road, wearing out his boots, thinking, trudging, praying, recognizing—finding what his soul wants. That is not morbidity, but a noble form of life.

And many promise themselves wholly to God and enter monasteries or convents, and there find happiness, the bright ray of destiny they sought with their eyes in a dark world.

> Every morning, noon and night,
> Praise God, sings Theocrite.

That is not a morbid life, though a life of denial. It does not mean that everyone who would live well should enter a monastery or a convent, it only means that some one whose soul craved such a life has found his way. How we have suffered in England from the difficulty of giving one's soul to God in that way! Those who would have been monks and sisters have had to give themselves in other ways. There are thousands of other ways. Everyone who is living well has found a way. The way meant renunciation, hardship, sorrow—but not morbid sorrow, the sorrow which leaves you as you were, as the cloud of gnats wailing by the tree and the stream leave the tree, leave the stream, just as they were, just what they were.

The differentiation between morbid sorrow and real sorrow, between self-laceration and the tribulation that comes of destiny, is important if we would understand aright what the Russian means by the "Religion of Suffering."

The religion of suffering, of which so much is said, is a term easily misunderstood, meaning differently in the mouths of different people. The political propagandist holds that the Russian people are melancholy because their institutions are so bad, and that the religion of suffering is the religion of revolution, a growing resentment against the Government.

The morbid Russian will say that the religion of suffering is the knowledge of the truth that *only* in suffering and near to death can you understand anything about life. He will deny that anything else can teach you. The peasant pilgrim will interpret it as the religion of taking to the road and bearing the cross, being a beggar for Christ's sake, refusing a lift on the road to the Sepulchre, holding that where Christ walked it is not for him to ride.

Another will say it is the religion that helps you to face suffering, and point to Tolstoy's story of the death of Ivan Ilyitch. Ivan Ilyitch was a man who had no religion, and had never faced suffering in his life, an ordinary bourgeois of the type of lower *intelligentsia*, jovial, selfish, cynical, fond of cards and of his dinner, and having no other particular interest in life except an ambition to make more money. Suddenly he is stricken with cancer, and lives years in increasing pain till at last he dies in agony. He has no spiritual comfort; pain quite o'ercrows his spirit. The truth is, no pain really conquers the spirit, the spirit always triumphs at the last, even if the body is rendered useless by the struggle. But this truth is lost in the irreligion of Ivan Ilyitch. It would seem it would have been

better if he had lived a more moral and healthy life in his youth, but that is a false moral. The fact is he had never faced the solemn mystery of life, never taken his ordinary human share in suffering, and so was lost in the hour of pain. But perhaps there were more spiritual gleams in the end of Ivan Ilyitch than Tolstoy tells us of. Tolstoy was a moralist. But in any case Ivan Ilyitch presents a contrast to a religious Russian on his deathbed, in his last agony, gripping tight in his hand a little wooden cross, his eyes upon the ikon of his patron saint before which the candle is burning.

Another will say, the religion of suffering is that which helps you to face life, which is, perhaps, another way of saying that it is the religion which helps you to face death—the religion which prompts you to take risks, face danger, rather than to sit still and take no risks and face no dangers. The feeble modern young man of the West, encompassed by insurance societies and sitting in a safe job, takes no risks and will face no dangers. He is losing his soul. In a great war he wakens up and offers himself—and saves his soul. Or in the ordinary course of things in the "weak piping time of peace" he resolves to make a leap in the dark and get life, he gives up the old for the new —he saves his soul, and out of his suffering springs a glory.

Still, it is not for everyone to make this leap in the dark. Villagers, the peasants of a countryside, have obviously no call that way, or seldom a call that way. They have not the need that the townsman has, they have satisfying visions of truth, from nature, in their way of life, in their traditional customs. Brand was probably wrong trying to lead his village flock up among the glaciers and avalanches to make a church of ice. He should have preached such sermons and made such appeals in towns; he would have led people from the towns. Nevertheless there has been a cult of Brand in Russia, especially since Ibsen's long drama was produced at the Theatre of Art, and many divinity students and young priests have been touched by his vigorous onslaught on the quiet lives of simple folk.

On the other hand, there have not been wanting vigorous opponents to Brand and the "God of the Heights," and I have even seen the scientist working to relieve pain but in opposition to Brand working to increase the pain and sorrow in the world. But in that opposition lies a misconception. Crucifixion under chloroform does not conquer death and sin, and there is no sleeping draught for the young man on the threshold of life who has yet to dare and suffer and die many times before he emerges at his noblest and richest.

Dostoieffsky voiced the religion of suffering for Russia; he suffered himself, and in his personal suffering discovered the national passion. He sanctified Siberia, redeeming the notion of it from that of a foul prison and place of punishment to a place of redemption and finding one's own soul. He did not find Siberia an evil place, but on the contrary found it holy ground. There men came face to face with reality who had lived till then in an atmosphere of unreality. The roads of Siberia were roads of pilgrimage. Dostoieffsky sent successively his two most interesting heroes to tread those roads, Raskolnikof and Dmitri Karamazof. Tolstoy develops and materializes the idea in the story of Katia and Neludof.

Then in his novels Dostoieffsky generally shows the suffering ones, never suggesting the idea that the suffering should be removed. He has no interest in the non-suffering, normal person. He prefers a man who is torn, whose soul is disclosed and bare. He feels that such a man knows more, and that his life can show more of the true pathos of man's destiny. Such people

think, dream, pray, hope; they are infinitely lovable, they are clearly mortal. Hence a pre-occupation with suffering, a saying "yes" to suffering when the obvious answer seems to be "no," and "let this cup pass from me." It is, perhaps, because the West has taken it for granted that suffering is an evil thing, and has set itself consciously the task of eliminating suffering from the world that the East has emphasized its acceptance of suffering. Nietzsche noted what he called the watchword of Western Europe—"We wish that there may be nothing more to fear." He despised that wish. The East does not despise the wish, but finds it necessary to affirm its own belief more vigorously. It accepts many things, which the West considers wrong in themselves—war, disease, pain, death.

Stephen Graham.

The London Quarterly Review.

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER XI.

The Back End.

Lucy sat on the bridge that spanned the beck just above the farm. The water had diminished to a thin stream, trickling between the stones; the pools were nearly empty; the moss on the rocks was yellow instead of green. All things looked parched; even the marshes were dry. The summer had been as nearly rainless as a summer can be among the dales and fells.

Lucy's eyes were fixed upon the low gray house before her. The weeds, which grew between its rough slates, were dead; the feathery grasses, that found congenial crannies in the walls, drooped; the garden—a narrow patch between the door and the beck—was already seared by the hand of autumn.

But that which Lucy's eyes beheld was not the Greystones of today, gilded by the westering sun, but the Greystones of the days to come, swept by the rain, beaten by winds, or wreathed round and round by the whirling white sheets of a snow-storm.

In a few weeks' time winter would be here; long, wild nights would follow short, wild days; the sun would be blotted out, or rise above the mountain rampart for a few hours, roll across the dale like a red wheel, and plunge down behind another mountain rampart amid lurid mists, or smoky clouds.

Her mind dwelt upon this picture with dread. She told herself that she could not pass another winter at Greystones, cooped up with the fearsome old woman, her great-grandmother. She would lose her wits if she did, or die; at any rate, lose her youth. Youth was not so much a matter of a few years as of happiness—the happy were always young, the sad old long before their time.

As Lucy sat on the bridge this fair autumn evening, herself as fair as a little rosy cloud floating overhead, although she was outwardly calm and unoccupied, she was listening, not with the best of grace, to two voices talking in her own soul. One had been trying to make itself heard for days, nay, weeks; but she would pay no heed to it. Now it refused to be stifled any longer.

"You are doing wrong," said this better self, but the other part of her vehemently protested innocence.

Ever since Peter Fleming had returned to High Fold Lucy's attitude towards life had changed. She had not been happier, but she had been less willing to suffer with resignation. She had looked facts in the face. She

considered Joel's departure and the possibility of his ever returning; would she not be gray-haired by then? Fortunes were not made in a day. She weighed her own chances of escape from a life that she detested. There was only one. So she made up her mind that sorrow should not fall upon her like a blighting sickness, take the roses out of her cheeks, the light from her eyes, the hope from her heart. She refused to be thrust into darkness. If happiness was not bestowed upon her as a gift, she would go out and seek it.

Yet she was ill at ease—beset by fears, troubled by conscience.

She rose from her seat upon the bridge and looked down the dale to Forest Hall. Her eyes had lost their sweetness and were hard, her lips were compressed.

She was passionately wishing that Joel had not gone away, but stayed at home and made the best of his luck. But as he had gone, why had he not been kinder? The summer was nearly over, winter was at hand, and he had only written once—a letter so cold that it might have been read from the housetops, and even the rooks flying home would have got as much satisfaction out of it as she. A loving word from him would have brought summer back to her. She would have made shift to put up with her present existence. She would have waited till fortune had smiled upon him. If it had kept a sullen face, she would have given him cheer and hope. But he had forgotten her. She told herself this again and again, making a reason out of it for her own actions. She would forget, too, and find some one else to spend her affection upon.

She had determined one thing—she would remain no longer than she must at Greystones. She hated it. She hated the loneliness, the crags that overhung the house, the snow, and the winds, and the rain. She hated her great-grandmother. So hardened had she become by that which she had suffered that she was not afraid to express her real feelings to herself. She would cease to fetch and carry for the old woman, she would refuse to be a drudge. She would be happy before she was too old to enjoy happiness.

She turned away from gazing down the dale as though she had fixed her determination, but her better self would not let her be. It insisted that happiness was a state of the soul and she could not win it until hers was at rest.

"I am doing no wrong," she argued, "nothing that hundreds of women do not do. I am lonely, I seek companionship. I am sad, I seek happiness. I want sympathy, so I give it."

But, in spite of her protestations, her endeavor to throw a cloak over the real meaning of her actions, she was conscious of a certain lowering of her ideals. She was no longer the innocent girl she had been a few months ago.

"You are playing a game to win a man's heart," said her better self. "You are wiling him by arts and ways that only a woman can use. You know that men are attracted, like children, by that which is beautiful and looks good, so you lay yourself out to please his eyes, and win his love."

Lucy moved restlessly from one side of the bridge to the other, as though by such means she could get away from the troublesome voice.

Was it true? she asked herself. Was she acting a part? She liked Peter very much; she felt safe with him; she meant to marry him if it lay in her power to do so; but did she love him? Was she not still in love with Joel? In spite of all that had happened, his features and form were constantly in her mind's eye. He influenced her still; she could not shake off the fascination that he had exerted over her from the beginning of their courtship. Lucy

rose. The communion of herself with herself had brought her no satisfaction.

Listlessly she wandered down the dale. She wanted to do that which was right, but many conflicting emotions swayed her. Hurt affection, fear of the future, wish for change outweighed other and better desires. She strolled on. The sun had set, but a mellow light filled the aisles of Cringel Forest. Without conscious direction her feet took her to the dell, where Joel and she had spent many a twilight hour. She peered in, standing on the banks above. How cool and green it looked! The holly screen was coraled with berries, the mosses were luxuriant, the pool gleamed like a dark jewel. Then the past rushed back upon her—the months of separation shriveled up; it seemed to be but yesterday that she had met Joel there.

Life came to a standstill. She did not cry out, or fling herself upon the ground, or flee from the haunted spot. She remained peering through the bushes, her eyes set wide, and her lids rigid. She was seeing a vision of Joel Hart in her mind's eye. The place was full of him. The pool had many a time reflected his features, he used to sit upon that stone, lean against yonder tree. The harebells were in bloom when he and she were last here—still two or three frail flowers hung fading upon their stems.

A footstep startled her. So vivid was her impression of his presence, that she half expected to hear him call, or see him rise up out of the shadows. The blood surged through her veins, her heart beat loudly, her breath came hurriedly.

But it was only Peter Fleming that burst through the haunted silence—plain-featured Peter Fleming and his big brown bear. She drew further among the bushes, not wishing to be seen. The beast lumbered down to the pool, splashed about in it, greatly to the delight of its master; and, having churned up the mud, robbed the place of its magic, and exorcised the vision, man and brute went away.

Lucy returned to Greystones as troubled as she had left it.

The first few weeks after Peter's return home had been spent by him in schooling his heart to accept his present life cheerfully. He never showed a desponding frame of mind to anyone but Lucy, and only to her, because she had—as it were—enticed him into unusual confidences by her fair face and gentle sympathy. But his was not a nature to whine over that which it could not have, and before long he got back—outwardly, at any rate—his jovial temper. The villagers found him the same gay fellow, ready to wrestle with them on the green when the day's work was done; the lads and lasses teased him about his lap dog, Big Ben, the bear; the children were more certain than ever that lollipops would be their daily fare, when school began after the harvest was over.

Peter passed a few days cutting down the trees round the school-cottage. He made a clearing where the sun could look through, and he dug a flower-bed under the window. Soon after daybreak each morning, he left the mill, swung up the village street past the church and entered the forest. He spent many hours there, his eyes and ears alert to all the wondrous life going on in the sweet green shade. Hares and rabbits, water-rats and weasels scurried away before his approaching footsteps, then stopped to look at him from a fern, or a tree-trunk, or a moss-grown stone. Squirrels leaped among the boughs overhead, and threw empty nuts down, and birds, less shy, and more mercenary, scavenged in the drifts of last year's leaves, not heeding him at all. Often he passed many hours with Timothy Hadwin, discoursing of things that lie at the

roots of human development. He laughingly said that he was always ready for an excuse to fling himself upon the warm, sweet-smelling earth, and look at the sky, which hung over the tree-tops like a blue china cup. But he was not idle. He read books of Theology and books on Philosophy in the little white-washed parlor of the school-house. He read sincerely, even with ardor, but ever came to the same conclusion that the priesthood was not his vocation.

Made restless and impatient by unavailing study, he at length flung his books aside, turned to the free breezy life of the fells, and went fishing. Swirtle Tarn, and all the mountain streams saw his gray clad figure through the dusks of early morning and night. Neither rain nor heat could keep him at home. He was out from sunrise to sunset, his skin burned brown as an autumn leaf, and his hair bleached to the color of wind-blown bent.

Sometimes he saw Barbara, her figure outlined against the sky; or he spied her climbing like a goat up the gaunt face of Thundergay; or he caught the light glancing from her reaping hook as she cut bracken for the cows' winter bedding; and once, when the sun was level with the hills, a giant shadow of horse and woman fell upon him, and she passed close by, leading home the peats.

Peter did not often have speech with Barbara. He did not seek her, for his mind was preoccupied with his own concerns, and she did not cross his path. He saw Lucy much oftener, but he was too open and honest to imagine that their frequent meetings were planned by the brain that lay behind such blue and innocent eyes.

Thus the summer died upon the hills.

Harvesting, stacking turf, and bringing sheep from the highest pastures made the "back end" busy for the fell folk. A spirit of good fellowship inspired them, and they helped each other, gathering first at this farm, then at that, toiling through the heat of the day and feasting at night; dancing the harvest moon up into the sky, or out of it—as the case might be. No lack of willing workers came to Greystones, and Mistress Lynn indulged her pent-up generosity on this occasion, providing liberal ale, bread, and cheese for her guests.

On the night of the kern supper, the harvesters brought home the kern baby in triumph to Greystones. The kern baby was made of the last cut of corn, platted into some semblance of the human figure, its head stuffed with a red apple. They hung it up on the kitchen wall, near the four-poster, where it would remain until the end of the year, when the best cow would get the corn and Jan Straw the apple.

For half a century the kern apple had been Jan's meed on Christmas morning. He took it to the kirk-garth, and laid it on the grave of "her o' the white fingers." During the night some wild creature came out of the forest and ate it up, but he never knew, for the churchyard was too holy a place to be disturbed by many pilgrimages. He had an idea that the apples were all garnered up somewhere, watched over by an angel, and that he would find them again, hereafter, in a golden heap.

The weather continued summerlike: the bracken grew taller and taller in the moister places of the dale until it stood as high as Lucy's shoulder.

"We'll have to pay for this by and by," said Mistress Lynn.

One morning a cloud hung over Thundergay. The next day the sky was overcast, the air oppressive, and faint thunder rolled, like the booming of great waves on a distant shore.

"Didst ever have weather like this before?" asked Barbara.

"Aye, long ago." The old woman laid down her knitting needles and told the story of that time, with the awe

of one who had heard the flocks calling upon the hills night and day for water—a sound which lingers in human ears forever.

"The ground cracked like an over-baked pot," she said. "The becks ran dry and Swirtle Tarn shrank till it was little better than a farm-yard puddle."

Barbara went out. She took the cattle track to the cave where she and the hind gathered the sheep from Thundergay. All through the hot oppressive hours they toiled, and by the afternoon the flocks were huddled upon the slopes above Swirtle Tarn, watching with frightened eyes the flashes of light, that lit up the gathering darkness. Then the hind left her to drive in the cattle.

Barbara was the only human being in that gloomy place. And she was the only living thing that was not afraid. The moor fowl called restlessly to each other, flew thither and thither, or hid themselves among the ling. A hare, crossing a strip of fern-clad slope, raised its head to sniff suspiciously, when it shot away, swift as an arrow.

At Greystones Lucy sat by the open door spinning. She dreaded a thunder storm as something supernatural. She would rather have been with Barbara at Ketel's Parlor, than alone, here, with the old woman.

She lifted her eyes again and again to look at the mountain round which the blackest clouds were gathered. It seemed to draw nearer, until it stood like a black blot just beyond the barn. Then she got up and shut the door.

Mistress Lynn watched the girl with keen eyes. She had noticed that Lucy's face of late had regained its color. But there was a hard expression upon it, and her speech came slower and less gaily than of old. The old woman knew the meaning of it. She could see into Lucy's mind almost as easily as if it were laid open for her inspection.

The daylight struggled and died; a gray unearthly gloom came on all things, a stillness as of death.

"Are you frightened, Lucy?' asked Mistress Lynn.

"Maybe it's the last day," replied the girl.

The old woman's face was ghastly as the face of a corpse in the strange light which filtered through the windows. The kitchen seemed to be swallowed up by a weird sepulchral vapor.

She laughed.

"Get down on thy knees, Lucy Lynn," she said ironically, "get to thy knees and pray for a sinful old woman and an innocent lass. Don't forget Peter Fleming forbye. I misgive me he'll come in for a wetting if he doesn't tie wings to his heels. He went up the fells a few hours ago."

"Peter! when? I didn't see him."

"Why shouldsta? He came to see me, and you were in the dairy."

Lucy seized the poker to stir the peats; it was a heavy bar of iron and clanged like a bell when she knocked it in her nervousness and irritation against the stone jambs of the fireplace. Then she jumped up and looked in at the cow-house, where the hind was just stalling the cattle. There she saw Jan Straw, sitting with his hands on his knees, staring into vacancy. He did not seem to see her, but he laughed like a mindless creature at every rumble of distant thunder.

"It's going to be a fearful storm, Tom," she said to the hind.

"A regular smasher!" he replied.

"You didn't see anyone coming down the fellside, did you, when you were gathering the kye?"

"Nay, never a soul. Every man o' sense has got his flocks into shelter by now."

Lucy returned to the kitchen.

"Jan Straw's by with himself," she said.

Her great-grandmother continued to knit composedly.

"Look up the dale, and see if you can spy Peter," she said with a wicked gleam in her eyes.

"He's old enough to look after himself," replied the girl tartly.

"Then look up the dale and see if the storm has broken on Thundergay. I'm wondering about Barbara."

Lucy did as she was bid. The sky was shrouded by a heavy pall, through which the sun still shone as through smoked glass. But the mountain had disappeared. Now and then it flashed into sight as the lightning played round it, then darkness swallowed it up.

Meanwhile Barbara was standing at the mouth of the cave. She looked a very solitary being in the midst of that tremendous gathering of the tempest. The forces which nature had wakened were so over-powering and mysterious, they could have swept her away, if she had exposed herself to them, like a withered leaf. Everything around her was magnified by the lightning—the cliffs were towers, the bushes distorted creatures, the rocks—fragments from the heights above, which former storms had thrown about like pebbles—loomed in the darkness as big as elephants or those prehistoric beasts, the mammoths that Timothy Hadwin had told her about. Behind her the mouth of the cave yawned like a black mouth waiting to swallow her up. The dogs crept close to her side, the sheep, too, seemed to be reassured by her presence. Could they have spoken they might have uttered the words said by the red-skins to Montcalm:

"*It is when we look into your eyes that we see the greatness of the pine tree and the fire of the eagle.*"

The lightning played off its fireworks against the inky clouds; the thunder crashed like the wheels of a great car hurtling down Thundergay. The dales and ravines rolled and reverberated. Every pinnacle spat fire, every cliff gave back the sound in twofold, threefold, even sevenfold echoes.

Still Barbara stood at the mouth of the cave and watched. She had not seen a storm like this before—though thunderstorms were common occurrences among the fells. She thought it was like the convulsion which must have attended the making of the earth. She could imagine that a god was moving within the cloud, striking upon his anvil with a great hammer, and forging bands for a new world.

The lightning and thunder ceased. The quietness was more oppressive than the noise had been. A waterfall rang startlingly clear like a call. The darkness increased with the silence. All the nearer objects sank into a thick atmosphere.

Then came the rain. It did not fall in drops, but in a flood. It drummed upon the grass and rocks; it sounded like an army coming down the mountain side and passing along the dale. Every well-head, that had been dry for weeks, broke into clamoring; Thundergay gushed with fountains; the fountains gathered; they rushed along like mad horses.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM THE LAND OF LETTERS.

My father being a bookseller, publisher, and journalist combined, as well as a writer upon many subjects, it is not surprising that some of my earliest recollections relate to books and their writers. He lived at Oxford (and I with him until his death) and had associations with the University as well as the

City. Thus environment stimulated such interest in literary matters as came to me by inheritance.

A great change has come over the traffic in books since the early fifties, when the ordinary novel was issued in three volumes at 31s. 6d.—with, of course, a very restricted distribution except through the medium of circulating libraries—and the extraordinary novel (such as Thackeray and Dickens provided) in monthly shilling parts. Thackeray's monthly parts were always in bright yellow wrappers, whilst those of Dickens were of a bluish-green color. The former, in his earlier works, furnished his own illustrations, whilst the latter relied upon Cruikshank, Hablot Browne, and others. I also remember their Christmas books with colored plates regularly forthcoming from the same writers, and the interest they excited. Now these methods of publication on the part of our chief novelists have gone the way of the three-volume novel at 31s. 6d.

If I were asked to name the book which, within my own and I believe anyone else's time, created the greatest sensation when it was first given to the world, I should have no hesitation in replying "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Its success was immediate and extraordinary. It was said that some provincial booksellers filled their windows with copies in the morning and were sold out by night, but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. The fact that it was one of the earliest works of fiction issued in a cheap form may have had something to do with its sales, but it went through edition after edition at varying prices in an incredibly short space of time, and occupied a position in the public mind, as a topic for conversation, attained by no book before or since. It was notable in another respect, as being one of the first novels issued with a distinct, defined, purpose—the abolition of slavery—kept steadily in view all through, and to which everything else was subordinated. In these later days, fiction has frequently been used to draw public attention to national evils, but never so effectively as in the case of Mrs. Stowe's work. As evidence of the hold it had upon the public, I may say that, as a small boy, I went to a large pleasure-fair, where four theatrical shows were all playing versions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that being the most attractive dramatic fare they could provide, and I saw the various characters in the book promenading on the front stages. In the old stock company days, when the manager of a theatre could not entice the public within his doors in any other way, he used to put on either "East Lynne" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin," either, when all else failed, being an almost certain draw. It holds provincial audiences even now, as for many years a traveling company has been, and I believe still is, playing a version of the book with the special attraction that several of the parts are sustained by real niggers.

Undoubtedly, people nowadays are much more cosmopolitan in their reading than they used to be, and a knowledge of books and their writers is much more diffused than formerly. There was then a much greater disposition on the part of those moving in the higher intellectual circles, especially, to consider that anything outside their own line of studies was not worth troubling about. This was particularly the case in our older universities, where the ordinary don lived in such an atmosphere of erudition as precluded his taking any interest in anything literary unless it directly bore upon divinity, classics, or mathematics; modern fiction being remote from his sphere of observation. A remarkable instance of this came within my own knowledge in connection with Thackeray, the great novelist, who visited Oxford in 1852, with a view of delivering there a series of lectures on "The English Humorists."

There have been one or two incorrect versions of my story, but I can stand by my own with some confidence because I derived it directly from my father, who knew Thackeray and, in fact, made the arrangements for the delivery of the lectures, and so was acquainted with all the circumstances in relation thereto. I may add that Thackeray gave my father a synopsis of the lectures in his own handwriting, and this is enshrined among such other literary treasures as I possess.

Anyone desirous of giving any public lecture or entertainment at Oxford has first to approach the Vice-Chancellor of the University with a view of obtaining his permission. In accordance with this, the great author waited upon the august personage in question, whom I well remember, and who is immortalized in that famous novel "Verdant Green," which depicted Oxford undergraduate life as it was in the fifties.

Thackeray, having been shown into the Vice-Chancellor's presence, handed the latter his card and remarked that *he* was Mr. Thackeray, and awaited to see what effect this announcement would have. The Vice-Chancellor not appearing to be overawed, Thackeray observed—"You know my name, no doubt." The University dignitary, after an apparent search into the inmost recesses of his memory, remarked that he did not remember ever hearing that name before. This to Thackeray was so incredible that he could not conceive that the Vice-Chancellor had caught his name aright, so he repeated "Mr. Thackeray," and added, to make the matter quite clear, "the novelist, you know." The Vice, having seemingly braced himself up for a supreme effort of memory, but without avail, thought the time had arrived when he might elicit some information from the applicant himself, so, in order to enlighten the situation, he said in the blandest of tones, "I cannot recall your name. Are you, sir, a member of the University?" Thackeray, who had never before had the wind so taken out of his sails, almost gasped for breath. But still he had a trump card left, which he had been accustomed to consider would carry all before it wherever the English language was spoken. So, with a quiet smile of supreme confidence, he simply ejaculated "'Vanity Fair,' you know!" Then at last, to his relief, a look of awakened intelligence manifested itself upon the Vice-Chancellor's countenance, and Thackeray awaited the effusive outburst which would make amends for all. It came in the words—"Yes, yes, I have heard of 'Vanity Fair,' of course; it is mentioned in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

This was the last straw, and Thackeray gave it up as a bad job, and contented himself with a request, humbly preferred, and without any further reference to the personality of the lecturer, that he might be allowed to deliver his series of lectures. As the guardian of University law and order had no reason to suppose that the discipline of the place would be prejudicially affected thereby, he graciously gave the requisite permit, and Thackeray went on his way, not exactly rejoicing, but in a state of marvel passing all understanding.

This story may sound incredible nowadays, but I could cap it with others of the same period. It must be borne in mind that the typical don of that day took little cognizance of any world of letters outside his own particular sphere. A work of fiction did not appeal to him unless it were written in a dead language. Now all this is changed and, as like as not, you will meet the author of the latest masterpiece of fiction at the social board of a Head of a House. Jowett may be said to have done more than anyone else to break down the artificial barriers which separated the University, as represented by its ac-

credited heads, from the outer world.

When next Thackeray appeared in Oxford, which was in 1857, it was to make an appeal to the citizens for their suffrages, confident that, at any rate, they could not know less about him than did the University, as expressed by its official mouthpiece. This was a notable election on account of the personality of the two men who fought it, namely, Thackeray and the late Viscount Cardwell (afterwards the author of the first great army scheme of my own time). I could tell a good deal about this election, in which as a boy I took a vast interest, but, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "that is another story." Suffice to say that the town did not appreciate Thackeray sufficiently to send him to Parliament, and the world is to be congratulated upon it, for it would have lost more than it would have gained. Thackeray was no orator, for he had a singularly ineffective delivery and no command of that species of platform language which sways an audience, so no one need regret that he failed to obtain entrance to the House. To attempt to divert the genius of so great a master in his own line into another channel was a mistake that was happily averted by the "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." He could have hardly been a success in the heated atmosphere of politics, whereas he enriched the world with what only he could give as he sat in after years in the quiet of his own study.

Thackeray renewed his public acquaintance with Oxford a few years afterwards when he appealed to Gown and Town alike. He was announced to deliver that lecture from his series upon the Four Georges which related to George IV. As may be remembered Thackeray did not mince matters in his estimate either of that monarch or of his aristocratic friends. The period embraced by the lecture was then sufficiently near our own time to connect some of those who were pursuing their studies at Oxford by no distant ties of relationship with certain of the noblemen reflected upon by Thackeray. Consequently, after the lecture was announced it began to be rumored that it was intended to make it somewhat warm for the eminent novelist when he started to discuss the characters of particular individuals. Undergraduates, as is generally known, are no respecters of persons upon such occasions, and could make themselves exceedingly disagreeable, to say the least, if they were so minded.

They mustered in good force at the lecture, and having greeted Thackeray in a friendly spirit enough when he came upon the platform, waited for developments. The lecturer was not long in supplying one, for he at once disarmed opposition by expressing his great regret that his portmanteau containing his lecture on George IV had most unfortunately miscarried in the train, so that he would be unable to deliver that lecture.

Fortunately, however, he had the manuscript of his lecture on George II with him, and he would therefore give them that instead, which he forthwith proceeded to do. The general impression was that either the railway or the lecturer exercised a very wise discretion in the matter. A discourse upon George III even might have been a little risky, but his predecessor and his court were too much in the shadowy past for any strictures upon them to ruffle undergraduate susceptibilities. So, although the audience generally did not feel quite so interested in the second Hanoverian as they would have been in the fourth, they bore their disappointment with equanimity, and nothing occurred to cause any undue excitement.

I will add a final reminiscence of Thackeray because it will illustrate a special phase of his character. He has

been described by some as apt to be a little impatient and overbearing; and in argument perhaps he was. He had his weaknesses, like the rest of us. But those best acquainted with him knew that if, in a moment of irritation, he unintentionally did an injustice in word or deed, he was the first to endeavor to repair it afterwards. He and my father once had a considerable difference of opinion. Under a mistaken impression, Thackeray in the heat of the moment made use of an expression which implied a doubt as to my father's good faith, and the discussion came to an abrupt conclusion in consequence. A few hours afterwards I remember Thackeray hurrying back to our dining-room, having in the meantime learned the true state of the case. Seizing my father by the hand, he said in the old-world and delightful phraseology characteristic of his writings, "Friend, I have wronged thee and I have come back to say so." It need hardly be said how heartily the other responded, or how much it intensified his respect for the chivalrous nature of the great writer, who was not above admitting an error and making amends for it. Many a lesser man would have hesitated to have thus come down of his own free will and accord from his pinnacle in such a case. But that was Thackeray all over.

Of the other great novelist of the Victorian period, Dickens, I can also say something, because my father had business associations with him as well as with Thackeray. Dickens, like Thackeray, had a desire to appear on an Oxford platform, and my father was the medium for compassing this. It was when the late King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, was pursuing his studies at Oxford that Dickens wished to give a reading there, hoping and anticipating that the Heir-Apparent, who had never heard him read, would be pleased to be present. He was not disappointed in this, for arrangements were made for his Royal Highness to attend, the night fixed being November 5, 1859. After the public announcements of this had been issued, some of Dickens's London friends assured him that it would not be safe to have it then as it was Guy Fawkes night, when law and order were set so much at defiance at Oxford that no respectable person could venture out after dark on that night when "gown and town" were settling their differences. Things were not really so bad as all this, but, as no one wanted to run risks when such distinguished personages as the Heir-Apparent and a great author were concerned, the date was altered. The Town Hall was the scene of the reading, and in those days, people, I suppose, being less luxurious than they are now, the seating accommodation consisted merely of long forms even in the highest-priced parts of the room. An hour or two before the hour—eight o'clock—fixed for the reading, it suddenly dawned upon someone that his Royal Highness by virtue of his exalted position, might expect something better than a form to sit on, so a messenger was dispatched post-haste to my father's house to beg for the loan of an armchair for the Prince. My father gladly complied by sending one of his dining-room armchairs, of that Early Victorian type represented by mahogany and horsehair. I am pleased to say that that historic piece of furniture is still in the family, for I am the present possessor of the chair in which the late King Edward sat when he first heard Charles Dickens read.

Owing to my father's influence, I was allotted a seat on one of the aforesaid forms only two or three rows behind the Prince. The latter had so recently come into residence that he had not previously attended any form of public entertainment at Oxford, and we were all somewhat puzzled to know how we

ought to receive him, for it must be borne in mind that, in those days, we did not see so much of royalty as we do now. Some thought that everyone ought to rise when he entered the room, while others contended that a bashful youth would feel uncomfortable at such an attention and would prefer to be allowed to glide in without attracting any particular attention. However, the matter settled itself in the most natural way, for the moment his figure appeared in the doorway everyone present rose and remained standing until he had taken his seat. He was accompanied by his governor (General Bruce) and Mrs. Bruce, an equerry, and his tutor—a more formidable entourage than is considered necessary nowadays for a Prince of Wales *in statu pupillari* when he is participating in social functions.

I was only a small boy at that time, but the remembrance of that night will remain with me as long as memory lasts. The reading consisted of "The Christmas Carol" and "The Trial, from 'Pickwick.'" I can still see, in my mind's eye, the great novelist, with an ivory paper-knife in his hand—the one accessory he allowed himself—seated at the little desk unfolding that exquisite story, wondrous in its humor and its pathos, as we listened spellbound. At one moment I was in tears, at another convulsed with laughter. I can never forget how wonderfully he brought out every point and every little detail; it seemed such a revelation of the author's mind and of his dramatic power. He had histrionic as well as literary genius, and would have been a great actor had he elected to devote himself to the stage instead of literature. He held his audience in the hollow of his hand from start to finish, and he had disappeared from the platform before we were sufficiently recovered to give way to our pent-up enthusiasm and call him back to receive it. "The Trial, from 'Pickwick,'" formed the second part of the program, and enjoyable as it was to listen to the rendering of so delightful a piece of unbridled comedy from the lips of the author himself, my mind was too full of "The Christmas Carol" to find room for much else. It is almost unnecessary to say that the Prince conveyed to Dickens in gracious terms the great enjoyment he had derived from his efforts. I afterwards heard Dickens read "The Story of Little Dombey" and "Mrs. Gamp," and appreciated them to the full, but it is the "Carol" that stands out in my mind as the masterpiece of elocutionary feeling.

I have only one pang in connection with Thackeray and Dickens. My father parted with his correspondence with both of them, when I was too young to stay his hand, by handing over all the letters he had from them to some autograph-hunter, in ignorance of the fact that, in after years, I was going to be an enthusiastic collector of all such things. However, I obtained one or two interesting epistles of Dickens from other sources, and one is worth reproducing, because it shows the great writer in such a charming light. Dickens when he wrote the letter was editor of "Household Words," and anyone who has ever held a similar office can testify to the cares and anxieties which wait upon it, and the ofttimes trying and heart-breaking work of plodding through the MSS. of budding writers in the hope of discovering a grain of gold amid much dross. One can fancy what this must have meant to a man with the imaginative power and such a mastery of English as Dickens. Yet he not only did not shirk it, but there are many instances of the kindly consideration he had for young writers and his real desire to help them. The letter in question is an example of his painstaking conscientiousness, and of the time and trouble he would bestow in

showing a young writer where he was at fault. A personal friend had sent him a contribution from a lady in the hope that he might find it suitable for the pages of the magazine, and no doubt the would-be contributor trusted that the medium through which her MS. was transmitted to the editor would help it on its way to publication. Dickens did not content himself with the brief intimation "Declined with thanks." but, with a kindly conscientiousness, discharged his duty in a much less perfunctory way, as the following letter shows. The term "Gentle Reader," to which he takes so much exception, was one very much in vogue with some writers at that time.

Office of "Household Words,"
A weekly Journal conducted by Charles Dickens.
No. 16 Wellington St. North, Strand
Monday, February 28, 1853.

My dear ——, —It is my misfortune that I can only consider papers offered for insertion here with one plain and direct reference to their suitability to these pages. If I could take any other circumstances into account, I should have a prodigious staff of contributors of great merit in various other capacities, but unfortunately possessing such slender pretensions to appear in print that they would very speedily settle this benevolent Journal.

The lady who has written the paper I unwillingly return appears to me to have some talent for description, but I am afraid she does not quite distinguish between what is easily written and what is easy writing. A world of patience, labor, and care separates the two. The paper contains a quantity of words and a mustard seed of matter. The constant address to the reader is a tiresome avoidance of any art in saying what is to be said, of which we have the most wearisome experiences here at least a hundred times a week. But the boy and his mother are very well observed and very well described; and if the sketch had in it any other phases of peasant life, of equal merit in the setting forth, I should be glad to accept it. I don't know what the lady may be able to tell in this regard, nor would I by any means urge her to try once more, for she might well be wide of the mark. But I feel it right to say this much. I would advise her, further, forever and a day to dismiss the Gentle Reader as a monster of the Great Mud Period, who has no kind of business on the face of the literary earth; to remember, if she sit down to write for a Journal like this, that she is just an English woman, writing the English language for a large English audience and to consider whether she cannot get on in such an aim without German lines and French words, to forget herself as utterly as the Gentle Reader, and only to remember what she is describing.

Faithfully yours always,
Charles Dickens.

Another letter I have from Dickens was written after his falling out with the publishers of "Household Words," which resulted in his starting "All the Year Round," and the letter is dated from that office. At that time there were no Government grants made for the promotion of technical education, and, in order to provide it on the cheap, teachers and others were asked to give gratuitous instruction in their leisure time for the benefit of the other working-classes. This was abhorrent to Dickens, who always laid it down that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and he was the last man to be a party to robbing Peter in order to pay Paul. A certain Mr. Langford Eymie, LL.D., wrote to ask Dickens to advocate this giving of something for nothing in the pages of his magazine, and this is the answer he got, which, like all Dickens's communications, does not lack definiteness:—

Office of "All the Year Round,"
Thursday, November 25, 1869.

Dear Sir,—It appears to me that the non-payment of the teachers, in the case you so well set forth, is a point of vital weakness in the case. They have

as good a right to be paid for their labor as the Working Man has to be paid for his; and they are not, in their degree, really better paid than he is. I must say that if technical education be of such importance to these recipients as they feel it to be, they are not truly independent (to my thinking) when they take it for nothing from men who can very indifferently afford to give it. And even if they were all men of fortune who could well afford it, the principle would be no less objectionable.

For this reason I cannot call attention to the effort with unqualified praise.

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

There is good common-sense and honest principle in this letter and it is just as applicable now as it was when it was written.

How real Dickens made his creations to his readers was brought home to me once when I was present at a banquet in the room immortalized as the scene of the celebrated ball described in the "Pickwick Papers," at the Bull Inn at Rochester. A gentleman sitting next to me was so permeated with the *genius loci*, so realistically did the author bring home the incident to him, that he said to me "Only to think that Mr. Pickwick *actually* danced in thi very room!"

One of the oldest libraries can furnish evidence of the universality of the appeal to the imagination Dickens made in his books. At the Bodleian Library there is a copy of the "Pickwick Papers" in the Russian language which was presented to the Library by an English officer, who found it in the knapsack of a dead Russian soldier who fell in the attack upon the Redan by the British troops during the Crimean War. It is difficult to imagine a foreigner entirely appreciating the cockneyisms of Sam Weller and the truly British peculiarities of the other characters, but the interest of the story and its humorous incidents make an appeal to every nationality and testify to the cosmopolitan nature of the writer's genius. There is, however, a pathos in the thought of the poor Russian soldier, who so appreciated Dickens that his work was his companion on his campaign, falling by the hand of the author's countrymen.

Another giant in the Victorian realm of fiction of whom I saw something was Charles Reade, the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth," "It's Never Too Late to Mend," and other works which will be remembered when many of the present-day novels are forgotten. Reade, though a very unequal writer, possessed dramatic power and intensity, coupled with immense ingenuity and power of conception in the rapid development of incident, and is entitled to be regarded as one of the typical writers in the front rank of Victorian novelists. I came into personal conflict with him once in my young days, and so can include him among my personal reminiscences. At the time, I was an assistant at the Bodleian Library, and during a portion of each evening I was in charge of its reading-room, known as the "Camera." Charles Reade, who was a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, was an indefatigable worker in collecting and verifying information which he used in building up his stories, and the Bodleian bookshelves were frequently drawn upon for this purpose. While he would have a number of books reserved for his use, he only consulted them at irregular intervals: that is to say, he would come one evening and then two or three evenings would elapse before he put in another appearance. During one of these interregnums an undergraduate unwittingly took possession of the desk previously used by the distinguished author, who on arrival found the place so occupied. Furious at such a sacrilegious proceeding, he made for me like a bull at a gate and loudly demanded what I meant by allowing any-

one to sit in his chair. He was a tall, fine man, who towered above me in his wrath, and, somewhat taken aback, I began to explain, when, in stentorian tones he asked me if I was aware who he was? Before I could answer, he said "I am Charles Reade," and waited to see the petrifying effect it would have upon me. I did not at once fall as though smitten by a thunderbolt, but plucked up courage to say that it was quite impossible to prevent readers taking unoccupied seats, and that it was one of my instructions that no particular seats were to be reserved for anybody. This only added fuel to the flame, and he demanded the name of the too-daring spirit who had ensconced himself in the lion's lair. On my vouchsafing the information, he responded with—"And pray is he such a man as Charles Reade? I never heard of him before." This was uttered with such stern emphasis that it has never left my memory. The end of it was he stalked out of the place with the injured dignity of one suffering under a grievous affront, leaving me, metaphorically, "all of a heap."

But "All's well that ends well," and there was a happy sequel, with more than a sufficient solatium for any wounded feelings I may have had. When the late Henry Haines, my superior, who took on the charge of the building later in the evening, arrived, I duly reported what had happened, and, very irate with the novelist, he expressed his intention of "going for him" at the first opportunity. Knowing something of Reade's temperament, we both thought that he would probably have simmered down and repented by the morning, and I saw a legitimate chance of compassing an end thereby. At that time I was, and have been ever since, an enthusiastic collector of autographs of notable people, under which category the author in question distinctly came, so we hatched a little plot. Haines, when he saw Reade, was to pile up the agony, so far as my injured feelings were concerned, and when the requisite height had been reached he was to suggest to the author that he should make amends by presenting me with his autograph. This, as I pointed out, would not only amply compensate me, but would convey a delicate compliment to the novelist by showing the value attached to his signature. All fell out as was anticipated; Haines did full justice to his case, and Charles Reade became sufficiently remorseful, and so desirous of making honorable amends that he was only too ready to do so in the way proposed. The result, which he desired should be handed to me, is enshrined among many similar treasures in my collections, and on one of the Bodleian blank catalogue slips of the period, in the big, bold calligraphy of the author, with a fine flourish attached to the signature, runs the legend:

> Here Mr. Haines,
> Though not worth the pains,
> Is the autograph of
> Charles Reade.

The writer was known as one of those large-hearted but impetuous spirits whose feelings, when they were particularly moved, were too strong to admit of repression. Then, like many others upon whom the divine *afflatus* has descended, his own personality loomed large within him. But his bark was always far worse than his bite.

I have referred to Thackeray, Dickens, and Reade more particularly because they represented the social-reform side of literature at this period, and left their own mark upon it in this direction. Thackeray was a stern moralist, who dissected the characters of our immediate predecessors as a warning to us and did his best to point out the ignominy of cant and humbug. Dickens, in "Nicholas Nickleby" and in "Hard Times," laid bare the evils of

our educational and our poor-law systems, and in other of his writings showed himself a social reformer of the most enthusiastic type. Charles Reade, in a lesser degree, followed in these footsteps, and did much by his writings to call attention to the defects in our treatment of the criminal and the insane.

To these must be added one who exercised a powerful influence, although in a somewhat different sphere and in other directions from those named—viz., Ruskin. He took the world by storm with his "Modern Painters," which may be said to have created nothing less than a complete revolution in modern art and the estimation of artistic qualities, and then he developed into an ardent reformer, dealing with most of the great social problems of the age in which he lived.

I first beheld his face in the early fifties, when as a small boy, my father took me to hear him deliver a lecture to workingmen engaged in erecting the University Museum at Oxford, in which he impressed upon them the dignity, the very sacredness, of their calling. Then, years after, I heard him lecture on Art before a distinguished University audience and when no lecture-room was large enough to accommodate all who flocked to hear him. At that time his influence was at its zenith and his own ascendency as well as the ardor of his disciples were on one occasion somewhat comically illustrated. Ruskin in one of his lectures intimated that it would be much better if young men, when they took their physical exercise, brought their muscles to bear upon works of general utility, instead of devoting themselves to cricket, boating, and such vanities. He suggested road-making and repairing as a good form of undergraduate employment for leisure hours, and pointed out a particular spot about two miles out of Oxford as affording a favorable field for operations. Thereupon the more enthusiastic of his votaries took pick, spade, and barrow and proved the sincerity of their hero-worship by literally "working like navvies" day after day in the interval between luncheon and dinner. Ruskin, when he selected the spot in question, certainly had a keen eye for a bad road,—if the collection of ruts and irregularities, which resembled a ploughed field in summer and a bog in winter, could be properly described as a road at all. But Ruskin practised what he preached, for I have his own authority for saying that, in order the better to show his pupils how to break stones in the most approved method, he took lessons in the art from a professional stone-breaker and practised them on a stone heap by the side of his instructor on the Iffley Road, near Oxford. One fine afternoon I walked over to Ferry Hincksey, where the amateur road-makers were at work, to see how they were getting on. I found a round dozen of them hard at it. There had been twenty or thirty engaged, but some had tailed off before I arrived. They were under the superintendence of "a practical gardener," specially selected for the post by the Art Professor himself. Most of the amateurs were in boating costume, and the broidery on their jerseys betokened that Balliol College had furnished the largest contingent of workers. They were nearly all rather slightly built and very young looking even for undergraduates, but though lacking the physique, muscular development, and unshaven aspect of the professional navvy, they swung their picks and trundled their barrows as though their bread depended upon their exertions. I was not sufficiently acquainted with the mysteries of road-making to be able to give a pronouncement upon their proceedings, but I had the benefit of the criticism of a gentleman in corduroys who, sitting upon an adjacent fence, scornfully delivered himself thus:—

"Call that makin' a road? Why they're puttin' all the soft at the bottom and the hard at the top!" The work of road renovation was not completed when the long vacation set in, and ere term came round again either the zeal for road-making had evaporated or undergraduate energy had found a new vent. The general impression, however, was that the last state of that road was worse than the first, but this seems impossible. We may well doubt the wisdom of the road-making development of Ruskinism, but at any rate it testified to the influence of the teacher.

Ruskin's lectures were full of startling surprises, and kept the listeners in a continual state of pleasant curiosity as to what in the world he would say next. Only one thing was quite certain, viz., that you would not hear what you might expect. The spur of the moment was a much more important factor in the case than the subject announced in the printed notice. But matter and manner, however unpremeditated, were always delightful.

I have two or three letters from Ruskin, giving directions as to some drawings, and the minutiæ of detail in these letters corresponds with that in his books. He was distinctly a man of moods, and when he was in one of these he would express himself with refreshing frankness. In a postscript to one of his letters in my possession he says:

> Thank you for kind invitation, but I go nowhere just now, being unwell, and sulky, and not able to speak.

In another letter addressed to Robert Browning he said:

> I don't see any use in poetry. They say you are writing more poetry. I daresay I shall be very glad of this—some day—but I don't care just now.

It is something to have seen such a man in the flesh and to have heard his voice. He dwells in my memory, as I saw him pacing that loveliest of streets, "The High," at Oxford; an appropriate setting for such an embodiment of philosophic refinement. Mentally preoccupied, and taking little heed of what was passing around him, he walked with slow and measured step, with his hands behind his back underneath his academicals, and with a slight forward bend of the body. Thus he always struck one as being not unlike a dignified bird, the projection of the gown being suggestive of the tail. His dress was careful and precise, and he invariably wore a bright blue scarf with a pin in the center. When lecturing, he walked up and down the platform very much like a caged lion, and, as he warmed up to his subject and dealt blows right and left at what he considered the weaknesses and foibles of the time, the force and determination of look and manner were in striking contrast to his calm placidity at ordinary times.

Time has been described as "the most searching of critics," and the writers to whom reference has been made, as well as not a few of their contemporaries, have up to now successfully stood this test, and seem likely to continue to do so until long after the present generation has ceased to interest itself in books. No doubt "distance lends enchantment to the view," but, as one looks back through a somewhat long vista of years, one wonders whether the glorious record of the Victorian era in literature will ever be surpassed, for the number and brilliancy of its constellations render it worthy to be recalled in the same breath as that of Elizabeth and Anne. We have, however, one great and immeasurable advantage nowadays in the marvelous cheapness of good books, inasmuch as a score of standard works by the greatest writers of any period can be purchased for less than the price formerly paid

for one. This is no small gain, enabling as it does, every section of the community to have a direct participation in a glorious heritage.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Thomas F. Plowman.

THE CYNICISM OF DR. JOHNSON.

Having read at different times nearly everything that has been written or said about Dr. Johnson, including the Selection of Johnson Club Papers published about fifteen years ago, and the exhaustive anthology of Mr. H. C. Biron, I think there is still one trait in his character that has escaped analysis, or at least adequate attention—his deep and abiding cynicism. The quarrel between the world and the cynics is as old as the world itself. Gibbon said that it was not the business of the first Christians to make themselves agreeable in *this* world. It is not the business of the cynic to make himself agreeable in this or any other world. His business is to seek and to speak the truth, which all women and most men hate, as the devil dreads holy water. The difficulty of persuading men and women that a thing is not necessarily true, because it would be ripping if it were true, is infinite. Lord Morley said a year or two ago, in an address to Manchester University, that the difference between an educated and an uneducated man is that the educated man knows when a thing is proved and when it is not, while the uneducated man has no idea of the meaning of proof. The Cynic wants things to be proved, and as proof is seldom obtainable, his attitude towards the unproved is that of Hume and Huxley, of two improbabilities choose the less. If he is forced to draw inferences about human conduct, the Cynic assumes the simpler, better proved, or if you will, lower motives of fear, avarice, or lust. In short, the difference between the Cynics and the majority of their fellows is the old dispute between Realism and Romanticism or Idealism. Illustration is easier than definition, and the quintessence of eighteenth-century cynicism has always seemed to me contained in Sheridan's saying that "when a scandalous story is believed against you there is no consolation like the consciousness of having deserved it." To take a topic of the hour, the Romanticists say that married men have recruited more numerously than bachelors from a higher sense of civic duty: the Cynics say they have done so to escape from their wives. I am a humble disciple of the Cynic school, and if I had a wife I should immediately seek the cannon's mouth.

With regard to life, Johnson was a realist: he was one who asked for proofs; he had no illusions about the human kind: he saw men and women, not as they would like to be seen, but as they are. His cynicism was, however, distinguished from that of the other great Realists by two notes, his want of humor and his belief in the supernatural. Cynicism is almost invariably associated with a disbelief in revealed religion, and a saturating sense of humor, as in Swift (who believed firmly in the Church of England, but in little else), in Voltaire, in Byron, and in Carlyle. Johnson had plenty of wit, but a frequently deficient sense of humor. When he said that a woman had a sound bottom of common sense, and everybody, even the prudish Hannah More, giggled, he asked angrily: "Where's the merriment? I say the woman was fundamentally sensible." His religion Johnson kept locked up in a dark room, which he entered in fear, like a child,

without a candle. If you told Johnson there had been an earthquake at Lisbon he would say: "I do not believe it, Sir. Depend upon it, had there been an earthquake at Lisbon, the town would have been crowded with Portuguese refugees. Do not tell that story again, Sir; you cannot think how poor a figure you make in telling it." But if you told him that Lord Lyttelton had seen the vision of a woman, just before he died, who predicted the event; or that a waiter at the Hummums, where Mrs. Johnson used to go to be cupped, had seen the ghost of a dead woman in the cellar, he drank it in eagerly. Of the Lyttelton ghost story he said to Dr. Adams, the Master of Pembroke: "It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day. I heard it with my own ears from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it." The Master said mildly: "You have evidence enough; good evidence, which needs not such support." "I like to have more," said Johnson.

On no subject was Johnson more cynical than on the relation of the sexes.

It was during this same visit to the Master of Pembroke, one of the pleasantest episodes of his life, that Johnson was stirred by the sight of the charming Miss Adams into his cynical outburst against the sex in regard to matrimony. We all know "the sabre-cut of Saxon speech" with which he demolished Boswell's apology for the dubious flirtations of Lady Diana Beauclerk. He certainly fluttered the Pembroke dovecot by declaring that "women set no value on the moral character of men who pay their addresses to them: the greatest profligate will be as well received as the man of the greatest virtue, and this by a very good woman, by a woman who says her prayers three times a day." "Our ladies," says Boswell, "endeavored to defend their sex from this charge, but he roared them down!" "No, no, a lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily as St. Austin, if he has threepence more, and what is worse, her parents will give her to him. Women have a perpetual envy of our vices: they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them."

Another of his cynical observations was that sexual immorality in a man does not hurt his character in public life. "A man is chosen Knight of the Shire, not the less for having debauched ladies. *B.* What, Sir. If he debauched the ladies of gentlemen in the county, will there not be a general resentment against him? *J.* No, Sir. He will lose those particular gentlemen; but the rest will not trouble their heads about it (warmly). *B.* Well, Sir, I cannot think so. *J.* Nay, Sir, there is no talking with a man who will dispute what everyone knows (angrily). Don't you know this? *B.* No, Sir; and I wish to think better of your country than you represent it. I knew in Scotland a gentleman obliged to leave it for debauching a lady; and in one of our counties an Earl's brother lost his election, because he had debauched the lady of another Earl in that county, and destroyed the peace of a noble family." Johnson was quite unshaken by this chronicle of the profligacy of the brothers and wives of Scottish Earls; and the wrangle drifted off into a discussion of Lord Clive's suicide, and a final refusal on the part of Johnson to talk any more. When I remember the cases of Sir Charles Dilke and Parnell, I must admit that in his desire to defend a thesis, the Doctor allowed his cynicism for once to run a little wild, or the world has grown more prudish.

This precise question has, curiously enough, supplied Mrs. Humphrey Ward

with the subject of her last novel, "Eltham House." A peer of fabulous wealth offers £100,000 to the Whip of the Liberal Party to find a seat in the House of Commons for his son and heir, who is young, handsome, and a good speaker of advanced views. The offer is refused, because the son has been the co-respondent in a divorce suit, and has married the lady, who is beautiful, clever, and well bred. The co-respondent becomes a peer, and his wife opens a *salon* for the Party. The Liberals form a Government, and the peer is excluded even from a subordinate post. Mrs. Ward naturally draws upon her experience of Victorian days. The Court is as virtuous as ever it was: but has the Court the same social power? Would that which Mrs. Ward describes be the case today, when Labor is fast superseding Nonconformity as a political power? I have no means of deciding the point, and when in doubt I always agree with Dr. Johnson.

But perhaps the most cynical of all Johnson's counsels was that a man should acquire influence, not by hospitality, but by lending money at a smart interest to his neighbors. This was not one of his bouncing paradoxes, struck out on the anvil of argument, but is twice, if not thrice, advanced quite seriously. Indiscriminate hospitality is no use. Even those who partake of a man's hospitality have but "a transient kindness" for him. "If he has not the command of money, people know that he cannot help them if he would; whereas the rich man always can, if he will, and for the chance of that, will have much weight." This, then, is the reason why the dinners of the rich, which I have always found as heavy as their conversation, are so well attended. Boswell mentioned Lowther. "Why, Sir, Lowther by keeping his money had the command of the county, which the family has now lost by spending it. I take it he lent a great deal: and that is the way to have influence, and yet preserve one's wealth. A man may lend his money on very good security, and yet have his debtor very much under his power." The force of cynicism can no further go; and I recollect that when a rich and childless Yorkshire squire died twenty-five years ago, there was a panic in the Tory Party on the discovery that his executor was his legatee.

Johnson's respect for rank was sincere, but it was cynical, as was Jowett's. I once heard Jowett say in the pulpit of Balliol Chapel: "Rank is not a dispensation of Providence, but it is a fact." When Boswell said that if he were asked on the same day to dine with the first Duke in England and with the first man in Britain for genius, he should hesitate which to prefer, Johnson's observation was: "To be sure, Sir, if you were to dine only once, and *it were never to be known where you dined*, you would choose rather to dine with the first man for genius; but to gain most respect, you should dine with the first Duke in England. For nine people in ten that you meet with would have a higher opinion of you for having dined with a Duke; and the great genius himself would receive you better, because you had been with the great Duke."

Johnson was no believer in innate or intuitive virtue. When he was at Dunvegan Lady McLeod asked if no man was naturally good. "No, Madam, no more than a wolf. *B.* Nor no woman, Sir? *J.* No, Sir." Lady McLeod started at this, saying in a low voice: "This is worse than Swift." Very shrewd, but very cynical, is the remark: "It requires great abilities to have the *power* of being very wicked, but not to *be* very wicked." A general must have great ability to capture an army, but none to massacre it.

When Burke invited Johnson to see his fine new place at Gregories, the Doctor said: "Haud equidem invideo:

miror magis," one of those two-edged sayings which are generally misunderstood. It is generally interpreted to mean: "What splendor! But to be sure you deserve it." I think Johnson meant something very different, for he knew his friends' pecuniary position pretty well. He may not have known of Burke's subterranean speculations with Lord Verney and sinister Cousin Will: he certainly did not know of Lord Rockingham's bond for £30,000. But he knew that Burke, like himself, wrote for bread, and he may well have wondered how "the knack of making a speech in a public assembly" had got all he saw. What I think the cynic meant by his cryptic quotation was: " 'Mund Burke, I wouldn't have *this* house for *your* debts: how *do* you do it?"

Our hero's attitude towards political parties and public affairs was purely cynical. He declared that if he were a man of landed estate he would turn out all his tenants who refused to vote as he wished. A wise Whig and a wise Tory would, he said, agree; and he admitted that since the death of a violent Whig, with whom he used to contend, he felt his Toryism sensibly abated. Johnson hated insubordination, and I wish he had lived to help Burke to fight the French Jacobins. Johnson on Anacharsis Clootz would have been worth reading. In the last year of his life began the duel between those wonderful boys, both under twenty-five, Charles Fox and William Pitt the second. "I am for the King against Fox, but I am for Fox against Pitt. The King is my master, but Fox is my friend, and I don't know Pitt." Such a politician would be regarded by Liberal and Conservative Associations with disfavor. "The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tædium vitæ*. When a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country, he has in fact no uneasy feeling." "Why this childish jealousy of the Crown?" he asks, "the Crown has not power enough." I doubt whether Johnson's silence about politics was entirely due to indifference; I suspect it of being tinged with moral reprobation. It could hardly have been due to indifference. Here was a man, the best talker of his day, living in the most intellectual club London has ever known, during the most stirring period of our history, when Clive conquered India, when Wolfe and Amherst conquered Canada, when Byng was shot, and the seas swept by Howe and Rodney, when Chatham was King, when we fought and were beaten by the American colonists—and yet in the whole of Boswell's biography there are no allusions to these great events and persons, and only, I think, two casual mentions of Chatham's name, the one with reference to his oratory. This silence could not have been due to ignorance, for at one time Johnson reported, or rather manufactured the debates from the gallery of the House of Commons, taking care that "the Whig dogs should have the worst of it." Besides, Burke and Fox were members of The Club, and with Burke at least Johnson lived in intimacy. I am inclined to ascribe this refusal to talk politics—one of the most striking features of the "Life"—to Johnson's perception of the fact that what he called "public affairs," and the politicians called "business," was a mere scuffle between gangs of Whig noblemen for places and pensions. Johnson must have regarded such a system with disgust and contempt. But his respect for rank and his love of subordination sealed his lips. That is the only explanation I can suggest.

Johnson's cynicism, like Thackeray's, was happily allayed by doses of sentimental inconsistency. Thackeray passes straight from George Osborne's farewell kiss to Amelia on the eve of Quatre Bras to the chapters on how

Becky and Rawdon lived in Mayfair on nothing a year. Johnson's advice to employ usury as a means of influence was illustrated by letters begging a guinea for a poor man, or asking a creditor for more time to pay his own or his mother's debts. But his cynicism must have been stout stuff to resist the romanticism of his intimate friends, Reynolds, Burke, and Goldsmith. Burke's pictures of Marie Antoinette and the French aristocracy are merely romantic. Goldsmith, whose life was a more squalid struggle than Johnson's, has given us the two purest pastoral idylls in the language, "The Deserted Village" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." The only cynical lines in "The Traveler" were written by Johnson. What separated Johnson from the sentimentality of his contemporaries was the fact that he contracted, like Heine, "an unlucky passion for Reason," surely the most unprofitable infatuation into which a man, in any walk of life, can fall. This passion for Reason takes from its lover everything—popularity, influence, riches; it gives him nothing but abuse, neglect, and, as a rule, poverty. Johnson was quite aware of the price he had to pay for his obstinate rationality. He said, the world has tried me, and has had enough of me. "Great lords and ladies do not love to have their mouths stopped." One day he announced to Boswell: "Mrs. Montague has dropped me. Now, Sir, there are people whom one should like very well to drop, but would not wish to be dropped by." The value of cynicism as a moral force in a nation's education depends on its use or abuse. As the rector of our daily rioting in the matter of lies, pretentiousness, and exaggeration, the Cynic is invaluable. Unfortunately the great Cynics of literature have lost their influence by abusing their power. Indiscriminate railing, the settled sneer, habitual mockery, miss their effect. Swift wants "an ounce of civet to sweeten his imagination." Voltaire's icy smile withered, as Macaulay said, everything it turned on. Byron, though his letters and "Don Juan" are stuffed with the rarest common-sense, is not exactly a moral teacher. Carlyle will never recover the power his genius once commanded, because he sold his soul to Germany. But the sane and stimulating cynicism of Dr. Johnson, his distrust of generalities, his hatred of exaggeration, his demand for evidence, will outwear the world, and maybe, I hope will be, the dominant intellectual note of the century that lies before us.

The above paper was read by me at a dinner of the Johnson Club, in the actual room where the Dictionary was composed—an upper chamber in the house in Gough Square. It appeared from the discussion which followed that there is a great difference of opinion as to what cynicism means. Mr. Birrell. one of the most distinguished of Boswell's editors, said truly enough that if by a cynic you meant a snarling, currish man, Johnson was certainly not one: he was a great anti-humbug man. "Not," he added characteristically, "that I should advise a young man to begin life as an anti-humbug man, for there is a deal of humbug in your anti-humbug man." The happiest thing of the evening was said by Mr. H. C. Biron, who recalled the anecdote of Johnson's being sent for by Goldsmith, when he was in trouble with his landlady about his rent, and finding a half-empty bottle of Madeira on the table, into which "I immediately put the cork." Johnson's cynicism consisted in putting the cork into the bottle of life. Why should the mental mood which goes by the name of cynicism have an evil, or at least disagreeable, connotation? Everything is a question of values in life, and your cynic is an adjuster of

values. The classical work on the cynic doctrine is "Candide." Voltaire shows us that all the things which men and women worship—birth, wealth, beauty, religion—are subject to corruption and disappearance. The baron with eighty-four quarterings is reduced to a galley-slave: the beauty becomes a hideous hag, peeling potatoes; Candide is quickly robbed of his wealth; the Jesuits are murderers; the philosopher loses his nose and an eye in the pursuit of his amours. The only way to be happy is to be temperate, and to work without arguing. Why is this view of life, the rational, the realistic view, to be dismissed as pessimistic, or condemned as immoral? Of all the foolish figures in this war the most dangerous, whether in Fleet Street or Parliament, is Dr. Pangloss.

Arthur A. Baumann.

The Fortnightly Review.

AKE, THE MAD WOMAN.

Ake was the mad woman in the village.

It is a well-known fact that there is a mad person in nearly every village. In Southloorn it wsa a young man, who always sat by the side of the road, under a hawthorn tree. In Oestwold there was Mrs. Jannink's daughter, a girl with long plaits, who sold brooms. And in all the other villages in the neighborhood there was one. And they never did anyone any harm.

In Eastloorn there was Ake.

Ake was quite mad. She had been mad for so long that scarcely anyone had known her to be sane.

For many a year they had seen her walking about the village with a heavy bundle of wood on her back, carrying a thick stick in her old hands. She walked with a firm tread, without looking at, or speaking to anyone,—so that no one could picture her doing anything else.

Only rich Mrs. Goestel, the old baker's widow, who was of the same age as Ake, could remember her otherwise. When they were both very young they had gone to school together, when Mr. Jansen was schoolmaster. But none of the other people could remember that time; three other masters had taken Mr. Jansen's place since then.

"How long has she been mad, Mrs. Goestel?" Walter inquired one day.

"I believe it must be forty years; oh, quite that, for I am sixty-four now. Yes, yes, it must be quite that," the baker's widow answered, pensively.

"But how did it all come about, Mrs. Goestel?" Walter said, for he wanted to get to the bottom of the mystery.

"No one ever knew the exact story," Mrs. Goestel answered, as if she were talking to herself and wished to avoid inquisitive questions.

But Walter persisted; he was determined to know more than all the other villagers.

"Well, you must have heard one fact often enough from others," she said. "We were both keeping company, Ake and I. Then I married, and Ake did not. And we both had a child christened on the same day. That was a terrible disgrace for her. She was so pale and she trembled so that the verger, the one before this one, had to hold the baby at the font; the verger did that! And in coming out of church the boys called him 'Godfather,' and he kept this nickname until he died."

Walter never found out any more. The baker's widow had not given him any more information than any man or woman in the village could do.

But the history was quite clear to Walter's vivid imagination, a history such as he had often read in novels . . the disgrace of a deserted girl . . . a

breach of promise; . . . the anxious months, in expectation of the disgrace which would be public property then; . . . the christening, without a husband who should have stood beside the mother; . . . the quiet retirement into her own home; . . . thinking, day and night, year after year, about the one subject, always the same subject . . . until gradually, very gradually, a period came when it was difficult to draw the line between sane thinking and insane thinking; . . . and, finally, those strange manners, which had made all the villagers talk about her as "crazy Ake."

Walter had a vivid fancy, he could weave out long histories in his imagination; but this time it gave him pain,—and the pain gave him a vague idea what the suffering must have been to the woman herself during all those long years, a suffering which made the poor woman mad at last.

Ake was mad now, that was certain.

She never harmed anyone, even when the boys shouted after her, as she walked through the village.

She stepped steadily on, with the bundle of wood on her back; the boys might laugh and tease and come as near as they liked; she never even raised her stick at them. They always stopped at the bridge, at the end of the village street, they never went any farther. She knew that; and only the very little boys shouted; the big ones had given it up long ago. The people in Eastloorn were always courteous and well-bred even to Ake.

She had noticed this in spite of her dumbness. She knew that when these boys were but a year older they would stop doing such foolish things. She did worry a little about the new generation, which would surely be there to tease her. Why, she wondered, did the women always go on having children?

But at this query her brain seemed to stop working suddenly, and she would wipe something away from in front of her eyes with her hand.

The people often saw her doing this with her hand; it was a habit.

Ake went to church regularly. Formerly she used to go to Walter's church, but afterwards she went to the Dissenting church, Senserff's church. She always had her own seat in the old church, and now in the new, and was never troublesome during the service.

She knew exactly how long to keep her eyes shut when the minister prayed; she knew that when the Amen was said it was time to open them.

When the Psalm was given out it always took her a long time to find it. She could not understand why no hymns were given out in Senserff's church, only Psalms. She thought she must surely be getting deaf; and when the second Psalm was being sung she always persisted in turning over the leaves of the hymn book, and at last pretended to have found it. The women sitting next to her on either side saw this.

During the sermon, she sat with a vacant look in her eyes, always gazing at the door, as if she were expecting some one to come in who never came. Occasionally she would wipe something away from in front of her eyes; this was a habit.

When the collection bags were handed round she always gave two cents; that was more than many others gave; the deacons were quite sure that she put in two cents.

"I can feel it," Niesink, the beefarmer said. It was etiquette for the deacons to collect with their heads turned away, as if they wanted to say that they knew quite well that it was not the thing to spy at what the others were giving. "I can feel it," Niesink said; "everyone can develop a fine

sense of feeling with that long pole in his hand. The other day when the old widow of the clogger came to church on the anniversary of her husband's death, she put a bank-note into the bag. I knew at once that the ten guilders were from her."

When church was over, Ake was treated in the same way as anyone else; she came out in the midst of the throng, and as she went up the road no one would have known her to be "crazy Ake."

And at Whitsuntide no one appeared to notice the strange thing she did either. For when church was over it was the custom,—and no one in Eastloorn ever knew from what time that custom dated,—that the married women went up to the flowering hawthorn tree which stood on the left side of the church door on the Square. Each woman then plucked a flower from the tree and fastened it on to her husband's hat, so that everyone on the Square could see it. It was a joyous sight to see these women do that, and the men, decorated in this manner, had a festive appearance. Ake also always joined the others in picking a flower; for did she not belong to the married women too? But as soon as she held the flower in her hand, it was quite evident that she got muddled; for to whom was she to give the blossom, and whose hat was she to decorate with it? She looked round at the people on the Square feeling embarrassed; and again she wiped some imaginary thing from before her eyes and walked up the road slowly, holding the twig in her hand. Not one person on the Square ever appeared to notice what a mad thing Ake was doing. She did it every year and, they were all convinced that she kept every one of those withered twigs in her hut beside the hymn book in the cupboard.

But although Ake went to church very regularly, whenever there was a christening or a celebration of holy communion, she never appeared. It was a wonder she never made a mistake! She knew how to distinguish between the two.

No one knew why she had joined the Dissenting church. There had been much talk about it, that even a mad woman had taken a side in the ecclesiastical struggle! When she came to Walter to tell him of her plans, he had not been able to get anything out of her. Nor had Senserff succeeded any better. The only thing she had said to Senserff was: "Perhaps I shall find him with you."

"Who then, Ake?" Senserff questioned.

"Him of course," she had said. "He did not come into the other church, though I waited for years; perhaps he will come in here."

And Senserff had not been able to find out anything else. But later, much later, when he knew all, he understood how it was that during the sermon she always sat gazing at the door with vacant eyes.

There was another thing that the people knew about Ake. Everyone knew that she had had a naughty boy; that was the boy she had seen christened without a father. The boy's name was Joop. And he had become a bad boy.

It had all begun at school. No one had been able to persuade him to go to school regularly. He had always been at loggerheads with the schoolmaster. He was wild; not like the other children in Eastloorn; foreign blood flowed through his veins.

"An impudent German!" the master had once called him. And that saying had leaked out and was repeated from mouth to mouth, and Ake started visibly when the boy told her how the master had nicknamed him. "Never tell me again what the master called you," she said, and Joop had not understood why.

When he grew up, he refused to find work; he ran about idle. His only occupation was to snare hares, to dig out rabbits, to lie out on the marsh in winter on the look-out for German mountain ducks. What else could he do? He was constantly in and out of the public-house; he fought; once he even attacked the village constable, so that he was put in prison for a few months. The young man had become the terror of the moor and of the wood. Who liked to meet him on a lonely part of the moor?

One day, and that was more than twenty years ago, Ruurd, the son of Ilting, the bell-ringer, had been found dead in a field near Iken's buck-wheat field. One could see that there had been a fierce struggle, for the buck-wheat had been trodden down on that spot and the white flowers were red with blood. Suspicion had fallen on Joop, but the court of justice had not been able to find enough evidence. Joop had denied it; and the half silly mother had been witness that he had slept at home that night. He had walked about the village in an impudent manner for several days after that, for a week in fact. But then suddenly he had disappeared, and had never been seen again during the first years.

A rumor went about that he had enlisted for the East; but no one could be sure of it. Some said that he got a place among the dock-laborers in Rotterdam. One thing was certain, however, that since that day Ake had become absolutely mad.

There were only a few people in the village who thought that she had more sense than one might imagine.

Ake lived near the German border—about two hours' walk from the inhabited part of the community.

Few people ever came as far as that. There the moor extended as far as the eye could see.

Just on the outskirts of the village were the large farms, and they were surrounded by fruit trees. It was a beautiful sight when the trees were blossoming, white and red. Further up lay the fields, the corn-fields, and higher up the buck-wheat fields. Then came the wooded part,—oak groves where the wood-cutter found enough work to do in spring. Then the pine woods; and finally the moor, first in small patches, and then in bigger patches, until the wide heath extended far into Germany, endless, immeasurable, boundless. Which of the villagers ever came as far as that?

The German merchant, Asmus, who bought up all sorts of things and visited Eastloorn once a month, always came across the heath. He knew how far the moor extended, but the people did not believe him when he said that it took weeks to reach the other side of the heath.

"Weeks, Asmus? Weeks?" they would inquire, with the suspicious manner of people who think that foreigners are always trying to take them in.

"Certainly," he answered; "from here the moor extends to the Ems. North it extends to the province of Groningen; that is the Bourtanger-marshland. Many a time I have slept out on the moor, lying on a knoll, because there was not even a hut to be found, surrounded by wet soil; soil that does not look like water, and yet if you tried to walk on it you would be drowned. I have seen the Will-o'-the-wisps; poor children! they never rested, and when two flames came close together, they would whisper for a moment and dance off again. I do not know how many die without being christened, but judging from the number of lights that burn on the moor there must be a great many every day!"

"Are those things you tell us about quite true, Asmus?"

"Of course they are! I have also seen the White Women when I slept on the

knoll, surrounded by marshes. They are ugly, and they have long arms; they swing about their arms, as if they want to catch you. I lay very still, I can assure you; they never saw me."

"Mr. Walter says, that we must not believe in those things any more, but Schepers himself saw them past Ake's hut, when he used to look after the sheep; and Schepers is a truthful man who never says a thing if it is not true. You know Schepers, do you not, Asmus?"

"I am sure Ake sees them too, if she would only say so," the German resumed. "To whom otherwise does she talk in the night when she stands outside of her hut in the snowstorm? I found her there one night last winter when I could not get any farther and when I lay on the floor in her hut, while she poked up the fire. She is a good soul, although she is half silly. I could not get any farther in that snowstorm; I would surely have perished that night, if she had not taken me in. A good soul!"

The men in the public-house liked having a chat with the German in the long evenings; he knew all the people who lived between the river Vecht and the Ems, as far as Aurich.

Otherwise few people ever came near Ake's hut, only Schepers when he went to look at his sheep, and the bee-farmer when he took out his hives or brought them back again on his high cart.

The people wondered how the old woman could come that long walk to the village and back again every Sunday. And how could she do it again once every week, and come back from the wood, which lay to the left of the village, carrying a bundle of sticks on her back?

One day, Ake had gone out to gather wood again.

She came through the village carrying the heavy bundle on her back, and she rested a moment on the Square. The boys had run after her as usual until she reached the bridge, then they had left her to go on alone.

She was talking all the time after she had crossed the bridge. It was a heavy burden to carry, everyone could see that.

"If only I were at the alder-wood," she murmured. And she came to the alder-wood. There she rested without taking the heavy burden from her shoulders.

"If only I were at the Giants' graves," she said to herself, And she came to the Giants' graves. There she rested without taking the heavy burden from her shoulders.

"If only I were at the little bridge, which lies across the stream," she said to herself. And she came to the little bridge which lay across the stream. There she rested without taking the heavy burden from her shoulders.

"If only I were at the quarry," she said to herself. And she came to the quarry where the stones were dug out, the stones which were used to pave the roads. There she rested without taking the burden from her shoulders.

But that was the last mile-stone on her road. Then came the wide, open moor without a tree, without a shrub, and without a stream or a bridge. In summer it was sunny, shadeless and hot, and bitingly cold in winter. But she carried her burden from there to her hut, without a rest, straight on, until she laid it in the shed behind her hut.

When she had put down her bundle of sticks, and walked to the door at the side of the house facing the West—who was sitting on the ground in front of the door?

The sun was just setting. It shone with a red glow on the old woodwork, and on the thatched roof, and on the man who sat on the ground by the door.

The woman was never startled.

"Do you want to go in at the door, Mother?" he asked, without getting up. "Then you know what you must do first, Mother!"

And the old woman knew what he expected her to do. She came up to him, bent down and kissed the man as she clasped him in her stiff arms.

He pulled her towards him and let her sit on his knees. And so those two people sat there, and gazed into each other's eyes.

"Do they say that you are bad, my boy? It is not true! For who ever kissed me beside you, Joop, and that other man whom I never saw again?"

"And do they say that you are mad, Mother? It is not true! Your eyes are all right, as they always used to be."

"Could you not do without your little mother any longer, Joop, and have you come at last? I have waited a long time."

"Oh, Mother, there is only one who loves me; all the others have feared me; but you— "

And the man kissed his old mother, again and again, as one kisses a child, as she sat quietly on his knees on the ground by the door, in front of the hut. A hard crust of ice which had formed round the lonely woman's heart began to melt.

"Do you want coffee, boy? And do you want bread? I have done what you asked me to do; surely I may go in now? Let me go now!"

"No, Mother, remain sitting; you are quite comfortable so, are you not? When I am gone tomorrow you will have no one to love you any more."

And the woman gave in, she gave in gladly.

"Why do you not come to church, Joop? I always watched the door, thinking you might come in. And you never came. Every Sunday I sit looking at the door. You know, Joop, that is the place where your Mother waits for you, for then no one will say again: 'That Mother has a wicked son.' But they will say, 'That man goes to church, as others do. He has turned over a new leaf.' Why do you come here and not there?"

"Why should I go to church? Do you know, Mother, that if I wished to come to church the young men would crowd together on the Square as if they were saying: 'Just let's have a fight now.' They are brave enough when they are ten against one, but none of them ever dared fight against me alone. They are frightened when they stand together like that, I have seen it in their eyes. And do you know, Mother, that if I came to church, the girls would look at me ashamed and run home? Have I ever harmed any girls here besides Kaare, who is dead, and Dennigje, who was afterwards married to Gunter?"

He did not mention golden-haired Reeze, for more than one reason.

"And perhaps you do not know, Mother, that if I went to church, the men and women would stand on one side, and that they would whisper to each other: 'There is Joop, who killed the son of the bell-ringer on Iken's buck-wheat field.' How can I come to church, Mother, where all the people would like to frighten me away with their eyes, and where all the people are false? For they are false. Do you remember the great drought last year? I could have come back then; they were all just as bad as I am then; and no one said to me: 'You are wicked!' But now all the boys are pious again! They are all good-for-nothing, Mother; I am better myself! And that is why I must not come!"

"I shall wait for you, Joop, and every Sunday I shall look out for you. I shall wait long, boy; I waited long for your father, and he never came, but I shall wait longer for you!"

"How can I be good, Mother? When I was at school I said: 'Now, I shall try and please the master today. And when I came out of school I had behaved badly once more. Sometimes when I went to the moor, I said: 'I shall not snare any more hares.' But when evening came, I went out in the moonlight to set the traps. It is so beautiful when the hares play in the moonlight, Mother! Sometimes when I had dug out rabbits, I would say: 'I shall throw them away when I see the policeman.' But just that day I had fought with him. When I went to the village on an afternoon I would say: 'I shall not stand talking at Sieds's stable near the public-house about his horse.' But when I came home in the evening I was drunk again. How can I be good, Mother? When I killed the bell-ringer's son,—for you know as well as I do, Mother, that I did it,—I had said to him the day before: 'Look here, Ruurd, do not laugh at me when we meet each other, I shall let you have the girl, although I could easily break your ribs for you, man; but if you do not laugh at me, I will leave you alone.' And early next day when I met him at Iken's buck-wheat field, he laughed after all. I had to kill him! How can I be good, Mother?"

"But you are good now, my little boy! You are good today; have you not let me sit on your knee? And have you not kissed me, as good boys kiss their mothers?"

"Yes, Mother, but how can I know what I shall do tonight, or what I shall do tomorrow? Have I not often come back to you in this way? And was the sun not setting, as it is now, while you sat on my knee? And did I not go away next morning to the big town where there are so many such as I am? Mother, mother, I must be what I am!"

And reluctantly he put the old woman down; he did it gently, but with a firm hand.

And he got up, stretching himself to his full length; gazing, with clenched fists, in the direction of the village, where all those people lived who had not been predestined at their birth to do evil, as he had been.

"Give me some coffee, mother," he said.

And they went inside, crazy Ake and her son, the vagabond.

When Ake woke up early next morning,—it was before sunrise,—she was lying on the floor beside her bed.

She tried to collect her thoughts. How was it that she was lying on the floor?

She looked at her bed. Some one had lain there! But why had she not slept in it herself then? She could not understand. Who had been there?

And on the table she saw a loaf of bread, and the coffee-can, and cups, which had not been washed the evening before. Cups? And she always used only one cup? Whose was that other cup, then? Had she had a visitor, she who never had one? The last time she had had a visitor was when her son came one night, two years ago. She had let him sleep in her own bed then, she herself had lain on the floor.

By degrees her head became clearer. Had he come again last night, then? She tried to think and went on gazing at the bed.

But it came back to her, all about Joop and what had happened the evening before. And her warm mother's heart still beat faster at a vague and happy memory,—a memory of an embrace and a kiss. She was an old woman, very old; but, for that embrace she would willingly have given up a few years of her life as often as she could get it.

Had Joop got up in the night then, long before daybreak, as he had done

before? And had he stolen away quietly, as he had done before?

She could not find out whether or not it had really taken place. "People say I am mad," she murmured; "how then can I know if he has been here?"

She was clear enough to notice that the drawer of her cupboard was open; in it she kept the few guilders which she had saved; and she knew that, if she looked, she could be sure whether he had been or not. She could know it by the money. And why then did she not go to the cupboard? And why then did she look at that cupboard with eyes averted, as one who does not wish to know the worst?

All that day she pondered the great question wearily. Had he been or had he not been? And when the evening fell she did not know yet. Next morning it was still more difficult to find out.

And soon the incident became as hazy as all the other memories of her life. Ake was just as mad as ever.

"That woman is not mad," Schepers said to Senserff one day.

They were on their way to visit her, and they were standing on the little bridge which lay across the stream which severed the pinewoods from the moor, that little bridge where Ake always rested, with the bundle of sticks on her back.

In front of them lay the huge, boundless expanse of sunny moorland, and in the distance they could discern Ake's hut. The minister and the elder had been confronted with the question whether or not to visit Ake. For everyone knew that she was mad, and they surely could not include her in the invitation to partake of the Holy Communion, which was to be celebrated in church next Sunday, and which they were announcing to the parishioners.

But: "That woman is not mad!" Schepers had said to Senserff at last. "I have often been to see her when I went towards the East to see my sheep at the marsh. Who can say that she is not quite sensible? For which of the villagers has ever spoken to her? I am the only one who has ever been to see her; and she has always received me warmly; she gave me water to quench my thirst, and in winter she placed a chair for me by the fire and threw on an extra log of wood, so that I might warm my numb feet. Have you ever spoken to her, sir?"

"No, Schepers; she has only been at my house once, that was when she joined our church, and do you not remember how the members of the Reformed Church envied us for that? I have never met her since then."

"Let us go then, sir," Schepers said. "The invitation may not be withheld from anyone who is not under censure."

Senserff yielded to this argument. And an hour later the two men stood at the door of Ake's hut.

"Come in, sir; come in, Schepers," the woman said.

She held the door open as they came in, and gave them chairs, as was customary. She herself remained standing by the chair at the bedside. The two men glanced at each other. There was nothing wanting in this reception.

"Ake," the minister began,—for he never beat about the bush,—"Ake, I have come to invite you to partake of Holy Communion next Sunday."

Schepers watched the woman's face closely: there was reverence, great reverence in her honest eyes.

"How can you invite me?" she answered. "Surely you know what manner of woman I am?"

"What manner of woman I am?" Schepers repeated; "that is not an expression which is used by the people here, Ake. Did you find it in the Bible, Ake?" And Senserff, slower than his elder, remembered how the mad woman used the word that the Pharisees had

used to Jesus in connection with a similar woman.

Ake did not answer the question, but continued: "Do you not know that I have a son, who is the disgrace of the village? And how could I hold up my head in church, and sit at the Lord's table with those women who need not be ashamed of their sons?"

She spoke as a sensible woman; and Senserff braced himself up to answer her sensibly too. "The sins of a child need not prevent anyone from coming to the Lord's supper, woman! Let every man's sins be on his own head! We do not invite your son, but you!"

"Shall each man's sins be on his own head, sir? Oh, I am glad! for then my sins shall be upon my own head, and not on my child's head! Is it his fault that he is as he is? Am I not his mother?" she said hotly.

And the elder glanced at Senserff, and his look said quite plainly: "Have I not told you that she is not mad?"

"Who says here that my son is at fault? Every mother shall bear the guilt of her children on her own head," she went on quickly.

"But every father too, surely?" Senserff ventured to add. It was a curious thing to be arguing this question with a mad woman, and he made up his mind to drop the subject. It was a subject to be discussed at the meeting of Classis, but here? It seemed to him that he was almost mad himself.

But the woman did not give him much time to think.

"That man—also—I suppose," she said gently, and with some hesitation, as if she were giving in, but reluctantly. "But—who knows the way of a man into a woman's heart? The man does not know, neither does the woman. If that heart were not open he would never get in. Who can give the fault to the man?"

She was silent for some time, wrapped in thought. The elder was astonished; how did this woman know the Scriptures so well that she quoted words not known to many?

"I also know those words in the Bible, woman," Senserff said, and he quoted under his breath, almost as if he were reading aloud: "The words of Agur, the son of Jakeh: There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid."

Instinctively Schepers looked round the hut to see where the woman's Bible lay.

"There is the Bible," she said, as one who understands everything; "but it is long ago that I read it. I have found everything with any reference to me years ago. Your curse is upon me, my son!"

The two men did not know what to say.

"I will tell you about it, sir," she continued, and she hurried on as if she were afraid that afterwards the old haze would come again over her thinking, and as if she wished to be quite clear as she made her confession. "I will tell you, sir. Schepers may hear it too, although he will not understand; for he has never been married. What does he know about a woman's passion? You see, sir," —and she was not looking at Schepers any more, and seemed to be speaking to the minister only—"if there is love, then the way of a man to a maid's heart is an easy one. She will sacrifice herself, and give him all. No one but a woman knows what a woman will do for the man she loves. When that German, that wild, tall German, came to see me, then my heart was as wild and young as his. Why then should he be more to be blamed than I am? Did he attract me, or I him? If he stayed away for a week it was I who said: 'Why did you

not come?' If he went away towards the evening, it was I who said: 'Stay.' If he took me in his arms, it was I who could not let go. If a woman really wishes it, a man will not look at her longer than she desires; she can force him never to come back again. Is not the curse upon me, upon me?" And she would have gone on passionately.

But Senserff stretched forth his hand and said: "Be quiet, Ake, I know all about that!"

"I have repented, sir,—for I should have liked the curse to depart from me. I should have liked it for my son's sake, not for my own; for a woman such as I am would have committed the same sin again and again; I still love that man. But for my son's sake I hoped that the curse would be taken from me; I might have known that he would do badly, on my account; the mother's guilt is upon the children unto the third and fourth generation; I wanted to exonerate my child from that guilt. And my penalty was this. I sought in the Bible all the texts with reference to such a woman as I am; I started on the first page and went on to the last page. And I said time upon time, as my eyes fell upon a curse, that is against me. Thine anger is righteous, oh Lord! Good women need not do that, sir; let them read the blessings and hold up their heads. Every text of that sort was like a burning coal in my hand, but I did not drop it out of my hand. Every text was like a heap of coals on my head, but I did not shake them off my head; I let them lie there; they burned my head right through, up to where the brains are. No one but crazy Ake has ever known that pain. All these texts were flames, flames that surrounded me. I have walked among flames, but I did not beat them off with my hands. Who in the village ever knew that crazy Ake walked among flames as she went by?"

Here the poor soul paused for a long time.

But she continued at last.

"I have done penance, sir, and it was this. I would not evade the disgrace of the christening; for, if it were possible, I wished my boy to be no different to other children. But the difference began when the child was held to the font without a father; I could not take away that difference; and that difference has been there until this day. That difference was there when he went to school; he noticed it himself on the play-ground, and afterwards on the Square, where the men come together in the evenings to talk; and he felt it when he came home. That boy never asked me about his father, for he was good to me.

"I have done penance, and it was in this way," she went on: "I have not talked to any of the people, men or women; I have lived in silence. I have not complained to anyone and have asked no one for advice or help. I went my way alone. When at night I could not sleep, and tore my hair in agony, I would cry: 'It is right, oh Lord!' When I walked across the moor, where the marsh is, and put my foot in the water, I said: 'It is right that I should suffer, oh Lord!' and I pulled my foot out of the marsh. When I walked across the market to church and shame whispered in my ear: 'Do not go to church any more, they all look down upon you!' I said: 'It is right, Lord, that I should walk on the other side of the road.' For forty years I have said: 'It is right, Lord,' to whatever I felt and whenever the boys injured me when they followed me through the village and up to the bridge.

"I have done penance, until I did not know what else to do. But the guilt remained, the guilt never left me; it was as if my heart contracted with it, and always the coals burned on my head, until they reached the brains.

And I shall do penance until He, Whose name I have never mentioned in all these years, shall say: 'Depart from me, thou accursed one, into the eternal fire!' Oh, my son! my son! I have said: thy curse be upon me! and that curse is upon me!

"But, sir,"—and, with a sudden movement she drew herself up to her full height as she asked,—"now my son is free, is he not, from the judgment which his mother brought upon him?"

Senserff fought a fierce struggle between his Christian doctrines and his pitying heart, and would have liked to avoid answering the question. Schepers also was watching him.

He wished to avoid the answer,—at a meeting of Classis he would not have hesitated for one moment, and he would have pointed out sharply that, "no mere creature can bear the burden of God's anger against sin, and so save other creatures from it." He ananswered evasively: "But, Ake,—why did this man not marry you; why did he leave you alone?"

Suddenly her eyes looked vacant, as if she were gazing into space. As one in a dream she repeated the words: "Yes, why—has—he—left me?"

But then, all at once, with a cry, the woman threw up her arms; a wildness which had been pent up for long years seemed to break loose; and she shrieked with the same despair as she had done in the beginning, when she had understood for the first time that he had deserted her; she shrieked as if she were raving.

Schepers jumped up from his chair and wanted to make for the door.

But Senserff held his arm, and said: "Do not be afraid, Schepers; that fury is only a fury against herself!" And he made the elder sit down again.

"If you have never before seen anyone possessed of the devil, you must see it now," Senserff said. And indeed, they saw something very like it.

There the woman lay on the ground, hideously ugly. She pulled out the little hair she had: she tore the few clothes she wore to pieces, so that her thin limbs were shown; the men saw deep scars on the breast, as of old and new wounds caused by finger nails, sharp finger nails; even now she was tearing the flesh with her nails. The woman rolled round and round; one moment she was lying on her back, the next, face downwards; she tried to gnaw the sand on the floor with her toothless gums; her mouth was foaming; she tried to get up, but failed again and again; there were wounds on her head and on her hands, caused by falling; and the cupboard and the fireplace were stained with blood.

The two men jumped up with a start; Senserff took hold of the mad woman with iron grip; he lifted her up as if she were a child, and laid her down on the bed, not letting her go for a long time, until the poor creature, who had been shaking convulsively, seemed to come to rest; the relaxation which followed was like death.

He remained sitting at the bedside for a considerable time, until at last he said to his elder: "We can go outside, Schepers; she is asleep."

When they were outside they sat down on the rim of the well.

"We shall never know why he deserted her, man; I shall not dare to ask her a second time."

Schepers was silent; the pallor on his cheeks was death-like.

"Were you afraid of the devil?" Senserff inquired, with a curious laugh.

"No, sir, it is not that," he admitted, "but I tremble because I feel now what the Lord meant when He said: 'He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her!' But why do you laugh? Do you not believe that the Evil One is at work here?"

"What would the bee-farmer have

said, if he had been present?"

"The bee-farmer would say: 'That is the devil, and this woman is damned.'"

"And what would you say?"

"I should say: Blessed are the poor in spirit, for— "

"Finish it, Schepers, do not hesitate to say it, for I believe it, too—theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

That evening Schepers went home, and the minister remained in the hut with the sleeping woman until the dawn of day.

For those two men there was nothing unusual about the whole thing, but both of them, minister and elder, agreed that this mad woman was not far from, but very near, the kingdom of heaven.

Wiegen, the Dreamer, had known for long that she was a member of his Church.

When during the next winter, Ake died, no one but Schepers could say that he had been present at that death-bed.

He was very sparing of his words when anyone questioned him about it.

But everyone knew that it was on a dark night, in a snowstorm that Schepers had gone to her.

Asmus, the German merchant, who had come past her hut, had spread the report that the woman was dying. "Catch me spending a night alone with a mad and dying woman," he had said: "I took good care to be here before the snowstorm." But Schepers got up at once from his evening meal when his servant girl told him what the German had said at the inn.

"This is not a night for the minister to be out!" he had muttered, and he had gone outside with his dog. "Sipie, come here!" he had called, and he had taken the dog on a string, to make sure that he would not miss the road out in the dark night in the snow.

But no one ever heard what happened afterwards, out on the moor, in that lonely hut, at that death-bed. Schepers could be silent if he liked.

"Even a mad woman may not be allowed to die with none of those who have been appointed by the community for that purpose present to make her death-bed easier. The other Church shall not say that we, elders, neglect the poor and the little ones." Not very much more than that ever leaked out, and by degrees the general opinion was that nothing special could have occurred at that death-bed.

Only, Schepers objected to the pulling down of Ake's hut, when such a proposal was made in the parish council. "The woman expressed a wish that the hut should remain standing as it is," he said; "there is a son who might come back."

And the hut was left standing there, in the wind and rain, and it went to rack and ruin. Sometimes the shepherd boy took a drink of water from the well. And now and then a hare would run past, close to the door. And a hawk would sit perched on the falling roof. But that was all. How long could that hut stand there?

S. Ulfers.

BOBS BAHADUR.

It had gone eight bells on the S.S. *G*——. The decks had been washed down with the hosepipe and the men paraded for the morning's inspection. The O. C. had scanned them with a roving eye, till catching sight of an orderly two files from the left he had begged him, almost as a personal favor, to get his hair cut. To an untutored mind the orderly's hair was about one-

eighth of an inch in length, but the O. C. was inflexible. He was a colonel in that smartest of all medical services, the I. M. S., whose members combine the extensive knowledge of the general practitioner with the peculiar secrets of the Army surgeon, and he was fastidious. Then he said "Dismiss," and they went their appointed ways. The Indian cooks were boiling *dhal* and rice in the galley; the bakers were squatting on their haunches on the lower deck, making *chupattis*—they were screened against the inclemency of the weather by a tarpaulin—and they patted the leathery cakes with persuasive slaps as a dairymaid pats butter. Low-caste sweepers glided like shadows to and fro. Suddenly some one crossed the gangway and the sentry stiffened and presented arms. The O. C. looked down from the upper deck and saw a lithe, sinewy, little figure with white mustaches and "imperial"; the eyes were of a piercing steel-blue. The figure was clad in a general's field-service uniform, and on his shoulder-straps were the insignia of a field-marshal. The colonel stared for a moment, then ran hastily down the ladder and saluted.

* * * * *

Together they passed down the companion-ladder. At the foot of it they encountered a Bengali orderly, who made a profound obeisance.

"Shiva Lal," said the O. C., "I ordered the portholes to be kept unfastened and the doors in the bulk heads left open. This morning I found them shut. Why was this?"

"Sahib, at eight o'clock I found them open."

"It was at eight o'clock," said the colonel sternly, "that I found them shut."

The Bengali spread out his hands in deprecation. "If the sahib says so it must be so," he pleaded, adding with truly Oriental irrelevancy, "I am a poor ---- and have many children." It is as useless to argue with an Indian orderly as it is to try conclusions with a woman.

"Let it not occur again," said the colonel shortly, and with an apology to his guest they passed on.

They paused in front of a cabin. Over the door was the legend "Pathans. No. 1." The door was shut fast. The colonel was annoyed. He opened the door, and four tall figures, with strongly Semitic features and bearded like the pard, stood up and saluted. The colonel made a mental note of the closed door; he looked at the porthole—it was also closed. The Pathan loves a good "fug," especially in a European winter, and the colonel had had trouble with his patients about ventilation. A kind of guerilla warfare, conducted with much plausibility and perfect politeness, had been going on for some days between him and the Pathans. The Pathans complained of the cold, the colonel of the atmosphere. At last he had met them halfway, or, to be precise, he had met them with a concession of three inches. He had ordered the ship's carpenter to fix a three-inch hook to the jamb and a staple to the door, the terms of the truce being that the door should be kept three inches ajar. And now it was shut. "Why is this?" he expostulated. For answer they pointed to the hook. "Sahib, the hook will not fasten!"

The colonel examined it; it was upside down. The contumacious Pathans had quietly reversed the work of the ship's carpenter, and the hook was now useless without being ornamental. With bland ingenuous faces they stared sadly at the hook as if deprecating such unintelligent craftsmanship. The Field-Marshal smiled—he knew the Pathan of old; the colonel mentally registered a black mark against the delinquents.

"Whence come you?" said the Field-Marshal.

"From Tirah, Sahib."

"Ah! we have had some little trouble with your folk at Tirah. But all that is now past. Serve the Emperor faithfully and it shall be well with you."

"Ah! Sahib, but I am sorely troubled in my mind."

"And wherefore?"

"My aged father writes that a pig of a thief hath taken our cattle and abducted our women-folk. I would fain have leave to go on furlough and lie in a nullah at Tirah with my rifle and wait for him. Then would I return to France."

"Patience! That can wait. How like you the War?"

"Burra Achha Tamasha,* Sahib. But we like not their big guns. We would fain come at them with the bayonet. Why are we kept back in the trenches, Sahib?"

"Peace! It shall come in good time."

They passed into another cabin reserved for native officers. A tall Sikh rose to a half-sitting posture and saluted.

"What is your name?"

"H—— Singh, Sahib."

"There was a H—— Singh with me in '78" said the Field-Marshal, meditatively. "With the Kuram Field Force. He was my orderly. He served me afterwards in Burmah and was promoted to subadar."

The aquiline features of the Sikh relaxed, his eyes of lustrous jet gleamed. "Even so, Sahib, he was my father."

"Good! he was a man. Be worthy of him. And you too are a subadar?"

"Yea, Sahib, I have eaten the King's salt these twelve years."

"That is well. Have you children?"

"Yea, Sahib, God has been very good."

"And your lady mother, is she alive?"

"The Lord be praised, she liveth."

"And how is your 'family'?"

"She is well, Sahib."

"And how like you this War?"

*A jolly fine show.

"Greatly, Sahib. The Goora-log* and ourselves fight like brothers side by side. But we would fain see the fine weather. Then there will be some *muzza*† in it."

The Field-Marshal smiled and passed on.

They entered the great ward in the main hold of the ship. Here were avenues of swinging cots, in double tiers, the enameled iron white as snow, and on the pillow of each cot lay a dark head, save where some were sitting up—the Sikhs binding their hair as they fingered the *kangha* and the *chakar*, the comb and the quoit-shaped hair-ring, which are of the five symbols of their free-masonry. The Field-Marshal stopped to talk to a big *sowar*. As he did so the men in their cots raised their heads and a sudden whisper ran round the ward. Dogras, Rajputs, Jats, Baluchis, Garwhalis clutched at the little pulleys over their cots, pulled themselves up with painful efforts, and saluted. In a distant corner a Mahratta from the aboriginal plains of the Deccan, his features dark almost to blackness, looked on uncomprehendingly; Ghurkas stared in silence, their broad Mongolian faces betraying little of the agitation that held them in its spell. From the rest there arose such a conflict of tongues as has not been heard since the Day of Pentecost. From bed to bed passed the magic words "It is he." Every man uttered a benediction. Many wept tears of joy. A single thought seemed to animate them, and they voiced it in many tongues.

"Ah, now we shall smite the German-log exceedingly. We shall fight even as tigers, for Jarj Panjam.‡ The great Sahib has come to lead us in the field. Praised be his exalted name."

The Field-Marshal's eyes shone.

*The English Soldiers.
†Spice.
‡King George the Fifth.

"No, no," he said, "my time is finished. I am too old."

"Nay, Sahib," said the sowar as he hung on painfully to his pulley, "the body may be old but the brain is young."

The Field-Marshal strove to reply but could not. He suddenly turned on his heel and rushed up the companion-ladder. When halfway up he remembered the O. C. and turned. The tears were streaming down his face.

"Sir," he said, in a voice the deliberate sternness of which but ill concealed an overmastering emotion, "your hospital arrangements are excellent. I have seen none better. I congratulate you. Good-day." The next moment he was gone.

* * * * *

Five days later the colonel was standing on the upper deck; he gripped the handrail tightly and looked across the harbor-basin. Overhead the Red Cross ensign was at half-mast, and at half-mast hung the Union Jack at the stern. And so it was with every ship in port. A great silence lay upon the harbor: even the hydraulic cranes were still, and the winches of the trawlers had ceased their screaming. Not a sound was to be heard save the shrill poignant cry of the gulls and the hissing of an exhaust pipe. As the colonel looked across the still waters of the harbor basin he saw a bier, covered with a Union Jack, being slowly carried across the gangway of the leave-boat; a little group of officers followed it. In a few moments the leave-boat, after a premonitory blast from the siren which woke the sleeping echoes among the cliffs, cast off her moorings and slowly gathered way. Soon she had cleared the harbor mouth and was out upon the open sea. The colonel watched her with straining eyes till she sank beneath the horizon. Then he turned and went below.*

T. H. Morgan.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

COMPOSING A HERO.

Most of us have at one time or another tried to understand the seventeenth-century philosopher who declared, or seemed to declare, that the human mind does not really exist. So far as I could gather from an early reading of John Locke and his credulous Victorian convert of the Synthetic Philosophy, the human mind was in its origin a blank. Then gradually all kinds of feelings, visions, smells, contacts, impressions, and notions began to collect themselves into it, and to sort themselves out by the mere virtue of similarity or dissimilarity. Phenomena from outside would, upon entering the mind, recognize their affinities and bunch themselves, pigeonhole themselves, agglutinate and stick together entirely of their own motion. There was no need for any directing intelligence to supervise this motley assembling within the cerebrum of things like and unlike. They arranged themselves in a quiet and orderly fashion; and proceeded to discipline themselves into a condition of ready and immediate correlation which might well have done credit to a prize pupil of Mr. Gradgrind.

This is a convenient theory for dull times and societies, because it does away with any necessity for the soul or for intuition or for genius or for anything which does not square with strict materialism. It is a theory which naturally tends to satisfy lack-lustre men; and in proportion as competitive industrialism, democracy, philistinism, and common sense have flourished, it

*The writer can vouch for the truth of this narrative. He owes his knowledge of what passed to the hospitality on board of his friend the O. C. of the Indian hospital ship in question.

has invariably appeared under a succession of quaint disguises. Its last disguise is possibly the quaintest of all and the most significant. The period just before the war was a period when things like genius and soul were being quietly smothered, and the theory of Locke came out of the philosopher's study and proceeded to take almost complete possession of the most exclusively modern fiction. Modern fiction during these last few years has, indeed, been nothing more nor less than an unscrupulous masquerade of Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding" disguised as light literature for intellectual readers.

Modern fiction runs, as the public has been frequently reminded this week, to trilogies and to sequels and to single volumes numbering upwards of 800 pages. The hero of these expansive works is continually in presence; and his author usually claims for him a degree of importance in proportion to the number of things he sees and hears. The curious thing about this hero of the modern trilogy is that, though he is never absent from the author's page, he is never of the slightest real importance to the author's dynamic scheme. He is in the story, not in order to make the story, to take decisive steps, to influence the trend of events. or even to interest us in himself as a recognizable human being. He is in the story simply and solely in order that things may happen to him. He is purely a vessel into which experiences, facts, and notions may be poured. He is, in a word, the personification of the blank and receptive intelligence of mankind as imagined by the seventeenth-century philosopher. He is put into an environment simply for the purpose of being slowly and thoroughly saturated with it. He is primeval man, without volition or a soul. Experiences enter into his life and bunch themselves together exactly as phenomena are pictured by the philosopher as entering and bunching themselves together in the human mind. He is as helpless as the protoplasm which, by the mere stress of exterior pressure, has been nudged by its environment into becoming the brain of Beethoven or of Michael Angelo. Life arranges itself about the modern hero as Spencerians imagined the planets to have arranged themselves about the sun. It is all a question of taking lines of least resistance, of responding to a succession of pulls and pushes. The modern hero, like the universe itself, simply exists to be continually tickled, as vivisectors tickle the nerves of a rabbit to produce the required reactions. The modern method of constructing a novel is to put, in the dead center of a succession of irrelevant phenomena, the vacant but sensitized cerebrum of a blank young man, and to empty out before him vast quantities of ideas and impressions about life as they may chance to occur to the author. This is done in the philosophic faith that a human being will ensue from the process just as our intricate and mighty universe, from being an unorganized vapor, has contrived to churn itself of its own motion into a highly satisfactory condition of punctuality and shapeliness.

The modern hero of the modern trilogy—a person who remains at the end of half a million pages wholly indefinite and unaccountable—will remain with us as long as we continue to feel no need for a soul in things or in people. He is the result in modern fiction of our absolute trust in things as they are. Subject a lump of protoplasm to the mere thrust and pressure of things as they are, and we shall arrive by degrees at William Shakespeare—that is the point of view which naturally has evolved the modern hero of the modern novel. He is simply the center of a vast collection of phenomena. The underlying theory of his being is that the more phenomena we empty out

upon him the more definite he will become, the more he will abound in himself. Conduct him down a street of the Five Towns, and, in process of conducting him, subject him to a constant rain of impressions. The theory is that when he has arrived at the end of the street he will be more a hero and better known to us than when he started. The modern hero is fashioned like the mountains. Just as uncounted drops of rain and uncounted buffetings of the wind have worn the mountain into shape so can the mind of the modern hero be impressively fashioned out of innumerable meals, encounters in the street, trains caught or missed, house furnishings, and love affairs. The important point is that there should be a profusion of these things.

The modern hero has well suited the spirit of these recent times. We find his shadow everywhere. Has it not been explained to us that the modern leaders of men should, in conformity with the spirit of the age, be the most receptive and accessible of beings? It is their business to imitate the original philosophic blank whereon things as they are may engrave their reflex messages. Let them sit at the center of the nation's life and respond sensitively to pressure. Let them fling open the portals of that Human Understanding celebrated by Locke and suffer phenomena to enter in and arrange themselves as crystals arrange themselves in a cooling liquid. For the democratic mind has of itself no right to choose between fact and fact. Facts, like men, are born equal. They must be suffered to take their own way and reduce themselves of their own motions and properties into categories. The human will has no right to impose its wilful prejudices upon the universe, to choose and reject, to challenge things as they are and construct the world according to its vision and desire.

Such was the subconscious creed of yesterday. It was a dreary creed, and it has inspired those who held it to endeavor quite remarkably to make dreariness interesting. It has led to a type of fiction describable as the horsehair fiction. But perhaps one may venture to prophesy. Philosophy goes in advance of popular learning, and philosophy has long discarded the Spencerian version of the quiescence formula. The lately modern hero was bound to pass rapidly and without honor from our literature by the mere force of those sluggish reactions of the uneducated public which tardily follow the vagaries of high philosophy; and now the war has come as a spur to assist in his discredit. We are on the threshold of an active period whose heroes must needs possess the will to carve among facts as they are as a sculptor carves from the block. Our new heroes will be masters of the book. They will not, like the lately modern hero, be its by-product.

John Palmer.

The Saturday Review.

AMERICAN COUSINSHIP AND SOME OLD "PUNCHES."

A little while ago I happened to be staying at a hotel which possessed a complete set of bound volumes of *Punch* from the time of its first appearance until a few years back. I was delighted with the opportunity of consulting them if only for the sake of their historical interest; for *Punch*, at least in that Victorian age, really did succeed—much better than the *Times* ever succeeded even before Harmsworth made it a European laughing stock—in mirroring for good or evil the attitude of the ordinary middle-class Englishman. It was fascinating, for example, to watch the changes that came grad-

ually over Louis Napoleon—a criminal at the time of the *Coup d'Etat*, then gradually reforming himself up to the period of the Crimean War (when he is quite a Sir Galahad), and then as slowly deteriorating (with occasional spasms of renewed confidence) until Sedan. But being at the moment rather keen on American history, I thought it would be interesting to study the volumes which contain Mr. Punch's comment on the American Civil War.

It was extraordinarily interesting; and I learned not a few lessons which I conceive to be very necessary for these times.

Everyone knows that there was in this country a very large measure of sympathy with the South. At my mother's knee I learned a song current in the streets of London in those remote days:—

> On a glorious day in '63,
> Ready for the action,
> On the battlefield for Libertee,
> Died gallant Stonewall Jackson.

That sympathy was neither unnatural nor indefensible. But that is not the point that struck me in the old volumes that I was consulting. Mr. Punch was not consistently pro-Southern. In point of fact he began by being rather violently anti-Southern, and ended by being pretty impartially anti-both-sides. But what was really significant and what points the immediate moral which I want to emphasize, is that pro-Northern or pro-Southern or anti-both, he never seems to have a glimmer of understanding of what the whole fight is about. And, accordingly, he continually talks, despite his superiority in humor, very much as Mr. Ford and other Americans are talking today.

Now, the war of the North and South was, like all wars, the result of a conflict of wills; but it is peculiarly interesting, because in a quite exceptional degree both conflicting wills were honest and founded on honest conviction. I suppose there can never be a war in which both parties are in the right; but of that war it may be said that both parties were morally in the right—sincerely believed themselves in the right, and were justified in that belief, each according to its own theory. To those who believed each State to be sovereign, connected with its fellows only by a voluntary and terminable alliance, the coercion of a State to remain in the Union could seem nothing but indefensible oppression. To those who could see the American Republic as a nation, the tearing asunder of its parts could only seem unbearable treason. And both these beliefs were sincerely held by good men who were prepared to give their lives for them.

Of all this Mr. Punch, so shrewd and good humored an observer of the things he understands, has no shadow of understanding. When South Carolina, the ancient home of Calhoun, where the dogma of State sovereignty had been received in its extremist form for a generation, proposed secession, Mr. Punch could see nothing in the bold but quite logical step except a demand for "the right to larrup her own nigger." For several weeks he continues derisive of the "slave owners" and their "rebellion," making up sham anthems for them ("Rule Slaveownia" and the like), and, above all, ridiculing their folly in challenging an appeal to arms. Then comes Bull Run; and a change of tone is perceptible. Instead of it being absurd of the South to attempt a rebellion, it is absurd of the North to try to put it down. In point of fact it is absurd of both of them not to kiss and be friends, not to imitate the moderation and good temper of English political parties, not above all to think of how much money they are both losing. A cartoon, conceived in the very spirit of Mr. Ford, shows John Bull looking at the brawl going on in an American

cotton store, while at the door of another store stands a peaceable and polite Indian inviting his custom; he observes that if the Americans prefer fighting to trading with him he will go to the other shop. In another, somewhat later, both sides are represented as knocked out, and Louis Napoleon suggests to the British lion that their joint intervention would be welcomed by both parties. And so it goes on to the end.

Why, it may be asked, do I revive these unfortunate memories at this somewhat critical moment? I answer that I do it as an Englishman, who has been in America, who liked America and the Americans, and has a debt to pay to them for very generous hospitality, and who sincerely desires the permanence of Anglo-American friendship. And a real understanding of those old *Punch* cartoons, and of what they imply, seems to me the first step to a real understanding between England and America. For they have a moral for both.

First to the Americans. You see how hopelessly at sea we could be about your affairs, how persistently we missed the point of what was going on, how idiotic was the advice which our papers offered to you. Some of you are perhaps in danger of the same error. Just as we never had to face such a problem as that which your Civil War saw, so you have been spared our special problem—the problem of Prussia, the problem of a great military State, avowedly indifferent to morals, out to rob its neighbors, and heavily armed for that purpose We can no more afford to let this war end with that problem unsolved than you could afford to leave the problem of State sovereignty unsolved. If our method of solving it inconveniences you, we are sorry. We must follow your example. We must do as Lincoln did. We must tighten our blockade, though the tightening should inconvenience you, yes, and even though the tightening should ruin ourselves. We must wear down our enemy. We must leave no such thing as Prussia in existence when this war is over. Perhaps you do not quite see why. Nor did *Mr. Punch* see why the North and South must fight to a finish. You must take it on trust. Every nation must at all costs preserve itself from destruction.

And now for the moral as it affects my own countrymen. I believe that the principal obstacle to Anglo-American friendship is the superstition in this country (a superstition unknown in America) of Anglo-American cousinship.

I know that it has been of some help to us in the past. Our Foreign Office wisely made use in support of our prestige in Europe of the idea that in some vague way America was still a sort of reserve of strength for England. But in times like these such illusions on one side, confronted with a complete lack of illusion on the other, may lead to dangerous misunderstandings. Already one begins to find in sections of the English Press a somewhat querulous note in regard to America. That note is not really justifiable. It is for Americans alone to decide what their national honor requires, just as it is for us alone to decide what measures are necessary for military success. But a certain irritation which cannot be altogether concealed is induced by the bursting, in this time of reality, of the bubble of illusion which we have ourselves blown. We have a feeling that if the Americans are our cousins they are behaving as somewhat unnatural cousins. We shall not feel thus if we think of them as foreigners, members of an independent commonwealth to which alone their loyalty is pledged.

It is clear that in the sixties we thought of the United States not only as a foreign nation but as a potential enemy. We thought of it as we thought

of France. We have become the friend and ally of France; but it was not done by pretending that no conflict of interest or sentiment had ever existed or ever could exist between the two nations. Still less was it done by pretending that the French had never really forgotten their ancient loyalty to Henry V. It was done precisely by recognizing that where there is independence there is the possibility of quarreling, and by a frank recognition of the existence of conflicting aims endeavoring (fortunately with success) to bring them into harmony.

And if after this war we desire, as I certainly desire, a good understanding with the American Republic, we must drop appeals to a non-existent sentiment, get down to the causes of possible friction, and do our best to remove them.

Cecil Chesterton.

The New Witness.

SEA-POWER AND ITS LIMITS.

Some raw statistics of American exports to neutrals during the first ten months of the year have given rise in some reputable papers to a good deal of controversy, and in others to a good deal of mud-throwing. "Blockade," "contraband," and "neutrals" have always provided the most difficult problems any nation has had to face in war. They have in the past brought into armed conflict with England countries which never had any other quarrel with her at all. Twice England found herself fighting the whole of Europe in the Napoleonic wars on her use or misuse of triumphant sea-power, and once even fighting America, to the detriment of our trade, the creation of bitter memories by the burning of the Capitol at Washington, and the great British defeat at New Orleans. In every case there have been doughty persons who have said, "never mind neutral protests; they will never fight"; or, "as our cause is so obviously just, surely neutrals will accept any means by which it could triumph quickly." They resemble the "lying prophets," who told Ahab, in the Biblical legend, to go up to certain victory and subsequently saw the dogs licking the blood of his dead body at Ramoth Gilead. They have not, and cannot have, any knowledge of the situation as revealed in the hundreds of telegrams which have necessarily passed from the Foreign Office to the various neutral States, the delicate situation of some countries (Sweden, for example, could very easily be thrown into the arms of Germany), the protests in the name of international law by others, such as America, whose friendship with us at this time—considering all we are obtaining from her—is worth a fleet of Dreadnoughts. "All should be subordinate to the winning of the war," the impatient critic replies. "Yes, but how if this blundering policy, uninspired by any real knowledge of the diplomatic situation, makes not for the winning of the war, but for the losing of it?"

This does not mean that the figures of imports into Germany should not be closely scrutinized, and everything done to throttle the import of anything which will help German resistance. But the raw figures, unanalyzed, comparing past and present exports of America into neutral countries of Europe, are, of course, as useless as, say, the raw figures of the Derby Report. We need for any appreciation of their value figures showing to which of each "neutral" these commodities are destined. We need to know how much these neutrals formerly imported from Germany and

Austria in a trade which today has stopped like a clock. We need above all to know the imports month by month, to see whether the British Navy, together with the agreements made with neutrals adjacent to Germany, is exercising a concentrated "squeeze" upon Germany, or is getting slacker in its efforts. There was no essential interference with neutral commerce (except the prohibition of contraband) for more than the first two months of those ten months of war. And the various overseas agreements with groups of traders in Denmark and Holland have practically only come into effect since last autumn. Moreover, we are not convinced that some at least of the increased export to neutrals has not as a matter of fact been going to our Allies. We do not know whether Italy (for example), which for the first four months of the year was a neutral, has been included in the enormous upleap of exported boots from America, generally lumped together under the title of export to "neutrals." If so, the soldiers of Italy and not of Germany are now fighting in the alliance through this fiercely denounced export trade. We do not know whether any (for example) raw cocoa exported to neutrals has not found its way to Russia; a consummation devoutly to be wished. We do know at least some facts; as, for example, that the whole trade in "automobiles and parts" which used to flood Scandinavia and Holland with German products, has passed from Germany to America; and that the Swedish merchant now buys his motor from the United States (the only place he can buy it from) instead of from Germany, his former client. He has every right to do so, and any prevention of such legitimate trade between neutral and neutral by the British Navy would probably unite the whole world against us today, and in the more difficult days to come.

It would seem, therefore, that the War Trade Department—a body of "business men" acting in close touch with the Admiralty and the Foreign Office—is a more useful body to deal with this matter than sensational newspaper opinion. In the case, for example, of cotton, Lord Emmott, who is at the head of it, a great cotton expert, was able to show to the House of Lords, even as long ago as last July, a progressive strangulation of Germany's supply. The Government is reproached with "tenderness to neutrals." But it may well be carrying out a policy which is necessary if these same neutrals are to be persuaded to yield us those exports which alone make victory possible. The facts are with them, not outside. Above all, in judging such a country as America, we should remember that she has acquiesced (under protest) in such an extension of "blockade" as has never been recognized before in international law, a blockade not of the enemies' coast but on the high seas, and a blockade which gives preferential treatment to one neutral sea-borne commerce over another neutral sea-borne commerce. We should stop, for example, a shipload of wood-pulp going from America to a German port. We should not stop a shipload of exactly similar substance going from Sweden across the Baltic to a German port, because we cannot do it—except through the casual possibility of a submarine. We give Swedish commerce preference over American commerce, and against this the American Secretary of State has protested. We may be grateful that he has confined himself to protest, for he can assert that our action is indefensible under any recognized blockade principles. A cry has gone out, "Let the Navy settle this: the Foreign Office has failed." But it is just the Navy which has here failed, indeed through no fault of its own. For if the Navy could establish a blockade

of all German ports on the Baltic, as well as of those on the North Sea, and a real unchallengeable blockade of all the coasts of Germany, half the difficulties with which the Foreign Office has been confronted would be swept away.

On the whole, the statement issued this month by the Government on the interception of the sea-borne commerce of Germany makes cheerful and inspiring reading. It shows (and this is far the most important factor) that German exports have been practically destroyed. To America, for example, over 92 per cent has been stopped. And as exports are Germany's sole means of livelihood—except mortgaged paper money—it shows that the British Navy is thus insuring an inevitable end. It shows the general and increasing success in cutting off direct imports to German Atlantic ports; no ships now reach these havens of desolation and decay. It shows that in connection with neighboring neutral countries it has concluded a series of agreements by which these countries are being "rationed" for their own requirements; and although it does not profess that these agreements are at present completely watertight, yet it asserts, not without proof, that success is increasing rather than diminishing. Some essential war products—cotton, wool, rubber, for example—have "for many months been excluded from Germany." Others like fats and oils and dairy produce are becoming so scarce that—as confirming and overwhelming evidence from Germany itself attests—the whole country is in protest that these cannot be obtained at all, or if obtained, only at famine prices. "That our blockade prevents any commodities from reaching Germany," is the summary, "is not, and, under the geographical circumstances, cannot be true. But it is already successful to a degree which good judges both here and in Germany thought absolutely impossible, and its efficiency is growing day by day." "It is right to add that these results have been obtained without any serious friction with any neutral Government."

A Government which can substantiate such a statement is a Government which deserves honor of its people. For it has rightly apprehended the effective use of terrible and irresistible sea-power, whilst it has recognized the limits of that use necessary in dealing with neutral nations "amongst such creatures as men are, and at such a time as this.'

The Nation.

HER DAVID.

"Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come hither—"

Mrs. Penruddocke started, sat up, and began to listen with sudden intentness as these words of Holy Writ smote on her ears that hot, drowsy June Sunday evening of 1915.

It was the chapter of the mothers. So it has been called, and she, a mother bereft indeed.

"Send and fetch him." What was Parson saying? "*Fetch* him?" That she would not. Was it not enough to have sent five?

She strained her ears for more—"And he sent and brought him in," read the old Vicar in his quiet, cultivated tones.

It must be *her* boy they were mentioning. "Now he was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to."

She was not quite clear what ruddy meant, but her Mark had a beautiful face, and he was the finest of the lot of 'em, standing six feet in his stockings—and he was goodly to look to—she could lean on him. Never, never had

he said an unkind word to her, and yet, and yet—

The old lady pressed her handkerchief tight against her eyes.

"There remaineth yet the youngest," and oh, it was true. He was keeping the sheep on yonder down. For it was shearing time, and all the farms were shorthanded.

She poured herself out in voluble and excited speech, as she came face to face with the old Vicar in the narrow, deep-cut Cornish lane after service. He took time gathering her import, though he was used to racy speech and quaint dialect.

He heard her out very patiently, learning again a lesson he knew by heart, for was it not graven on the Roll of Honor hanging in the porch that James Penruddocke was in the Cornish Yeomanry; that John was in the Duke of Cornwall's L. I.; Matthew in the R. A. M. C., having always loved a bit of bandaging; Luke was a driver in the A. S. C.; and only a week ago Richard had tramped in to Plymouth to join the Devons.

"I never said nay to one of 'em if it were the Lord's will and the Lord's doing, but it were cruel to read out in church 'Send and fetch him,'" she sobbed.

And then unknowingly she again quoted Holy Writ. "Only Mark is with me," was the burden of her lament—"only Mark," and he the youngest. Only Mark, and he her prop and comfort.

"They shall not *fetch* Mark," smiled her comforter. "I promise you that. No Cornishman is ever fetched. You go home and get him his supper."

Mark would need a stalwart man to fetch him. Even his mother thought that, as he greeted her with a smile, smoking the pipe of peace in his shirt-sleeves.

Blue-eyed and dark-haired was this young Cornish giant, and on a Sunday night he was apt, like David, to play with his hand to his mother, albeit it was no harp that he played, but a humble, old-fashioned concertina.

Listening, the mother, like Saul, became refreshed, and the evil dream departed from her.

Parson was right. They'd never fetch her Mark.

In that quiet village, far away from the turmoil of war, it was difficult to believe that England was passing through the furnace; yet from time to time there were tidings of death even in Portmarin. The blinds were down at the Hall, and there were other Rachels weeping for their children in outlying farms and down the one village street.

Mrs. Penruddocke was a queen among women since the Queen herself had sent a letter congratulating her on the gift of five. The framed letter from her Majesty hung in the cottage window, and all around were those five red and white and blue medallions giving out the virtues of the five who had gone.

Mark was wont to rearrange them in artistic designs before starting for his work betimes.

He was a man of peace. The love of all the wild things of nature was deep in this young Celt. Killing was his abhorrence. He breathed life, vigor, vitality. With him it was impossible to think of death.

Sometimes during the long-drawn anxiety of July and August mother and son held laconic converse, but they mostly pondered deeply in silence—except when James came home on last leave and gave directions about his affairs.

Then Mark fingered his identity disc, and a grim look came over his young face. "If I am missing," began James. Mark nodded.

"If I am missing, mind you'll know"—but Mark never heard the rest, for he had strode out of earshot into the garden.

Deep within his heart there was a horror.

That word missing conjured up the horror. He needed no explanations. He *knew*.

Yet it was not James who went out first. It was Matthew, and the need of him and his chums of the R. A. M. C. was so great that there were no farewells.

Mrs. Penruddocke was found silently reading the first card from France, and like many another mother she was sorely puzzled why it was all scratched out.

"He ain't ill," she gasped at last, "but it sent my blood to cuds like afore I found that out. Lord have mercy—why can't he say that without all the palavering about not being in hospital, and not wounded, and he ain't had no letter——"

She sighed. Letter-writing was not in her line. Mark had to do that.

The news that Matthew was missing was no surprise to Mark, though it came only a day or two afterwards. *Missing!* Ah! such a simple word, but what does it not conjure up to those who know?

To Mark it brought back the silent horror. To Mrs. Penruddocke mercifully it meant naught. She had had a letter before that dire message came, and in that letter Matthew described how he came scathless through the hottest of a fight because he ever saw his mother beckoning him to safety.

Those who have mothers of prayer are apt to see such visions. Mrs. Penruddocke was not surprised. She was only a little indignant that a boy of hers should be missing when wanted.

" 'Taint like my Matthew," she observed to Parson when he called. "No boy of mine should ever be out of the way when wanted."

James and John had followed Matthew, and Luke might go at any moment.

The golden autumn of mellow sunshine lingers long in the West. Harvest-home and apple-harvest came and went, and Mark had to lend a hand to the plough, for Cornishmen were leaving the rich ruddy soil untilled at the call, and those who were left were doing double work.

The mother and son held less and less converse as the autumn lengthened into winter.

Mark sat over the fire reading about the perfidy of Bulgaria, the sacking of Serbia, and one day his heart was hot within him, for he read of Edith Cavell, and he vowed that silent, deep vengeance which is in the nature of the Celt. But still he tarried. Still he came in and went out. Still he ploughed. Still he, the youngest, his mother's David, kept the sheep.

And his mother followed him with hungry eyes, and often murmured to herself, "Send and fetch him? That they sha'n't."

With Hallowe'en came tidings of Lord Derby's new scheme to raise the men who loved England, though they seemed to tarry long.

Mark was an unstarred man of military age.

He pocketed the paper which came to him to point this out, flushing deeply as he read the appeal.

It smote him to the heart. What good to answer that James, John, Richard, Luke, and Matthew had gone, if he, Mark, still tarried?

But there was his mother, and Matthew was still missing—missing never to be found, missing so completely that nothing remained, nothing to bury or to keep—Matthew the merry and the great-hearted, and yet he, Mark, hated killing, hated even to see a bird with a broken wing.

It was Parson who explained to Mark's mother what was in the paper which had made him look so grim. She only asked one question.

"What will happen if he doesn't go?"

She looked Parson full in the face as if to dare him to answer truly.

"I promised you that your Mark should never be fetched," he said. "In fact he has——"

"Then he'll have to go of his own self," answered the mother, eagerly interrupting.

"There remaineth yet the youngest, and behold, he keepeth the sheep." Parson spoke half to himself, but mothers' ears are quick to hear.

"He has gone," she sobbed. "He hasn't waited to be fetched—and I'm that glad."

It was thus that Mrs. Penruddocke offered her David to the country, and she is wont to say that she offered him to the Lord, who chose David, His servant, and took him away from the sheepfolds.

C. M. S.

The Westminster Gazette.

FAREWELL TO ANZAC.

Oh! lump your swag and leave lads, the ships are in the bay.
We've got our marching orders now, it's time to come away,
And a long good-bye to Anzac beach, where blood has flowed in vain,
For we're leaving it, leaving it,—game to fight again!

But some there are will never quit this bleak and bloody shore,
And some that marched and fought with us will fight and march no more;
Their blood has bought till judgment day the slopes they stormed so well,
And we're leaving them, leaving them, sleeping where they fell!

(Leaving them, leaving them,—the bravest and the best!
Leaving them, leaving them,—and maybe glad to rest!
We did our best with yesterday, to morrow's still our own,—
But we're leaving them, leaving them, sleeping all alone!)

Ay, they are gone beyond it all, the praising and the blame,
And many a man may win renown, but none more fair a fame;
They showed the world Australia's lads knew well the way to die,
And we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where they lie!

(Leaving them, leaving them, sleeping where they died!
Leaving them, leaving them, in their glory and their pride!
Round the sea and barren land, over them the sky,
Oh! we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where they lie!)

C. Fox Smith.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. Louis Fischer of New York whose "Health-Care of the Baby" has proved a wise and useful mentor in many homes, now follows it with a similar volume on "The Health-Care of the Growing Child" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) which will be found not less helpful as it certainly is not less important. The book is designed as a guide to mothers and nurses; and it treats, in a simple and practical way, of the prevention of disease, the development of the body, gymnastics and nutrition, catarrhal, communicable and systemic diseases,

skin diseases, diseases of the nervous system, emergencies, accidents, etc. The problem of the growing child is, in many ways, quite as serious as the problem of the care of infants; and the mother who uses this volume as a hand book will find the problem greatly simplified through its wise counsel. Twenty or more illustrations add to its practical value.

"Christianity and Politics" is the broad and suggestive title given by Dr. William Cunningham, Archdeacon of Ely, to a series of lectures upon the relation of religion to government and political life. In part these lectures are a discussion of general principles, and in part a history of the application of these principles in England and Scotland from the Reformation to the present day. Published at a time when the Christian nations of Europe seem to have abandoned the fundamental principles of Christianity and have plunged into a world-wide war of unprecedented destructiveness and horror, the book has special timeliness as a restatement of the ideals which must ultimately triumph. The lectures were originally delivered in the autumn of 1914 but they have been revised to cover international relations as well as internal government; and an Appendix is added which treats of the Attitude of the Church Towards War. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Relation of Government to Property and Industry," edited by Professor Samuel P. Orth of Cornell University (Ginn & Co.), is only a compilation, but a compilation of immediate interest and permanent value. It brings together, largely from law journals and other sources not often consulted by lay readers, material relating to the changing conceptions of property and the functions of government, the response of legislatures and courts to the newer demands, the police power, corporations, commissions and boards, labor laws and the labor contract, federal control of commerce and industry, the laws regulating corporations engaged in interstate commerce and the text of recent federal legislation pertaining to the control of industry. The mass of authoritative material consistently grouped and arranged in this volume, will be found useful and illuminating by readers who seek to follow the drift of thought and legislation on this much-agitated subject.

It might perhaps have been illuminating to the reader if FitzRoy Carrington had prefaced the dainty anthology to which he gives the title "The Quiet Hour" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) with a brief introduction explaining its scope and purpose; but at least a hint is given in the closing lines of his dedicatory sonnet to his wife:

Together still, we share The Quiet Hour
With boys and girls, who make the "quiet" seem
Some far, faint echo of an enchanted dream
Magicians weave by necromantic power!
Sweetheart, Wife, Mother; loving, tender, true,
This little book I dedicate to you.

These lines prepare the reader for verse in which the love of home and of children furnishes the dominant note, at least in the earlier groups—Cradle Songs, Infancy, and Childhood—though the later groups, Night, Sleep, Charms, and Dirges suggest a different motive. There are seventy or eighty poems in all, most of them from the earlier poets, though Meredith, Stevenson and Katharine Tynan are represented. Eight portraits, from quaint old engravings and paintings, illustrate the book.

As Mr. W. L. George, like so many other Englishmen, is now in the service of his country, it is improbable that he

will give "The Strangers' Wedding" a successor until the European war is ended, and his many admirers are to be congratulated that his new book is so thoroughly epresentative. The heroine, a poor girl, marries a rich suitor with whom she is really unacquainted, and in a very brief space, the two perceive their mistake, and both are meditating on the possibility of another alliance, when the author leaves them. Neither is aware of having had any evil intentions at any special moment, yet both have sinned, and all hope of happiness is forever gone for them before their woful condition is fully revealed to them. The journey from bliss to woe is through a succession of adventures so ignoble that the reader will find no small pleasure in the closing touch of grim humor. As the husband is putting on his coat to go to the lady in whom he sees his consolatr x he receives a postcard from a bachelor friend. It represents a lodger who exhibits to his landlady a dead rat just rescued from the soup-tureen. Its legend is, "I said vegetable soup, not Irish stew." The ugliness of the allegory may be forgiven for its perfection, and for its complicated allusiveness to many sayings perfectly well-understanded of those acquainted with the cant terms of the day. Not the Bible and the Prayer book, not even the cruelly mutilated Revised Version, but the music-hall and the cheap newspaper are the sources of the much defiled tongue spoken by most of us. Mr. George writes excellently well, but he is too good an artist to represent his contemporaries as going to Chaucer or Dryden, or even to Byron for their vocabulary. Little, Brown & Co.

The "Tommy Tregennis" of Mary E. Phillips' quaint and delightful story is a little Cornish lad of five, introduced in torn trousers which his thrifty mother is just planning to replace by a glorious new pair, contrived from an old green coat of her courtship days. His father's friends among the fishermen and his mother's summer lodgers; Miss Lavinia, who has a school for twenty boys and girls in her back sitting room, and Granny Tregennis, who counts on Tommy's keeping her company Saturday mornings while Aunt Keziah Kate makes her pastry, play as important parts as the children of his own age, and the grown people who read the story aloud will enjoy it as much as their small listeners. Among many simple incidents of childish experience—the wooden horse, the tiny garden, the wonderful ride in the pony-cart—are some of unusual pathos. Miss Lavinia's parting wi h Tommy when the new Council school tempts all but three of her scholars away is of the sort that linger in the memory. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The eight lectures on "The Normans in European History," which Professor Charles Homer Haskins of Harvard University delivered last year before the Lowell Institute and at the University of California are published in an attractive volume by the Houghton Mifflin Co. This first attempt to give a connected account of Norman history comes at an appropriate time, only a few years after the celebration, at Rouen, of the one-thousandth anniversary of the existence of Normandy. Professor Haskins divides his subject into three periods, the first extending from the earliest times to the coming of the Northmen in 911; the second covering the history of the independent Norman duchy from 911 to the French conquest of 1204; and the third dealing with Normandy as a part of France. The last two chapters relate to the Normans in the South and to the Norman kingdom of Sicily. The fruit of wide reading and patient research, the book is a valuable contribution to European history.

THE WAR IN WASHINGTON: BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

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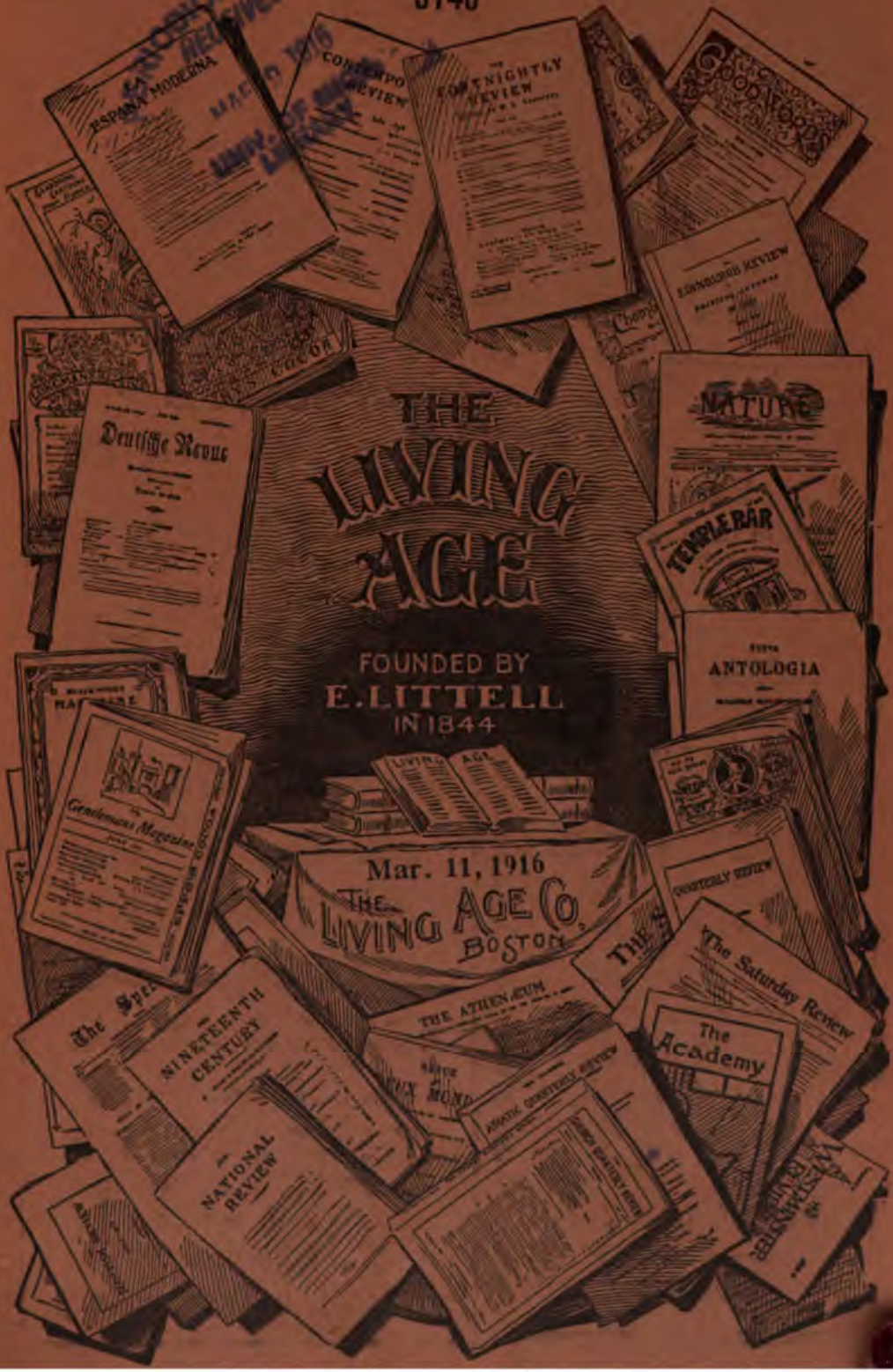

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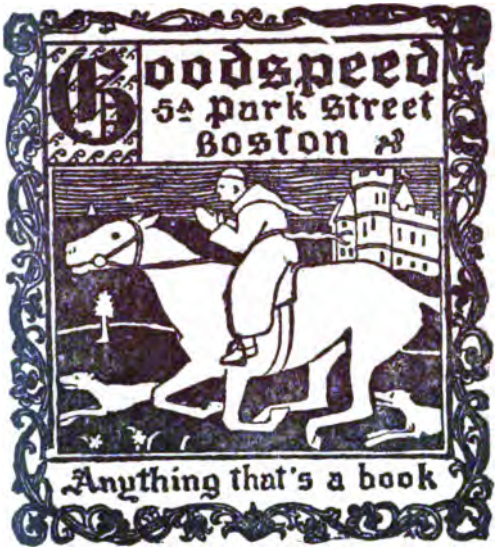

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Single Copies of The Living Age, 15 cents.

THE DEVIL'S DAY.

The Devil's kingdom is come,
Ill is the news we tell,
The Devil's will is done
On earth as it is in hell,
He has us in his net,
We cannot break the spell.

The Devil's will is done,
There is none to say him nay,
The Devil's kingdom is come,
His poor thralls can but pray;
We pray in the black midnight
To the saints of the beautiful Day.

The Devil rides us down,
He treads us in the mire,
He is Prince of the power of the air,
He has power over water and fire;
We can but knock at the gate
Of the Inn of our Desire.

The Devil keeps his feast,
His court and kingdom and reign,
Our Joy is hidden and changed
To sick and angry pain;
Mary, Cause of our Joy,
Show us our Joy again.

R. L. G.

The Nation.

THE CHOICE.

I have a fair domain,
A farmstead old and gray,
Where on a summer day
You see beyond the plain
The channel far away.

Far off the dim ships ride,
Above the great down stands,
And down the valley side
Lie shining far and wide
My fields and pasture lands.

I cannot leave my life
To follow where the sound
Of noisy drum and fife
Calls men to cruel strife
Upon the battle ground.

And what is it to me
That men should fight and die
In alien lands that lie
Far off beyond the sea,
Fallen they know not why?

Yet if I strive to keep
My soul in peaceful ways,
And wake from easy sleep
To watch men plough and reap,
And live untroubled days,

I know the sky serene,
The sun in heaven's height,
Will be no longer bright;
The fields and pastures green
Will bring me no delight.

The very sunset fires
Across the crimson sea,
The distant city spires,
The cattle in the byres
Will look reproach at me.

And therefore needs must I
Follow the drum and fife
That call to cruel strife,
Where men must fight and die,
And leave their peaceful life.

Yet haply, as I go,
Where the dread thunders wake,
I'll see my fields aglow
In England dear, and know
I fight for England's sake.

C. T. Bramley.

The Saturday Review.

THE LAST HERO.

We laid him to rest with tenderness;
Homeward we turned in the twilight's gold;
We thought in ourselves with dumb distress—
All the story of earth is told.

A beautiful word at the last was said:
A great deep heart like the hearts of old
Went forth; and the speaker had lost the thread,
Or all the story of earth was told.

The dust hung over the pale dry ways
Dizzily fired with the twilight's gold,
And a bitter remembrance blew in each face
How all the story of earth was told.

A. E.

THE WAR IN WASHINGTON.

The submarine controversy between the United States and the Central Powers is pursuing the even tenor of its way. Germany is talking of an offer of settlement for the damage done to American lives and property in the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Austria has disclaimed any knowledge of, or responsibility for, the sinking of the *Persia*, thus implying it was a Turkish submarine that accomplished the foul deed. It is therefore now the turn of the Turks, or perhaps even the Bulgarians, to receive a Note from Washington asking whether they have not heard of previous diplomatic exchanges anent submarine methods which do not meet with the approval of the American Government.

For the moment the European war is a secondary interest in the United States, for another score or so of American and British citizens have been murdered by Mexican bandits, this time all at a single execution, and in spite of the recognition of Carranza by the American Government. The now-President-of-Mexico-for-the-moment has been urged to redress this wrong by administering severe punishment to said bandits. In the meantime the American troopers now patrolling the Mexican border have done a little effective skirmishing on their own account, and if reports be true there will soon be none of the original gang of bandits for Carranza to punish, as they are rapidly being put out of the way by American soldiers.

President Wilson warned Americans not to go to Mexico, as they might get hurt. For some reason or other, in spite of this warning, quite a number of inconsiderate American citizens have held it their right to go to Mexico to defend and care for their own property. All this is extremely vexatious to Washington, especially as just at this moment in the political situation it is most unfortunate that the Mexican question should be brought to the fore. The "wait and see" policy is not as popular now as it was in view of these new outrages, and public opinion is trying to force the hand of the President. That it will not be forced to a point where armed intervention on a large scale is undertaken by the United States Government is a safe assumption, for some time to come at least.

The most important and interesting feature to Europe in American foreign affairs at this time is an apparent political reaction from the long-continued controversy with the Central Powers concerning submarine warfare, towards a further protest against certain features of the British administration of sea power. It must not be forgotten that the American Government has already declared its inability to recognize the legality of the British "blockade" of Germany in view of its incompleteness and the apparent impossibility of ever making it entirely effective. When this opinion was delivered from Washington to the British Government it was suggested in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* that the most serious feature of this position was the possibility of continued shipment of goods from America for Germany and adjacent neutral countries with the knowledge on the part of the shippers that these cargoes would be interfered with by the British Government, thus causing new and constantly arising complications, and that to instigate such shipments would obviously be the course of the enemy in the near future.

The first evidence that th s course is to be followed is now at hand, for the Farmers' Union of Texas has sold several thousand bales of cotton to

German buyers, and this cotton will start on vessels chartered to sail direct to German ports. The account of this transaction concludes laconically with the statement that "it is expected these cargoes will be seized by the British."

It is also reported from Washington that another and even stronger protest against the alleged misuse of British sea power in the domain of trade between neutrals will be forthcoming shortly. That any disputes which may arise between England and the United States over trade matters, for in this case no question as to the safety of American lives enters, could lead to more than a discussion is inconceivable. An effort will be made by friends of the enemy to induce the American Government to adopt retaliatory measures. Such efforts will fail for the simple reason that the American people would not allow them to prevail, although it is more than possible much ill-will can arise out of a situation thus created.

To relax the blockade of Germany to serve the pleasure of neutrals would hurt England, prolong the war, and make no new friends in neutral countries. It would be taken as a sign of weakness and not of friendliness. It has been stated in these pages since this question came up for consideration that the heavier the British hand was laid upon British enemies, no matter how great the resulting inconvenience to countries officially neutral, the greater would be the respect, admiration, and satisfaction of a majority of the American people, and this statement still holds good. To yield on one point is to be asked to yield on another, and so on without end. Americans believe in the sea power of England; they believe it will be the force that will finally end and win the war for the Allies. The quicker this war is brought to a close after this fashion the more will the American people be pleased and justified in their faith.

Any leniency shown by England today in the exercise of her sea power is looked upon as a weakness, as a factor in further delay, from which recovery must be made before the desired end can be reached. Should England forbid all trade with countries from which it is reasonably sure supplies are reaching Germany it would meet with wide approval in America, notwithstanding the hubbub such action would cause. In such a case it would be necessary, however, for England to stop her own trade with those countries as well as the trade of others, for no ground could be given for the suspicion, already expressed in some quarters, that interference with neutrals had been partially to benefit English export.

To take seriously the vast output of oratory from Washington at the present time would not only be confusing, but a waste of time and energy, for the bills and resolutions now being introduced in Congress, and a large number of the speeches being made, are for the edification of home constituencies, and not formulations of foreign policies which will be adopted by the American Government. There is much being said even in the British Parliament which gives wrong impressions abroad, while at home little or no attention is paid to the men responsible, and Great Britain is at war. Naturally there is even more freedom of speech in a country at peace, where men are at liberty to misrepresent their own country without violating a Defense of the Realm Act. It is necessary to consider the proceedings of the American Congress at this time with the same, or even more, understanding that would be exercised in reading a Parliamentary report, to retain a true perspective of American affairs.

Such news as comes to the English Press concerning America is sent from one or the other of two places—New

York or Washington. In view of the real importance of a clear understanding in Europe of American affairs at this critical time and with Congress in session, it is well to take stock of the influence of the two cities mentioned upon the news of the day as it reaches England by cable. It has long been accepted as a truism by every skilled observer of American affairs that to obtain a genuine reflex of public opinion in the United States it was necessary to eliminate almost completely the cities of New York and Washington as points of observation, or at most to allow them a minor importance in the general scheme of things.

The average New Yorker has little knowledge of the psychology of the American people as a whole. His personal interests are confined to, or at most centered in, New York. When he talks of the United States he thinks of New York City. Every day of his life he is steeped in the materialism of that great financial and commercial center, and in the course of his day's work he comes into personal contact with a greater number of aliens or sons of aliens than he does of Americans born and bred. In New York City there are more Germans than there are in any city in Germany with the exception of Berlin, more Hebrews than there are in Palestine, and a more varied assortment of nationalities, each represented by a considerable group, than may be found elsewhere within a territory of like extent.

To a greater degree than in any other large city in the world is the life of New York City of parasitic character. The men who are rich and those who labor for them, and the vaster throng of those who would be rich, are battling with each other for a share of the toll which New York takes of the industry and energy of the American nation. Wall Street is the pulse of the community, beating fast as it is liberally supplied with stimulants, or sluggishly if there is a lull in that national activity upon which it battens in times of prosperity. New York standards are not those of America. Opportunist, cynical, expedient, purely material and honest within the law, but not without the law's domain, is the mental habit of the average New Yorker. Such a man knows little of the idealism of the American people and cares less. He is concerned with New York and such affairs as are made a specialty of in that city of wealth and poverty, luxury and squalor. In the broad light of day it is mostly a splendid place to look upon, but from the shadows of the tallest buildings rises a miasma peculiarly fatal to a clarity of vision on national affairs as they dwell in the mind of the nation as a whole.

The center of population of the United States is a thousand miles to the westward, but the New Yorker lives in constant wonder that the North American continent does not tip up, considering the fact that New York City is on the eastern edge.

Two hundred and twenty-five miles to the southwest, and connected with Wall Street by the best and most elaborate long-distance telephone system in the world, lies Washington. Washington is not a real city, it is a political colony. Out of a population of 330,000 nearly 50,000 are Government employees. Nearly 100,000 are negroes, and the balance are retail merchants, politicians, society people, diplomats of all grades, and a number of hangers-on, such as are found in the neighborhood of any community where money is freely spent and favors are to be obtained. Washington is the only city in America today devoid of a commercial atmosphere. Office hours are short, time is of little consideration, and life moves along at an easy gait. The principal product of the community at large is gossip, political and other-

wise. Other people's business is the occupation and recreation of most Washingtonians.

When Congress is not in session this city, one of the most beautiful and charming in America, has the atmosphere of a country village some miles from a railway station. The nation pays very little attention to what is going on there at such times, except as the actions or utterances of the President of the United States may happen to compel attention for the moment. When the several hundred members of Congress, accompanied by their families, their henchmen, and their retainers, assemble for business, however, Washington takes on new life. The hotels overflow with a daily average of a thousand or more visiting lawyers, business men, financial agents, and others generally termed lobbyists, who have some interest to serve in the legislative proceedings. It is then the eyes of the nation are turned inquiringly towards this capital city, over which towers the great white shaft of the monument to George Washington, who could but would not tell a lie, and at the foot of which flows the blue Potomac River, over which flew the first heavier than air machine, and on which Fulton placed the model of his steam-driven boat.

The city of Washington was captured by the British some hundred or so years ago, the White House was burned and the town then evacuated. A conflict is now raging on this historic spot between the British and the Germans, and most intricately and confusingly involved in this conflict, which is one of oratory and of intrigue, is the acute political situation which now prevails in the United States, anticipatory of the Presidential Election to take place the latter part of this year. It is the exception when a President of the United States is not a stranger in New York, and the average American citizen who hails from some community west of the Alleghanies is considered a "rube" by the real New Yorker, or, to be more polite, a thorough provincial. To this same New Yorker Washington is a place from which advance information as to legislation may be secured with which to take advantage of the market, hence the excellence of the long-distance telephone connection. It is looked upon as a place of "graft" equally with New York, but with the difference that in Washington it is political graft, hence of less importance than the graft of New York, which is of the money-making variety.

This estimate of values is encouraged by the fact that all too many members of Congress appear anxious to keep in close telephone connection with Wall Street that they may participate to some degree in the profits to be made in the Stock Exchange through legislative "tips." As indicative of what the nation at large thinks of the New Yorker, it is true that even with a delegation of forty-five members, the largest Congressional delegation from any State, this same delegation has less influence in the legislative halls than many a State with a representation of perhaps less than a score.

The Press of New York and Washington, with a few notable exceptions, reflects the perspective of their respective communities. In New York what affects Wall Street or the affairs of New York City is given first place, so much so, in fact, as in ordinary times almost to exclude national or international affairs from any position of importance. In Washington personalities come first, and gossip, political and social, forms the bulk of comment.

To one or the other of these cities go the foreign correspondents. As a rule they are able, industrious men, well equipped for their task and terribly overworked. As they are few

in number and have a wide field to cover they are compelled to depend largely upon the Press of the cities in which they are stationed. In these circumstances, the wonder is not that their work is not better or more accurate, but that it is so broad in its grasp and so intelligent in its character. It is obvious, however, that in many instances it is the opinion of New York or of Washington that is reflected in the European Press and not that of the American nation, and this is often frankly stated to be so. As a rule the influence of those communities must wittingly or unwittingly affect those who reside therein.

When the experienced Washington Press correspondent desires to get at the true sentiments of the nation he fares forth "the country for to see, the mind to improve." He cuts loose from the gossip of Washington, the intrigues of Congressional life, and the egoism of individual politicians, and talks to the people at large. This tour through the various States is a recognized feature of the work of every political writer during the months preceding an election. It would seem strange that in Washington, where are gathered together nearly six hundred law-makers representing every nook and cranny of the United States and its outlying possessions, it is not possible to secure a correct composite opinion of the whole country, but it is even so. To ascertain the trend of public sentiment in England no man would go to Westminster for a correct answer. All members of the Congress of the United States are residents of the districts they represent politically, and it might be held with some reason that they would more nearly reflect the opinions of their constituents, but this is not sufficiently so to make them a safeguard to national public opinion.

Any representative middle western city will yield a more correct interpretation of what is passing in the minds of a majority of the American people than will the Press of New York or Washington or the opinions of those who dwell within their jurisdiction. This is especially true in the case of the United States, owing to the size of the country and the distance which separates the larger communities, not only in a physical sense, but also in mental environment. Even in the matter of the presentation of the news of the day, the Press of the middle west is better balanced than the Press of the big eastern cities.

It is most useful to understand this state of affairs when in England is read the American news as it is printed in English newspapers, and more so at the present moment than ever before. The story of the day which appears to be the important thing to cable to London may have appeared as quite a side issue in the great and turbulent welter of American life as it was reflected in the American Press of that date. The apparently sensational utterances of some member of Congress may possibly be taken quite seriously when read away from the background of the original utterance. A governor of Texas once said in an official report that he was opposed to immigration, for if it was not stopped soon the population of his State, which is 1,200 by 800 miles in extent and has a population of less than four million, would soon be crowding one another into the sea. A member of the House of Representatives once rose in his place and passionately declared that, if he could have his way, the oceans would be changed into lakes of molten fire to prevent the contamination of the new world by the old. The Governor still continued to govern and the Member still continued to "represent," and yet neither of them voiced the sentiments of more than a handful of the votes that kept them in office.

At such a time as this, when in New York a period of feverish speculation has turned Wall Street into a bear garden and everyone has a "bit on" the rise or fall of shares, and in Washington, where a great political struggle is casting its shadows before, it is unusually difficult to sift the really important from the seemingly important. In these circumstances Americans familiar with the habits and customs of their own people give little serious heed to their own Press or the talk of the politicians—but they do a lot of thinking for themselves.

It is this undercurrent of opinion, if it can be sensed, and the concrete acts of the Government which alone must guide in arriving at any true estimate as to the trend of thought and opinion in America. Private expression is the surest indication, and, judging from this, it can be truly said that American faith is still with the Allies as to the final outcome of the war. It is also equally clear that this faith is based first, last, and all the time upon continued British control of the seas. As one American naval expert has said: "If in the end England remains as the one country left to fight Germany, she would be even stronger than now. Her men would be at home, a trained, well-equipped army for defense, industry and export would be resumed on large scale, and the German flag could not appear on the seas until England gave permission." This effective object lesson as to the value of a navy is the driving force behind the naval expansion programme now under consideration by the Congress of the United States.

James Davenport Whelpley.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE ONLY WAY TO LASTING PEACE.

The year 1915 drew towards its close in a babble of talk about peace. Seasonable in the conventional Christmas sense, but futile in fact. It is all in the enemy's interest, started by German agents, in spite of the Chancellor's denial in the Reichstag, and carried on by German catspaws, conscious or unconscious. But it will serve a useful purpose if it leads people to think and form for themselves a clearer conception of the problem. There is no inclination here in any quarter that matters to entertain proposals for peace at the present juncture, but the refusal is rather instinctive or impulsive than thought out. It arises from a feeling that this is the wrong time for bargaining, not from a reasoned comprehension of what is implied by bargaining at all, and it is an insufficient protection against specious arguments and confused thinking. We need a clearer view of the position to guide our counsels and determine our action.

The first point to grasp is that there is only one will among the Central Powers, and that is Germany's. It is not wholly independent of the others and may have to accommodate itself to theirs in this or that particular; but it is so predominant that in large affairs it is the only one that counts. It was predominant before the War and has become more and more so as the War has proceeded. It is Germany with whom we have to deal. This is recognized in a general way. Indeed in this country we hardly feel conscious of any other enemy, and it is the same in France. For Russia and Serbia, too, the enemy, who was Austria, has during the last six months become Germany. As time goes on it becomes ever clearer that but for Germany there would have been no war at all, and

but for her it might be ended now by negotiation or reference to an international court. What is implied by this, however, is less clearly perceived.

The War cannot be ended by negotiation or compromise, because no treaty of peace concluded with Germany would be worth the paper it is written on. A nominal agreement might conceivably be reached which would permit a cessation of hostilities; but not a single nation would have the smallest faith in it, and everyone would immediately prepare for a renewal of war. I do not mean only those which are now fighting, but neutral countries too. None of them trusts Germany now. Those nearest to her are armed to the teeth and anxiously watching their frontiers day and night, because they know that their neutrality would be violated tomorrow if the Germans thought they could violate it with advantage. A neutral observer, who has recently studied the feeling in Switzerland, says that even the German-Swiss, who are sympathetic to Germany, do not trust her (*The Times*, December 17). When a man of business repudiates his obligations nobody trusts him again; his credit is gone. Germany is in that position and much worse. She is like a man who has not only dishonored his own signature but justifies that conduct on principle. How can anyone trust him? With the best will in the world it is impossible. The other nations might try to believe in Germany's good faith, but they could not. Her own allies could not. They do not now. They try, but they have no confidence; only hopes alternating with fears.

Eager pacificists ignore this cardinal factor in the problem. They shut their eyes to the conduct of Germany and to the maxims laid down to justify it, that might is right and that necessity—which means the interests of Germany—overrides all rules and obligations. Consequently they do not see—or affect not to see—that the peace they desire could only stereotype the evils they deplore. It would make militarism the universal rule and impose the necessity of constant and perfect preparation for war, because any weakness on the part of Powers who possess anything that Germany wants in her present frame of mind would be her opportunity for the renewal of war. The past proves that she would be at no loss for pretexts, and the only security for peace would be a bristling front. The competition in armaments would be intensified and would demand far more of the national energies than ever before. Compulsory military service would be inevitable. If it be argued that this might be averted by the terms of the treaty of peace, in which some measure of disarmament might be one of the conditions, the answer is that reliance on any such provision assumes confidence in Germany's good faith. It is the old fallacy again. Guarantees would be worthless; the German preparations would be made in secret, and Powers who carried out the bargain would be the victims of a confidence trick. There is no escape from the position taken up by Germany, no third course between surrender and fighting it out.

Nobody will hear of surrender—not even the pacificists—but the danger is that it may be so wrapped up as to look like something else. That is indeed what the Germans are seeking and the pacificists are helping them to secure. What we have to realize here is that the Germans have not abated a jot of their ultimate aims, but rather the contrary. The original purpose was to proceed by steps on the traditional plan; to knock out France, hold Russia in, consolidate the Central Powers under German hegemony, extend the *bloc* north and south, gain new naval bases, so as to command

the North Sea, the Channel, and the Mediterranean, while pushing East by land, with the aid of Turkey, towards Persia and Egypt. All this was preparatory to the final step, which was seizure of the command of the sea and the subjection of Great Britain. Our entry into the War spoiled it right off at the start; but it was too late for Germany to withdraw then, and the attempt was made to take the whole programme in one.

The first item was to take Paris and crush France. Sweeping through Belgium did not count as an item. It was taken as a mere preliminary and a matter of course; but the calculation went wrong at Liege and the error altered the whole course of the War. The man who beat the Germans was General Leman. The advance on Paris failed and six weeks after the beginning of the War the first peace kites were sent up by Germany. People have perhaps forgotten it, but the suggestion was put about that the War should be declared off and called a draw. The object was obvious. It was to retreat for another spring under more favorable conditions. The bait was not taken and ever since then the aim of Germany's higher policy has been to bring this War to an end with as little loss and as much advantage in hand as possible in order to prepare for the next. In this connection confirmation may be drawn from Friedrich Naumann's book *Mitteleuropa*, which is attracting great attention in Germay. It was summarized in *The Times* of December 6. The book deals with future German policy on the Continent, but the point is the writer's admission that German opinion was prepared for war with France, with Russia, and with England, but not for war with all three at once. That unfortunate occurrence upset the plans and caused them to be reconstructed, but not abandoned. The immediate aim is first to secure peace and then build up a stronger Central Empire by inducing or forcing Austria formally to enter the German Economic League. Belgium would be included and Holland could hardly keep out. Every inducement would be offered to the Dutch to come in, and if that failed pressure could easily be applied to compel them. The Balkan States would be helpless, and whatever form their relations might take they would actually be appendages of the new *Mitteleuropa*. Thus the scheme of German hegemony from the North Sea to the Mediterranean would in effect be realized. Nor would Turkey offer any serious obstacle to its extension eastward. Germany would have a clear run from Antwerp and Hamburg to Salonica and Constantinople and beyond. In this position she could prepare at leisure for a final reckoning with the British Empire. An arrangement might be made with Russia or France or both; but, failing that, Germany would in a few years be strong enough to tackle all three. She could easily make it impossible for us to hold the Suez Canal and Egypt, and with those gone India would be gravely imperiled. India would probably be held out as a bait to Russia and a compensation for withdrawing in Europe and leaving the Southern Slavs to the new Germanic Empire.

If Germany could secure peace now this program would be quite feasible within a few years, nor could we prevent its realization. And thus the great blunder of the present War, from the German point of view, would be retrieved. No one who studies the current War literature of Germany can doubt the intention, and only those who wilfully ignore the lessons of experience can doubt that complete plans for carrying it out have been prepared in detail. But there is no clear perception of the truth among us,

and there are various schools of teachers who obscure it in different ways. The professed pacificists are the least important. They would have every one follow their own example, take a dose of opium, and sink into the drugged sleep of the sluggard and the coward; but as the nation happily does not consist of sluggards and cowards, their advice is rejected with growing resentment. More insidious is the influence of a confused way of thinking which, without being definitely pacificist, regards Germany as a Power with whom we might—and sometime shall—negotiate. People who think in this way do not propose to negotiate now, but they look forward vaguely to doing so presently when the military situation has changed more to the advantage of the Allies. If one attentively studies current comment, and especially references to the end of the War and the future—of which the newspapers are full—one perceives a certain assumption underlying it all. Germany is always thought of as she is. She is somehow to be reduced to a position in which she will make peace on our terms. She will be worsted and forced to admit it, but otherwise she will still be the same Germany, and those who act for her will be those who act for her now. This tacit assumption is particularly noticeable as the background of all the plans for dealing with German trade after the War which are being urged with so much assiduity. They imply a continuance of enmity, and the motive is either revenge or commercial subjugation. In either case Germany is viewed as an enemy, that is to say, as she is. This attitude unconsciously coincides with the German view of the end of the War. They too look forward to a continuance of enmity and are preparing to transfer their operations to the commercial field. Such a state of things must infallibly lead to a renewal of war, if nothing else did.

Another current of opinion, starting from an entirely different standpoint and proceeding on different lines, is really based on the same assumption; and it is a highly popular one. I mean the quasi-military view that Germany is already beaten. The business requires some finishing off, but that will be all right. Such is the cheerful and easy reading of the situation one hears every day from "optimists," who pride themselves upon it. Optimists, by the way, always slap themselves on the chest and let one know what fine fellows they are and how superior to pessimists. The real difference between them is that an optimist is a self-satisfied fool and a pessimist a diffident one. The one bases expectation entirely on hopes, the other on fears; the wise man hopes for the best but prepares for the worst. But that is an *obiter dictum*. To return to the point, the view that Germany is virtually beaten contemplates peace concluded with her when the little business of finishing off the beating is brought to a happy conclusion. The notion is that the German armies will be "rolled back" on the Western side while Russia has another go in on the Eastern, and by that time the Central Powers being exhausted, and seeing that the game is up, will give in and perforce agree to our terms. This reading of events is essentially the same as that of the after-the-War-ites; only it is concerned with the immediate, and the other with the later, future. Both envisage Germany as she is, and are prepared to negotiate with her at the right time. The difference between them and the pacificists is that the latter think the right time is now, the others would put it off; but they all assume an end to the War by bargaining with Germany as an integral Power. The newspaper comments on the German Chancellor's speech on the 9th of December all imply this.

There is, of course, a great deal of difference between negotiating in the present state of the War and at a later stage, when the enemy is in a worse position, as we all believe and expect; but the difference is merely one of relative circumstances and does not touch the vital point. Any terms arranged with Germany as she is, whether now or later, are open to the objection raised at the beginning of this article, that it would be impossible to rely on their observance. Peace would only be an armistice devoted to further warlike preparation, with an embittered and ruinous trade war to fill up the interval. If it be argued, as some argue, that Germany must be so weakened or crushed or kept under that she could not begin again, the reply is twofold—(1) that this would be adopting the German policy and methods, which are precisely what we are fighting against; (2) that it is impossible in practice. All history proves that the attempt to keep a nation in a state of permanent subjection or enforced disability is an unfailing source of trouble and eventually unsuccessful. That is the case even with small, weak, and backward peoples. The mere idea of applying it to a nation so large, energetic, capable, and proud as the Germans is equally silly and base. The more they were kept down the more certainly would they spring up. There is no lasting peace to be got by that road.

What, then, is to be done? If we can neither trust nor compel Germany to keep the peace, what hope is there for the future? The answer to this lies in the meaning attached to the word "Germany." The Germany that nobody can trust is the Germany that has revealed herself in this War, the Germany that acknowledges no law or obligation but her own interests, the Germany that tears up treaties, murders non-combatants and neutrals wholesale, plots arson and outrages and crimes of violence in neutral (that is friendly) countries, that maltreats prisoners of war and violates even the few strict rules of warfare unconditionally laid down in its own cynical war-book, which allows almost everything by way of exception under the plea of necessity. So long as that Germany remains on that moral plane and in that state of mind, there can be no real peace, and to negotiate with her, whether early or late, is to lose the War in effect, if not in appearance.

The only way to win it is to convert that Germany into a different one, and the way to do that is to convince the German people that they have been worshiping false gods and following lying prophets. They must come to their senses of themselves and throw their own gods into the fire. They will do it when their gods fail them and they find that the worship they have been taught brings disaster.

But this involves a tremendous task, which will not be achieved unless its nature and magnitude are clearly realized. The Germans will not abandon the beliefs and principles in which two generations have been bred and systematically trained until they are reduced to desperation, because they are not the people to fashion new ones and change quickly. They are, more than any other, the creatures of drill and habit, and unable to adapt themselves to new conditions. And let there be no mistake; it is the German people who have to be convinced. All the talk about the Kaiser or the Junkers or the Military Party, as though they were separate from the general body of the people, is shallow and ignorant. When German writers declare that people and army are one they say no more than the truth. Certainly the Kaiser is officially responsible for the War, and the military interests were most urgent in pressing it; but he is the

German Kaiser and must lead his people. That he led them whither they would go is convincingly proved by the sequel. Never popular before, he at once became so on declaring war, and he is now idolized because he has stuck manfully to it. He shares the affection of the people with von Hindenburg who is the most successful warrior they have. The Crown Prince of Prussia, who was a popular idol when he led the military party, has fallen from that high estate because he has failed as a soldier and made a discreditable exhibition of himself. The people are arrogant and bellicose, and they turn to the men in high position who best serve their mood.

There was in the August number of this *Review* a brilliant and remarkable sketch, cast in dramatic form, which received far less notice than it deserved. It was by Sir Thomas Barclay, and was entitled "The Sands of Fate—Berlin, July 24 to 31, 1914: A Historical Phantasy." It purports to give the history of the week preceding the declaration of war in a series of scenes enacted at Potsdam between the Kaiser and his chief advisers, and it represents him vacillating between peace and war, until the issue is finally decided by the crowds outside cheering for war. The Kaiser says to his Chancellor:

> It's too late, Bethmann, to talk of peace now. Did you see those crowds? Do you suppose we can draw back after we have picked up the glove in the face of the whole world?...I wanted peace, Bethmann. Now I want war. The lion in me is roused. When I heard those shouts of triumph I knew they were the shouts of the nation behind them, the shouts of those fifty thousand cheering Germans! The voice of the nation—the cry of the nation to their leader! There's no longer an open question, Bethmann. The die was cast when those crowds cheered. It's the Divine will spoken through the tongue of the humble. I must obey that will—the will of God which tells me that this nation is destined to rule the earth.

I believe that this "historical phantasy" represents with singular felicity the interplay of the several influences which determined the fatal decision and their relative importance. A good many writers about war and peace and Germany might study it with advantage. It is undeniable that the War chimed with popular sentiment in Germany, and has been supported with general enthusiasm and devotion. Nor is that disposed of by saying that the people have been deceived. *Populus vult decipi: decipiatur.* Still less to the point is the notion—popular in Radical quarters—that it is all the fault of the Junkers or the landed gentry. They have no influence over the great urban populations which now form the largest, most energetic and most articulate section of the people; but the contrary. When these two join hands as they have, it is from some larger motive which envelops both.

To enter fully into the present mentality (to borrow a useful word from the French) of the German people would lead me too far from the immediate point; but it is pertinent to say briefly that two main influences have developed it—one theoretical and *a priori*, the other practical and *a posteriori*. The first is the teaching of the "intellectuals"; the second is the great material success of the existing order, which that teaching supports and extols. The dovetailing of the two presents the most convincing argument that can be conceived, and exercises an irresistible sway over minds so logical yet so childlike, so critical yet so docile as those of the German people. With regard to the "intellectuals" I am tired of pointing out their responsibility, but as it is still the fashion here to put everything down to the Kaiser and the military, I must once more

emphasize the point. The truth is that all the plans and projects; all the arguments and excuses for outrages; all the forensic tricks and dodges; all the talk about Kultur (a word of which everyone but the Professors must be sick); all the theories—ethnological, historical, geographical, political, economic and social—about Germany's mission, past, present, and to come; all the proofs of German superiority and the incomparable merits of German bodies, minds, and souls, the contrasted inferiority of the rest of the world in general and the miserable endowments, incalculable baseness and unqualified rottenness of Germany's enemies in particular—all these are furnished by the intellectuals in a copious stream from which the Kaiser, his Ministers, his Generals, his Press, and the mob all drink and derive their mental sustenance.

This is the source from which is nourished that national over-bearing arrogance, which is at the bottom of the War. The Greeks of old knew it, and the punishment it entails. Euripides calls it the desire to be mightier than gods. The victims of this madness think themselves above all law, and that is the teaching of all German intellectuals. They applaud the aimless sinking of passenger ships and wanton destruction of life and justify every barbarity. Some of them have gone too far even for the German authorities. There is Herr Heinz Potthoff, who advocates starving all the civilian inhabitants of the occupied territories and massacring all the prisoners of war. His book has been banned by order, but the proposals have not been condemned by the newspapers, and they have been repeated by a German editor at Prag.

It is possible that the doctrine of German supremacy, however flattering to exalted persons, would not have gained much hold on the people at large if it had not been accompanied and confirmed by the great increase of wealth and material prosperity which has been the pride of Germany in recent years. It is the tangible evidence of German super-merit and a convincing demonstration of the excellence of the existing order under which it has been attained. It has reconciled the German people as a whole to Prussian domination and Prussian policy.

That policy brought them to war—war which was hailed with delight as another opportunity to prove their superlative merit and another step on the road to their destined greatness. It really matters very little for the purpose of the present argument whether the War is called offensive or defensive. In either case it was to be a great triumph for German arms, a demonstration of their superiority and a vindication of those claims to lead the world which have been so assiduously instilled into their minds. Above all it was to increase riches and honor and power, as a recompense for the effort and sacrifice involved. So far they have been broadly confirmed in their convictions. There have been some disappointments and disillusions, particularly in regard to the prolongation of the conflict; but on the whole they are very well satisfied with themselves, and rather strengthened than weakened in their devotion to the existing order and their belief in its virtue. Nor is this due in any great measure to deception about the true state of things. Their authorities and newspapers do suppress some things and color others and that helps to swell their satisfaction; but the impression I have gained from a fairly attentive study is that the German war news is at least as full and accurate as any other.

It can, in truth, afford to be; for their military situation has enormously improved, at least on the map, during the past year. So long as they go on mak-

ing progress somewhere there is always good news, and the failures, the balked plans and unfinished enterprises left behind in other quarters are easily forgotten. The upshot is that so far we have made no progress towards converting them from the worship of their idols, but rather the contrary. One point must be excepted, and it is of considerable importance. They have been converted—at least the military people have—from contempt to respect for the soldiers of the Allies and particularly for ours, who were the most despised. That is a good beginning, for German arrogance rests on the basis of belief in their immeasurable fighting superiority. They still, apparently, ridicule our Navy, although the mastery of the German submarines is by far the greatest achievement of the War up to now. It is a wholly new development, an emergency met by the ingenuity, resourcefulness and energy of our naval men, who have proved fully equal to the great traditions of their calling. But the Germans seem to have been kept in the dark about it.

Respect for our soldiers is a beginning; but we have evidently a very long way to travel before we convince them that they have followed false teaching and imagined a vain thing, that they are not demi-gods with a mission to set the whole world right and force their Kultur upon other nations. They regard the War as already won, and, in a sense, it is—so far. The original plan of campaign broke down, it is true; but they have thrust the enemy far back, occupied enormous stretches of his territories, and subjugated Serbia, which was the primary object. No wonder they are exalted in their own eyes. Any other people in their place would be. To reverse all that will demand the utmost effort and determination that we can bring to bear. It will not be done by assuring ourselves—in words—that the Germans are already beaten, and nonsense of that kind, but by realizing the magnitude of the task and formulating the elements necessary for its accomplishment.

The German successes are due to three main factors: (1) preparation; (2) unity of direction; (3) confusion, vacillation, and incompetence on our side. With regard to the first, we have now had time to make good our backwardness and have, I believe, substantially done so. We have turned the corner and are immeasurably stronger than a year ago. About the third I will only say that the weakness seems to be recognized at last and that attempts are being made to remedy it; but we cannot achieve the unity of direction exercised on the other side. The single will mentioned at the beginning of the article has been an asset of incalculable value to the enemy. It is embodied in the German Kaiser, but behind him is the united will of the German people. That is their great strength, and so long as it remains there can be no possibility of peace, because they will still be of the same mind. The neutral observer mentioned above, who has been touring in Germany for some months, and lately contributed his impressions to *The Times*, dealt with this point in a very informing article published on the 11th of December, and emphasized "the fact that German unity of opinion is still absolute." When that unity begins to crack we shall have the first sign of the conversion which must precede a real peace. *It can only come by an internal break-up in Germany itself* which will be the prelude to a new order; and the process will begin with Austria. It will happen if we stick to the task and put all the strength and endurance we have into it; but not otherwise. The alternative is the peace by bargaining with the old Germany, which can be no peace, whatever professions her rulers may make.

A. Shadwell.

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER XII.

Six White Horses and a Coach.

The cow-house was dim, like night, when a cloudy moon is shining, although the clock had just struck four. Through a small window the gray light stole and vaguely lit up the horned heads of the cattle. It showed Jan Straw sitting in a corner.

Rain beat on the roof like the trampling of heavy feet; it fell in a sheet from the eaves, and spouted like a waterfall from the drip-stone; the noise of the beck increased until it became a roar.

With a heave and a snort Cushy, Barbara's favorite cow, got up. She feared! she did not know what she feared; but perhaps in those days when the earth was new-made and cataclysms were frequent occurrences, her forbears had learned to dread the sounds of a rising flood. She stirred the other beasts into restlessness, although they had borne the thunder and lightning with timid resignation.

Jan Straw sat motionless. He had stopped muttering, and his eyes were half-closed. His hands were cold as ice. The flame of life was burning very low. To him had come a presentiment that death was on his way to put it out. Once he had seen a play acted upon the village green in which Death came by with all his bones a-jangling, and the memory of it had not faded. His intellect was too beclouded to fear. The dogged stolidity, that had made him an unrepining drudge through manhood to old age, now made him a placid watcher for the fleshless form that would extinguish his little candle.

Lucy heard the trampling and snorting of the beasts, and she came to the cow-house door. Peter Fleming was with her, for he had reached Greystones just in time to take shelter there. The sudden change from the brightly lit kitchen, where the candles were burning, to the dimness of this place at first bewildered him; he could not distinguish anything clearly—the cattle looked like ungainly shadows, and their horns like the bare and twisted branches of trees. Then one by one the forms took shape, and his eyes fell upon the old man.

"Hulloa," he cried, laying his hand on Jan's bent shoulder, "What ho, Jan! how goes thyself? Why! I believe you've been asleep in the midst of all this racket. It's loud enough to waken the dead."

The old man roused himself from his lethargy, gathered his scattered wits, and looked at the countenance bending over him for some moments without replying.

At last he asked in a voice that trembled away into silence:

"Will it waken her?"

Peter knew of whom he was thinking.

"Nay," he said kindly, "her bed is a bed of peace."

The gray face fell, and the young man saw that he had not anticipated Jan's desire.

"I shouldn't wonder," he replied, "if she doesn't hear it in her sleep, and dream of you."

"I thought as how she might waken and be watching," answered Jan.

"M'appen she is," Lucy spoke with tenderness, for she was fond of the old man. "She'll certainly be looking out for thee, Jan. She'll never sleep so heavily but she'll hear thy step when thee goes."

"I's going soon."

His head sunk upon his breast; he was old, forlorn and weary.

"Nay, Jan, nay," said Lucy, "you mustn't leave us yet. Barbara and

me. We'd be so lonesome sitting by the winter fire, wanting thy face that's smiled on us ever since we were born."

"We's o' comers and gangers," he replied. "There's new faces coming to take the place of the old ones. I's ganging. He'll soon pass by."

"Who, Jan?"

"Him with the reaping-hook."

Lucy laughed his words away, though she shivered.

"It's a coach and six white horses that'll come for thee, Jan. Thee shall ride on velvet cushions, the horses will be shod with gold, and the bits will be made of silver."

"Aye, that's the manner of it," said Peter cheerfully.

"Six white horses and a coach," repeated the old man, then he shook his head. "Coaches is for gentry folk. I'll have to go away with him, the man of the bare bones. He's like me the way he gets his bread, reaping the harvest from the fields, and no' finding mickle fatness in it nouther."

"Come to the fire," said Peter. "You're cold here, come and get warm."

He helped Jan to his feet, and supported the tottering footsteps to the kitchen, where the old man sank into his seat in the ingle-cheek.

The rain was still clattering overhead, and sweeping down the windows in a solid sheet of water, so that nothing could be seen through the glass. Peter went to the door, and looked out.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "the beck has wakened up with a vengeance."

"It won't sweep away the house, will it?" asked Lucy. She felt much relieved to have Peter by her side, and even dared to cast her eyes upon the angry stream, swirling under the garden wall.

Her great-grandmother laughed.

"Lucy's a timid lass," she said. "Before you came she thought it was the last day, but I knew the good God was a better landlord than that, and would want more market out o' his green fields than he's gotten so far, before he burned them into ashes. Now she's afraid Greystones will fall! Hoots-toots, bairn. Greystones will stand as long as there's a Lynn to care for it. I've seen many a worser storm than this."

The old woman talked on. When her mind got back to bygone days she was garrulous. Some of her stories offended the fastidious taste of Lucy, but Peter liked them. Strange customs and coarser habits did not blind him to the fact that life and its passions are much the same in every age, only wearing a different garb.

Lucy and Peter still stood, one at each side of the doorway, looking out. The beck raced below them, spluttering and foaming, and they could hear the grinding of rocks under its feet. It rose rapidly higher. Even as they watched it snatched at a bush on the opposite bank, twisted it as a child might twist a blade of grass, rooted it up, and swept it away.

"Barbara will get wet!" said Lucy. "She's at Ketel's Parlor. There's a crack in the roof, and the rain sometimes gets in."

Peter cast a glance at the still teeming clouds. He had not seen Barbara for a long time, and he was half inclined to venture forth, make his way up the dale, through a hundred spouting waterfalls, and share her lonely vigil.

Lucy divined his thoughts. She shut the door hastily and drew him to a seat.

"We'll have tea; you'd like tea, Peter? and great-granny is dying for a cup," she said. Then she whispered so that the old woman could not hear: "I'm so thankful you came—I really was frightened."

Peter allowed himself to be ruled by her, making only a laughing protest. The prospect outside was not enticing, and the prospect within was comfortable and bright.

Lucy stepped lightly about her duties, spreading the table with clap-cakes, butter and honey. Peter's presence excited her; her eyes sparkled; her movements were lively. She dulled her ears to the roar of the torrent, and the rushing of the rain—though both were deafening.

Jan Straw wakened from the sleep into which the kindly warmth of the kitchen had thrown him, and followed her with a steady gaze. He thought that she was a being between an angel and a fairy. Her eyes were blue like flowers with the morning dew in them, her skin was soft and white as the breast feathers of a swan, her cheeks were like roses. He had a confused remembrance of a story, still told in the dale about the man who had seen the last of the fairies. He had disturbed them at their play, and they had run up a ladder into a cloud, shutting a door after them. No one ever saw them among the tarns and meres, dancing by moonlight. "Her o' the white fingers" had, also, gone up into a cloud, and been seen no more. But she was an angel. Looking at Lucy he forgot the man with the reaping-hook.

Lucy masked the tea, and called Jan to the table. They tried to forget that awesome sound of rushing water outside. Mistress Lynn could be a jovial companion when she chose, and she liked to cross wits with Peter. He dared to contradict her—such a rare experience she appreciated, for it was done good-humoredly. The old woman had a purpose in unbending to him. She wanted him to marry Lucy.

She wanted it for several reasons—because she liked him and knew he was no fortune-hunter, because she wished to see Lucy settled before Joel came back—she had other plans for Joel—because she was sorry for the girl's disappointment: she knew what blighted hopes felt like when the heart was young. Though she would not have scrupled to add disappointment to disappointment had it suited her purpose, in this case she was at one with her great-grand-daughter, and determined to bring about that which they both desired.

When tea was finished Peter bent over Lucy's chair to read her cup.

"Health and wealth and happiness," he said.

"I've heard it many times," said she, with a light laugh. "I've got the first, and dreamed of the last, but I've still to catch a glint of the other. Read Jan's," she handed him the old man's mug. "Perhaps you'll find something worth having there."

"Nowt but the rheumatics ha sever come out o' my cup," said Jan gravely.

"But I see six white horses and a coach," replied Peter.

"Do 'ee now?" Jan put his finger into the empty mug and sorted the tea-leaves one by one, counting them aloud. "So there be," he said.

Lucy began to wash up the dishes, childishly pleased to bare her round, white arms, when there was someone to see them.

Throughout the meal, which had been a merry one, they had tacitly ignored the rain, although it was still coming down—as they say in the dales—whole water. Now they were suddenly silent. But on the slates it clattered, on the walls it slashed, on the ground it spluttered, through the air it fell hissing. Over and above it the beck thundered.

Mistress Lynn sat upright in her bed, and listened with an expression of awe upon her grim old countenance; Lucy drew nearer to Peter, her eyes wide and panic-stricken; Jan Straw left the ingle.

"Hark!" said the old woman.

Peter went to the door and looked out.

Down the bed of the stream came a foaming, boiling cataract. Seen through the gloom it was suggestive of flying, riderless horses, tossing their manes in the air, and chafing at their bits.

"Six white horses and a coach," muttered Jan, stumbling bare-headed into the rain.

"Come back," cried Lucy.

"Come back," cried Peter.

"Jan, Jan, you old fool," said Mistress Lynn, leaning out from her great bed, and peering across the candle-lit room to the darkness framed by the open door.

But Jan was gone. The garden wall fell and the water rolled up to the doorstep, where it seemed to pause before slowly withdrawing. It did not go back alone. Lucy, regardless of her own safety, impulsive to recklessness where her affections were concerned, followed it, and thinking that she saw Jan but a few steps ahead, ran forward.

The ground gave way under her feet, and the beck had its grip on her in a moment.

The incident happened so swiftly that Peter was already struggling with the flood for the possession of the girl before he realized what had taken place. When he tried to recall it afterwards he could remember nothing save that his hand, by its own sense and cunning, had snatched at her frock as she was being swept past him. He dragged her from the water, and carried her into the house, laying her drenched form down before the fire. She was not unconscious, and stumbled to her feet, crying:

"Jan, save Jan, Peter!"

She would have followed him out again into the slashing rain, but Mistress Lynn called her back peremptorily.

The old woman was terribly upset. She had had to lie in the four-poster and know that something dreadful was taking place outside. She had watched Jan rush out, then Lucy, then Peter; but she had heard nothing save the roar of waters, and seen nothing save a faint white gleam as they foamed by. Now she strove for composure, and wiped the tears that had come unbidden upon her cheeks.

"Go and fettle thyself," she said to the shivering girl. "Then you'll be fit to look after the old man if he needs looking after any more."

Peter raced the beck through the copse where it was ploughing among the tree-trunks; he sought along the basin by the falls, but he could not find a trace of Jan Straw. He shouted, but he could not hear his own voice among the roaring of the waters, much less a cry for help were it uttered. He followed the flood through Cringel Forest to the village, where he told what had happened. Then, knowing that there was no chance now of finding the old man alive, if there had ever been a chance, he retraced his steps to Greystones.

He found Lucy kneeling before the fire drying her hair. A sob broke from her when he returned alone for she had hoped against hope.

"You couldn't find him?" she said.

He shook his head sorrowfully.

"Poor old Jan is gone," he replied.

Lucy covered her face with her hands, but the old woman leaned back upon her pillows, a red patch on each cheek.

"Gone!" she said, "gone! Jan Straw gone! The last link with my ain generation." She was silent, seeing the years which he had kept alive for her fading away. "So Jan's gone, the old, old creature, but younger than me by twenty winters. Poor Jan."

Then she turned upon Lucy. She must find some vent for the choking emotion of age.

"This o' comes of your fairy-tales," she said. "Six white horses and a coach! You'd better have left him sitting in the cow-house, waiting for the man with the reaping-hook."

"Don't blame me," cried the girl. "I would have saved him if I could."

"You'd have drownded yourself to no purpose. What could a lass like

you do when the beck's in spate? It would have twisted you up like a windle-straw."

Lucy turned to Peter with entreaty in her eyes.

He took her hand and stroked it.

"I think you were very brave," he said.

He saw again the water with its tigerish lips, the crunching rocks, the broken body of a sheep tossing among the foam; he looked at the girl, at her tearful eyes, her damp hair hanging in jetty rings round her face; she seemed to be but a child, a forlorn, unhappy child, seeking for sympathy.

Hardly realizing what he did he bent down and kissed her.

"Old Jan was glad to go, Lucy," he said. "You must remember that, and not grieve for him. He had a long life and a lonely one. But he is now walking beside still waters with her o' the white hands."

Night came, the rain ceased, and the moon reaped the stars with a golden sickle. The sky was calm, but the fells and dales were still roaring with the sound of many waters, and streaking the darkness with silver threads. Peter went home, stirred to the depths of his being.

The next afternoon, when the beck had subsided to its normal flow Jan Straw's body was found in a pool and taken to Greystones. All the village, and shepherds from distant cots among the hills, were bidden to the funeral. Lucy and Barbara had no time for tears. Mistress Lynn would not have it said that she had not shown honor to her old servant, and, two days before the burial, the sisters were busy from dawn to dark baking arval cakes to be given to the guests. These little cakes were made of wheaten meal, and taken piously home, to be eaten in remembrance of the dead.

The ceremony was a solemn one in the mill-house. The old man, Peter's father, ate the arval cake with one hand over his eyes, and his figure bent as though in prayer. Peter's mother wept behind her handkerchief, and nibbled a crumb of it, saying softly:

"In memory o' thee, Jan Straw."

Peter too, was not unmoved. The simplicity and pathos of the act brought tears to his honest eyes, of which he was not ashamed.

Later on John Fleming sat at one side of the fire smoking, Mistress Fleming at the other side knitting, and Peter lay on the rug between them, telling stories of Oxford, when the old man suddenly took his pipe from his mouth, and said:

"I wish you'd marry, Peter."

"Marry! Good heavens!"

"I want you to settle down. Once I had other views. I thought I'd live till you could read the burial service over me—earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, in sure and certain hope—you know how it goes. Beautiful words, them! They kind o' sum up the big and little o' life. Well, but now——"

He paused, took out of his pocket a large square of linen and wiped his brow.

"I'm sorry to have disappointed you, father."

"I kind o' expected it," replied the miller. "I used to say to your mother, 'the lad's not the right cut for a cassock. He'd split the skirt o' it with his long legs, rax it down the back with wrestling, and carry puppies and kitlins in the pockets.' But she—she didn't ken you as well as I did. 'Leave him alone,' she said, 'the lad's all right. You can't put na old head on young shoulders.' I wasn't for believing her. 'Zookers!' said I, 'I's an old man, but I's got a young head on my old shoulders. The lad takes after me, that he does!"

"I was hoping," Peter began, but the miller interrupted him.

"Don't be hoping anything, or pluming yourself up that I didn't mind.

I've wished ever since—since—you ken when—that I'd brought you up to be a decent honest miller like myself, and had knocked them eddication notions out o' my head and yours too. They've done nowther on us any good."

"If you'd only consent to my going away—not out of the country—but to London, say, I would do something to take the sting out of your disappointment. You'd be proud of me yet."

His mother laid a gentle hand on his arm.

"Whist lad," she whispered, "list to thy dadda."

"We're getting old," John Fleming began, then stopped to clear his throat. "We're getting old, thy mother and me, and we've no chick nor child left but you, lad. We want you to stay at home with us till we're called away."

"It won't be for long, Peter," said his mother.

"We'd like you to settle down," continued the old man. "There's money enough—the Lord has blessed me with prosperity. You can take a wife, Peter, and bring up a family. I'd like to see a grandson on my knees before I die, and know that the old mill-house will go down to another John Fleming—a sober, God-fearing man I hope he'll be, with no book-learning to spoil his appetite for common labor. Not that I'm blaming you, lad. I couldn't have wished for a better son—in that the Lord has blessed me far beyond my deserts."

Peter grasped his father's hand and shook it without a word. The old man laughed, and slapped him on the back, then snorted, as though tears had got into his throat.

"I always have a cough when the winter comes," he said, tapping his chest.

"So you want me to get married," remarked Peter, after a while. "That's a matter for deep reflection."

"I've always wished for a daughter," replied his mother. "I cried when you were born, but thy dadda was pleased."

"There's a nice lass would just do for you, lad," said the miller, winking at his son. "She's a bonny lass with no silly ways about her. Your mother and me's kind o' fond o' her already. She looks us up whiles, and twists as purty a bow as you could wish to see for your mother's caps and bonnets."

"I guess her name," said Peter.

"It begins with L," replied the old man.

Peter got up and stretched himself.

"I'm going for a walk," he said, "it's a fine moonlight night."

"And you'll think over what I've been saying?" asked the miller.

The young man smiled, kissed his mother, and took his cap down from a nail.

"I'll tell you my decision when it's made," he replied.

CHAPTER XIII.

Joel Takes the Long Trail.

It was the spring of the next year, and Joel Hart sat smoking outside the store of Red Rivers Town. The hunters and trappers were returning from the forest, bringing in their winter's catch of peltries, and the place swarmed with men of many races, and all grades of color from the ebony of the negro, up through copper to the lighter eyes and fair skin of the European.

The town was a huddled collection of log houses, built round a wooden fort. Puny, dirty, and arrogant, it yet stood boldly alone, snapping its fingers—as it were—in the face of the wilderness, and telling it that the days were numbered in which its silent places would remain tenantless, and its secrets undiscovered. The forest crowded up to its very doors, like a pack of wild creatures, gathering round the circle of its fires, but kept at bay with axe and saw.

Joel looked steadily before him. There were trees, trees, trees, nothing but

fluttering leaves and solemnly waving boughs for hundreds of miles. On the fringe, where some men had been felling, lay looped limbs, fragrant logs, and stacks of small branches; but the forest stood behind like an army, watchful, waiting, full of animosity. It threatened the town as the town threatened it. Any weakness on the part of man would bring it forward in a riotous march, waving green triumphal banners.

For some days Red Rivers had been seething with excitement. It was rumored that in the mountains, far beyond the forest, gold had been found. Already men were fitting themselves out to take the long trail, and Joel was one of them.

A hard and dangerous journey it would be, for between civilization and the Delectable Mountains, stretched first the forest, then the wilderness, silent and visibly hostile. It had balked the desires of many, and sown grass between their ribs; it lay like a colossal dragon, like the worm Fafnir, guarding treasures that had been their bane. But as the old saga saith—Every brave man and true will fain have his hand on wealth till that last day.

For gold men will face the deadliest of foes—the Unknown. They will fight its cunning with human craftiness, its strength with endurance, its secrecy with open minds. Though perils from snakes and savage creatures, perils from savager tribes, from disease, exhaustion, hunger, and thirst, may be their daily portion, yet they will push on with a blind trust in their own good fortune. And as they go they will cheer themselves with thoughts of nuggets, large as cricket balls, which they will make the earth disgorge.

Nearly a year had passed since Joel had left High Fold. It had been a time of varied experiences. He had been dejected; he had been lifted high. He had said that Destiny would never lead him to sip at the Fountain of Success; he had blessed his lucky stars. He had made money, and after his former habit, lost it in a night. Sometimes the future had been a blank; sometimes it was lit with fantastical hopes. Occasionally the present felt like hell, oftener it drifted away—he hardly knew how—and left behind it a sense of dissatisfaction. He had soon tired of the post which Mistress Lynn's money had secured for him—there was too much drudgery in it to suit a pleasure-loving nature like his. But he kept it until he had won, by less virtuous means, enough to pay his debts to her and his friends. Then he gave it up.

But the influence of a new world, where men wrestled cheerfully with adverse circumstances, and overcame them by force of will, roused the latent manliness in him. They went forth daily—their muscles tough as steel, their bodies trained to every kind of hardship—and they came back, sometimes in a few months, rich with the rewards of their endurance. And so, when he saw men all around him strip for the contest, and some bear off the prize, he determined to do likewise.

He found an unexpected pleasure in action. Life, smacking of adventure, got hold of his imagination, and quickened his brain. An up-hill road of monotonous toil, even though it had led to honor and greater wealth, could not have spurred him to self-denial and energy, such as now regulated his thoughts. There was much of the excitement of the racecourse in the life that he was living. He looked forward eagerly to the day when he, and a small party of adventurers would set out into the Unknown, carrying their lives in their hands.

A genial glow suffused his outlook; he could see the dawn of a new life before him. He was like one watching the light broaden and deepen before the rising of the sun.

A wind blew from the west, sweet with the perfume of damp wood. Few things stir the memory like a scent, and Joel's mind harked back to Cringel Forest, and the old house above the tree-tops. With luck he would be able to restore it to its former modest but honorable position among its neighbors. With luck he would yet set Lucy Lynn there as its mistress.

When he first left High Fold he had tried to thrust the memory of her pleading eyes away. To a certain extent he had succeeded; for the world to which he had come was a world of men and not of women, and no one crossed his path to waken a longing for her in his heart. He had not meant to treat her slightingly, any more than he had meant to rob Mistress Lynn. He had drifted into the one, as he had drifted towards the other, through a light and reckless valuation of moral conduct, and an utter disregard of responsibility. He had written once, but things were not going well with him at the time, so his letter was short and superficial. He had meant to write again when luck changed: but luck was long in changing, and by then her form had grown indistinct.

With the awakening of his manhood, however, came a stirring of the old passion. Every part of him was quickened—both his conscience and his memory. He tried to bring her features back, but he must pay the price for having neglected her so long, and hard as he strove to imagine her as she was her face eluded him, tantalized him and came near only to fade away as soon as he turned his eyes upon it.

But the spirit in him, which Barbara Lynn, by her personality, had touched to consciousness for a few moments, was now fully roused, and struggling up through manifold weaknesses that swathed it, to take its place as the true director of his life.

He acknowledged that he had done Lucy a great wrong—wrong at the beginning and wrong afterwards—and he had made up his mind to atone for it as far as he could. He would write to her tonight—a clean confession of all that he had done amiss, before he disappeared into the wilderness for—how long? Perhaps to find a grave there.

Just now, as he sat smoking at the store-house door, looking into the forest he seemed to see Lucy clearly. She was walking demurely down the woodland path in her best buckled shoes which she only wore on Sundays. She appeared to be happy. Her face was as childish in its outlines, her skin as white as milk and red as roses, her eyes were as blue as when he had first kissed her. He fell into a reverie, dreading to hear a strange bird cry lest it should dispel the illusion.

The afternoon quickly passed and evening came. He stood and watched the sunset flare over the treetops in red and yellow—the red of blood and the yellow of gold, two colors that have striped and stained each other since ever gold was desired by the eyes of men, and blood willingly paid for it.

Joel went nearer to the forest and looked at the threshold leading to the long trail—a great doorway of primeval trees, beyond which he could see a gray-green road leading—whither? Through a hundred miles of forest! He thought what a land of trees this was to which he had come. The weight of luscious growth must give the world a tilt, he had heard a man say, like a market basket over-full at one end. One day he had climbed a hill in the neighborhood and seen below him a vast expanse of green boughs, green to the horizon. Somewhere beyond them, bare and blue, were the treasure mountains that he hoped to reach.

Swamp and river, he had been warned, many a swamp and blackly-flowing river, hiding from the wholesome light of

the sun under the over-arching boughs, would try to bar his path to fortune. The leaves were chiming overhead—a pleasant sound to casual ears. But he had heard that it drove men crazy. Though it were as unhallowed and insistent as the voices which haunted those Persian adventurers who were turned to stone in their endeavors to find the speaking bird, the singing tree and the golden water—a tale which Timothy Hadwin had told him long ago—yet such was his present determination it would not have held him back. The hope of fabulous things allured Joel as it had allured the men of old.

He went into the store to write his letter to Lucy.

As he sat, pen in hand, the lovely phantom which he had seen walking in the forest with her best buckled shoes on fled, and she assumed a solidity that disconcerted him, now he was prepared to communicate directly with her. His ready assurance vanished. What right had he to send her a letter now, after so long a silence? She was human, not faery: conjuring with a human heart had risks.

He sat for a time pondering over the past, his eyes darkened with regrets and timid with new fears. Many changes might have taken place in the dale since he bade it farewell. A letter took months to come. His letter, if he wrote now, would not reach her till the summer was in full blow. Perhaps the great-grandmother was dead —swept away by the breath of the past winter. Lucy might be dead! Death as often took the young as the old. The silence gripped him like a nightmare. He wanted to break the suspense. So intense were his feelings, that he felt he could roll up the space which divided them, roll it up like a scroll, and see her face to face. But he could not get his hands on the impalpable, restless curtain, that shut them off from each other.

If he had been able to roll it up, he could only have seen that which would have robbed him of his energy and hope, for Lucy was in the midst of preparations for her marriage with Peter Fleming.

While he was thus pondering upon the best way to begin his letter, his eyes wandered round the store. Two flaring lamps lit it up, and added the smell of rancid oil to the strange odor of tan, hides, furs, and woods with which it was redolent. He looked at the shelves of blankets, the canoe paddles, the canisters of shot, all things alien to his experience. He felt himself to be adrift in the Unknown, going he knew not whither. He craved for a familiar sound or sight. He wanted Lucy as he had never wanted her before. He began to write and tell her so.

Then a man entered, the leader of the expedition which was going out in a few days to look for gold. He was tall and sinewy, wearing a buffalo cloak, and a hunting belt embroidered with the quills of the porcupine. He inspired confidence. He knew the Unknown, and had conquered it.

"What ho!" he said to Joel, "writing to your sweetheart? That's right. Tell her you're going to seek your fortune, and will keep the first bit of gold you find to make the wedding ring."

"That's a good idea," replied Joel with a laugh.

He wrote his letter. He poured out himself. He hid nothing from her, neither his weaknesses, nor his selfishness, nor the despair which he had felt at times, when he thought of her so far away, and wondered if he would ever see her again. Perhaps he made more of this latter statement than the facts warranted, but on the whole his letter was that of an honest man who did sincerely love the woman to whom he was writing. He did not implore her to wait, but he said that if heaven

sent him fortune, he would come to her —however late in the day it might be— and ask her to share it.

He ended by telling her that he would keep the first bit of gold he found for the wedding ring.

(*To be continued.*)

EDEN PHILLPOTTS AND THE EPIC OF DARTMOOR.

I.

The last ten years of the nineteenth century saw the beginnings of many new influences in literature. Some of them were strong enough to survive, and to create new traditions; most were ephemeral as they were bizarre, and have had little but a modifying effect upon the art of our time. It was a period of transition. The old giants were still alive, but their best work had been done. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" had been followed by "Jude the Obscure"; the genius of Meredith seemed finally to have lost its grip of vital things, and the pen which had given the world "Richard Feverel" thirty years before could produce in the 'nineties only such amazing brilliance as "One of Our Conquerors," "Lord Ormont and His Aminta." In fiction, like poetry, in art alike, new schools arose and crowds of newcomers jostled one another in the artistic arena, most of them impatient of old traditions and eager to travel on new beaten paths. It was all rather fine, this strenuous, and if truth be told, somewhat vociferous revolt. To many a young man of today (or rather of yesterday) the phrase "the eighteen-nineties" calls up visions of a golden age. But looking back upon it all we can see how little the current sense of artistic values has been affected by the stress and effort of that time. We still hold that an artist shall be master of his form, and we count it a merit in him if that form be beautiful; but nothing has happened to disturb our consciousness of the important truth that the laws of form are inherent in the artist's vision and are as much his own creation as the vision itself.

I have been led into this preamble by the reflection that Mr. Phillpotts, who was one of those young men of the 'nineties, took fast hold of a grand old tradition and refused to let it go. Instead of bothering about incidentals of form, as so many of his contemporaries did, he took up the tradition of the English novel as it was laid down by George Eliot and modified by Thomas Hardy, and, bringing it to a vision as individual as theirs, succeeded in achieving a beauty that is all his own. It has been Mr. Phillpotts' fate to find nearly every reviewer of each of his new books comparing him with Thomas Hardy. It must be rather irritating; and it is no more true than the assertion which is equally often repeated, that Thomas Hardy himself derives from George Eliot. All this business of comparison and derivation is almost entirely futile, and I propose to have nothing to do with it. Yet it may be as well to state generally the true position at the outset.

The fact is, of course, that although Eliot, Hardy and Phillpotts each found the material for their art in the English countryside, and particularly in the psychology of the English peasant; though they each excel in showing men and women in intimate relation with their environment, and although they are alike too in their use of the smaller essentials of their craft—those devices of sub-plot and peasant chorus which give the atmosphere of their work—yet there is a fundamental difference which concerns the very impulse of

their art. And that difference may be expressed quite simply in a very few words. George Eliot looked at life from the angle of the moralist; Hardy from the angle of the philosopher. But Eden Phillpotts is above all things else the humanist, and his interpretation of life, with just as great a justification as theirs, is marked by a greater sympathy, though not by a deeper comprehension. It has become rather a wearisome platitude in these days to show how Hardy brought to the English novel a pessimism which has much in common with that of Schopenhauer. I need not therefore elaborate the point, except to say this—that all the wonderful power of Hardy's art is turned in the direction of a temperamental predisposition. Nature, for him, is an almost malign force, against which humanity struggles in vain. Man's intelligence is a malady, which is the sufficient cause of all his unhappiness; and the conditions of social life only aggravate the evils of existence. Eden Phillpotts has nothing in common with him except a similarity of material and method. He himself has well summed up his purpose in a phrase from Nietzsche: "I have tried to say 'yea' to life, even in the most difficult problem, and to display a will to life rejoicing at its highest types." Hardy views humanity under the sway of blind fate, and finds perplexity, confusion and despair. Phillpotts sees a man in allegiance to the law, and finds in the inevitable conflict only another aspect of the splendor of life. Egdon Heath is a desolate waste, sombre and ineffably menacing; but there are fertile valleys in Dartmoor.

II.

Having thus cleared this ubiquitous business out of the way, it may be as well to give a few biographical details.

Eden Phillpotts was born in 1862 among the Hindu and Jain ascetics of Mount Abu, Rajputana, his father, Captain Henry Phillpotts, of the 15th Native Infantry, being Political Agent of two districts at that time. Coming to England while still a boy, he went to school in Plymouth, and at the age of seventeen proceeded to London to take up a clerkship in the Sun Fire Office. There he remained nearly ten years, working during the day for his bread and butter, and at night working again (much harder, one suspects) in the attempt to satisfy an impulse toward artistic creation which he had already begun to feel. It was some time before he found his proper medium. At first he was attracted by the stage, but his efforts as an amateur actor led only to disappointment, and he abandoned the idea in favor of art. Here again, he was quick to recognize that the highest peaks were not for him. To literature then he turned, without conscious predisposition, and although it was long before he was rewarded by any encouragement from outside, yet his own very critical judgment was satisfied, and he set himself laboriously to conquer the technique of the writer's craft.

They must have been lonely years, those early years in London, when night after night the young man struggled to mobilize and discipline his forces. But in spite of many disappointments we have his own word for it that they were not unhappy—except of course at those moments, very frequent in the early days, when the double knock of the postman was followed by a dull and disconcerting thud in the letter-box. But he saw himself in print in due time, and published a book or two, the names of which do not matter. Then he joined the editorial staff of *Black and White* under Oswald Crawfurd, and found leisure to make a beginning upon the ambitious work he had already planned —the human comedy of Dartmoor.

The first book of Mr. Phillpotts to win any sort of popular success was "Lying Prophets," a tale of the Cornish fisher-folk, published in 1896. It is

prentice work of course, but it well displays the author's power of relating action to scene, and it is curiously interesting for the manner in which it foreshadows nearly all the tendencies of Mr. Phillpotts' maturer work. Indeed, no better idea of the development of his art can be obtained than by comparing this book with his masterpiece, "The Whirlwind." In both stories the central character is the daughter of a fanatic, and in both stories she yields to the desires of a man who is above her in station and education—a man of atheistic opinions and hedonistic philosophy. The very *denouement* of the tragedy in both cases is the same, but how differently it is handled. There are few scenes in fiction which for sheer tragic power can compare with that last wonderful chapter in "The Whirlwind," when the deceived husband, having sought out his wife's betrayer only to find that death has forestalled his vengeance, stalks grimly over the moors to where she waits for him.

The first book of the Dartmoor series, "Children of the Mist" was published in 1899, and with it the author took definite place among the few writers of his day whose work was going to count. Now arose that Phillpotts-Hardy-Eliot tradition of criticism which is such an unconscionable time a-dying. But the public took kindly to the work from the first. The book was an immediate success in this country, and an even greater success in America, where it ran through no less than fifteen editions. Fine novel as it is—and even after twenty years we must still count it one of the mature expressions of Mr. Phillpotts' genius—I do not quite know why the Americans have always preferred this book to any other of the Dartmoor novels. Perhaps it is because it was the first in its *genre*. Revelations seldom come twice. But it is significant of the soundness of American popular judgment that when the author, spurred by the necessity of boiling the pot, endeavored to follow up his success by writing a piece of journeyman-work about Americans on Dartmoor specially for American consumption, they would have none of it. And in these days Mr. Phillpotts, with a twinkle in his eye, will tell you that they were profoundly right.

"Sons of the Morning," which followed in 1900, was another inadequate piece of work. It seemed for a time as though the artist-spirit faltered. Then came "The River" and the tide of genius flowed full again.

Somewhere about this time Mr. Phillpotts left *Black and White* to join the staff of the *Idler* magazine, where he came in close connection with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and the late Robert Barr. To the *Idler* he contributed the first series of his "Human Boy" stories. These were afterwards collected in book form, and in obedience to the popular clamor for more, Mr. Phillpotts afterwards produced "The Human Boy Again" and "From the Angle of Seventeen." The thousands of readers who have enjoyed these tales will be glad to hear that the author has just finished yet another series, called "The Human Boy and the War" which will probably appear this year. Without claiming for these tales any undue significance as works of art, most people who have laughed over the exploits of "Nubby" Tomkins and Corky Minor will agree that Mr. Phillpotts gets very near to the essential heart of the boy.

I should make this section of my article a mere catalogue if I mentioned the names of all Mr. Phillpotts' novels. But between 1905 and 1910 he attained the very summit of achievement, producing in turn the four books we must account his masterpieces. They are "The Secret Woman," "The Whirlwind," "The Mother" and "The Thief of Virtue." The first-named aroused a storm of comment when it appeared,

and later, when a dramatic version of it was prepared by Mr. Granville Barker, the Censor of Plays stepped in and prohibited its performance. We all remember the controversy that ensued. The prohibition was one of the ineptitudes of an institution singularly inept, and a vigorous letter of remonstrance was drawn up and signed by the chief men of letters of the day, including Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, J. M. Barrie, H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. But it had no effect, and Mr. Phillpotts having refused, on artistic grounds, to delete the offending passages, the play was produced privately at the Kingsway Theatre, where it ran for about a fortnight. The author, however, was not present at rehearsals, and, owing to serious errors in casting, the play has never been adequately seen.

"The Mother" is perhaps the most sympathetic of Mr. Phillpotts' novels. It came from the heart of a man to whom the maternal instinct has always appealed as the most beautiful of the forces that sway humanity, and it makes its appeal direct to the heart. This book and "Demeter's Daughter," which, rightly considered, is only another part of the same picture, show Mr. Phillpotts at his best in presenting noble types of womanhood. They have both faults of construction, and they are both a little diffuse, but this is more than atoned for by the depth of emotional power they display. The mother-love of Avisa Pomeroy stretched out across the years, even when her body was dust, to save the soul of her son, and no one can read of it without being stirred to the heart of him.

"The Thief of Virtue," the last of these four great tragedies, contains, in Philip Ouldsbroom, a character that could only have been limned by the pen of a very great artist, and if Mr. Phillpotts had given us this book alone, he would have been certain of a place among the immortals. It is a slow-moving story, packed with incident and character, but it progresses towards the crisis with the inevitability of fate and it is told with an almost biblical austerity and restraint. Deceived by his wife, disappointed in the very nature of the child he fondly imagines his own, Ouldsbroom is a kind of Lear of the Moor, and there is something of the grandeur of Lear in his tragedy.

The Dartmoor comedy was completed in 1913 with "Widecombe Fair." Since then, Mr. Phillpotts has projected a new series of novels which shall deal with some of the more interesting of the minor industries of this country. Two of this series are already written. The first was a tale of the Devon potteries which was published last March, under the title of "Brunel's Tower." The second is "Old Delabole," which has just been issued by Mr. Heinemann, Its scene is, of course, the famous slate-quarrying village of Cornwall, where men worked before Shakespeare wrote. A third book, dealing with the Kentish hop-gardens is ready for the printer, and will be published this year, and Mr. Phillpotts tells me that he hopes to find inspiration for future stories in the oyster-fisheries of Colchester, and the charcoal-burners of the New Forest. But these ideas are as yet only in the air. Mr. Phillpotts' plan is not to choose arbitrarily a setting for a tale, but rather to live for a time amid surroundings that interest him, and to wait and see if they suggest a story to his mind.

III.

"My readers are asked to consider my work as a whole, and from no fragment," says Mr. Phillpotts in his Foreword to "Widecombe Fair." "They are asked to consider it as a frieze, carved largely and roughly, whereon victors, vanquished, and spectators of the ceaseless struggle play their parts in the great hypæthral theatre of the Western Moors. The workmanship is archaic, yet I venture to claim form and

an economy of means so austere that the difficulties have often conquered me. . . ." Let me take the author at his word and attempt to outline one or two of the main characteristics of his art.

What, then, is Mr. Phillpotts' method in this human comedy of Dartmoor? Superficially it may be simply stated: he deals with nature and human nature as they present themselves in one particular district of the Moor, and the whole of the Moor itself is covered by the series in its entirety. If one were topographically inclined one could sketch out an itinerary beginning at Chagford and the surrounding country, which is the scene of "The Children of the Mist," and ending in the central square of Widecombe, underneath the yew-tree where Nicky Glubb used to sit and play his accordion; and one would have seen all of Dartmoor on the way. As a matter of fact, this is a journey that Americans often come all the way across the Atlantic to make, and they usually finish up in their thorough way by making a call on Mr. Phillpotts at the end of it.

But the mere topographical interest, great though it be, is not the chief reason for the essential unity of our author's comedy of Dartmoor. To place a story in a setting is obviously of no advantage unless the story grows out of that setting as a plant grows out of its native soil. Mr. Phillpotts' Dartmoor scenes, which he renders so faithfully and with such beauty, are not merely the frame of the picture; they are rather a component part of the picture itself; and though his people would be alive no matter where he placed them, he is able, by showing us their lives in relation to their environment, to do a much greater thing, and that is to show them in their relation to life itself. It is rather difficult to find an illustration to prove the truth of this; although it is perfectly obvious to anyone who reads carefully two or three of the novels consecutively, it depends upon a multitude of subtle strokes and effects which cannot be defined. There is, of course, symbolism. Cosdon Beacon is no mere hill towering above the surrounding moor and thrusting its lonely summit grandly to the sky; it "attains to a sublimity and asserts a vastness beyond man's senses to refute, though within the measuring-rod's power to deny." It is, in a real, as well as in a symbolical sense, an influence to those who dwell within its shadow, and it plays its part in the tragedy of their lives. This book, "The Beacon" may, I think, be taken as the key by any reader who wishes fully to comprehend Mr. Phillpotts' method in making Nature actually a protagonist in his stories. The lonely tor looms in the background of the drama, a portentous and significant presence, and Lizzie Densham and her two lovers both recognize it subconsciously as the tangible expression of something that is in their souls. I cannot tell you how this impression is produced upon the mind of the reader. As I say, it depends upon a multitude of subtle strokes; but it is there, and it is one of the finest things in fiction I know. This no mere story-telling; it is the artist's vision and prophecy.

The same thing is true, in a less degree, of "The Forest on the Hill." On a first reading that book repelled me. I found it cold, almost brutal, but when I came to it a second time I found a sympathy I had missed before, a sympathy that depended entirely upon the intimate relation of human action to scene. One by one I might take all the novels in this way; and it would avail nothing. But I want to say that the reader who skips the "descriptions" in Phillpotts will never pluck the heart out of his mystery.

Critics have often laid it to the charge of Mr. Phillpotts that he makes the triangular sex relations of two

women and one man, or *vice versa*, the theme of nearly all his stories. The statement is obviously true, but it is equally true of the work of any artist who deals, as Phillpotts does, with men and women very near to mother-earth, in whose natures the play of those primitive passions that move all humanity is, for the most part, remarkably free and unshackled. After all, the sex relation is one of the great driving forces of our being, though we wrap it round with convention; and in selecting it as a dominant motive Mr. Phillpotts is true not only to his material, but also to life. The difficulty comes in the handling of the motive, or rather, in that accumulation of motives which we call "free will." Mr. Phillpotts shows us his characters in allegiance to the law, but it is the law of life, and each shapes it his own way, according to his nature. "Nothing is so mystical as everyday life," said W. D. Howells in a very penetrating review of Mr. Phillpotts' work which appeared some years ago in *The North American Review*, "and such greatness as this author convinces us he has lies in his sense of the mystical quality of conduct in everyday life."

A case in point is that perplexing incident of the "fall" of Sarah Ann in "The Whirlwind." Here we have a woman in love with her husband, a good and even noble woman, who, while still continuing to love her husband, yields her body to her master, from a motive that is chiefly compassion. Is it possible to accept this as a true reading of life? Could such a woman act in such a way? The best answer is supplied by the fact that the reader never doubts the artistic truth of the story, while he is under the spell of the author's power. It is only afterwards on cold reflection, that a philosophical doubt arises. The fact is that the woman did act in this way, and there is the end of it. The motives for her conduct were not simple; they depended upon a thousand circumstances of nature and environment, and the artist's business, which I think you will find he has faithfully performed, was to select those which justified his vision.

While I am on this matter, I may as well deal a little more fully with Mr. Phillpotts' women. His pages are crowded with memorable figures, all of them individuals true to type, but it is not right to take one of these very vivid portraits and present it as his conception of woman in the abstract—a thing many of his critics have done. The utmost one can say with truth is, that for the purposes of his art Mr. Phillpotts finds two types of women potent for good or evil in the world. I cannot better define these two types than by accepting the classification which that crazy genius, Otto Weininger, made years ago in "Sex and Character." According to his theory women fall into two classes—those in whom the maternal instinct, whether active or passive, is paramount, and those whose chief pre-occupation is the business of sex-attraction. Upon the essential qualities of these two kinds of women all life's struggle turns, and the clash of the relations they bring about is the very stuff of which human tragedy is made. Of the first class the best exemplars are Avisa Pomeroy in "The Mother" and Alison Cleave in "Demeter's Daughter," in both of which the mother instinct rises to a tragic height of pure passion. Lizzie Densham in "The Beacon," though she has no children, also belongs to this type, in spite of the fact that in her the creative maternal force is expended upon her husband. To the second class belong Honor Endicott in "Sons of the Morning," Audrey Leaman in "The Forest on the Hill," and perhaps Lavinia Hatch in "Demeter's Daughter." Neither type is ever of course quite

pure; to present it so would be to falsify life; and there is a third type—the instinctively celibate—of which Mr. Phillpotts has given us one study and one only in "The Virgin in Judgment." Each type is potent chiefly in the relations of woman to man, and it is notoriously true that, for the most part, man prefers the second.

"There's no eternal, lasting fashion love but a mother's to her own male childer," says one of Mr. Phillpotts' mother-women. "Sweethearts' love is a thing o' the blood—a trick o' Nature to tickle us poor human things into breeding against our better wisdom; but what a mother feels doan't hang on no such broken reed. It's deeper down; it's hell an' heaven both to wance; it's life, an' to lose it is death."

Man to such a woman as this is the father of her children, and the physical relations between man and woman are almost a sacred thing. But to the other class, passion is merely a pleasant incident, a thing to strive after, to long for, but not a thing to which any particular significance is attached. "What is it but to feed 'em?" says Lavinia Hatch, in "Demeter's Daughter," "Do you know what I think? I think 'tis as little a thing as 'twould be for a nursing mother to take her breast from her own sleeping baby and give it to another woman's hungry little one. Be that unfaithful to your own?"

I do not mean, of course, that Mr. Phillpotts has consciously adopted any such theory as that which I have outlined, but I think that subconsciously he is aware of its truth, and the fact colors his outlook upon feminine human nature. In this enlightened age it ought not to be necessary to utter a warning against attempting to extract an author's philosophy from the words of his characters. A philosophy, if it exists, can only be discovered by a study of the general trend of the author's work.

Mr. Phillpotts records human nature as he sees it, and he does so courageously knowing that there is no subject which is beyond the artist's province. The whole criterion is how the thing is done. There are certain elemental impulses which, whether kept in subordination to moral law or allowed to break loose from it, are yet present in all humanity. And it is usually when one of these impulses does break loose that we get the material for tragedy. The artist's business is to observe and record, and his justification is that he achieve beauty and truth.

We gather fig from thistle, grape from thorn where art is born;
Then suck your grapes with joy, and leave the stones,
Nor utter silly sanctimonious groans
Because a seed is sown.
Let clocks of men, that only keep good time,
Make their own rhyme,
And tick perfection from the mantelpiece
Of each mean spirit; still art's ancient lease
Is shortened not an hour.

I find that I have left myself very little space to deal with the other general characteristics of Mr. Phillpotts' genius—the austerity of his methods, the admirable artistic restraint he displays in the handling of his great themes, and particularly the sympathy and humor of his rustic sketches. Sometimes his peasants talk a little too much "like naughty boys who have been reading the leaders in the London papers," and he occasionally overdoes the idea of the peasant chorus round the inn fire. But these are small things, and we can readily forgive them for the sake of the gallery of delightful people he has given us.

For somehow or other Eden Phillpotts contrives to make us interested even in his most unlovable characters. We laugh at the hypocrisy of Aaron

Cleave, but we have a sneaking regard for the fellow all the same. We are indignant at the ruin worked by Rhoda Bowden, but it is really at fate we gird, not at her. We would like to kick Martin Ouldsbroom beyond the furthest confines of his parish, but nevertheless we cannot deny some measure of sympathy with his point of view. This comprehension which he has the power to awaken in us forms after all the greatest charm of Mr. Phillpotts' work, and we need split no critical hairs to enjoy it. It is as the humanist, as the novelist of loving kindness, that Eden Phillpotts will be remembered when the work of much more pretentious writers is forgotten.

The Bookman.

C. S. Evans.

THE RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT.

Russia, which has been defined, paradoxically yet more or less accurately, by the *Almanach de Gotha* as "a constitutional monarchy under an autocracy," began to have a Parliament only some ten years ago, the Duma being brought into existence by the flat of the present Czar in 1905. In other lands it is rather the custom nowadays to speak of the Duma as if it were the sole Russian parliamentary body; but in reality it is the Lower House, the Upper consisting of the Council of the Empire. The Duma, however, is by far the more popularly representative institution, as all its members are elected; and this fact has given it a prestige, particularly outside Russia, not possessed by the Council, half of which is nominated by the Throne, and therefore it does not reflect the independent opinion of the country in an equal degree. The Council is nearly a century older than the Duma, but was not accorded a parliamentary status till 1906, the year in which the first Duma met. Both chambers have much the same rank; legislation can be initiated in either, and all measures must be passed by both before they can be sent up to the Czar for his sanction or the reverse. As might be expected from its composition, it is the Duma that takes the lead; and, though its brief history has been chequered, its power is undoubtedly increasing, thus opening up a prospect that the ideal of a free Russia, under a genuinely constitutional regime, may before long be realized.

Before long! Yes, but not too soon. Russia is developing politically, but her circumstances are such that that development cannot with advantage be rapid. A great many people seem to think of Russian political life, past and present, in a way which recalls to me one of Robert Louis Stevenson's inimitable passages. That which I have in mind occurs in *Weir of Hermiston*. Describing the judge's wife's idea of the Covenanters and their opponents, he wrote: "Her view of history was wholly artless, a design in snow and ink: upon the one side, tender innocents with psalms upon their lips; upon the other, the persecutors, booted, bloody-minded, flushed with wine—a suffering Christ, a raging Beelzebub." Similarly, those to whom I refer put the Czar, his Ministers, and the Russian officials on one side, and place on the other the vast masses of the Russian people, the former being represented as cruel and tyrannical, and the latter as down-trodden and oppressed. Whether this picture was ever absolutely true to life in the past may be questioned; but it certainly is not justified today. The truth is that the political problem of Russia is a difficult one, which can be solved but slowly. The empire has a

population of nearly one hundred and eighty millions, scattered over a perfectly enormous area, and embraces upwards of twenty different nations and races, among whom are many millions of Mohammedans. The great majority of Russians are peasants, and about 80 per cent of the whole people are illiterate. An instructed and fairly rich middle class is of recent growth, as are the working classes, a large proportion of whom are educated only a little better than the tillers of the soil, the rest being quite as ignorant. Such facts go to show that there is nothing simple, nothing easy, in this problem, and that its solution can come about only gradually, if the interests of the country generally are duly taken into account. It is essentially a matter for wise statesmanship—which, however, has not, it must be confessed, always been exercised, periods of reaction alternating with periods of progress; yet a decided advance has been made.

It was in a time of stress, internal as well as external, that the Duma was born. While Russia's disastrous war with Japan was still going on in Manchuria there arose within Russia a violent political agitation—engineered by revolutionists, most of whom were university students and workmen—which was marked by serious strikes in Petrograd and other cities, riots in several towns, disturbances in the country districts, and seditious movements among the soldiers. So threatening was the aspect of affairs that it looked as if the czardom and the Government might be swept away; but the more moderate elements, dissatisfied, yet not prepared to support so thorough a revolution, called for the convocation of a Constituent Assembly, to which the Government should be responsible. The Government, which proved to be much less weak than it seemed, acted with vigor, ended the strikes by force, and obtained control of the situation. Public opinion, however, continued urgently to demand a Parliament, and the Czar agreed to the establishment of a consultative Chamber of Deputies, to which the name Duma was given. On August 19, 1905, he issued a manifesto to his people, in which he ordained the formation of this institution, declaring it was to be representative, and that its function was to "take a constant and active share in the elaboration of laws." This did not satisfy the malcontents; the revolutionary agitation broke out afresh and with increased virulence; the Government bent before the storm, and on October 30, 1905, the Czar signed a Constitution. One of the two strongest parties in the Duma of today takes its name from the date of this document, and the platform of the "Octobrists" rests upon the principles enunciated therein. Besides granting liberty of conscience, speech, assembly, and association, the Constitution provided that no law should come into force without the approval of the Duma, which also was given a real participation in the supervision of the acts of the authorities appointed by the Czar.

In a word, the Constitution "Liberalized" Russia, but as events subsequently showed, more in seeming than in reality; for, though it survives as an inspiration and as an ideal which one day will be attained, its provisions still remain unfulfilled. A calm, unprejudiced observer of the Russia of that time can hardly help taking the view that the country was not ripe for the successful operation of this Constitution. The many millions of peasants were certainly not ready for anything of the sort, nor were the working classes sufficiently educated to make good use of it. The working classes, the phrase being employed in its general Western signification, were almost a new feature of Russia. It was only toward the close

of last century that, thanks to the efforts of Count Witte and the influx of French capital, the empire enjoyed any considerable industrial development. Of course, as various industries sprang up and grew they gathered around them the necessary "hands," who in the aggregate were a large number. Naturally the working classes were concentrated in the towns; they were less passive than the peasants, and much more open to Socialist and other revolutionary suggestion, but comparatively few of them were advanced enough in knowledge to have any real understanding of politics. It must be remembered that, apart from the aristocracy, bureaucracy, the professional classes, the captains of industry, and the great merchants, the Russian people as a whole were nearly in as backward a state as they had been a hundred years before. Several months passed between the promulgation of the Constitution and the assembling of the Duma, which took place on May 10, 1906. In the interval political parties took shape, their complexion not differing very greatly from that found in other countries—extremists on the wings so to speak, and all shades of moderate opinion in between.

In the first Duma the party called the Constitutional Democrats or "Cadets" had a large majority. The name cadets came from the party initials K—Russia spells constitution with a k—and D. The program of the party, which was composed of Radicals rather than revolutionists, was far too extensive and contentious to be practical politics at such a time. It included universal suffrage, a purely parliamentary Government, the expropriation of the landlords, and the abolition of capital punishment. It also demanded the suppression of the Council of the Empire, which shortly before had been transformed into the Upper House of Parliament, doubtless with the object of providing a check on the Duma. The mere recitation of these items of its program, one or two of which might well have occupied successive Dumas for a considerable period, is almost enough to explain the short life of the first Duma. The Cadets pressed their proposals with the utmost vehemence, and would entertain no others, with the result that the Czar dissolved the Duma on July 7th, after it had sat for not quite sixty days. The Cadet leaders withdrew to Finland, whence they issued a manifesto to the Russian people, exhorting them to refuse to perform military service or to pay taxes; but this appeal failed. The second Duma, whose term lasted about a week longer than that of the first, met on March 5, 1907; but the same party, which continued to have a majority, put forward a program more impossible than before, and the Czar closed this Duma on June 16th of the same year. He did more. To render his Parliament not quite so progressive, he cut down the number of deputies from five hundred and twenty-four to four hundred and forty-two, and ordered that they should be elected by delegates chosen by the zemstvos, or local elective assemblies. The third Duma assembled on November 1, 1907; and, though the party of the Right and Conservatives generally preponderated, there was a sufficient representation of other political elements to make this Parliament fairly good. It established peasant proprietorships, did something toward securing religious freedom, and enacted other useful measures during the five years of its existence.

It is of the fourth Duma, which was elected in September, 1912, and which has been sitting, with intervals of adjournment, like the third Duma, for some three years, that we read in our papers at the present time. It is composed of about a dozen parties or politi-

cal groups, the most numerous of which are the Nationalists (or party of the "country gentlemen") and the Octobrists, each of these having some ninety members; the Cadets number about sixty; and the Progressives forty; the Poles count fourteen votes; the extreme Right, the party identified with reaction, is much stronger than the extreme Left, which is Socialist, ultra-democratic, and opposed to the czardom; the remaining groups are insignificant.

Before the war broke out in 1914 there was considerable friction between the Government, which is appointed by the Czar and is responsible to him alone, and the Duma. The latter in 1913 passed a motion to the effect that the Government and the legislative assemblies should co-operate to realize the principles of the Czar's manifesto of October, 1905, and resolutions were adopted condemning the Minister of the Interior, and adversely criticising the educational policy of the Minister of Public Instruction.

The war changed everything, at any rate for a time. When the struggle was beginning the Czar issued a manifesto in which he said: "In the dread hour of trial let intestine dissensions be forgotten in order that the union of the Czar and his people may be more fully consolidated and that Russia, rising as one man, may repulse the insolent attack of the enemy." On August 8, 1914, he received the members of the two Houses at the Winter Palace, and in an eloquent speech declared he was confident that everyone of them, irrespective of party, would support him in carrying on the war to a victorious conclusion. His moving words did not fail of their purpose. In a scene of patriotic fervor the leaders of the various parties announced that they would do everything in their power to help him. The occasion was most memorable, for in that hour political enmities and jealousies absolutely disappeared, and when the Duma reassembled it worked with a unanimity which had never characterized it before.

But the Duma had really very little to do with the conduct of the war; that was almost entirely in the hands of the Government and Government officials of various kinds—in other words, the bureaucrats, the majority of whom have no love for the Duma, and would like to see it abolished. So long as things went well for Russia in the field the bureaucrats had it all their own way; but when the Russian armies in May, 1915, were driven by the Austro-Germans under Mackensen from the Dunajec to the San, had to retire from the Carpathians, and withdrew east of the Nida, it was a very different matter. The Duma was not sitting at the time; but all Russia asked what was the secret of the failure of their armies in Galicia, and then it came out that the bureaucrats were guilty of not having maintained an adequate supply of munitions. Instantly there was a perfect explosion of angry opinion among the professional and commercial classes throughout the empire, and an urgent demand for a change in the management of the war was made on all hands. So tremendous was the outcry that several obnoxious Ministers were replaced by others who favored reform, the most notable change being that of General Polivanoff, a Progressive, for General Sukhomlinoff, at the head of the Ministry of War. The Duma resumed in August, passed a Bill for the formation of a Board of Munitions, on which it and the Council were each to have nine representatives, and demanded that legal proceedings should be taken forthwith against all, irrespective of position in the State, who were responsible for the shortage of guns and shells that had brought about the disasters in Galicia and Poland. It spoke with conspicuous freedom of the

shortcomings of the Government in various departments; but its voice was unanimous for prosecuting the war to a triumphant finish. The politicians, however, were not content until they introduced some of the old highly controversial matters. The Czar, saying it was not a suitable time for such discussions, exhorted them to lay aside every preoccupation and concentrate all their thoughts on the war. He then adjourned his Parliament to November.

Chambers's Journal.

Robert Machray.

THE AUSSOLAS MARTIN CAT.

Flurry Knox and I had driven some fourteen miles to a tryst with one David Courtney, of Fanaghy. But, at the appointed cross-roads, David Courtney was not. It was a gleaming morning in mid-May, when everything was young and tense and thin and fit to run for its life, like a Derby horse. Above us was such of the spacious bare country as we had not already climbed, with nothing on it taller than a thorn-bush from one end of it to the other. The hill-top blazed with yellow furze, and great silver balls of cloud looked over its edge. Nearly as white were the little white-washed houses that were tucked in and out of the gray rocks on the hillside.

"It's up there somewhere he lives," said Flurry, turning his cart across the road; "which'll you do, hold the horse or go look for him?"

I said I would go to look for him. I mounted the hill by a wandering bohireen resembling nothing so much as a series of bony elbows; a white-washed cottage presently confronted me, clinging, like a sea-anemone, to a rock. I knocked at the closed door, I tapped at a window held up by a great, speckled foreign shell, but without success. Climbing another elbow, I repeated the process at two successive houses, but without avail. All was as deserted as Pompeii, and as at Pompeii, the live rock in the road was worn smooth by feet and scarred with wheel tracks.

An open doorway faced me; I stooped beneath its lintel and asked of seeming vacancy if there were "anyone inside." There was no reply. I advanced into a clean kitchen, with a well-swept earthen floor, and was suddenly aware of a human presence very close to me.

A youngish woman, with a heavy mop of dark hair, and brown eyes staring at the opposite wall, was sitting at the end of a settle behind the door. Every bit of her was trembling. She looked past me as if I did not exist. Feeling uncertain as to whether she or I were mad, I put to her my question as to where David Courtney lived, without much expectation of receiving an answer.

Still shaking from head to foot, and without turning her eyes, she replied:

"A small piece to the north. The house on the bare rock."

The situation showed no symptom of expansion; I faltered thanks to her profile and returned to Flurry.

The house of David Courtney produced David Courtney's large and handsome wife, who told us that Himself was gone to a funeral, and all that was in the village was gone to it, but there were a couple of the boys below in the bog.

"What have they done with those cubs?" asked Flurry.

Mrs. Courtney shot at him a dark-blue side-glance, indulgent and amused, and, advancing to the edge of her rock terrace, made a trumpet of her hands and projected a long call down the valley.

"Mikeen! Con! Come hither!"

From a brown patch in the green below came a far-away response, and we presently saw two tall lads coming towards us, running up the hill as smoothly and easily as a couple of hounds. Their legs were bare and stained with bog-mould, they were young and light and radiant as the May weather.

I did not withhold my opinion of them from their proprietor.

"Why, then, I have six more as good as them!" replied Mrs. Courtney, her hands on her hips.

We took the horse from the shafts and pushed him, deeply suspicious, into a darksome lair, in one corner of which glimmered a pale object, either pig or calf. When this was done we followed Mikeen and Con up through blossoming furze and blue-gray rock to the ridge of the hill, and there came face to face with the vast blue dazzle of the Atlantic, with a long line of cliffs standing it off, in snowy lather, as far as eye could follow them into the easterly haze.

"That's the cliff over-right you now," said one of the boys, pointing downwards, with a hand dark with bog-stuff, to a gray and green wedge thrust out into the blue. "It's there where she have her den. She have a pat' down for herself in it—it's hardly a bird could walk it—the five pups was following her, and two o' them rolled down into the strand, and our dogs held them. Ourselves was below in the cove gathering seaweed."

"Make a note of it now, Major," said Flurry, "and if ever you see hounds pointing this way, don't spare spurs to get to the cliff before them!"

"Why don't you get them out and blow up the place?"

"Is it get them out of that hole!" said one of the boys. "If all the foxes in Europe was inside in it you couldn't get them out!"

"We mightn't want them either," said Flurry, his eye ranging the face of the cliff, and assimilating its uncompromising negations.

"Then there's plenty that would!" returned Mikeen, looking at us with an eye as blue and bright as the sea. "There was a man east here that cot a fox and her five young ones in the one night, and he got three half-crowns for every lad o' them!"

"He'd be turned out of hell for doing that," said Flurry, very severely.

We went back to the cottage on the rock, and the matter entered upon its more serious phase. I took no part in the negotiations, and employed myself in converse with Mrs. Courtney, who—it may not be out of place to recall—informed me, amongst other domestic details, that the farm wouldn't carry all the children she had, and that nowadays, when the ger'rls would be going to America it's white nightdresses and flannelette nightdresses she should give them; and further, that she thought, if she lived to be as old as a goat, she'd never see them so tasty.

On the way home I asked Flurry what he was going to do with the two cubs, now immured in a market basket under the seat of the dog-cart.

Flurry was ambiguous and impenetrable; there were certain matters in which Flurry trusted nobody, knowing the darkness of his own heart and the inelasticity of other people's points of view.

"That woman, you know, that told you the way," he remarked, with palpable irrelevance, " 'Kitty the Shakes,' they call her—they say she mightn't speak to anyone once in three months, and she shakes that way then. It's a pity that was the house you went into first."

"Why so?" said I.

"That's the why!" said Flurry.

It was during the week following this expedition that Philippa and I stayed

for a few days at Aussolas, where Flurry and Mrs. Flurry were now more or less permanently in residence. The position of guest in old Mrs. Knox's house was one often fraught with more than the normal anxieties proper to guests. Her mood was like the weather, a matter incalculable and beyond control; it governed the day, and was the *leit motif* in the affairs of the household. I hope that it may be given to me to live until my mood also is as a dark tower full of armed men.

On the evening of our arrival my wife, whose perception of danger is comparable only to that of the wild elephant, warned me that Mrs. Knox was rheumatic, and that I was on no account to condole with her. Later on the position revealed itself. Mrs. Knox's Dublin doctor had ordered her to Buxton with as little delay as possible; furthermore, she was to proceed to Brighton for the summer, possibly for the winter also. She had put Aussolas on a house agent's books, "out of spite," Flurry said sourly; "I suppose she thinks I'd pop the silver, or sell the feather beds."

It was a tribute to Mrs. Knox's character that her grandson treated her as a combatant in his own class, and did not for an instant consider himself bound to allow her weight for either age or sex.

At dinner that night Mrs. Knox was as favorable to me as usual; yet it was pointed out to me by Mrs. Flurry that she was wearing two shawls instead of one, always an indication to be noted as a portent of storm. At bridge she played a very sharp-edged game, in grimness scarcely mitigated by two well-brought-off revokes on the part of Philippa, who was playing with Flurry; a gross and unprincipled piece of chivalry on my wife's part that was justly resented by Mr. Knox.

Next morning the lady of the house was invisible, and Mullins, her maid, was heard to lament to an unknown sympathizer on the back stairs that the devil in the wild woods wouldn't content her.

In the grove at Aussolas, on a height behind the castle, romantically named Mount Ida, there is a half-circle of laurels that screens, with pleasing severity, an ancient bench and table of stone. The spot commands a fair and far prospect of Aussolas Lake, and, nearer at hand, it permitted a useful outlook upon the kitchen garden and its affairs. When old Mrs. Knox first led me thither to admire the view, she mentioned that it was a place to which she often repaired when the cook was on her trail with inquiries as to what the servants were to have for dinner.

Since our expedition to Fanaghy the glory of the weather had remained unshaken, and each day there was a shade of added warmth in the sunshine and a more caressing quality in the wind. Flurry and I went to Petty Sessions in the morning, and returned to find that Mrs. Knox was still in her room, and that our respective wives were awaiting us with a tea-basket in the classic shades of Mount Ida. Mrs. Knox had that mysterious quality of attraction given to some persons, and some dogs, of forming a social vortex into which lesser beings inevitably swim; yet I cannot deny that her absence induced a sneaking sensation of holiday. Had she been there, for example, Mrs. Flurry would scarcely have indicated, with a free gesture, the luxuriance of the asparagus beds in the kitchen garden below, nor promised to have a bundle of it cut for us before we went home; still less would she and Philippa have smoked cigarettes, a practice considered by Mrs. Knox to be, in women, several degrees worse than drinking.

To us there, through the green light of young beech leaves and the upstriking azure glare of myriads of bluebells, came the solid presence of John Kane.

It would be hard to define John Kane's exact status at Aussolas; Flurry had once said that, whether it was the house, or the garden, or the stables, whatever it'd be that you wanted to do, John Kane'd be in it before you to hinder you; but that had been in a moment of excusable irritation, when John Kane had put a padlock on the oat loft, and had given the key to Mrs. Knox.

John Kane now ascended to us, and came to a standstill, with his soft black hat in his hands; it was dusty, so were his boots, and the pockets of his coat bulked large. Among the green drifts and flakes of the pale young beech leaves his bushy beard looked as red as a squirrel's tail.

"I have the commands here, Master Flurry," he began, "and it's to yourself I'd sooner give them. As for them ger'rls that's inside in the kitchen, they have every pup in the place in a thrain at the back door, and, if your tobacco went asthray, it's me that would be blemt."

"The commands"—*i.e.* some small parcels—were laid on the stone table, minor pockets yielded an assortment of small moneys that were each in turn counted and placed in heaps by their consort parcels.

"And as for the bottle, the misthress wrote down for me," said John Kane, his eye rounding up his audience like a sheep-dog, "I got me 'nough with the same bottle. But sure them's the stupidest people in Hennessy's! 'Twas to Hennessy himself I gave the misthress's paper, and he was there looking at it for a while. 'What have she in it?' says he to me. 'How would I know?' says I, 'me that have no learning.' He got the spy-glass to it then, and 'twas shortly till all was in the shop was gethered in it looking at it. ''Twould take an expairt to read it!' says one fella——"

"True for him!" said Flurry.

"—— 'She have written it in Latin!' says Hennessy. 'Faith she's able to write it that way, or anny other way for yee!' says I. 'Well, I'll tell ye now what ye'll do,' says Hennessy. 'There's a boy in the Medical Hall, and he's able to read all languages. Show it to him,' says he. I showed it then to the boy in the Medical Hall. Sure, the very minute he looked at it—'Elliman's Embrocation,' says he." John Kane waved his hand slightly to one side; his gestures had throughout been supple and restrained. "Sure them's the stupidest people in Hennessy's!"

My sympathies were with the house of Hennessy; I, too, had encountered Mrs. Knox's handwriting, and realized the high imaginative and deductive qualities needed in its interpreter. No individual word was decipherable, but with a bold reader, groups could be made to conform to a scheme based on probabilities.

"You can tell the mistress what they were saying at Hennessy's about her," said Flurry.

"I will, your honor," replied John, accepting the turn in the conversation as easily as a skillful motorist changes gear. "I suppose you'll have a job for me at Tory Lodge when I get the sack from the misthress?"

"No, but they tell me I'm to be put on the Old Age Pension Committee," returned Flurry, "and I might get a chance to do something for you if you'd give over dyeing that beard you have."

"I'm sorry to say it's the Almighty is dyeing my beard for me, sir," replied John Kane, fingering a gray streak on his chin, "and I think He's after giving yourself a touch, too!" He glanced at the side of Flurry's head, and his eye traveled on to mine. There was an almost flagrant absence of triumph in it.

He put aside a beechen bough with his hand; "I'll leave the things on the hall table for you, sir," he said, choosing the perfect moment for departure,

and passed out of sight. The bough swung into place behind him; it was like an exit in a pastoral play.

"She never told me about the embrocation," said Sally, leaning back against the mossed stones of the bench and looking up into the web of branches. "She never will admit that she's ill."

"Poor old Mrs. Knox!" said Philippa compassionately, "I thought she looked so ill last night when she was playing bridge. Such a tiny fragile thing, sitting wrapped up in that great old chair ——"

Philippa is ineradicably romantic, yet my mind, too, dwelt upon the old autocrat lying there, ill and undefeated, in the heart of her ancient fortress.

"Fragile!" said Flurry, "you'd best not tell her that. With my grandmother no one's ill till they're dead, and no one's dead till they're buried!"

Away near the house the peacock uttered his defiant screech, a note of exclamation that seemed entirely appropriate to Aussolas; the turkey-cock in the yard accepted the challenge with effusion, and from further away the voice of Mrs. Knox's Kerry bull, equally instant in taking offense, ascended the gamut of wrath from growl to yell. Blended with these voices was another—a man's voice, in loud harangue, advancing down the long beech walk to the kitchen garden. As it approached, the wood-pigeons bolted in panic, with distracted clappings of wings, from the tall firs by the garden wall in which they were wont to sit arranging plans of campaign with regard to the fruit. We sat in tense silence. The latch of the garden gate clicked, and the voice said in stentorian tones:

"——My father 'e kept a splendid table!"

"I hear wheels!" breathed Sally Knox.

A hawthorn tree and a laburnum tree leaned over the garden gate, and from beneath their canopy of cream and pale gold there emerged the bath-chair of Mrs. Knox, with Mrs. Knox herself seated in it. It was propelled by Mullins—even at that distance the indignation of Mullins was discernible—and it progressed up the central path. Beside it walked the personage whose father had kept a splendid table. Parenthetically it may be observed that he did credit to it.

"Glory be to Moses! Look at my grandmother!" said Flurry under his breath. "How fragile she is! Who the dickens has she got hold of?"

"He thinks she's deaf, anyhow," said Sally.

"That's where he makes the mistake!" returned Flurry.

"I don't see your glawss, Mrs. Knox," shouted the stout gentleman.

"That's very possible," replied the incisive and slightly cracked voice of Mrs. Knox, "because the little that is left of it is in the mortar on the wall. to keep thieves out, which it fails to do."

The pair passed on, and paused, still in high converse, at the asparagus beds; Mullins, behind the bath-chair, wiped her indignant brow.

"You'll go home without the asparagus," whispered Flurry, "she has every stick of it counted by now!"

They moved on, heading for the further gate of the garden.

"I'll bet a sovereign he's come after the house!" Flurry continued, following the *cortege* with a malevolent eye.

Later, when we returned to the house, we found a motor-bicycle, dusty and dwarfish, leaning against the hall door steps. Within was the sound of shouting. It was then half-past seven.

"Is it possible that she's keeping him for dinner?" said Sally.

"Take care he's not staying for the night!" said Flurry. "Look at the knapsack he has on the table!"

"There's only one room he can possibly have," said Mrs. Flurry, with a

strange and fixed gaze at her lord, "and that's the James the Second room. The others are cleared for the painters."

"Oh, that will be all right," replied her lord, easily.

When I came down to dinner I found the new arrival planted on his short, thick legs in front of the fireplace, still shouting at Mrs. Knox, who, notwithstanding the sinister presence of the two shawls of ill-omen, was listening with a propitious countenance. She looked very tired, and I committed the *gaucherie* of saying I was sorry to hear she had not been well.

"Oh, that was nothing!" said Mrs. Knox, with a wave of her tiny, sunburned, and bediamonded hand. "I've shaken that off, 'like dewdrops from the lion's mane!' This is Mr. Tebbutts, from—er—England, Major Yeates."

Mr. Tebbutts, after a bewildered stare, presumably in search of the lion, proclaimed his gratification at meeting me, in a voice that might have been heard in the stable yard.

At dinner the position developed apace. The visitor was, it appeared, the representative of a patriarchal family, comprising samples of all the relationships mentioned in the table of affinities, and *fortissimo*, and at vast length, he laid down their personal histories and their various requirements. it was pretty to see how old Mrs. Knox, ill as she looked, and suffering as she undoubtedly was, mastered the bowling.

Did the Tebbutts ladies exact bathing for their young? The lake supplied it.

("It's all mud and swallow-holes!" said Flurry in an audible aside.)

Did the brothers demand trout fishing? the schoolboys rabbit shooting? the young ladies lawn tennis and society? —all were theirs, especially the latter. "My grandson and his wife will be within easy reach in their own house, Tory Lodge!"

The remark about the swallow-holes had not been lost upon the Lady of the Lake.

Mrs. Knox had her glass of port at dessert, an act equivalent to snapping her rheumatic fingers in our faces, and withdrew, stiff but erect, and still on the best of terms with her prospective tenant. As I held the door open for her, she said to me:

" ' 'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell.' "

By an amazing stroke of luck I was enabled to continue:

" 'And echo caught softly the sound as it fell!' " with a glance at Mr. Tebbutts that showed I was aware the quotation was directed at his missing aspirates.

As the door closed, the visitor turned to Flurry and said impressively:

"There's just one thing, Mr. Knox, I should like to mention, if you will allow me. Are the drains quite in order?"

"God knows," said Flurry, pulling hard at a badly-lighted cigarette and throwing himself into a chair by the turf fire.

"Mrs. Knox's health has held out against them for about sixty years," I remarked.

"Well, as to that," replied Mr. Tebbutts, "I feel it is only right to mention that the dear old lady was very giddy with me in the garden this afternoon."

Flurry received this remarkable statement without emotion.

"Maybe she's taken a fancy to you!" he said brutally. "If it wasn't that it was whipped cream."

Mr. Tebbutts' bulging eyes sought mine in complete mystification; I turned to the fire, and to it revealed my emotions. Flurry was not at all amused.

"Well—er—I understood her maid to say she 'ad bin ailing," said the guest after a pause. "I'd have called

it a kind of a megrim myself, and, as I say, I certainly perceived a sort of charnel-'ouse smell in the room I'm in. And look 'ere, Mr. Knox, 'ere's another thing. 'Ow about rats? You know what ladies are; there's one of my sisters-in-law, Mrs. William Tebbutts, who'd just scream the 'ouse down if she 'eard the 'alf of what was goin' on behind the paneling in my room this evening."

"Anyone that's afraid of rats had better keep out of Aussolas," said Flurry, getting up with a yawn.

"Mr. Tebbutts is in the James the Second room, isn't he?" said I, idly. "Isn't that the room with the powdering-closet off it?"

"It is," said Flurry. "Anything else you'd like to know?"

I recognized that some one had blundered, presumably myself, and made a move for the drawing-room.

Mrs. Knox had retired when we got there; my wife and Mrs. Flurry followed suit as soon as might be; and the guest said that, if the gentlemen had no objection, he thought he'd turn in too.

Flurry and I shut the windows—fresh air is a foible of the female sex—heaped turf on the fire, drew up chairs in front of it, and composed ourselves for that sweetest sleep of all, the sleep that has in it the bliss of abandonment, and is made almost passionate by the deep underlying knowledge that it can be but temporary.

How long we had slumbered I cannot say; it seemed but a moment when a door opened in our dreams, and the face of Mr. Tebbutts was developed before me in the air like the face of the Cheshire cat, only without the grin.

"Mr. Knox! Gentlemen!" he began, as if he were addressing a meeting. The thunder had left his voice; he stopped to take breath. He was in his shirt and trousers, and the laces of his boots trailed on the floor behind him. "I've 'ad a bit of a start upstairs. I was just winding up my watch at the dressing-table when I saw some kind of an animal gloide past the fireplace and across the room—"

"What was it like?" interrupted Flurry, sitting up in his chair.

"Well, Mr. Knox, it's 'ard to say what it was like. It wasn't a cat, nor yet it wasn't what you could call a squirrel—"

Flurry got on to his feet.

"By the living Jingo!" he said, turning to me an awestruck countenance; "he's seen the Aussolas Martin Cat!"

I had never before heard of the Aussolas Martin Cat, and it is indisputable that a slight chill crept down my backbone.

Mr. Tebbutts' eyes bulged more than ever, and his lower lip fell.

"What way did it go?" said Flurry; "did it look at you?"

"It seemed to disappear in that recess by the door," faltered the seer of the vision; it "just vanished!"

"I don't know if it's for my grandmother or for me," said Flurry in a low voice, "but it's a death in the house anyway."

The color in Mr. Tebbutts' face deepened to a glossy sealing-wax red.

"If one of you gents would come upstairs with me," he said, "I think I'll just get my traps together. I can be back at the 'otel in 'alf an 'our—"

Flurry and I accompanied Mr. Tebbutts to the James the Second room. Over Mrs. Knox's door there were panes of glass, and light came forth from them. (It is my belief that Mrs. Knox never goes to bed.) We trod softly as we passed it, and went along the uncarpeted boards of the Musicians' Gallery above the entrance hall.

There certainly was a peculiar odor in the James the Second room, and the adjective "charnel-'ouse," had not been misapplied.

I thought about a dead rat, and decided that the apparition had been one of the bandit tribe of tawny cats that inhabited the Aussolas stables. And yet legends of creatures that haunted old houses and followed old families came back to me; of one in particular, a tale of medieval France, wherein "a yellow furry animal" ran down the throat of a sleeping lady named Sagesse.

Mr. Tebbutts, by this time fully dressed, was swiftly bestowing a brush and comb in his knapsack. Perhaps he, too, had read the legend about Madame Sagesse. Flurry was silently, and with a perturbed countenance, examining the room; rapping at the paneling and peering up the cavernous chimney; I heard him sniff as he did so. Possibly he also held the dead-rat theory. He opened the flap in the door of the powdering-closet, and, striking a match held it through the opening. I looked over his shoulder, and had a glimpse of black feathers on the floor, and a waft of a decidedly "charnel-'ouse" nature.

"Damn!" muttered Flurry to himself, and slammed down the flap.

"I think, sir," said Mr. Tebbutts, with his knapsack in his hand and his cap on his head, "I must ask you to let Mrs. Knox know that this 'ouse won't suit Mrs. William Tebbutts. You might just say I was called away rather sudden. Of course, you won't mention what I saw just now—I wouldn't wish to upset the pore old lady!—"

We followed him from the room, and treading softly as before, traversed the gallery, and began to descend the slippery oak stairs. Flurry was still looking furtively about him, and the thought crossed my mind that in the most hard-headed Irishman there wanders a vein of superstition.

Before we had reached the first landing, the violent ringing of a handbell broke forth in the room with the light over the door, followed by a crash of fire-irons; then old Mrs. Knox's voice calling imperatively for Mullins.

There was a sound of rushing, slippered feet, a bumping of furniture; with a squall from Mullins the door flew open, and I was endowed with a never-to-be-forgotten vision of Mrs. Knox, swathed in hundreds of shawls, in the act of hurling the tongs at some unseen object.

Almost simultaneously there was a scurry of claws on the oak floor above us, Mrs. Knox's door was slammed, and something whizzed past me. I am thankful to think that I possess, as a companion vision to that of Mrs. Knox the face of Mr. Tebbutts with the candle light on it as he looked up from the foot of the stairs and saw the Aussolas Martin Cat in his track.

"Look out, Tebbutts!" yelled Flurry. "It's you he's after!"

Mr. Tebbutts here passed out of the incident into the night, and the Aussolas Martin Cat was swallowed up by a large hole in the surbase in the corner of the first landing.

"He'll come out in the wine-cellar," said Flurry, with the calm that was his in moments of crisis, "the way the cat did."

I pulled myself together.

"What's happened to the other Fanaghy cub?" I inquired with, I hope, equal calmness.

"He's gone to blazes," replied Flurry; "there isn't a wall in this house that hasn't a way in it. I knew I'd never have luck with them after you asking the way from Kitty the Shakes."

As is usual in my dealings with Flurry, the fault was mine.

While I reflected on this, the stillness of the night was studded in a long and diminishing line by the running pant of the motor-bicycle.

E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross.

ALBANIA AND ITALY.

On the outbreak of the European war the new Albanian State which had been absorbing the attention, disinterested or otherwise, of the various Powers was instantly forgotten, and the Albanian people with their would-be ruler left to take care of themselves as best they were able. But now the retreat of the Serbian Army into Albanian territory, and the mustering of Italian troops bent on aiding King Peter's forces and joining hands with the armies of France and Great Britain, bids fair to bring Albania and its people once more into the forefront of European politics.

The fall of the Ottoman Power as a consequence of the Balkan wars evoked tremendous interest and speculation in Italy as to the fate of Albania, inasmuch as there are many Albanian settlers in the southern Italian provinces of Cosenza, Catanzaro, Reggio, Lecce, Palermo, and in a lesser degree Foggia, Basilicata, Campobasso, Benevento, Catania, and Girgenti. They are descendants of the tribesmen who crossed the Adriatic some five centuries ago, in order to escape the Turkish yoke after the death of Scanderbeg in 1467.

Though in full enjoyment of the rights of Italian citizenship the descendants of these tribesmen have never forgotten the land of their origin, the remembrance and love of which have passed down by tradition from one generation to another. When an Albanian lands for the first time amongst the Italian Albanians he is hailed as a fellow-countryman from the opposite shore (*uno dell'altra riva*), and they greet each other most effusively; they speak of *sangue nostro disperso*. As with all oppressed nationalities, what has most contributed to this has been the maintenance of the mother tongue. It is no uncommon thing to meet an Albanian, native of the rugged mountains of the Basilicata, yet completely ignorant of the Italian idiom.

Widely scattered as the Albanians are, the survival of their language goes far to prove the tenacity of their stock, for it was not until the Pontificate of Urban VIII that a chair for the teaching of Albanian was instituted in Rome at the college of Propaganda Fide. Another chair was founded by Gregory XIII at the Greek College of Saint Athanasius and later a third at Palermo for the Albanians of Sicily. By their very nature these foundations were restricted and only accessible to the clergy, so that it may safely be said that there was no Albanian center of learning until Pope Clement XIII himself of Albanian origin, issued a Bull in 1732 decreeing the founding of a college in the monastery of San Benedetto Ullano at San Demetrio Corone in Calabria, and naming as its head Samuele Rodota, Bishop of Brera. The Pontiff himself endowed the foundation lavishly, and his example was followed by Charles III of Spain and subsequent kings of Naples, whilst Rodota himself bequeathed it all his personal wealth at his death.

The curriculum of the college was wide. It comprised classical literature, mythology, rhetoric, mathematics, geography, physics, philosophy, theology, church history and liturgy, and civil and canon law.

In 1794 Ferdinand IV of Naples ordered the college to betake itself to a healthier spot, and in obedience, it was removed to the monastery of Saint Adriano, but a short distance from San Demetrio, where it still survives. Nor did prosperity desert it, for, as time went on, the fame of its teaching was noised abroad, so that students flocked thither in ever-increasing numbers. Besides producing scholarly priests it

turned out ardent patriots, and it is recorded that one of its professors took part in the insurrection at Cosenza in 1844, and that, when the tide of revolution swept over Italy in the memorable year of 1848, the college of Sant' Adriano saw the Italian tricolor duly hoisted over the tower of the college chapel, and flaunting in the breeze amidst the wild and indescribable enthusiasm of the students. As a sequel to such a proceeding the college was closed for several years, and only reopened under the watch of the notorious Bourbon police.

Better days dawned with the coming of Garibaldi, for the Dictator was well known to all connected with the institution by his outspoken sympathy for the Albanians in their outcry for freedom—"*la causa degl' Albanesi e la mia, a nome dell' Italia io offro amicizia fraterna e aiuto.*" He accordingly commanded the Naples Treasury to hand over 12,000 ducats for the enlargement of the college buildings, and placed the carrying out of the project "*sotto la garenzia della nazione e del suo magnanimo Sovrano.*" On the extension of the Piedmontese system of government to the whole of Italy, further changes were made in the management and teaching of the college so as to bring it up to the requirements of the times. Thus it came to receive grants from the provincial and central authorities, and hence to acquire a political as well as an educational importance, while the Italian Government has never ceased in its efforts to obtain the recognition of its diplomas in the Near East.

Eduardo P. Ginistrelli.

The Saturday Review.

PRIDING ONESELF.

Pride is, we suppose, the only quality which is both a virtue and a vice—the only quality which seems equally effectual in keeping a man out of Heaven and Hell. We all pride ourselves upon something, if it is only upon our sense of humor; often upon the wrong thing, and occasionally upon a bad thing. This pride is the result of a moment's confusion between our real and ideal selves. To know what a man prides himself upon is to know not what he is, but what he would like to be. Most men would like to be very good, but not all. A few people pride themselves upon faults, and a few more say they do. Openly, at any rate, not many men pride themselves on the greater qualities. They struggle after them, or they deliberately let them alone, but they do not boast of them even to themselves. We do not often hear some one declare himself or herself to be unselfish or magnanimous, except in particular actions. We all stand in awe when the great virtues are discussed, and seldom put in our claim even in secret. Where smaller matters are concerned we do both openly boast and inwardly gloat very often, and no one knows how sharply we suffer when we suddenly see that we have prided ourselves in vain. For instance, how many of us believe ourselves to be businesslike in an exceptional degree? We are led perhaps into this error by the fact that we write a neat hand and have a predilection for tidiness and for accounts; or perhaps we map out our time with more precision than our neighbors. The really businesslike man, the born man of affairs, seems to us possibly a little careless, a little slipshod, a little prodigal of time. Suddenly we realize with a pang that we have the semblance and he the substance of the quality we so much admire. We feel aggrieved and angry with ourselves, but we soon forget

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The fall of the Ottoman Power as a consequence of the Balkan wars evoked tremendous interest and speculation in Italy as to the fate of Albania, inasmuch as there are many Albanian settlers in the southern Italian provinces of Cosenza, Catanzaro, Reggio, Lecce, Palermo, and in a lesser degree Foggia, Basilicata, Campobasso, Benevento, Catania, and Girgenti. They are descendants of the tribesmen who crossed the Adriatic some five centuries ago, in order to escape the Turkish yoke after the death of Scanderbeg in 1467.

Though in full enjoyment of the rights of Italian citizenship the descendants of these tribesmen have never forgotten the land of their origin, the remembrance and love of which have passed down by tradition from one generation to another. When an Albanian lands for the first time amongst the Italian Albanians he is hailed as a fellow-countryman from the opposite shore (*uno dell'altra riva*), and they greet each other most effusively; they speak of *sangue nostro disperso*. As with all oppressed nationalities, what has most contributed to this has been the maintenance of the mother tongue. It is no uncommon thing to meet an Albanian, native of the rugged mountains of the Basilicata, yet completely ignorant of the Italian idiom.

Widely scattered as the Albanians are, the survival of their language goes far to prove the tenacity of their stock, for it was not until the Pontificate of Urban VIII that a chair for the teaching of Albanian was instituted in Rome at the college of Propaganda Fide. Another chair was founded by Gregory XIII at the Greek College of Saint Athanasius and later a third at Palermo for the Albanians of Sicily. By their very nature these foundations were restricted and only accessible to the clergy, so that it may safely be said that there was no Albanian center of learning until Pope Clement XIII himself of Albanian origin, issued a Bull in 1732 decreeing the founding of a college in the monastery of San Benedetto Ullano at San Demetrio Corone in Calabria, and naming as its head Samuele Rodota, Bishop of Brera. The Pontiff himself endowed the foundation lavishly, and his example was followed by Charles III of Spain and subsequent kings of Naples, whilst Rodota himself bequeathed it all his personal wealth at his death.

The curriculum of the college was wide. It comprised classical literature, mythology, rhetoric, mathematics, geography, physics, philosophy, theology, church history and liturgy, and civil and canon law.

In 1794 Ferdinand IV of Naples ordered the college to betake itself to a healthier spot, and in obedience, it was removed to the monastery of Saint Adriano, but a short distance from San Demetrio, where it still survives. Nor did prosperity desert it, for, as time went on, the fame of its teaching was noised abroad, so that students flocked thither in ever-increasing numbers. Besides producing scholarly priests it

turned out ardent patriots, and it is recorded that one of its professors took part in the insurrection at Cosenza in 1844, and that, when the tide of revolution swept over Italy in the memorable year of 1848, the college of Sant' Adriano saw the Italian tricolor duly hoisted over the tower of the college chapel, and flaunting in the breeze amidst the wild and indescribable enthusiasm of the students. As a sequel to such a proceeding the college was closed for several years, and only reopened under the watch of the notorious Bourbon police.

Better days dawned with the coming of Garibaldi, for the Dictator was well known to all connected with the institution by his outspoken sympathy for the Albanians in their outcry for freedom—"*la causa degl' Albanesi e la mia, a nome dell' Italia io offro amicizia fraterna e aiuto.*" He accordingly commanded the Naples Treasury to hand over 12,000 ducats for the enlargement of the college buildings, and placed the carrying out of the project "*sotto la garenzia della nazione e del suo magnanimo Sovrano.*" On the extension of the Piedmontese system of government to the whole of Italy, further changes were made in the management and teaching of the college so as to bring it up to the requirements of the times. Thus it came to receive grants from the provincial and central authorities, and hence to acquire a political as well as an educational importance, while the Italian Government has never ceased in its efforts to obtain the recognition of its diplomas in the Near East.

Eduardo P. Ginistrelli.

The Saturday Review.

PRIDING ONESELF.

Pride is, we suppose, the only quality which is both a virtue and a vice—the only quality which seems equally effectual in keeping a man out of Heaven and Hell. We all pride ourselves upon something, if it is only upon our sense of humor; often upon the wrong thing, and occasionally upon a bad thing. This pride is the result of a moment's confusion between our real and ideal selves. To know what a man prides himself upon is to know not what he is, but what he would like to be. Most men would like to be very good, but not all. A few people pride themselves upon faults, and a few more say they do. Openly, at any rate, not many men pride themselves on the greater qualities. They struggle after them, or they deliberately let them alone, but they do not boast of them even to themselves. We do not often hear some one declare himself or herself to be unselfish or magnanimous, except in particular actions. We all stand in awe when the great virtues are discussed, and seldom put in our claim even in secret. Where smaller matters are concerned we do both openly boast and inwardly gloat very often, and no one knows how sharply we suffer when we suddenly see that we have prided ourselves in vain. For instance, how many of us believe ourselves to be businesslike in an exceptional degree? We are led perhaps into this error by the fact that we write a neat hand and have a predilection for tidiness and for accounts; or perhaps we map out our time with more precision than our neighbors. The really businesslike man, the born man of affairs, seems to us possibly a little careless, a little slipshod, a little prodigal of time. Suddenly we realize with a pang that we have the semblance and he the substance of the quality we so much admire. We feel aggrieved and angry with ourselves, but we soon forget

our chagrin, and begin priding ourselves again. Or perhaps it is all quite different. We may be proud of not being businesslike, proud of a fine carelessness, a complete want of interest in our own interest,—if we may so express it. We like to be chaffed for being "vague"; we wish that all our doings should look handsome; and we think that a certain sort of ignorance and blindness is becoming to good people like us. There is a great deal to be said for this attitude. Those who take it up have always a very pretty ideal, a far better one than is possessed by those who pride themselves on being sharp. But, alas! in this instance pride is bound to have a fall. It is hopeless pretending even to ourselves that we are sillier than we are. Mother-wit will discover an outlet. One day the lordly man will find that he has given himself away. He forgets his pose, and shows some natural business ability. His friends laugh good-naturedly, and say that there is method in his madness, and that he is not such a fool as he looks. For the moment he feels ashamed and wishes he were; yet he has done nothing wrong, only prided himself on a fine folly which was not by nature his. He has made himself ridiculous in reaching after the sublime.

Another thing which a vast number of people pride themselves upon is tact. Perhaps we all do a little; and yet as we look round among our friends we know what a rare quality it is, and how unlikely we are to be singled out for its possession. Tact is, of course, the visible sign of a peculiar sort of sympathy. Very often it is a form of sympathy which has nothing whatever to do with compassion. That is why it is not always recognized as sympathy at all. Many very worldly people have tact. They are not exactly kind-hearted, but they know how their interlocutor is feeling, and by that knowledge they regulate their action towards him, not invariably for his good. We desire it just as we desire distinction and knowledge of the world, and it is with pain that from time to time we are made to realize that what we thought tact in ourselves was suspiciously like flattery, and entailed a deviation from the truth.

Scrupulosity is to some women a great source of pride. Their friends see plainly that if they could get rid of their eternal—sometimes they feel inclined to say infernal—moral caution, they might be able to take some responsibility and be of some good in the world. It is a fearfully embittering form of pride, this, though it only attacks good people. They become meticulously critical of conduct. They approve of almost no one, and tempt their friends to wish them a slip into any kind of mild vice to awaken them from their pharisaical dream. They never do slip. They become better and better in their own negative sense, and more and more worthless in any positive one, till they get old and out of touch with any kind of reality. On the other hand, they have done no harm in the world, and have some sort of right to pride themselves on that when they come to the end of their careful lives. It is possible to be not quite sane on the subject of morals, just as it is possible, without being medically mad, to be not quite sane upon the subject of religion. Occasionally one meets some one who seriously says that it is impossible for a barrister to be a really sincere man. This is not a sane view of the matter. In vain some patient person will explain to him that, in accordance with the law of the land and in the interests of justice, the two sides of every case must be separately rehearsed. Such people take a pride in being unconvinced. They are of no use whatever where any common effort is concerned. They never can find two or three other persons with whom they are prepared to

declare themselves in conscientious agreement, and scrupulosity reduces their corporate power to that of lunatics. They are prepared to condemn everyone who is ready to sink any singularity of opinion, however small and unimportant.

Old-fashioned people were very fond of saying that money was "a trust." It was a phrase constantly in the mouths of those who had plenty of it. Sometimes they meant that they ought to do good with it; more often they meant that they fully intended to get their money's worth. They were not troubled with any doubts as to whether they ought to have a large fortune and spend it on themselves, but they were determined to use it to as great advantage in the thrifty sense as possible. They thought a great deal about small sums, and prided themselves on not wasting silver or overpaying anyone, never realizing that we must very often waste something. The only question is, what: time, or thought, or money. Sometimes money seems the cheapest thing that we can waste. Nowadays men's attitude to their fortunes, whether small or large, is less conscientious, and sometimes one doubts whether it is not a more wholesome one. The chief use of money, so far as the individual is concerned, is to enable him to forget it, and this the overscrupulous can never do; indeed, they pride themselves upon their power of financial concentration.

Perhaps there is no more delusive form of pride than that which men take in being "public-spirited." It goes without saying that to be really public-spirited is to be patriotic; but half the men who plume themselves upon this great quality are without it. Certain men and women take delight in a row. An altercation, a scene, or a disagreeable fuss gives them pleasure. They are rather ashamed of their taste, and under cover of a little cant about public spirit they turn their shame into a pride. They do not care a bit how many people they get into trouble, or how much trouble they give themselves, so long as they have their fling. "If everyone were like me," they say to themselves, "all nuisances and inconveniences would disappear." "If all men were like him," say their few friends—and many enemies—"the world would be uninhabitable." Does such pride as this ever get a fall? Do these cultivators of contention ever see themselves as others see them? Do they realize that they are priding themselves on a fault? We doubt it. We think there is less chance of reform for them than for those odd persons who pride themselves on a bad temper. Quite good people sometimes do this, on the ground, we suppose, that as everyone has some defect, a man may well be proud to have a small one. Temper does more often stand alone than any other fault. On the other hand, while it has little embittering or corrupting effect upon its owner, it may have disastrous effects upon those who have to live with it. But if it is foolish to take pride in a hot temper, it is worse than foolish to be proud of a cold one. Self-conscious severity is a hate-producing fault of character, sometimes excused on the ground of expediency, but never forgiven unless accompanied by austerity. If a man will enroll himself among his victims, they may pardon him.

The only other bad quality on which one ever sees a good man pride himself is a tendency to revenge. Indisputably the temptation to revenge is the temptation of the grateful. It belongs to a good memory and does not go with too light a heart. At the same time, it is a feeling of which a civilized man ought to be heartily ashamed, and which no man ever admires in anyone but himself. The wicked old pride of the past is almost dead, but people pride themselves as much as ever. The ages of faith might almost have been called the

ages of pride. The moralists and religious teachers lashed the quality without ceasing as without success, and even in themselves men went all lengths to suppress it. It is a quality which can stand any amount of chastisement. Ridicule alone can kill it; by that means alone we can get rid of it—in ourselves or others. The universality of the present pretense to humor is absurd, but it is a particular pretense which has cleared away an immense amount of general pretentiousness.

The Spectator.

THE PEACE OF THE AUGUSTANS.

Lack of social amusements, lack of heart to enjoy them, lack of money to spend on them, and a dozen other external causes have sent people during the war to books. Stronger than any external cause has been the personal impulse. People have craved for books, and, with the external world—yes, and much of the internal too—tumbling about their heads, have taken refuge in such portions of their interior castle and demesne as no power, temporal or spiritual, can invade or disturb. In that demesne there is a garden, a walled garden. It is not a hot-house; salutary breaths from North and East can blow upon it; but it is sheltered from tempests. It is a formal garden, very ingeniously laid out; but artful touches of the wild relieve it from stiffness. It is the very place for elegant and comfortable retirement from a crashing world. We call it the literature of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Saintsbury believes that that garden is unduly neglected; and he has written a book* to tell us how pleasant a place it is. We wonder whether his belief is well founded. Some things in his book seem to show that he is particularly unlucky in running up against silly remarks by superior persons, and in being disproportionately annoyed by them. He appears to believe that most people, even among lovers of letters, find the formal garden stiff, arid, and dull. He conveys the impression (without, of course, intending to make the claim) that he and two or three others alone can appreciate the eighteenth century, and that anyone else who pretends to admire, say, Johnson, is only following a fashion. (But then Johnson, with Traherne and a few more, is certainly among the writers about whom each of their lovers is jealous.) Yet should Mr. Saintsbury be wrong in thinking that the eighteenth century is neglected—is not, indeed, the very garden in which lettered readers are spending just now every moment that they can spare, that does not lessen the value of his book any more than does his indignation with the few scoffers, or the slight flavoring of his scorn for the many who humbly and gratefully admire. No one living—not even Mr. Austin Dobson—knows English eighteenth century literature as well as Mr. Saintsbury knows it. There is no contending with a man who really knows his "John Buncle," cries shame on Hazlitt for abridging Abraham Tucker's "Light of Nature Pursued," and can read all Horace Walpole's published letters in the scanty leisure hours of a single month. Mr. Saintsbury is a heroic reader with a heroic appetite. And when he comes to talking you are the wedding guest to his ancient mariner. Beat your breast as you may, you must hear his story. Out it pours, in the now well-known style, that is immeasurably different from any prose of the eighteenth century, even from Sterne's at his most wilful—is some-

*The Peace of the Augustans: A Survey of Eighteenth Century Literature as a Place of Rest and Refreshment. By George Saintsbury. Bell. 8s. 6d. net.

times much more like, indeed, *Punch's* parodies of the late Lord Grimthorpe. Now it walks like Dr. Johnson, and now dances like Nannette, on the road betwixt Nismes and Lunel; sometimes it is as alluring as Nannette, and sometimes thunderous as the doctor in his most overbearing mood. It is a turbulent bubble-pool that seldom darts to a brook, but owes nothing to any pump. In his gusto for life and letters, this septuagenarian youngster peppers you his page with allusions and illustrations, some of them mere displays of his learning in half a dozen languages, some of them as odd and as happy as can be. But hear him you must. If you do not know and like your eighteenth century, then he will make you; and, if you do, he will show you that even what you thought the dullest parts are full of rest and refreshment.

Rest and refreshment is the burden of his song. If the association is not paradoxically new, it is a good thing, in these days when rest and refreshment are sorely needed, to have it emphasized and restated by one who so genuinely knows as Mr. Saintsbury. In the walled garden—"the happy valley" is one of his phrases for it—the very orderliness is comforting. To the student of letters one of the first charms of the period is that it brought order into English prose and verse. It is not an easily exhausted delight to note how Johnson laid out a sentence and a paragraph, and how Pope trained and pruned a poem. But the student of letters may safely be left to himself. Mr. Saintsbury's point is that for the general reader there are rest and refreshment, not only in the great ones, but in the smaller men as well. The general reader is not likely to bother his head with the question whether Pope was, or was not, "a poet." Pope (who is surely more read than Mr. Saintsbury supposes) was a very charming and interesting writer, and charm and interest are what men are seeking. Addison may have been, as Thackeray tells us that the nineteenth century discovered, a shallow trifler; he and his fellows of the *Spectator* and a dozen or more of other essayists, of whom Mr. Saintsbury writes, are delightful company. Then there are the novelists, who in this century made for us the English novel; there are (and these, perhaps, are the surest refuge of all from the world about us) the inimitable letter-writers; there are satirists and philosophers and makers of light verse, playwrights, preachers, and biographers. Mr. Saintsbury will take you round the garden, pointing out that its orderliness does not mean sameness, showing the relations of contrast and variety, exhibiting out of intimate knowledge what of beauty and interest each bed and each plant, however humble, has to offer.

The "peace of the Augustans" was not a desert. It was the peace of a walled and sheltered garden, where men and women of manners and leisure cultivated the art of life. The shocks of the rude world did not touch it. There were order and measure in the blackest tempers of its bitterest; and "Gulliver's Travels" itself has its many amenities. In Fielding its most boisterous laughter never becomes shrill or vulgar. No one except Richardson indulges in humbug. In the great sadness of "Rasselas" there is no despair; and Sterne, the most mischievous creature of them all, more than atones by his gay and gallant bearing for his fits of naughtiness. Even those whom Mr. Saintsbury calls the fugitives from the happy valley, Gray, Collins, and the men who toyed with romanticism, did not stray very far, and preserved the marks of their origin. Broadly speaking, the eighteenth century was a settled time, a period without violent disturbance, during which men were able to put their affairs in order and to cultivate their heritage. Like most

people of leisure, they spent a good deal of time on trifles; but what better refuge can there be from a world of horrible reality than the trifles of people who could handle trifles, now with dignity, now with vivacity and charm? Much of their thinking, as we see it now, was shallow; but the lively and gracious expression of shallow thought is better entertainment than any groping after deeper things. With the eighteenth century people a reader feels himself in good company. They are a little formal, perhaps; but, even if their very formality were not grateful in a world of violence and brutal force, it is a setting for widely various wisdom, wit, and observation. They are very sensible people; they have social sense as well as common sense. They do not cry for the moon, nor despise the homely pleasures. In their grief and their joy there is manner and measure. There is no one more likely than they to provide us with relief from the frantic excesses of immeasurably bad manners.

Meanwhile, outside the garden which they so sensibly cultivated there were still the moors, and there were still the mountain tops. Of their very existence these sensible, well-furnished people seemed wholly unaware. For all his brooding on human fate, their wisest man, Johnson, never cared to look beyond the garden wall; their least prejudiced observer, the man who saw more of life and that more courageously than any of them, Henry Fielding, never guessed at what lay outside. Late in the century, their minutest realist, Crabbe, was notoriously blind to portentous mysteries in the humanity that he put under his microscope. The profoundest, the most affectionate reverence for Fielding and for Johnson is not, we hope, incompatible with the judgment that they did not, and could not, know a great deal about man that we of later days may be said to know at birth. They did not roam the moors or scale the mountains, restless, soul-hungry, vision-driven—suffering from any of the uncomfortable, lost-dog, nobly ridiculous enthusiasms that have blessed and tortured poets of a later day. They were not moths, and they did not desire stars. The change that has occurred may be summed up in a word—and a very dangerous word—democracy. Their ideal was the sensible, cultivated, orderly life of the few. Then out of the ferment grew a new idea, or at the least a new form of an old idea—the idea of man, of man as the possessor of vast powers that only needed developing. There is no need nowadays to talk about the French Revolution, the enormous effect of "Darwinism," the advancement of practical science, and so forth. The result upon literature has been that from the close of "the peace of the Augustans" onward, there has been no possibility of peace. Not educated man, secure in a solid social order, but man—and some of him not at all educated and very insecure—has become the field of thought and aspiration. Poetry's commonest topic, love, has changed from a game or a passion into the greatest of spiritual powers. New claims for man, new beliefs in the possibilities of human nature have upset the delightful, suave old orderliness; and not a poet, not any writer of the larger aim, has been able to escape their effect.

Whether we like it or not makes no difference. Mr. Saintsbury does not like it. A sturdy High Tory, he will go out of his way to hit at even the gentlest of the Whig dogs, at trade unions, at modern education, at anything and everything of the present century, especially at its literature, which to him is all, or nearly all, quackery and crankery, balderdash, awful doggerel and drivel. We are not concerned here to defend any of the

things which Mr. Saintsbury attacks. The only point of importance is that none of them was the result of deliberate wickedness in man, and none freakishly imposed upon man by some malicious devil. All of them have grown out of previously existing conditions, for some of which the eighteenth century itself was responsible. It is as futile to rail at them as to pretend that they are not there; and either plan would sit very oddly upon one who was endeavoring to point out the charms of the most urbane and most sensible of periods in English social and literary history.

Literature subsequent to the peace of the Augustans has not been, as all admit, so sound, so standardized, so orderly as in those fine garden days. It has been more odd, tiresome, irregular and strained. It has become less soothing than disturbing. But it has acquired a quality, which the literature of the Augustans lacked, most conveniently to be described as spirituality. The eighteenth century was not, as Mr. Saintsbury shows, entirely "materialist," but it was not, in this sense, spiritual. It kept wisely to its garden, and made the best of it. Belief in the powers of the spirit of man and pity for the follies of his greed and his stupidity have set later poets roaming the outer wilds and soaring or scrambling up to the mountain tops, straining their eyes into the infinite, striving after the unattainable, baffled and cast down, but unconquerable in faith. The garden could look after itself; they were trying to get to work on the world. Poets of revolt, they have been called, though none of them revolted against anything but established greed and cowardice. They have made beauty; and some of it as exquisitely wrought as any that the eighteenth century can show; but the beauty that they have made has been a strange and troubling beauty, charged not with rest but with the incitement to new effort.

This way have men come out of brutishness
To spell the letters of the sky and read
A reflex upon earth else meaningless,
With thee, O fount of the Untimed! to lead;
Drink they of thee, thee eyeing, they unaged
Shall on through brave wars waged.

More gardens will they win than any lost;
The vile plucked out of them, the unlovely slain.
Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed,
To stature of the Gods will they attain.
They shall uplift their Earth to meet her Lord,
Themselves the attuning chord!

Johnson would have no difficulty in tearing that to pieces as nonsense; and he would scoff all the louder could he be told that the poet who wrote it was never tired of laughing at man for his excesses, his want of sense, and never tired of declaring that "measure, the mood of the lyre, the rapturous lyre," was wisdom. We of the twentieth century, for whom every month since August, 1914, has given the strange words new truth and new urgency, may find it, perhaps, worth while to remember that, though rest and refreshment in the walled garden are delightful, there are more bracing regions outside it. In these days, faith in the possibilities of man—the very belief in man's power to make anything decent or tolerable of life on earth—are at stake. It cannot be done in the eighteenth century way; it is too late. We have before us, not a walled garden to cultivate, but a whole world to build anew out of ruins. Yet once again man must pick himself up and try whether he cannot do better. And perhaps, after all, the truest refresh-

ment will be found, not in the consoling orderliness of a polite retirement, but out in the wind on the heights with the obstinate adventurers.

The Times.

ON HAVING A GOOD TIME.

A servant-girl of eighteen, accused the other day of stealing fifteen pounds from her mistress, was reported by the detective who arrested her to have said: "Never mind, I have had a good time, and I would do it again if I had the chance. I have traveled all over England, and have visited, among other places, Carlisle, Swindon, Bath, Cardiff, and Newport. I have stayed at the best hotels everywhere." According to the brief account of the trial which appeared in the newspapers, the girl's mistress "said she still thought the girl had some good in her, but the missionary said he had seen her, and she was quite impenitent." It is difficult not to feel a certain sympathy with the girl who claimed the right to have a good time. It is difficult not to take sides with her as she turned an unrepentant face on the missionary. One is conscious of so many hours in one's own life that have been ordered by the desire to have a good time. And one knows how brazenly one would have retorted if a missionary had tried to spoil the taste of it. Possibly, if one had been poorer, one would have thirsted for change and sensation and adventure still more fiercely. Hooliganism, indeed, has been explained as a symptom of this thirst as it is felt in mean streets. If life becomes sufficiently dull, one may be driven to assault one's fellow-creatures in order to amuse oneself. One must be interested or die. If one cannot interest oneself in what are regarded as virtuous things, one will have a good time in some other way. "Satan," says the poet, "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." One must be busy about something. It is not given to one man in a million to loll into virtue. Stevenson once wrote "An Apology for Idlers," but his theory of idleness was not a theory of lolling, but a theory of refusing to live according to the gospel of the shopkeeper. He protested that the life devoted to gain was a poorer thing than the life devoted to pleasure, and who can deny that if one is going to live greedily, it is better to be in the fields than on a stool? But in his own person he bravely accepted the pains as well as the pleasures of life, and he found happiness in the use of all his energies, not in luxuriating among good things. He has contended somewhere else that the artist's life is essentially a form of luxury—so much so that he had no sympathy with artists who complained that the public neglected them. In his eyes the artist was the man who was having the best time in the world. He was the epicure of sensations, the child with the whole earth for its nursery, the pampered lover of colors and music and words. Much has been done since Stevenson's day to turn the artist into a missionary, and he is now no longer a divine playboy, but a preacher from texts. Perhaps he was always a mixture of these apparent opposites. But, unlike Stevenson, he has usually boomed himself to his times as a good citizen. Moliere desired to be thought a reformer as well as an entertainer, and so, of all people, did Congreve. They did not like to admit either to themselves or to their neighbors that they were chiefly bent upon having a good time or even on giving other people a good time. The philosophy of the good time, as a matter of fact, is instinctively rejected by everyone who has the slightest social

sense. The only logical philosopher of the good time whom the records mention is Jack Horner. He is a sufficiently representative figure, but, though he has ten thousand secret followers, he founded no school.

It is among children that the most audacious apostles of the good time are to be discovered. Every child takes its right to happiness for granted. It regards the day as something specially designed for its enjoyment of games and things to eat. It takes the world no more laboriously than a circus. The most serious thing that can happen to it almost is that some one else should anticipate it by taking the cake on which it had set its eye, or that some one else should lay hands on the toy with which it wished to play. Most unwillingly it sees its right to a good time limited by the insistence of others upon similar rights. In some cases it bawls for its good time until it gets it, and, if it gets it often enough, grows up an object of detestation to man and beast. Theories vary as to what is the best method of exorcising the passion for a good time out of the breasts of children. It was the custom for centuries—at least in Christian countries—to use the method of torture, whether the torture of anecdote or of punishment. How many children have been horrified out of their wish to have a good time on Sundays by a narrative concerning an old man who broke the Sabbath and was put in the moon for his sins! How many have by the terrors of Hell been taught not to indulge in a natural appetite for stealing! How many others have been persuaded by similar terrors to deny themselves the extreme pleasure of calling a weaker brother a fool. Thus does a congregation of pains and penalties quickly displace the clouds of glory that are a child's birthright. The cautionary tales of these days have become less nightmarish, and Struwwelpeter has largely taken the place of the nursemaid's handful of coals gathered from Hellfire to burn the love of pleasure out of infants' bosoms. But even today, no doubt, thousands of Christian mothers, like the savage mothers of Africa, are busy inventing lies all day long in order to teach their children to tell the truth. Some of the moderns, on the other hand, say that if only you leave children alone they will discover for themselves the necessity of confining their claim to a good time within decent bounds. Perhaps it is simply that they learn that the social way of having a good time is preferable to the individualist way of having a good time. But that just makes all the difference. It is not merely a change from a lower to a higher kind of epicureanism. It is a recognition of the claims of other people. It is a recognition that must be made sooner or later in the life of every human being who is not to grow up a madman or a criminal. If one does not admit these claims, it is difficult to see what objection can be found to robbery or murder or arson, except on the score of the trouble they involve. If one has the right to a good time, regardless of the convenience of others, then one has the right to make away with a millionaire in order to lay hands on the means of happiness, and Nero was justified, if he did it, in setting fire to Rome in order to enjoy the blaze. "O, for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts!" exclaimed Keats in a famous sentence. The Neros and Caligulas, the emperor-philosophers of the good time, assiduously practised that faith, and was there not another Roman who, when a friend casually remarked that he had never seen a man killed, immediately ordered that one should be slain in his presence in order that so natural a curiosity should be gratified? If the right to a good time is unlimited, this is the logic of it. The child that blows out frogs for its amuse-

ment, if it learns no better as it grows older, will ultimately acquire a taste for stronger sensations, and the sufferings of men and the ruin of cities will be to it as toys for its delight.

If we instance the baser rather than the more charming ways of having a good time, it is because, if once the principle of a good time is admitted, a door is opened for the one as well as for the other. There is no way of defining a good time as the aim of life which will enable one to deny the right of Bluebeard himself to do as he will. Epicurus defined pleasure in terms of virtue, but the thief and the lecher have the right to complain that such a definition is arbitrary, and to redefine the word in terms of their pet vices. As a matter of fact, experience teaches us that the man who deliberately goes after happiness as the sum of all good, seldom turns to the philosphers, or goes and sits under a tree to contemplate the absolute. He seldom writes a fine lyric, or saves his country, or even becomes a useful urban councilor. The very business men cry out upon him. They boast that for their part they never entered a theatre till the age of sixty. They refuse to regard their passion for wealth and their passion for power as a mere greediness for pleasure. They know in their bones that they must not admit the right to pleasure or their clerks will begin to rob them and their workers will idle them into the bankruptcy court. As a result they have invented a gospel of duties, which, in the form in which they preach it, is almost more repulsive than the opposite. They claim one-sided loyalties, and they inveigh against the degrading indolence of savages and tramps who live on much the same principles as those on which the rich man wishes to see his wife and children living. Civilization is corrupted with this three-faced gospel of power for oneself, pleasure for one's family, and duty for other people. At the present time little enough is heard of the gospel of universal pleasure. The war has broken in upon the good time of Europe, and any citizen capable of bearing arms who claimed exemption on the ground that he had a right to a good time and that service in the field would gravely interfere with it would be regarded as an eccentric. Everybody has discovered in a year that the right to have a good time is no longer a right, but is more in the nature of a concession on the part of destiny and society when nothing important is at stake. Society is compelled in self-defense to build up an idea of duties as contradictory of the good-time sort of philosophy as Christianity itself. "Ye are not your own," says the Christian, and in practice society denies that either a man's life or his liberty is his own, except in so far as it is to the advantage of the State. Society, no doubt, grants its privileges unevenly, and it will continue to do so until men begin to think in a less muddled way about rights and duties. It is so easy to make a theory of duties applicable only to subjects that it has been popular even in tyrannies. It is so easy to frame a theory of rights which refers only to oneself or to one's own country or class that nearly all of us do it. It is the business of good Europeans to think out a philosophy of duties and rights which will apply to the lords of the earth as well as to servant-girls whose idea of having a good time is to visit Cardiff and Swindon. Then, perhaps, Europe will begin to have a good time as a result of being wise enough to think about something else. For, *pace*, the servant girl, there is no surer way of missing a good time than by aiming at it, and no surer way of getting it than by not troubling one's head about it.

The New Statesman.

MY RUSSIAN HOUSEHOLD.

There are certain things which are always engraved upon one's memory. The recollection of my first visit to the dentist is equally as vivid as my first ball, and I class, as midway between the two in thrills, painful and pleasant, my first attempt at housekeeping in Russia.

Institutskaia 16 was an enormously high building for Kieff. Had it stood at the top of the steep street instead of nestling modestly at the bottom, it would have made an imposing landmark with its seven stories of gray stucco crowned with a green roof. As it was, it instantly attracted the eye of the newcomer, while Kievans dubiously shook their heads over its stability. Nothing of that height, they averred, could possibly be safe, and when I spoke of having seen houses of forty, and even of fifty, stories in New York, they looked politely incredulous and changed the subject. Therefore, from their standpoint, I was fortunate in having a flat on the ground floor, so that, when the whole building tumbled into the street as it undoubtedly would, I should not have far to fall. My windows looked out on the green slopes and shady horse-chestnut trees belonging to a large girls' school across the way, and also afforded a vision of Miska, the isvostchik, who had constituted himself my exclusive property ever since I had first been weak enough to succumb to his charms. Miska was very small, and his horse—a gray trotter—was very large. It was with enormous difficulty that Miska was ever able to pull him up, and I was usually landed half a mile or so beyond my destination. But that was of small moment. Was not "Sinitza" (Titmouse)—a singularly inappropriate name for the great gray monster—the fastest horse in Kieff, and could not Miska challenge any driver in the Krestchatik to a race, and win? The fact that the "Angliskaya Barinya," seated in the swaying cab which closely resembled a small sitz-bath, was praying him to stop in four languages, at once, merely added to the joy. He would turn half round on the box, his padded coat making him look like a tub, and cry, "Look, Barinya! That boastful d'mitri, with his black Lastotchka (Swallow), has given up. My beautiful Sinitza is the king of the road!" "Miska," I would say sternly on descending, "this must stop. I shall never take you again." Then his snub nose would pucker with the incredulous grin which wreathed his face, as he would reply, "Ah, Barinya, you are too kind to little Miska to do a thing like that." And, sure enough, there he would be outside my window the next morning, just at the time he knew I should make my appearance at the door.

If Miska had no fear of my lasting wrath, Dunia was equally courageous. Dunia was my cook. She was as round as a ball, as wrinkled as an old glove, and as expert with her wood fire and mysterious earthenware pots as many a haughty chef. On her head she wore a peculiar structure, rather like a fez swathed in folds of linen. I never saw her without it and am inclined to think it served at night as well as day. She was never idle. Hour after hour she would sit on a stool cutting, mixing, and beating the countless ingredients which go to make Russian cooking a thing of delight to the eye as well as to the palate. That Dunia was very firm—in moments of irritation I called it the obstinacy of a mule—I was soon to learn. Each morning I would invade her kingdom with a bulky book of recipes under my arm, and the following dialogue would ensue: "Good

morning, Dunia." "Good morning, Barinya." "Dunia, I think that to-night we will have a spinach soup with those little pirozki of pastry I like so much. The fish I leave to you, and afterwards I want shashlik and a cauliflower and puree of beetroot, and whatever sweet you care to make." Dunia would seize her fez-turban with both fat hands and press it firmly on to her head. This was always a sign of opposition. "Does the Barinya really want spinach soup and shashlik? In this warm weather a little cold sucking pig in aspic to begin with, and then iced soup and then chicken Kavkaski with French beans, and an ice to follow." It was no use to argue: Dunia had made up her mind and persistence merely brought forth the solemn assurance that no spinach was to be had, that the mutton was tough, and that cauliflowers were out of season. It only remained for the vanquished one to put a good face on it and consent. Nevertheless Dunia enjoyed our morning meetings and her round face grew sad, if by any chance, I had no suggestions to make which she could skillfully oppose.

The remainder of my permanent "staff" was composed of Domna. She was as young and slim as Dunia was old and stout. In the mornings she walked cat-like over the polished floors with bare feet, her yellow hair swinging in a braid on her shoulder. By luncheon-time however her hair was coiled in a neat knot, while beneath her rustling white apron gleamed the latest Polish-American monstrosities in the shape of shoes with bulging toes and perilously high heels. Domna was a country girl, and it would have taken a far harder heart than mine to subdue her naive enthusiasm. "Ay, ay!" she would exclaim, on seeing me dressed for an evening party, "How magnificent you are, Margarita Karlovna! What a beautiful blue gown! And blue slippers also! How I wish my mother could see you!" She would reverently touch a fold of my skirt with one finger and then stand back, with hands clasped, to get the full effect. It was embarrassing, but complimentary. Her admiration was entirely genuine. Far from looking upon us as her employers—people who paid her for whatever amount of service she saw fit to give—we were her father and mother, for much of the feeling of the old serfs was ingrained in Domna, and she chatted to us or to our visitors with the same childish freedom which marked the favored "souls" in the days before 1860. She was a most engaging maiden and so, it was evident, thought Ivan the dvornik.

Our Ivan must have come of a long line of dvorniks, he had so absolutely the correct manner. His carefully tended brown beard and mustache partially concealed a firm mouth, which rarely broadened in a smile. His eyes, bright and brown, saw everything, even when he was tipped back in his chair reading the *Kievlanin*. He was always courteous, always informative about trains, boats, and country excursions, but I felt that one could never take a liberty with Ivan. Domna however did not share my awe. I often heard his laughter from the direction of the kitchen, and, if I was quick enough, I could usually see him, rather flushed, retreating hastily to the main hall. One day Domna rushed into my sitting-room, her face distorted with grief, and flung herself at my feet in an attitude of supplication. "Oh, Margarita Karlovna, may I have a dog?" she sobbed. It was such an unusual request and preferred in such an unusual manner that I was speechless. Domna sobbed out her story. It was Ivan's dog's puppy and Ivan was going to kill it, so she had slapped his face and taken the puppy into the kitchen, feeling sure that I should not object to the new tenant until Dunia had as-

sured her that I most certainly would. Hence the grief and the attitude. I decided to see the cause of this upheaval and we adjourned to the kitchen. Without doubt it was the ugliest puppy which had ever seen the light of day, and that it could do only imperfectly, for it had but one eye. The other eye was pink rimmed and its tail was long and snaky, while its feet indicated that it would grow to the size of a calf. Its coat was muddy brown, with a few white spots which gave it a moth-eaten look, but its amiability was extraordinary and even Dunia surveyed it with sheepish affection. After that, Domna and her "Kniaz" (Prince) were inseparable, and Ivan's voice was not heard at the kitchen door for days. I fancy he could forgive everything but that slap in the face.

The only person who did not fall a victim to the charms of Kniaz was Anastasia Phillipovna Yablonska, the laundress. This was due to the fact that Kniaz enjoyed beyond all things swinging on her short woolen skirt as she bent over the washtubs. But Anastasia was a very holy woman, so she did not say "Chort!" as Dunia did when he bit her ankles, but she blamed him for every broken button and every torn ruffle. Anastasia was far older than the cook and should have worn spectacles, but she considered that if the good God saw fit to take away her eyesight it was impious to remedy the matter. The result was rather disastrous for her employers, but that affected her not one jot. Also, we all knew that if we gave her no more work she would resign herself to starvation with the same placidity with which she scorched our best table linen, so we were all obliged to suffer her holiness with what composure we could muster. Anastasia only troubled me with her sacred presence two days in the week, so I never considered her one of the household, any more than Anton who lighted the fires in the porcelain stoves, or the two youths whose names I never knew, who appeared each Tuesday for a few hours. Their sole mission in life was to polish floors, and this they did with their bare feet thrust through the straps of brushes, sliding and slipping about until the boards shone like glass.

We were all very happy in spite of occasional misfortunes—such as the time when Kniaz shot under the feet of the apoplectic gentleman who occupied the position of chief censor, and sent him into the street in an unexpected position. And in the middle of our happiness came the telegram which called us home to England. I shall always remember the night of our departure. Ivan's brother and understudy loaded our luggage upon Miska's cab, and crowned it with his own stout person in spite of Miska's protestations; Domna and Dunia, weeping, called down upon us the blessings of St. Nicholas, St. Christopher, and St. Alexander, while Kniaz chased his own tail and was in the way of everyone. For ourselves a two-horse cab was waiting, and we dashed along the streets of Kieff a little saddened, greatly touched by our farewells and yet looking forward to the sight of England. We passed Miska and his burden, and caught snatches of his wordy argument with his stolid companion about overweight luggage. His was the last friendly face we were to see, and he gazed from us to the substantial tip in his grimy paw and cried with real sincerity, "Come back soon to Kieff! Miska will be waiting." Good lad! I trust that by now he is Sergeant Miska, with the cross of St. George above his faithful heart.

Mrs. Alan Lethbridge.

CHINA AND THE OPEN DOOR.

Because of the diplomatic problems which it may soon present, the condition of China demands our attention, even amid a world-war. Civil strife in an undeveloped country of immense potential wealth commonly leads to foreign intervention, and the whole future of the Far East may hang on the question whether this intervention can be postponed until the war is over. In the one event the greater part of China may fall under a species of Japanese protectorate; in the other, such regulation as might be necessary from outside would be international, and might with good guidance preserve at once the self-government of the Chinese people and the principle of equal opportunity for foreign trade.

The internal struggle in China is curious and interesting, but it raises as yet no question which stirs our sympathies or calls for our interference. It is, as we read in the recent history of China, a contest between two factions, which represent between them only an infinitesimal portion of the people of China. The Republicans may have in their ranks some elements that are promising and disinterested, but their enlightenment is as yet crude, superficial, and imitative, and their propaganda has not yet stirred the vast inert mass of the nation. Yuan-Shih-Kai, on the other hand, clearly possesses great practical capacity, but we know too little of his recent record to decide whether his lack of scruple in such matters as the removal of inconvenient opponents and the violation of his oath to the Constitution, is balanced by the organizing skill which might, if it had opportunity, build up an orderly and moderately progressive central government for China. We doubt whether the theoretical question between Monarchy and Republicanism is one which the Chinese are ripe to decide. We doubt still more whether really presents itself. Yuan as Emperor can hardly be more autocratic than he was as President. Until the Chinese create some kind of national army, their semi-brigand levies, with adventurers at their head, will always be for sale. A true Republic is incompatible with a virtually mercenary army. The actual issue in China is, and has always been, between centralization and the local independence of the provinces. Yuan stood, whether as President or Emperor, for central rule from Peking. The real force of the Republican movement resides, not in any democratic theory, but in the separatist tendencies of the provinces, especially those of the South.

It is possible that a loose federal structure may be the system best suited to the genius of the Chinese race. It is certain, however, that only a closely-knit unity can give to China the necessary strength to resist the pressure of foreign penetration. If Yuan be, indeed, the man who can organize unity, his success might be a subject for temperate satisfaction, even though it should involve some present loss of political freedom. China stands, as we read her case, near the hour of a tragic decision. She has virtually lost all her outer provinces and dependencies—Korea, Mongolia, Manchuria, and Thibet; but as yet the true China of the Chinese is intact. The ferment of Western ideas and modern education is actively at work, and a generation may suffice to convert her into a powerful independent nation, with a profoundly original "culture" of her own, modified but not destroyed by foreign influences. It matters very little whether her period of evolution is broken by revolutions and counter-revolutions, or whether it proceeds under a Monarchy or a nominal Republic. What does matter to China and the world is that, in the interval of hopeful and promising confusion, the menace of foreign rule and foreign partition should be avoided.

Our own civil con-foreign partition should be avoided.

There is no mystery about the aims of Japanese policy. They were avowed in the claims presented after the fall of the German fortress of Tsing-tau. Japan then demanded, in addition to many economic concessions, the exclusive right to appoint military, financial, and political advisers and instructors to the Chinese Government. That was a demand for the recognition of a Japanese protectorate over China, and though it was eventually withdrawn, it revealed with sufficient frankness the direction of Japanese statesmanship. A spokesman of the Japanese Government has recently laid before a select American audience proposals for a working understanding. The "New Republic" has summarized his speech, which frankly avowed "Japan's intention of controlling the economic development of China." American capital would be welcome, and some share of the profits would go to America. But Baron Shibusawa made it clear that Japan "proposes to exercise as much political authority in China as she needs to make her economic position secure," and that she reserves for the United States only "a minor share of the resulting trade, power, and responsibility." If these are the aims of Japan, they make for us a political problem second only to those of the war itself. No one would dispute the natural claim of Japan to a great influence in China, or to a large share in promoting her economic development. But it cannot be forgotten that her share is already recognized by her annexation of Korea and her predominant position in Manchuria. When she proposes to go further and to penetrate China proper, two questions arise: our treaty obligation to maintain the reality of Chinese independence, and our own economic interest in the maintenance of the open door. We hardly suppose that even if the civil confusions of China were to enable Japan to establish herself formally at Peking as the protecting Power, she would go so far in the first instance as to impose a tariff which would favor her own exports and exclude ours. The methods of modern commercial Imperialism are rather more subtle than that. It works by obtaining for itself a monopoly of "concessions." It builds the railways, digs the mines, founds the factories and the workshops, and controls the banks of a "penetrated" country. When it has the political administration, the credit system, and the production of a country in its grasp, it can with ease control the market. Our exports might still enter the Treaty Ports freely, but the Chinese market would meanwhile have been captured by the produce of local factories and workshops owned and directed by Japanese syndicates.

To a policy of this kind there are two possible alternatives. The traditional reply would be to mark out "spheres of influence," within which we and other Western Powers would claim a monopoly of our own in "concessions." Russia might advance from the North and the West, and France from the South, while we should struggle to maintain our old claim upon the Yangtse Valley. The rest of China, in that event, would fall to Japan. Such a policy would be fatal in the first place to Chinese independence. It would inevitably turn the very elements of the Chinese nation which desire to absorb Western civilization into anti-foreign nationalists. It would present the gravest risks of dissension among the Powers before their "spheres" were satisfactorily delimited. It would compel us, finally, in self-defense, to adjust our policy to the maintenance of a local monopoly for the benefit of our own finance, with consequences repugnant to all of us who wish that British influence in the world should follow aims more human and

more democratic than this sordid rivalry for exclusive economic opportunities. We desire neither a Japanese monopoly in China as a whole, nor a British monopoly in the Yangtse Valley. But if one Power is allowed to begin earmarking of monopolies, it will be impossible to hold back the rest from the rush to secure something before the whole field is appropriated. The alternative, to our thinking, must be an honest attempt to internationalize all natural monopolies in China. If the whole railway system were unified, the share of the various national groups of financiers in its capital might be allotted on an agreed ratio. A similar process could be followed in regard to the mines. In no other way can rivalry be avoided and China protected from the territorial claims which inevitably follow when any single Power is allowed to engross the big capital undertakings of a single district. The first concern of our diplomacy must be at all costs to stave off any foreign intervention while the war lasts. Its second task must be to think out, in concert with France and the United States, some constructive policy of the Open Door.

The Nation.

THE LECTURE.

"Francesca," I said, "will you do me —I mean, will you accept a favor from me?"

"If," she said, "your Majesty deigns to grant one there can be no question of my accepting it. It will fall on me and I shall have to submit to it."

"Well," I said, "it's this way. You know I'm going to—a-hem!—deliver a lecture at Faringham next Monday?"

"I gathered," she said, "that you were up to something from the amount of books you were piling up on your writing-table. Besides you've been complaining of the ink a good deal, and that's always a bad sign."

"Hadn't I mentioned Faringham and the lecture?"

"You had distantly alluded to something impending and you had looked at the A. B. C. several times, but it stopped at that."

"How careless of me!" I said. "I know I meant to tell you all about it."

"You didn't make your meaning clear. It's all part of the secretiveness of men. They tell one nothing and then they're offended if we don't anticipate all their movements."

"We will," I said, "let that pass. It is an unjust remark, but I will not retaliate. Anyhow, I now inform you formally and officially that I am going to Faringham on Monday in order to deliver a lecture on 'Poetry in Its Relation to Life,' before the Faringham Literary Association. It is one of the most famous Associations in the world and has a large lecture-hall capable of seating one thousand people comfortably."

"But why," she said, "did they ask *you* to lecture?"

"They must," I said, "have heard of me somewhere and guessed that I had wonderful latent capacities as a lecturer. Some men have, you know."

"Well," she said, "let's hope you're one of that sort, and that you'll bring all your capacities out on Monday. Aren't you nervous?"

"No," I said, "not exactly nervous; but I shall be glad when it's well over."

"So shall I," she said. "The ink will be gradually getting better now, and there won't be so many troubles about the A. B. C. being mislaid."

"No book," I said, "was ever so much mislaid as that. I put it down on the sofa two minutes ago and it has now vanished completely."

"It has flown to the window-seat," she said.

"Ah," I said, "and if we give it two minutes more it will fly into the dining-room."

"Never mind," she said; "there shall be A. B. C.'s in every room till you depart for Faringham. That's poetry."

"But it has no relation to life," I said. "It is not sincere, as all true poetry must be."

" 'At this point," she said in a quoting voice, " 'the lecturer was much affected, and his audience showed their sympathy with him by loud cheers.' Will there be much of that sort of thing?"

"There will be a good deal of it," I said with dignity. "The lecture is to last for an hour exactly."

"A whole hour?" she said. "Isn't that taking a mean advantage of the Faringham people?"

"They," I said, "can go out if they like, but I must go on. Francesca, may I read the lecture to you, so as to see if I've got it the right length?"

"So that's what you've been driving at," she said. "Well, fire away—no, stop till I've fetched the children in. You'll have a better audience with them."

"Need those innocent ones suffer?" I said.

"They are young," she said, "and must learn to endure."

The consequence was that all the four children, from Muriel aged sixteen, to Frederick aged eight, were fetched in and told they were going to have a treat such as few children had ever had; that they were going to hear a lecture on "Poetry in Its Relation to Life"; that they must cheer loudly every now and then, but not interrupt otherwise, and that there would be a chocolate for each of them at the end. In addition, Frederick was told that if he felt he really couldn't stand any more of it he was to leave the room very quietly, and that this wouldn't interfere with the chocolate. Thereupon the lecture started. At the end of the seventh minute Frederick rose, bent his body double and tiptoed out of the room. He was a great loss, for, as Muriel remarked afterwards, he represented two hundred of the audience of a thousand. The rest, however, stuck it out heroically, and danced for joy when it came to an end in one hour exactly. Frederick was afterwards discovered writing poetry on his own account in the schoolroom. As an illustration of the far-reaching influence of a lecture I may cite two of his stanzas:—

Summer is coming,
Then the bees will be humming,
Birds will be flying,
And girls will be buying,
And boys will be running;
Oh, hail! Summer is coming.

Summer is coming,
Then the fox will be cunning,
And all will be glad,
And none will be sad,
And I hope none will be mad,
And I hope none will be bad;
Oh, hail! Summer is coming!

This may be premature and, as to the fox, incorrect, since he requires but little cunning in the summer; but there is a good Browning flavor about it which redeems all errors.

R. C. Lehmann.

THE FATE OF THE LANDED GENTRY AFTER THE WAR.

When I look at War Bargains in *Country Life*, or turn over the racy pages of Cobbett's *Rural Rides*, I ask myself: What will be the fate of

the British land-owner after this war?

When hard times came upon the Irish land-owner he was saved, or partially saved, not by his own exertions, but by the employment on what was considered a very great scale of British capital. The total Irish land stock outstanding is just over 90 millions. But British capital is now being employed at the rate, it seems, of 160 millions a month on war and destruction. And the longer the war goes on the less public credit will remain for any new purposes such as the relief of what used to be called the privileged classes. During this war British and Irish agriculture has indeed been very prosperous, considering the serious and ever-increasing shortage of labor, due to a ruthless (and must we add an unreflecting?) enlargement of the Army, undertaken as it seems in defiance of common sense and without reference to the vital needs of industry, transport, shipping and finance.

During the Napoleonic wars agriculture from the landlord's point of view was far more prosperous than it is today. The rent roll of England was probably doubled, that of Scotland was far more than doubled* between 1795 and 1815. Unfortunately for the landlords, in most cases their standard of living and their extravagance kept pace with their rents. It was a period of luxury, as well as of dissipation and corruption. Grand houses were built, and there was a plentiful demand for good pictures. After 1815 the price of wheat, which had risen frequently during the war above 100s. a quarter, dropped sharply; and, though it continued to fluctuate wildly, the fluctuations were at a much lower level. Consequently a vast amount of land which it had been profitable to cultivate returned to waste. "The fall in the price of corn at the end of 1815," to quote Spencer Walpole's "History of England," "deprived the farmers of all probability of profit; and farms in every part of the kingdom were thrown out of cultivation." It was estimated by the Board of Agriculture that in one year the rent roll of English landlords fell by one quarter—from 36 to 25 millions, sterling. Farmers, in fact, were ruined in all directions, and when farmers are ruined landlords cannot prosper. Moreover, all over the country pauperism had been increasing fast. In 1775, the total poor rates were only about £1,700,000. At the end of the wars with Napoleon they were over six millions. In many rural parishes most of the inhabitants were paupers. In some the rates exceeded the rateable value. Consequently, while the farmers' rent had risen, their contributions to poor rate had also greatly increased. Thus landlords were thrown into great distress all over the country; but they were able to find two remedies, as they had an overwhelming majority in Parliament. The first remedy was a very high protective tariff for corn known as the Corn Laws, which lasted down to 1846. This kept the price of corn in ordinary times far above its natural level, and made cheap food impossible. Under the Corn Laws white bread was a luxury which the agricultural laborer could seldom afford. The Corn Laws undoubtedly accounted in a large measure for a long series of famines in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Scotland, for rick burnings, for Luddite disturbances, and bread riots, which led to the Reform Bill of 1832, then to Poor Law and municipal reforms, and finally to the repeal of the Corn Laws by Sir Robert Peel in 1846. Thus poverty engendered by the Corn Laws produced the political discontent and the political reformation which destroyed them. But the distressed landlords—and they really were distressed by the ruin of so many thousands of farmers in 1816 and 1817—had another remedy, name-

*From £2,000,000 to £5,278,000.

ly, the repeal of the income and property tax, which was levied at a flat rate of 2s. in the £ on all incomes over £200 a year, with abatements on incomes over £60 to £200. As soon as the war was over the House of Commons, overruling the Government of the day, insisted upon an immediate repeal of the income tax, and also a reduction of the malt duty. These measures made relief of the taxes on consumption (the principal cause of the pauperism of the poor) a fiscal impossibility. But in spite of these measures a very large number of old landed proprietors disappeared. Many fine estates, especially in the South of England, were sold to successful stock jobbers. Many aristocratic families were forced to economize severely. "Luxuries were disused; and works of art, which a few months before had been regarded as priceless treasures, were disposed of for less than a tenth of their value. Two Claudes, which had been bought three years previously for a thousand guineas each, were sold by auction in April, 1816, for 70 and 80 guineas respectively."* But neither can the landlord of today look back to the long run of prosperity which his predecessor of a century ago had enjoyed, nor does he possess control of Parliament. No doubt pictures and curios of all sorts can and will be sold at good prices for export to the United States, Holland, Denmark, and other countries which have prospered during the war. But an over-taxed squire cannot hope for a reduction, much less for an abolition of the income tax. Lord Inchcape, one of our shrewdest men of business, has been speculating in the City on the possible need for adding 50 per cent to our present war taxation after the war is over. Upon that assumption I shall not be accused of pessimism if I advise the country gentleman to anticipate an income tax ranging, according to his income, from four or five to perhaps nine or ten shillings in the pound. His rent roll may have improved a little since the war, but unless he can cultivate business habits he is not likely to get back much of the war burden from his tenants when peace lowers prices. The prospect of even a modest corn law is not very good, for the taxation of food is unpopular with the great mass of the voters. If the Socialists get control they may find Mr. Lloyd George or another Mr. Lloyd George to tax land in earnest. Mr. Lloyd George, in an interview with a newspaper man, has just declared that after the war, "this country, so far from being impoverished, will be richer in everything that constitutes real and true wealth." I am afraid I am too dense to be able to attach any meaning to this. A man who has a £5 note and burns it may be spiritually richer after it has gone up the chimney in smoke; he may feel morally stronger; he may want to work harder; but he will not be wealthier. After this war the nation will be taxed to the hilt to pay the interest on a dead weight debt, running up to 2,000 or 3,000 or 4,000 millions.

From all this my first conclusion is: large country houses, and especially places whose upkeep is costly, will be thrown on the market; and it is not likely that there will be enough "War Profiteers" about to buy them at anything but "bargain" prices. Many great estates will probably be broken up and sold to the tenant farmers, who should be in a position to buy at moderate prices.

F. W. H.

*Spencer Walpole's "History of England." Vol. I, chapter 5.

The Economist.

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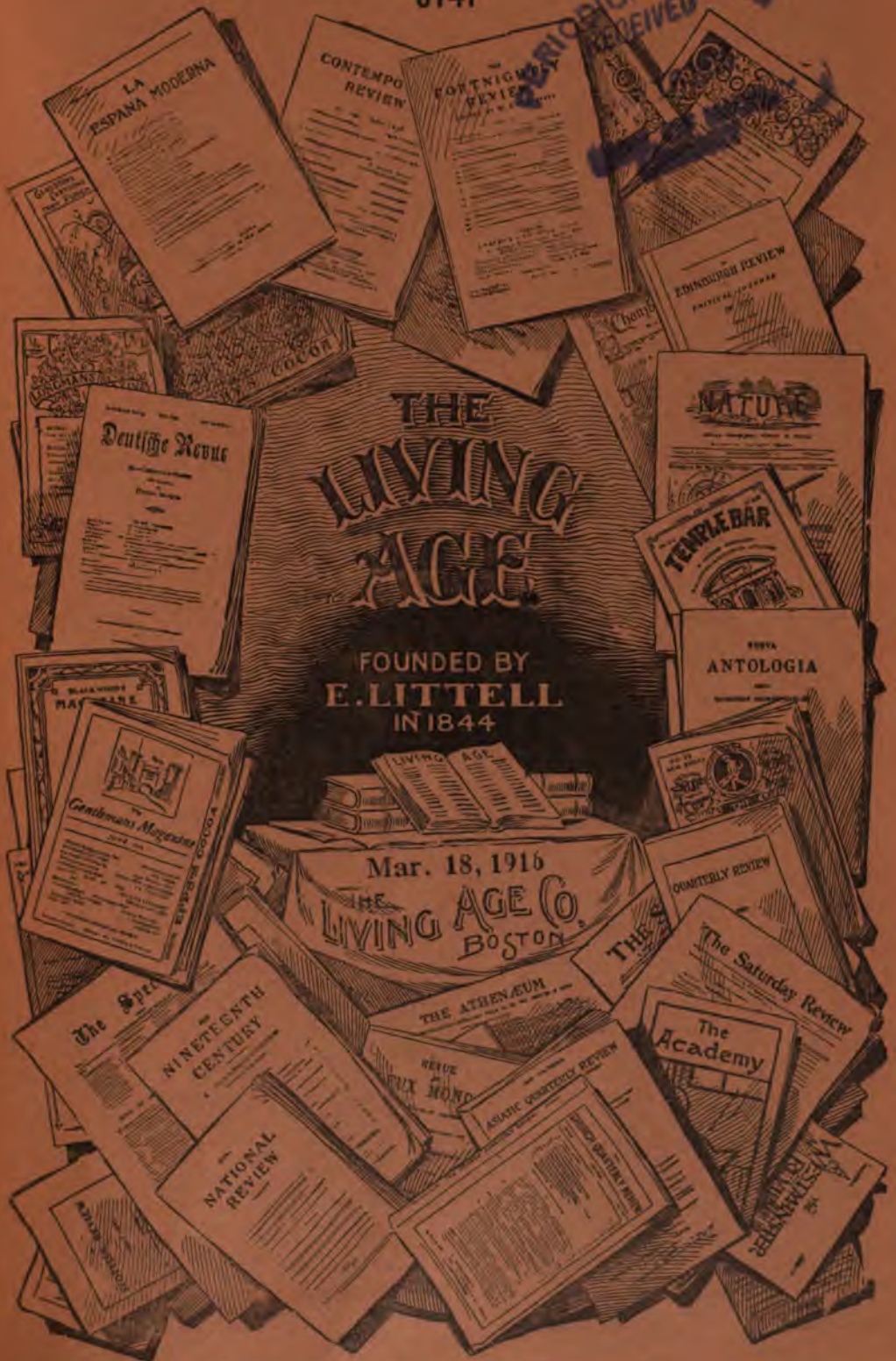

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THE AMAZONS

They fill the fields in mighty throng,
Their spirits loosed by anxious sleep;
Their careworn souls are borne along
Across far lands and stormy deep.

There is no battle hardly won
In which a hero plays a part,
And falls to bullet, sword, or gun,
But bleeds with his a mother's heart.

The shrapnel shell, the bayonet thrust,
Which sends the soldier boy to rest,
And lays high hopes low in the dust,
Deep wounds some watching woman's breast.

No battle pride nor glorious stir,
No wild red charge her will upkeeps,
But tears and care, and pangs for her;
She prays and suffers, longs and weeps.

She gets no honors or reward,
Such gauds are issued to her boy;
But in her love she can afford
Him, comrade of her fights, the Joy.

Richard A. Crouch.

Gallipoli, November 25, 1915.

The Saturday Review.

PROGRESS, 1914–15.

"Lo! I am athirst," said the brown earth,
"And I would drink my fill."
"Have I not slaked thee," cried the gray skies,
"From river, stream, and rill?"

"I would have wine," said the hot earth,
"Red wine from hearts afire."
"Lo! thou shalt arise," cried the fierce sun,
"Clad in a new attire."

"My fruit abundant," said the fair earth,
"As never seen before."
"Gladly shall I bear," cried the proud tree,
"That ripe and luscious store."

"My cloth so radiant," said the vain earth,
"Shall wrap me in its sheen."
"Deeply shall we weave," cried the slim grass,
"In tender gold and green."

"Lo! I am athirst," said the hot earth,
"And I would quench my fears."
"Then thou shalt taste," cried the young maid,
"The bitter sweet of tears."

"Have I not held them," said the old earth,
"The dead unto my heart,"
"Under my white robe," cried the chill wind,
"So a new spring should start."

"Men must pale and die," said the black earth,
"So men may rise and live";
"And I was born thus," cried the great town;
"In blood they slew to give."

"Grant to me red wine," said the brown earth,
"Else do I droop and tire."
"As in the great past," cried the pale hills,
"We drank of hearts afire."

"In war have I grown," said the fierce earth,
"Man against his brother."
"Death's sheaves have fed thee," said the green woods,
"Beast slaying one the other."

"I have built my state," said the proud earth,
"In strife and foul dissension";
"Thy church uprising," cried the gray rocks,
"From blood and hot contention."

"Lo! I am athirst," sighed the brown earth,
"Grant me red wine to spend"
"As it was in the beginning," said the great hills,
"And shall be to the end."

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

The Nation.

NEUTRAL COUNTRIES AND SEA COMMERCE.

THE AMERICAN NOTE OF NOVEMBER, 1915.

In spite of its length and the mass of technical detail involved, the main issues raised by the American Note of November, 1915, are fairly clear. Careful examination of the facts, of statistics and of precedents will no doubt be necessary before an official and authoritative reply can be sent, and probably this may take some time, especially as the Foreign Office must at present be overburdened with urgent business of the utmost importance. The Note is no doubt important from the ethical and political as well as the legal and practical point of view, but for the present it is well, for Englishmen at least, to confine themselves to the legal and practical questions which may affect the action to be taken in the immediate future. We may leave it to the men of highest character in the United States, whose names are known and honored here, to deal with the ethical side, with the moral questions involved in the attitude of the United States Government during the present war.

It is important to examine what the issues between the two Governments really are, and to call attention to the principles involved.

At the outset it is necessary to clear our minds from the irritation which naturally arises when a number of claims are urged on matters which, though important in themselves, appear trivial in comparison with the issues at stake in the tremendous conflict in which we are engaged—a life and death struggle to save mankind from the domination of a Power which, by its acts, denies the very existence of Right or Justice. These claims are so various, the arguments in support of them so involved, as to suggest that the authors of the Note put in everything which happened to occur to anyone who was concerned with the matter. One is reminded of the deputation which put forward a number of "planks" for a political "platform" to a young parliamentary candidate—still under the illusion that political questions were to be considered on their merits. After dealing with several he came to one of which it was difficult to discover the real meaning. He tried to ascertain exactly what was meant, and why the proposal was put forward, and obtained the answer, "We really do not know; we put it in because some of our people wanted it, and we thought it would do no harm. We will go on to the next question."

The two main positions taken by the framers of the Note appear to be: first, that the exercise of belligerents' rights and in particular the decisions of their Prize Courts ought to be regulated and controlled by the rules of International Law which particular enactments of one State cannot override; second, that it is the right, even the duty, of a neutral State to insist as far as possible on the observance of these rules. To both these propositions, if rightly understood and fairly applied, full assent may be given. It is necessary, however, with regard to the first to add the proviso that the appeal is to be made to the real fundamental principles of International Law which, like every system of jurisprudence, must treat decided cases as illustrations of the application of principles. New and different conditions make it necessary from time to time to modify the subsidiary rules. The system must be capable of growth

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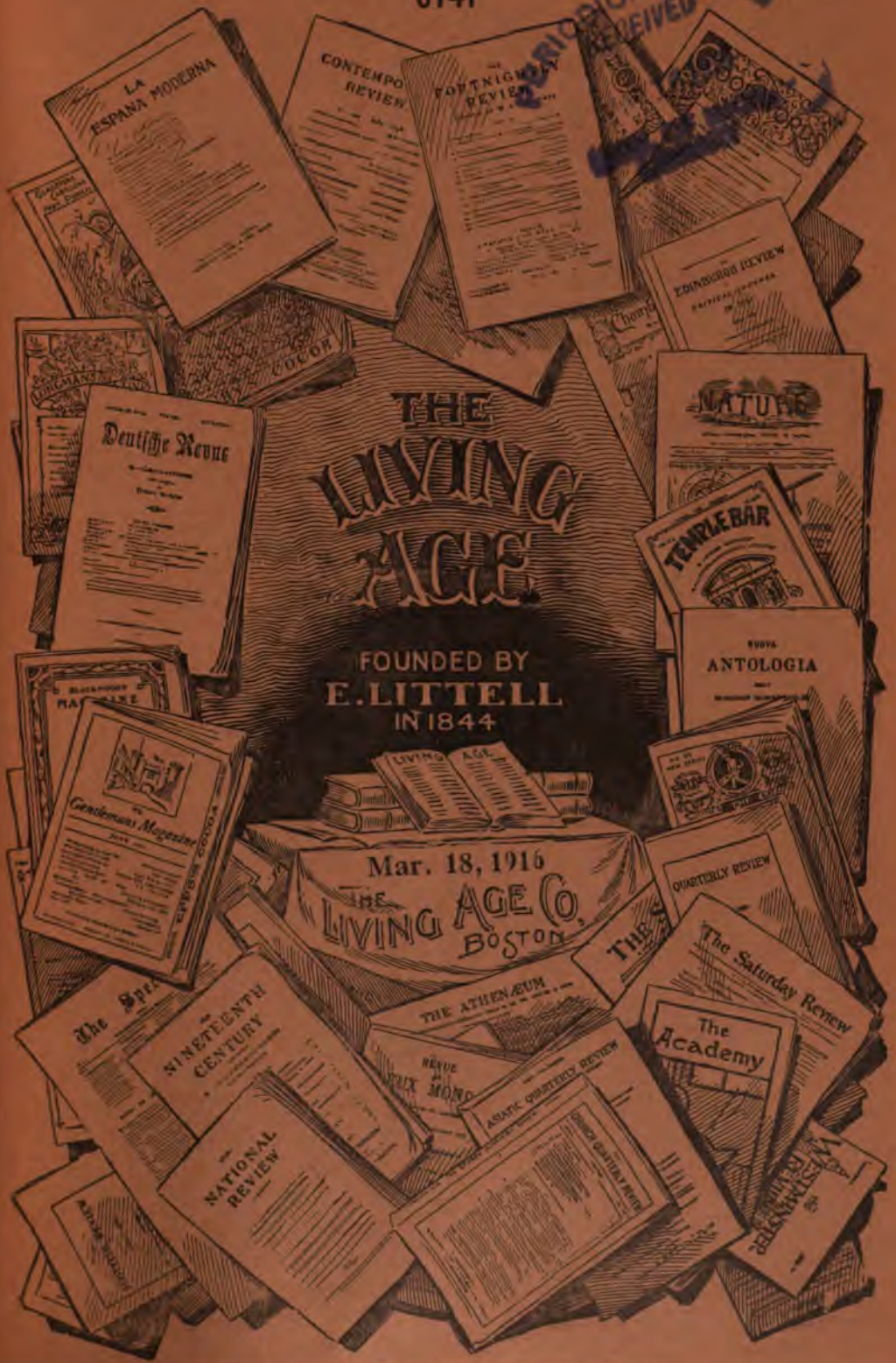

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any persons in the enemy country who are actively engaged in fighting or in the preparation and transport of munitions. It is no doubt right that some thought is given to neutrals of the risk they run in exporting such articles overseas; but the real question is: are the articles in question as matter of fair inference from all the facts of the case likely to be used by the enemy country for the purpose of aiding it in carrying on the war?

Dealing with the first three of the specific complaints above recited, it is hardly necessary to point out that the universally admitted right of a belligerent to stop contraband would be meaningless unless the belligerent were entitled to take the steps necessary to make his right effective. Until the vessel suspected of carrying contraband has been stopped and searched it is frequently impossible to obtain full proof of the essential facts. To make an adequate search without taking the vessel into port may be quite impracticable. The most dangerous goods are often carefully packed and concealed. We have heard of munitions in piano cases, explosives labeled as "pickled cucumbers." Under present conditions, or at least under the conditions existing a few weeks ago, an attempt to keep the vessel on the open sea while a full search was made would involve danger not only to the property but to the lives both of searcher and searched. A submarine might torpedo the warship engaged in the search and send it and its crew to the bottom. If the search is to be effective it must under modern conditions be made in port, and common humanity demands that it should be so made. The third complaint is matter of procedure. Provided there is no unnecessary delay, what reason can there be for excluding any relevant evidence with regard to the goods or their real destination? Why should not both sides be at liberty to put forward everything which will enable a just decision to be given in accordance with the true facts?

The fourth and fifth complaints raise questions of great practical importance. It may at once be admitted that the stopping of contraband proceeding from neutral countries and the prohibition of exports from this country are intimately connected. In some cases the export of certain articles from this country is prohibited to ensure the maintenance of our supplies of commodities required for carrying on the war or for supporting our population. With this neutrals have nothing to do. The other reason for prohibiting exports is that the prohibited articles, if consigned to neutral countries, may be sent on to the enemy and aid him in prosecuting the war. It seems clear that the list of articles of which the export is prohibited to neutrals in countries which are able to pass them on to the enemy ought to include all those which it is proposed to treat as contraband, and that, if licenses for the export of any such articles to those neutrals are granted, it should only be under conditions at least as strict as those which are imposed with regard to goods passing oversea in neutral vessels. No export should be allowed to any traders in the neutral country who are in the habit of exporting goods to the enemy; no export should be allowed except to known consignees, and guarantees should be required that those goods will not be exported to the enemy. As regards articles that are really vital to the enemy for helping him to prosecute the war the greatest strictness should be observed. The use to which each article can be put, its potential military value, and the conditions of trade relating to it, must be carefully considered.

There are, however, some commodities, such as mere luxuries, about which it is unnecessary to be particular.

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At the outset it is necessary to clear our minds from the irritation which naturally arises when a number of claims are urged on matters which, though important in themselves, appear trivial in comparison with the issues at stake in the tremendous conflict in which we are engaged—a life and death struggle to save mankind from the domination of a Power which, by its acts, denies the very existence of Right or Justice. These claims are so various, the arguments in support of them so involved, as to suggest that the authors of the Note put in everything which happened to occur to anyone who was concerned with the matter. One is reminded of the deputation which put forward a number of "planks" for a political "platform" to a young parliamentary candidate—still under the illusion that political questions were to be considered on their merits. After dealing with several he came to one of which it was difficult to discover the real meaning. He tried to ascertain exactly what was meant, and why the proposal was put forward, and obtained the answer, "We really do not know; we put it in because some of our people wanted it, and we thought it would do no harm. We will go on to the next question."

The two main positions taken by the framers of the Note appear to be: first, that the exercise of belligerents' rights and in particular the decisions of their Prize Courts ought to be regulated and controlled by the rules of International Law which particular enactments of one State cannot override; second, that it is the right, even the duty, of a neutral State to insist as far as possible on the observance of these rules. To both these propositions, if rightly understood and fairly applied, full assent may be given. It is necessary, however, with regard to the first to add the proviso that the appeal is to be made to the real fundamental principles of International Law which, like every system of jurisprudence, must treat decided cases as illustrations of the application of principles. New and different conditions make it necessary from time to time to modify the subsidiary rules. The system must be capable of growth

and adaptation to new circumstances if it is to be a living thing. The spirit quickeneth, the mere letter is dead. In the case of International Law in particular, circumstances change so much between one war and another that it is most essential to distinguish between what is permanent and fundamental and what is based on the special conditions existing at the particular time when the cases put forward arose.

The second proposition—that it is the right of the neutral to use pressure to secure the observance of law by belligerents—must be subject to the proviso that such right involves the duty of putting pressure on all belligerents alike to observe rules and agreements and still more to abstain from acts which are outrages on common humanity.

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2. The taking of vessels into port for examination instead of searching them at sea.

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In examining these claims and contentions it is desirable to rely exclusively upon the principles of International Law, and to assume that any municipal enactments which contravene those principles cannot alter the rights of neutrals.

So far as the present controversy is concerned the fundamental principles of International Law may be stated as follows:

It is the right of a belligerent country which has naval forces sufficient for the purpose to arrest and to examine vessels and cargoes where there is reasonable suspicion that those cargoes are intended and destined for an enemy country and are of such a character as to be likely to assist its naval and military forces in carrying on the war. If the articles are in themselves of such a character that from their nature it is to be expected that they are required for warlike purposes (*e. g.* ammunition) they may be treated as absolute contraband and, if destined for the enemy country, may be condemned to forfeiture

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THE AMAZONS

They fill the fields in mighty throng,
  Their spirits loosed by anxious sleep;
Their careworn souls are borne along
  Across far lands and stormy deep.

There is no battle hardly won
  In which a hero plays a part,
And falls to bullet, sword, or gun,
  But bleeds with his a mother's heart.

The shrapnel shell, the bayonet thrust,
  Which sends the soldier boy to rest,
And lays high hopes low in the dust,
  Deep wounds some watching woman's breast.

No battle pride nor glorious stir,
  No wild red charge her will upkeeps,
But tears and care, and pangs for her;
  She prays and suffers, longs and weeps.

She gets no honors or reward,
  Such gauds are issued to her boy;
But in her love she can afford
  Him, comrade of her fights, the Joy.

Richard A. Crouch.

Gallipoli, November 25, 1915.

The Saturday Review.

PROGRESS, 1914–15.

"Lo! I am athirst," said the brown earth,
"And I would drink my fill."
"Have I not slaked thee," cried the gray skies,
"From river, stream, and rill?"

"I would have wine," said the hot earth,
"Red wine from hearts afire."
"Lo! thou shalt arise," cried the fierce sun,
"Clad in a new attire."

"My fruit abundant," said the fair earth,
"As never seen before."
"Gladly shall I bear," cried the proud tree,
"That ripe and luscious store."

"My cloth so radiant," said the vain earth,
"Shall wrap me in its sheen."
"Deeply shall we weave," cried the slim grass,
"In tender gold and green."

"Lo! I am athirst," said the hot earth,
"And I would quench my fears."
"Then thou shalt taste," cried the young maid,
"The bitter sweet of tears."

"Have I not held them," said the old earth,
"The dead unto my heart,"
"Under my white robe," cried the chill wind,
"So a new spring should start."

"Men must pale and die," said the black earth,
"So men may rise and live";
"And I was born thus," cried the great town;
"In blood they slew to give."

"Grant to me red wine," said the brown earth,
"Else do I droop and tire."
"As in the great past," cried the pale hills,
"We drank of hearts afire."

"In war have I grown," said the fierce earth,
"Man against his brother."
"Death's sheaves have fed thee," said the green woods,
"Beast slaying one the other."

"I have built my state," said the proud earth,
"In strife and foul dissension";
"Thy church uprising," cried the gray rocks,
"From blood and hot contention."

"Lo! I am athirst," sighed the brown earth,
"Grant me red wine to spend"
"As it was in the beginning," said the great hills,
"And shall be to the end."

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

The Nation.

NEUTRAL COUNTRIES AND SEA COMMERCE.

THE AMERICAN NOTE OF NOVEMBER, 1915.

In spite of its length and the mass of technical detail involved, the main issues raised by the American Note of November, 1915, are fairly clear. Careful examination of the facts, of statistics and of precedents will no doubt be necessary before an official and authoritative reply can be sent, and probably this may take some time, especially as the Foreign Office must at present be overburdened with urgent business of the utmost importance. The Note is no doubt important from the ethical and political as well as the legal and practical point of view, but for the present it is well, for Englishmen at least, to confine themselves to the legal and practical questions which may affect the action to be taken in the immediate future. We may leave it to the men of highest character in the United States, whose names are known and honored here, to deal with the ethical side, with the moral questions involved in the attitude of the United States Government during the present war.

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by the regular prize courts of the belligerent who seizes them. If the articles in question are of such a character that they can be used either for peaceful or for warlike purposes (*e. g.* food), and if the circumstances show that they or a substantial part of them are in fact destined to be used for the military or naval forces of the enemy, they may on that condition be condemned as conditional contraband. In either case forfeiture may be incurred, even though the commodities are consigned to a neutral country, if the whole circumstances of the case show that they are in fact destined for the enemy and intended to be forwarded to him.

It is impossible to settle beforehand at any period a list of articles which shall in future wars be treated either as absolute or conditional contraband, or of those which are to be excluded from such liability. The question depends on the state of scientific knowledge at the time and on the conditions under which the war is carried on. Two years ago it was not contemplated that a belligerent would use poisonous or asphyxiating gases in carrying on war. Can it be urged with any show of reason that articles likely to be used for the manufacture of such gases ought not now to be placed on the list of absolute contraband and condemned if intended for the enemy country, whether passing to it directly or through a neutral country, although only a few months ago it might have been thought that the articles in question were not capable of any such use? A few years ago the use of air planes in war did not appear to be a serious question. Can it now be said that articles suitable for use in the construction of air planes ought to be allowed to pass to an enemy as non-contraband?

Is it to be contended that articles which are now being used for most deadly purposes are not to be treated as contraband because at some former time, when no such use was contemplated as possible, it had been held that they were innocent? The attempt to restrict by definite convention the commodities which may be treated as contraband in future wars by an agreed list of specific articles is absurd on the face of it. International Law, in order to be adequate as well as just, must have regard to the circumstances of the times, including the circumstances arising out of the particular situation of the war or the conditions of the parties engaged in it.

This statement is specially important in dealing with the question of conditional contraband. If a war were being carried on in the Far East between the expeditionary forces of two European countries, foodstuffs in transit from neutrals to those countries might as a rule be treated as non-contraband and free from seizure. It is different where whole nations are in arms, where the whole country is adjacent to, if not actually the scene of, military operations. It has been well said by distinguished American jurists that

> In a war in which a nation is in arms, where every able-bodied man is under arms and is performing military duty, and where the non-combatant population is organized so as to support the soldiers in the field, it seems likely that belligerents will be inclined to consider destination to the enemy country as sufficient, even in the case of conditional contraband, especially if the Government of the enemy country possesses the right of confiscating and appropriating to naval and military uses the property of its citizens or subjects of service to the armies in the field.

In the present war it would be a sound application of the fundamental principles of International Law to treat as contraband any materials or any foodstuffs which are likely to be used to make munitions, or to support

any persons in the enemy country who are actively engaged in fighting or in the preparation and transport of munitions. It is no doubt right that notice should be given to neutrals of the risk they run in exporting such articles oversea; but the real question is: are the articles in question as matter of fair inference from all the facts of the case, likely to be used by the enemy country for the purpose of aiding it in carrying on the war?

Dealing with the first three of the specific complaints above recited, it is hardly necessary to point out that the universally admitted right of a belligerent to stop contraband would be meaningless unless the belligerent were entitled to take the steps necessary to make his right effective. Until the vessel suspected of carrying contraband has been stopped and searched it is frequently impossible to obtain full proof of the essential facts. To make an adequate search without taking the vessel into port may be quite impracticable. The most dangerous goods are often carefully packed and concealed. We have heard of munitions in piano cases, explosives labeled as "pickled cucumbers." Under present conditions, or at least under the conditions existing a few weeks ago, an attempt to keep the vessel on the open sea while a full search was made would involve danger not only to the property but to the lives both of searcher and searched. A submarine might torpedo the warship engaged in the search and send it and its crew to the bottom. If the search is to be effective it must under modern conditions be made in port, and common humanity demands that it should be so made. The third complaint is matter of procedure. Provided there is no unnecessary delay, what reason can there be for excluding any relevant evidence with regard to the goods or their real destination? Why should not both sides be at liberty to put forward everything which will enable a just decision to be given in accordance with the true facts?

The fourth and fifth complaints raise questions of great practical importance. It may at once be admitted that the stopping of contraband proceeding from neutral countries and the prohibition of exports from this country are intimately connected. In some cases the export of certain articles from this country is prohibited to ensure the maintenance of our supplies of commodities required for carrying on the war or for supporting our population. With this neutrals have nothing to do. The other reason for prohibiting exports is that the prohibited articles, if consigned to neutral countries, may be sent on to the enemy and aid him in prosecuting the war. It seems clear that the list of articles of which the export is prohibited to neutrals in countries which are able to pass them on to the enemy ought to include all those which it is proposed to treat as contraband, and that, if licenses for the export of any such articles to those neutrals are granted, it should only be under conditions at least as strict as those which are imposed with regard to goods passing oversea in neutral vessels. No export should be allowed to any traders in the neutral country who are in the habit of exporting goods to the enemy; no export should be allowed except to known consignees, and guarantees should be required that those goods will not be exported to the enemy. As regards articles that are really vital to the enemy for helping him to prosecute the war the greatest strictness should be observed. The use to which each article can be put, its potential military value, and the conditions of trade relating to it, must be carefully considered.

There are, however, some commodities, such as mere luxuries, about which it is unnecessary to be particular.

The money spent by the enemy in purchasing such articles will be a greater loss to him than the benefit derived from the possession of the articles purchased. The cry that we must take active steps to prevent anything whatever passing over the seas to neutrals who may let them pass ultimately to the enemy is unreasonable. It would be foolish for the British Government to trouble about articles which are not either of actual or of potential military value. To do so causes irritation among neutrals and damages British trade without affecting the military resources of the enemy. Indeed, if the enemy chooses to "spend his money for that which is not bread and his labor for that which satisfieth not," why should we try to prevent it? Ladies' garters are no doubt useful articles and often contain india-rubber, but is it necessary seriously to try to prevent such articles going to a neutral country for fear they might pass on to Germany? No military purpose of the Allied Powers would be served by depriving German ladies of elastic garters, nor is it conceivable that the German Government could afford to acquire rubber for motor tires by buying up the garters. How many thousand pairs of garters would be required for one set of tires? Would it be necessary to stop a small consignment of tennis balls to a girls' school in Lausanne lest the Germans should obtain at extravagant cost a negligible quantity of rubber?

The questions which have arisen with regard to neutral trade were admirably dealt with by Lord Emmott in a recent speech in the House of Lords, which may perhaps have influence in shaping a proper policy in spite of the peculiar and almost isolated position in which the speaker was placed by the fact that he had real practical acquaintance with the subject he was discussing. If properly carried out the best plan of meeting the difficulties which arise, and of interfering as little as possible with legitimate neutral trade, is that of making definite agreements with specially constituted mercantile bodies in neutral countries, who will guarantee that the goods are required by the neutral country for its own use and will not be passed on to the enemy. Such arrangements have been made with the Netherlands Oversea Trust for Holland, and more recently a somewhat similar arrangement has been effected in Switzerland. The aim of the recent Danish agreement is the same. Whether or not that aim is carried out in the best manner is a question which it is impossible to discuss properly in the absence of fuller information than can now be given publicly. The whole question of trade with neutrals turns on the character of each article and its uses. It is neither just nor politic to interfere more than is strictly necessary with neutral trade, and it is most important to give free vent to our own export trade wherever that can be done without injuring our military interests. We may avoid Scylla and fall into Charybdis unless a clear policy is settled with due regard to all the conditions and with adequate information as to the whole circumstances. So far, however, as the specific American complaint is concerned the answer is one of fact. We have as a matter of fact interfered less with the trade of neutrals than with the trade of our own people, and the precautions taken to control British exports have in fact contributed to the development of neutral trade.

In very many cases the export from the United Kingdom is stopped merely on the ground that more than normal amounts of a given commodity have been received by a neutral country although the consignee is above suspicion and a guarantee has been offered. British traders often bitterly complain

that their legitimate trade is stopped and buyers in neutral countries are obliged to place their orders elsewhere. Goods exported from neutral countries are released much more freely.

Yet it is proved that immense quantities of articles required for use in the war are going to Germany from neutral countries. It is proved that quantities of such articles are being taken to those neutral countries over the seas, and that the amounts so taken vastly exceed the amounts which those neutral countries ever have used or could possibly use themselves. It is known that great quantities of the articles in transit are being consigned to firms which regularly export goods of the kind to Germany. What is to be done? The Germans on their part assert, by their conduct at least, that they will without warning, without examination, without regarding the loss of human life, sink any ship which they suspect may be taking goods of any kind to England. England repudiates any such action as contrary to both International Law and common humanity. The British claim is simply to stop the ship, examine the cargo and papers in the only way in which such examination can be effectively and safely made. If the cargo consists of articles of which the neutral country has already had amounts greatly in excess of its possible requirements, a *prima facie* case surely arises for further investigation. If on such investigation being made it is found that the goods are destined for a consignee whose trade is in goods required by the neutral country for its own use, and are intended to be so used, the cargo is released. But if the only reasonable inference from all the evidence is that the goods were really intended for the enemy, then the fundamental principle of International Law warrants their condemnation.

The best example of the manner in which the British Prize Court does in fact deal with these cases is given in the clear and elaborate judgment of Sir Samuel Evans in the case of the "Kim." The facts as to each consignment were carefully examined. In all cases the neutral country had received more than its normal requirements of the commodity in question, but several of the consignments were released. On the other hand, where in addition to the fact that normal requirements had been exceeded the fair inference from all the facts relating to a particular consignment was that it was not going to a *bona fide* purchaser for use in the neutral country but was really destined for the enemy, it was condemned. A denial of the right to condemn in such a case would make a farce of the established right of a belligerent to capture on the high seas goods of actual or potential military value destined for the enemy.

As regards the seventh point, careful consideration will no doubt be given by the British Government to the American claim that pilotage, wharfage and harbor dues ought not to be charged in relation to cargoes that are detained and then released. The justification for these charges depends on the circumstances of each case. If it has once been ascertained that a cargo is going to a *bona fide* consignee in a neutral country who will give guarantees against export to the enemy, it may be argued with force that the cargo should be allowed to proceed to its destination without any charge to the owner for such expenses. On the other hand, there may be doubtful cases where it is to the advantage of both parties that the cargo should be released on terms or sold rather than that the case should proceed. This is one of the matters upon which detailed knowledge of the special facts of the various cases is necessary before any definite opinion can be expressed.

The second part of the Note deals with blockade. There are two well-recognized ways in which the right of a belligerent to prevent goods going from neutrals to enemy countries can be exercised: first under the doctrine of contraband, second by blockade. Under a blockade the right to prevent goods passing to the enemy applies to all goods whether contraband or not. One port may be blockaded in an enemy country though it may not be possible to blockade all. But blockade must be impartial, that is, the belligerent must not stop the goods of one nation going to a port and allow goods of another to pass into that port.

The clear purpose of this rule is to place all neutrals on an equal footing, and the Americans complain that in effect the rule is violated because we exclude their ships from German ports on the North Sea and the Baltic, while Scandinavian ships succeed in trading with those ports. So far as the North Sea ports are concerned, it does not appear that the facts justify any complaint. So far as the Baltic is concerned, the complaint is plausible rather than convincing. It would be justified if there were any evidence that we were deliberately favoring Scandinavian trade while blocking out American trade. But the authors of the American Note know perfectly well that we are, within the limits of our power, absolutely impartial. The case of the Baltic is exceptional. Until we succeeded in sending our submarines into that sea we had no means of controlling the movements of ships within it. To argue that we ought on that account to abstain from controlling the commerce that crosses the open sea is more ingenious than ingenuous.

It may, however, be admitted that the kind of blockade which the British Government has established does give rise to numerous technical difficulties. Many of the difficulties could have been avoided if we had not hampered ourselves with the Declaration of London. There is reason to suspect that the Declaration was welcomed in some quarters as a partial substitute for an adequate navy. Apparently the conception was that this country was to maintain a perpetual neutrality and to make profit by supplying goods to any countries that happened to be at war with one another, regardless of the possibility that our command of the sea might have to be used as the main weapon of offense and defense in a war of our own. The country has now been told that the Declaration of London is dead. Do not let us continue to cumber ourselves with its corpse.

Lastly, the Note appears to claim that the Prize Courts of a belligerent country are not a proper tribunal to deal with the questions which arise with regard to the seizure and confiscation of ships or cargoes. This claim is directly at variance with the practice established in the past. The rule was clearly stated by Lord Stowell and has been recognized ever since that "questions of prize have always been matters of the domestic jurisdiction of the captor's country." Such a rule is essential in time of war if the rights of seizure which a belligerent has are to be effectively exercised at all. At the same time it is equally clear from the same high authority that "the Court is bound to administer the Law of Nations to the subjects of other countries in the different relations in which they may be placed towards this country and its Government." If the tribunals of a belligerent country disregard this principle, if in fact it is their practice to decide cases in a manner which contravenes the fundamental principles of International Law, a case arises for diplomatic intervention.

The English Prize Courts do not claim to act, and have not as a matter of fact acted, in contravention of any

such principles. Lord Stowell always appealed to them; Sir Samuel Evans has worthily followed in the footsteps of his great predecessor.

It is impossible to contend that the procedure of the English Courts has not been directed with scrupulous fairness to discover the truth and do justice between the captors and captured. Anyone reading the recent as well as the older decisions will be struck by the care taken to note every fact tending to show that any particular consignment was really intended for a particular consignee to be used in a neutral country, and how, where such facts were proved, the cargoes were regularly released. On the other hand, wherever a cargo was condemned, it was on the fundamental principles of International Law that the condemnation was justified.

The jurisdiction of the Prize Courts and the power of the captor's country to regulate their procedure cannot be given up. It is possibly true that an English Prize Court would be bound by an Order in Council even if that Order were at variance with the principles of International Law. If such a case should arise the matter would be one to be settled by diplomacy; but no such case has arisen. Our Courts have not in fact given, and are not likely to give, decisions contrary to the true principles of International Law. It is to these they regularly appeal. American decisions are cited and weighed carefully in the judgments that have been pronounced. The Court has held the scales of justice with even hand. Facts do not support the contention that the English Prize Courts are so fettered by Orders in Council that they cannot do justice to neutrals.

To sum up, it may be suggested that the following propositions cover all action which it is necessary or desirable for this country to take in the exercise of its naval power:

1. A belligerent may stop on the high seas goods which are in fact destined for the enemy and are of such a character as to be likely to be used to aid him in carrying on the war, even though the goods are in the first instance consigned to a neutral country.

2. The belligerent must prevent his own subjects from exporting such goods to neutrals in a position to pass them on to the enemy, unless a proper guarantee can be obtained that the goods will be exclusively used by the neutral and none of them exported to a belligerent.

3. It is useless and indeed undesirable to trouble to prevent the enemy from obtaining from a neutral any goods, which by their nature cannot really aid him in prosecuting the war.

The American Note ends with the declaration that the

> task of championing the integrity of neutral rights which have received the sanction of the civilized world against the lawless conduct of belligerents, arising out of the bitterness of the great conflict which is now wasting the countries of Europe, the United States unhesitatingly assumes, and to the accomplishment of that task it will devote its energies.

England may assuredly welcome that declaration and await the fulfilment of the task. The war was begun by the most flagrant violation of the rights of neutrals which the world has ever seen. It was to fulfil a pledge given to a neutral State that England entered on the war as a united nation and has sworn to continue the war until the outraged neutral has been restored to its independence and received redress for its wrongs. We recognize the unique position in which the United States is placed, by its immense population, its gigantic wealth, its remoteness from the present sphere of warfare, to play the part of champion of neutral rights. Are we to learn that the un-

provoked and sudden invasion of a neutral country, the destruction of its historic buildings, the massacre of its old men and children, the violation and mutilation of its women, are matters of less importance to the champion of neutral rights than the observance of juridical technicalities or than the possible loss of a few extra profitable war contracts? It is for America and America alone to decide what course is consistent with her own honor and dignity.

Let us at any rate recognize a Monroe doctrine with regard to the American conscience. England has no need to plead that in fulfilment of a pledge to protect the neutrality of a weaker State, as well as to preserve her own existence, she is engaged in a struggle taxing her resources to the utmost, that she has set her hand to the task she will never abandon until independence is restored to Belgium, until its exiles can return to their homes and its people enjoy security from outrage. By her own sea power she will protect her shores, and by that power she will continue to take measures to protect, not only her own vessels and the lives of her own citizens, but also those of neutral countries. She will continue the struggle to the end with inflexible determination, and meanwhile will be prepared to discuss calmly and judicially—as though 'twere but "a pretty case of paltry legacies"—the claims put forward by the United States, proposing only a reasonable interpretation and application, as adapted to present conditions, of the principles of International Law.

Postscript.—This article was already in print before the issue of the very important White Paper which appeared in the press of January 5th. That Paper will enable the country to understand better the purpose and general success of the steps recently taken by the Government as regards German export and import trade as well as the difficulties which had to be met. It may be worth pointing out that if the argument above stated is sound, all that the British Government has done can be justified under general principles without reference, as regards the rights of neutrals, either to the Order in Council of March, 1915, which is challenged by the United States, or to the special law relating to blockade in the technical sense, the rules of which the United States alleges to have been broken. A reasonable and indeed necessary development of the law of contraband to meet conditions existing at the present time is all that is required. However, the essential fairness of the action taken and the careful consideration shown for the rights of neutrals will be clear, on whichever ground the British policy is justified. It may be said generally that the maximum injury to the enemy's fighting power with the minimum of inconvenience to neutrals has, on the whole, been secured by the measures recently taken.

Alfred Hopkinson.

The Edinburgh Review.

ART AFTER THE WAR.

Among the many hopes that are to be realized through the present clash of arms is that of a new birth to art in all its forms. As in the political life of the nations, so also in the artistic, a great flux is taking place. The tendencies are manifold, nor does anybody know for certain whither this or that is leading. Yet there is a general feeling that the evil will fall away whilst the good will evolve into maturity. The students of politics and the social order

are already busy with plans for reconstruction when the day of peace shall have arrived. And a similar activity must be shown by the masters in art if they are to save their precious heritage.

The purpose of the following essay is to suggest at least one leading principle, the acknowledgment and application of which is to help in the discrimination of the chaotic elements. It will indeed be a sort of selective principle in the genesis of the new spirit of beauty.

The principle is this, that all art is sacramental. There is an outward sign and an inward beauty. Let both live together, and they will be fruitful. Divorce them, and they both become barren.

Perhaps the question may be more clearly stated with reference to the sphere of music. There, at any rate, the problem is felt more acutely. In the sister art of poetry ideas are expressed by conventional signs which we call words. But in music the ideas must be expressed by natural signs, by signs composed of sounds indicating in a natural way, more or less distinctly, the thought to be expressed. Consequently the language of music is generally less intelligible than the language of poetry. Hence the acute controversy between musical æsthetes.

Walter Pater, in his essay on "The School of Giorgione" points out that, whilst each art has its own peculiar sensuous charm and its own special mode of reaching the imagination, yet each may be observed to pass into the condition of some other art. There is a kind of overflow from one art to another. No art can be an adequate substitute for another, but it may lend to it new forces. A poem and a picture may serve to illustrate and amplify each other. A drama or a symphony may lend to each other additional strength and clarity.

This is only another way of saying that a man has five senses, and that he normally uses them in harmony with each other. He hears a theme being worked out in musical composition and he tries to make a pictorial representation of it. Where one sense is definition another sense seeks spontaneously to supply the defect. A man sees the hard limitation of pure form in sculpture and seeks to supply the natural complement of color.

And because the language of music is so natural, so near akin to the thoughts which are expressed, the distinction between the matter and form of music is less apparent than in the other arts. The distinction between the ideas in a poem and the artistic form of a poem is very clear. So also the distinction between the subject of a picture and the spirit of its treatment. But it is the aim of art to conceal this distinction. *Ars est celare artem.* And the concealment is most completely accomplished in the art of music. Hence Pater derives the startling conclusion that "all art constantly aspires towards the condition of music." All the other arts tend to overflow their limitations and to flow in the direction of music.

"It is the art of music," he writes, "which most completely realizes this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of form and matter. In its ideal consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression, they inhere in and completely saturate each other, and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. Music, then, and not poetry, as is so often supposed, is the true type or measure of perfected art."*

Out of this very quality and perfection of the art arises the controversy as to the merits respectively of concrete and abstract music.

*"The Renaissance," p. 144.

It is true that the evolution of music, let us say from Palestrina to Beethoven, has been an evolution from the more concrete to the more abstract. It is true also that in the evolution of the work of individual masters there has been an evolution from the concrete to the abstract. But always, everywhere and by everyone up to the time of Beethoven the need was felt for the two elements, the concrete and the abstract. Beethoven stands at the crossways. He had found the due equipoise between the concrete and the abstract, for whilst he chose such concrete themes as Napoleon for the "Eroica" symphony, and Floretan and Fidelio for the "Leonora No. 3" overture, it was always the inner impressions which he wished to produce, and always through the medium of a definite and intelligent scheme of design.

If we take Beethoven as having made the due equipoise, then we must take Brahms as the composer who exaggerated everything in the direction of the abstract. Sir Edward Elgar, in his lectures at the Birmingham University, claimed that the Third Symphony of Brahms was the very height of musical art, because of the absence from it of any pictorial or literary idea. It was, he said, simply a piece of music which called up a certain set of emotions in each individual hearer. That, to his mind, was the height of music. When music was simply a description of something else it was carrying a large art somewhat further than he cared for. He thought music, as a simple art, was at its best when it was simple, as in this case. He protested against people when they heard a Beethoven symphony calling up all sorts of pictures, which might or might not have existed in the composer's mind.

In contrast to Brahms there is Strauss. He exaggerates in the direction of the concrete. Hitherto the Kaiser, affecting to be a purist, strongly disapproved of him. But lately, being in need of something pictorial and spectacular for the people, he commands Richard Strauss. A grand march is wanted. It must begin with mourning and lamentation and end with triumph and victory. It is just the theme for the composer of the Domestic Symphony. The rattle of the sabre can be musically reproduced even as the rattle of cups and saucers.

Nevertheless the artist in music finds out that he cannot afford either to minimize or abolish either the matter or the form in his art. See, for instance, how Elgar, in spite of his conviction about the Brahms symphony, habitually calls in the use of the pictorial. "Cockaigne" and "In the South" are but series of small musical descriptions. The "Enigma Variations" is a collection of musical portraits, the score of which is dedicated "To my friends pictured within." The "Froissart" overture is a picture taken from a speech of Claverhouse in "Old Mortality." The prelude to "Gerontius" and the introduction to the Second Part of "The Apostles," are musical pictures of what is to be afterwards told in literature and music combined.

Amongst the rest of the moderns the defect created by the divorce of matter from form is supplied in various ways, and with very varying degrees of success and failure.

Before proceeding to enlarge on the foregoing statement let me say precisely what I mean by the word form.

The common charge brought by the academic party against the moderns is that their music is formless. The moderns reply by asking for a definition of form. Then the opposing parties discover that they each have a different notion as to what form consists in, or that modern music does possess some kind of form.

Hitherto form was understood to be that relationship between the parts of

a piece which made them one complete whole. Now obviously all the works of Debussy have perfect form according to this definition. Yet the works of Debussy are classed as formless by the academics, or are set aside as vague and meaningless. Clearly then another element is wanted in the definition. What the traditional composers really meant by form was that *intellectual* relationship between the parts of a piece which made them one complete whole. In this sense Debussy may be said to be vague and almost formless. But then he has another bond of unity which gives all his pieces the character of completeness and unity. This is what is known as atmosphere or color or feeling. So surely is it a matter of course that no one who is not possessed of a deep and sensitive feeling ought ever to attempt to play Debussy's music. A very high degree of technique is also required, but mere technique is useless.

Further, the executant who will play Debussy must utilize the sacramental principle. If he merely tries to imitate the lines of "The Sunken Cathedral" or the play of "The Wind upon the Plain" he will fail miserably. These outward signs must signify some inward beauty which must be reproduced through the outward signs. Nay, the Prelude *L'apres-midi d'un faune* may be taken to summarize all the beauty and all the defect of Debussy's writing. It enkindles the feelings and the imagination, leaving room for the generation of untold inward beauty not thought of by the composer. Yet its vagueness blurs the lines of beauty. Color is not an adequate substitute for line.

Definite line is indeed more or less needful for the expression of color. Matter cannot be intelligently manipulated without form. And the neglect of this truth has made possible the position of such a charlatan as Schonberg. The only form he possesses is the vague meandering of his own impulses. The only matter he possesses is the discord of sounds thrown together anyhow. If there is any method in the madness it is the method of deliberately repeating a peculiarly disagreeable interval or combination. When one continually hears something which is unexpected and at the same time disagreeable one can grant that there is some sort of idiom present. But it is an idiom confined to the one composer. When in ordinary life a man speaks an idiom peculiar to himself, understood only by himself, we say that he is in need of treatment.

Of course there is a definite relationship betweeen any one sound and any other. But that is not the point. The point is whether such relationship is perceived by the mind of the composer or his hearers. The essential difference between Debussy and Schonberg is that in the one the relationship is at least implicitly perceptible, whilst in the other it is not. Hence Debussy has a beautiful method of expressing his graceful thoughts, whereas Schonberg has nothing worth saying, and only hideous noises with which to say it.

Clearly then, the first principle which needs recognition in the controversy between program and absolute music, between the academic and the modern, is the principle of sacramentality. We seek for a due equipoise between the spirit and the letter, between the inward grace (or beauty) and the outward sign, between the matter and the form. When we have found this then we shall have a rational and artistic basis from which to set out in the quest of new tonalities, new forms, new colors, new graces.

The same principle, too, will enable us the better to understand the relationship between the different arts. The yearning of one art for another (*anders-streben*), the tendency of an art to

reach beyond its own limitations, the power of an art to illustrate another, all this is explained by the sacramental principle. A man's spirit is one whilst his senses are five. A spiritual beauty is capable of indefinite expression. Love, courage, pathos, and tragedy can be uttered in literature, painting, sculpture or music. According to the capabilities of the artist, he will choose his own proper medium, but his idea or emotion will be apt for indefinite illustration through the medium of other arts.

Poetry, considered as the silent written word, tends first and chiefly towards the art of painting. As the reader ponders over the poetic description he forms an image in his mind, but this image is capable of more definite delineation through the aid of the pictorial art. The poem creates an inward beauty in the soul, but the external sign of the written word is not adequate to it. The supplementary sign of a picture is wanted for a due equipoise.

Let us take as an instance the following passage from the *Vita Nuova* of Dante:

Then Love said "Now shall all things be made clear,
Come and behold our Lady where she lies."
These 'wildering fantasies.
Then carried me to see my Lady dead,
Even as I there was led.
Her ladies with a veil were covering her;
And with her was such very humbleness,
That she appeared to say "I am at peace."

This was Dante's poetic narration of the dream which he had on the day of Beatrice's death. There is full and clear line in it. It succeeds as only such a great poet could succeed, in exciting a deep emotion and spiritual conception. The reader may read the lines again and again, deriving a clearer expression and making a deeper impression each time. Still there is an exigency for the pictorial art.

In this case the picture has been provided by Rossetti. It represents a chamber of dreams, where Beatrice is lying on a couch, having just passed from life to death. Love appears as an angel leading Dante by the hand. Dante is still asleep and dreaming and Love is pointing an arrow and an apple-blossom at his heart. As they come to the recess of the couch Love stoops to give Beatrice a kiss, Dante having never done this in her lifetime. Two women, clothed in green, hold a pall filled with May-blossoms ready to cover the face of the dead. On the sides of the recess two staircases lead out of the chamber, in each of which a bird is seen flying, an emblem of love. Thus an abundance of detail is supplied by the painter's art, notwithstanding the fact that the art of the poet was so expressive.

More significant still is Rossetti's own poem, "The Blessed Damozel." It has the honor of having been twice illustrated by Rossetti himself, and once by Burne-Jones. The conception is one that finds a sympathy in every human heart. Two lovers have been separated by death. They look forward to that eternity, when they shall be reunited never to part again. Although faith teaches that in heaven there are no regrets, no yearnings, no unsatisfied desires, yet the same faith teaches that the blessed have a vivid appreciation of the regrets, yearnings, and unsatisfied desires of their friends on earth. This is the main spiritual truth which Rossetti visualized in his poem:

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of water stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

In his first picture Rossetti emphasizes the sure hope of reunion by painting groups of lovers in the background, happy in their perfect embrace.

Around her, lovers, newly met,
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart remembered names.
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

Yet, although he did insist upon the joy of reunion, he seems to have been more affected by the pain of longing and waiting. Hence, in his second version he omits the groups of lovers, and the yearning look in the eyes of the Blessed Damozel is accentuated. He had been impressed with the poem of Edgar Poe, "The Raven." "I saw," he said, "that Poe had done the utmost it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth, and I determined to reverse the conditions and give utterance to the yearning of the loved one in heaven."

Burne-Jones is occupied almost entirely with this aspect of the truth. The figure of the Blessed Damozel is given alone and, unlike Rossetti's, in full stature as described in the poem.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn.
Her hair that lay along her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

He realizes more intensely, too, the human and earthly element of the poem. The sense of depth and distance is more fully obtained in illustration of the lines:

Beneath the tides of day and night,
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

The fact that both artists only partially portray the truth hidden behind the poem is only a proof that the poem is fully informed with the sacramental principle.

But, again, poetry may be considered as a spoken word. You must read "The Blessed Damozel" aloud if you want to catch the beauty of Rossetti's quaint and even archaic phraseology. It is in poetry taken as a spoken word that you feel the overflowing tendency towards music. And very happily we have this very poem of Rossetti's translated into music by no less an artist than Debussy. There was a time when operas and songs were written wherein the music had no relationship whatever to the accompanying words. But now the music is made even something more than a suitable accompaniment. By due observance of the sacramental principle music tends of itself to express the inward beauty which is also expressed in poetry and painting. Doubtless the effort has frequently been carried beyond its proper limits, so that decadents are found, who out of sheer perversity want to make you see with your ears and hear with your eyes.

Debussy, however, being a true artist, is not to be numbered amongst such. His musical version of "The Blessed Damozel" strikes the due equipoise between the earthly and the heavenly elements even better than the paintings of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. True, he has the words of the poem to guide him from phrase to phrase. Nevertheless he takes liberty with them and makes only a selection. Moreover he enters into the pre-Raphaelite spirit, and quite contrary to his later works, he produces a tone-picture of minute detail. The melodic theme with which he opens finds him in one of his most characteristic moods, giving the hearer a feeling of distant mystery. After an orchestral prelude the words of the poem are taken up by a chorus of sopranos, who, in the most ethereal

and limpid tones, describe the appearance of the Blessed Damozel as she comes to the gold bar of heaven. Then the story is resumed by a narrator and a chorus respectively. Especially wonderful is the musical portrayal of the flight of the heavenly hosts, the vast number of the elect.

The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

. . . . . .

But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres.

Having risen to celestial heights in giving the hopes of the Damozel when her lover shall join her ("All this is when he comes") the composer falls back towards his cadence with the same sad melody with which he began. The Blessed Damozel is distraught with two emotions, hope quickened and hope deferred.

And then she cast her arms along the golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands and wept.

Debussy does not include the words of the lover, as the piece is only for female voices and orchestra. He suggests them, however, in a short finale, when the chorus sings one sad exclamation, "Ah!"

Naturally, it would be the musician who would first feel the affinity of music to poetry. But we also have the poet alive to the relationship. Francis Thompson, in his essay on Shelley, thus speaks of the shorter poems and lyrics:

"Here we have that absolute virgin-gold of song which is the scarcest among human products, and for which we can go to but three poets—Coleridge, Shelley, Chopin, and perhaps we should add Keats—"Christabel" and "Kubla-Khan"; "The Skylark," "The Cloud" and "The Sensitive Plant" (in its first two parts); "The Eve of St. Agnes," and "The Nightingale," certain of the Nocturnes; these things make very quintessentialized loveliness. It is the attar of poetry. . . . On the marvelous music of Shelley's verse we need not dwell, except to note that he avoids that metronomic beat of rhythm which Edgar Poe introduced into modern lyric measures. . . . He could write an anapæst that would send Mr. Swinburne into strong shudders (*e. g.* "stream did glide") when he instinctively felt that by so foregoing the more obvious music of melody he would better secure the higher music of harmony."*

Then of late there has been an art development taking place in which music is illustrated by painting. It was, I think, the artist Pamela Colman-Smith who first exhibited pictures painted direct from music.

Long ago the principle of sacramentality unconsciously made itself felt in this sphere. Again we may quote Walter Pater in his observation of the work of Giorgione. "It is to the law or condition of music, as I said, that all art like this is really aspiring, and, in the school of Giorgione, the perfect moments of music itself, the making or hearing of music, song or its accompaniment, are themselves prominent, as subjects. On that background of the silence of Venice, which the visitor there finds so impressive, the world of Italian music was then forming. In choice of subject as in all besides, the *Concert* of the *Pitti* Palace is typical of all that Giorgione, himself an admirable musician, touched with his influence."†

So,. too, Whistler doubtless chose "nocturnes" from the musical form. The characteristic effects of night-light were closely associated with the serenade and its more developed form in which the emotions of love and tenderness are represented.

*"Shelley." By Francis Thompson, pp. 65-7.
†"The Renaissance." p. 167.

The more modern artist, however, of whom I speak, paints directly from the live music. She may or may not know the title. She may be quite unfamiliar with the piece itself. Still if the piece is a definite unity the first few chords or the announcement of the theme will awaken a corresponding emotion which will give rise to an idea. The artist's brush is ready, and in a moment the idea begins to be realized on paper. And it is remarkable how very frequently the subject matter of the painting coincides with that of the music.

The mere knowledge of the title of a piece could not account for the striking similarities. Take for instance Debussy's "Sunken Cathedral." The title itself could never have furnished material enough for such a faithful pictorial representation of it as is seen in Miss Colman-Smith's masterpiece. "The water is profoundly deep. At first no form or outline is visible, as down and down, deeper and deeper you sink, without a ripple or a bubble to mark your descent. The watery green medium becomes opalescent and is troubled. A little light grows, and very far away comes the sound of a formal Tone, but heard only for a moment. In front of you the cloudiness of the water is being rolled up, as if by a wind of the underwater world. It ripples, it flows, it rushes, whilst bells peal distantly through it. Vaguely a form appears. The bells peal louder. Then the Sunken Cathedral in its Close of green weed is outlined clearly, the huge arches and the waving pinnacles. The Tone is heard again. But the pulsing of the sound gives way to a movement of the water, in which the image once more grows vague and indistinct. The Cathedral remains almost till the end, when the opalescence and shimmering of the water turns to opacity and the green coolness again supervenes, while one tall strand of weed occupies the place where once the Cathedral was seen."*

Yet in much of this artist's work there is to be noticed that one chief defect which is so evident in the musicians whom she loves best to portray. This is the absence or obscurity of the theme which is to be the foundation of design. Both the music and the painting do suggest some distant mystery. But too much is left to be filled in by the hearer or the onlooker. I do not for a moment suggest that the artist should do all the thinking for his audience. On the contrary, I hold that he should stimulate them to think. But in order to do this he must provide them with real matter for thought.

To illustrate clearly what I mean we may take three tone-pictures all having the same theme: M. Ravel's "Jeux d'eau," M. Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau," and the Abbe Liszt's "Jeux d'eau a la villa d'Este." No one can say of Ravel's work that it is a mere imitation of the play of water-spouts. It is a poetic and highly artistic tone-picture exciting similar emotions which an artist or poet might feel on contemplating the play of ornamental fountains in some beautiful garden. But the soul of the hearer, whilst delighted for the time being, never gets higher than sense and emotion. The same also may be said of M. Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau." It is a sheer delight—to the emotions and the senses. And those who hold that this is the end of music had better keep to the impressionist artists. On the other hand the opening phrases of the work of the Abbe Liszt are merely descriptive. But then just after the materialistic description there appears a sublime motive, intensely spiritual in its nature, a motive which is intended to utter the spiritual truth embodied in the words of St. John's Gospel: "But

*From the forthcoming volume of Miss P. Colman-Smith, "Music Drawings," with Notes by Rowland Thurnam.

the water that I will give him, shall become in him a fountain of water, springing up into life everlasting." True, the words are given as a prefix to the work. But then the idea is there, and is expressed by the music. The sacramental principle is realized in a fair equipoise of matter and form, of expression and design, of spiritual truth and its material utterance.

The art, however, in which the greatest transformation is taking place is the art of the dance. The Russians are responsible for it, especially their great genius Nijinsky. And the transformation is due almost entirely to a recognition of the sacramental principle. Nijinsky has proved to the world that the dance is not merely a rhythmical series of pirouettings, leaps, and steppings on tip-toe. He has shown that it is the revelation of immaterial beauty through the medium of the material body.

It is pathetic to think of what the word "ballet" stood for before the Russian revival. So bad are the associations of the word that I was almost afraid to introduce the subject into this article. Yet after all the dance was distinctly religious in its original significance. It was invariably associated with religious mysteries. "And David danced with all his might before the Lord." And why? Because the body is directly informed with the soul and is the immediate and most natural organ for the expression of the soul's activity.

Now, although the Russians have not taken us back to those days when dancing was a formal religious rite, yet they have brought us back to the principle which underlay the religious rites. And in doing so they have provided us with an art which has succeeded beyond all other arts in realizing the aspirations of the modern æsthetic consciousness. Modernity has cried aloud for an emphasis of the dynamic as opposed to the static element in art. Modernity has cried aloud for an emphasis of the individual and personal element in art as opposed to the general and conventional. Nijinsky strikes the true equipoise. He takes Debussy's music *L'apres-midi d'un faune*, for instance, and simply fulfils it. He supplies the definite line of form and the foundation sense of stability. For throughout the dance, except at the end, Nijinsky does not rise from his feet once. The idea has been banished forever that dancing is the same thing as *sauterie*. It is a rhythmical movement of the body expressive of the rhythm of the soul. The leap or the step *may* enter into this movement. In this particular dance-poem Nijinsky, at the very end, has just one agile leap. A French critic, M. Charles Meryel, shall sum up the art of the Russian dance-poet. "We should not begin by praising him for his prodigious physical ability for leaving the ground. Let us think first of his power of evoking, through the means of the human body in movement, a sort of beautiful dream, of his power of subjugating his material appearance so that he becomes a *visitation divine* and almost immaterial."

So this is the hope of the future of art, a reawakening to the respective claims of both body and spirit, a sincere endeavor to attain to an equipoise of their activities. And of course all this implies a complete repudiation of what has passed for advanced thought in Germany during the thirty years' development of the Prussian war machine. It implies a repudiation both of the materialistic monism of Haeckel and of the spiritual monism of Eucken; for the one ignores the very source of beauty, which is the world of spirit, whilst the other at least undervalues and confuses, if he does not ignore, the function of the body as the organ of the spirit. Above all it implies a repudiation of the doctrine of Nietzsche,

a doctrine which is answerable for nearly all the degenerate art of Europe today, the doctrine that sheer animal impulse is the right norm of human action. The problem is not one of mere brain or nerve modification, but one which imperatively demands a recognition of a spiritual cosmos transcending the whole material cosmos, however complexly organized it may be.

We turn then to the imaginative peoples, the Russians and the French, whose consciousness has ever been permeated by the sacramental principle inherent in their respective religions. We recall the names Tschaikowsky, Borodin, Skriabin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glasonoff, Liadoff, and Stravinsky; Benois and Bakst; Fokine and Nijinsky; Cesar Franck (Belgium), Saint-Saens, Debussy, Ravel, Charpentier, d'Indy, Roussel, Duparc and Dukas; Rodin and Corot; Bazin, Barres and Claudel. Here is sample of the material whence the new form shall arise.

And what shall the contribution of the English be? Before we can say we must wait until the sacramental principle has entered more deeply into their consciousness. We have already seen the futility of an appeal to mere patriotism. We cannot stimulate interest in a branch of art merely because it is British. Something more universal is wanted, namely, a general principle which is applicable to the individual nations, none other than the principle of sacramentality. The experience of the battlefields of Belgium and France will carry with it a far-reaching influence. The sight of the crucifix, attendance at the churches, the work of the priests and nuns, the pastorals of Cardinal Mercier, the bombardment of Rheims and Louvain: these things have already made a great impression on the British nation. The enormous sacrifice of life, a personal loss to so many individuals, this is helping tremendously to make us appreciate more fully the reality of the spirit world. All these influences, however, will be received according to the condition of the recipient, that is, they will fall on our national character and temperament, and there shall rise again a national art worthy of a great nation.

Thomas J. Gerrard.

The Dublin Review.

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER XIV.

Barbara and Peter.

Winter came to the dale, bringing snow, wind, and rain. It sneaked into the sheep-fold like a wolf, and not only into the sheep-fold, but it went down to the village and quietly carried off some of the old folk there. Yet it did not so much as snarl at the threshold of Greystones. It ran as it were—with its tail between its legs, past the house, afraid of the great-grandmother in the four-post bed.

Then the summer came, bringing the flocks back to the mountains, and plenty to the dale. It poured its riches into the old woman's lap, for the farm prospered. Hard on its heels followed another winter.

Mistress Fleming at the mill-house, folded her hands, and lay down in her last sleep. Her spirit slipped away in the night-time without a sigh, and Peter, standing by her bedside in the morning, and looking at the sweet old face, rosy still in death, found it hard to believe that she would not soon waken and speak to him. The miller lingered out another year, then he followed his wife.

Peter was forced to acknowledge to himself, with bitterness, that they did not find in their latter days, all the joy which they had expected. No word of complaint ever crossed their lips, they were loving and kind, but he read in their faces a disappointment which they strove to hide, and thought they had hidden.

Not only had he failed to realize their fond hopes for him, but his marriage with Lucy lacked something, which they dimly felt, yet could not see. The girl was pretty, and sweet, and dutiful. They welcomed her with open arms. But she never took the place of a daughter to them.

When Lucy came first to the mill-house, she experienced an uplifting of her whole nature. She was treated with a respect, a dignity new to her, and she was happy, believing that she had done right in marrying Peter. But before long she began to feel the strain of living at so high an altitude. She could not reach the standard expected of her by the old couple, whose idol was their son; neither could she reach the standard of her husband, who scorned to show littlenesses of mind or temper, and would not have feared to lay his whole life open to the world, conscious of its integrity, had duty demanded such a revelation.

Peter had no place in his life for the little attentions that Lucy liked to receive. She often thought him cold; for, having once said that he loved her, he did not repeat the declaration, and she wanted him to tell her every day. She missed the fond speeches that Joel had been so ready to make; her eyes never brightened now to hear themselves extolled; her cheeks never blushed to hear their own praises. Such light language had rarely been on Peter's tongue, even when he played with her in the forest, before he thought of marriage. Having been made his wife, she was on a different footing; she was as the apple of his eye; she was the woman he had enthroned, and he treated her with a dignity befitting her position and his own. Alas! he expected from her a seriousness she could not give! Neither would she enter into his pleasures—she thought them low, poor Lucy! To gossip with Jake, the rat-catcher; to make a pet of a dancing bear; to wrestle on the green —were these things not low? Joel had never done them.

No sooner had Lucy allowed her mind to dwell upon such thoughts, than she began to be restless and dissatisfied. Then Joel's letter came, many months after it had been written. She read it through and put it away with a few tears, meaning never to look at it again, as a virtuous wife should do. But she was already regretting her marriage, regarding it as bondage, and so she drew the letter from its hiding place and got into the habit of reading it often. She found in it all that she desired—devotion, adoration, repentance; and she believed that if it had only come a few months earlier, the whole course of events would have been altered. She wrote to him, after a time, telling him of her marriage, and a good deal about her deeper thoughts. But no answer came, and she wondered if he had received her letter. Mally Ray, his old nurse, heard from him now and again, and he sent her money; then he disappeared once more into the wilderness.

Peter's own feelings were poignant. Did he think that he had been tricked? Who can tell, for he said nothing? Like his old father and mother he hid his disappointment, and hid it better. He set himself, mind and will, to bring about a happier understanding between Lucy and himself. Had it not been for the fatal letter he might have achieved it, but a subtle influence, which never showed itself, yet was none the less real, frustrated all his endeavors.

So the seasons ran on, and now mistress Lynn wanted but one more year to make her a hundred years old.

Peter and his wife continued to live at the mill-house after the death of the old folk, but the wheel was still, and the villagers had to take their corn further afield to be ground. Lucy wanted him to sell the place, and pointed out this and that abode in the neighborhood which might be made more comfortable and stately. Peter would not listen to the proposal. He loved the old house and disliked the thought of parting with it, although he had no son to be brought up to be a miller, as Dusty John had desired. Had Peter been willing for any change, it would have been nothing less than the uprooting altogether of their life at High Fold. But now, though he was free to go, something kept him back.

His father had left him a modest fortune, but idleness was unattractive to him. So he still taught the village children. He gave Lucy all she could desire in ribbons and muslins and laces, and he would have given her a quiet mind if he could. As a village lass did the housework, she was able to keep her hands as soft and white as she desired, but, with no regular employment to discipline her soul, she sank into a habit of fretful impatience, and robbed her home of its repose.

Peter found interest and refreshment elsewhere. The year after his marriage, while his parents were still alive, he had started a night-school, and Barbara had come to it, brightening the bare walls and dusty benches once a week with her golden hair and blue eyes.

He found that she had developed both physically and mentally since the time when he used to read Pope's Homer to her. She bourgeoned into leaf, like a tree that has shown buds for many a day, but been slow to unfold. In the new relationship, which was now possible to them, they found infinite satisfaction. Barbara's smile grew softer, her strength less assertive, and there was a light in her eyes, which made them look as clear and blue as Swirtle Tarn on a sunny day. She was an apt pupil, and drank in knowledge like a creature who had long been panting to slake its thirst at that deep stream. She not only seized upon facts, but followed the subtler flow of causes underlying them with clear vision. She talked confidently to Peter of her wonders and speculations—they were the thoughts of no common mind.

Barbara lived a stimulating life through those winter evenings at the night-school. She no longer seemed to be standing on a rock, surrounded by mists, but the mists cleared away, the rock grew green. The wider outlook gave a new meaning to her own existence, for it enabled her to see its human dignity, underlying the trivialities that had disquieted her hitherto. She ceased to despise those things which the mountains had taught her. Knowledge became more valuable as she learned some of its mysteries, so that every morsel was worth cherishing.

But deeper than the joy which Barbara felt in this expansion of her life was another joy of which she was only dimly conscious. When Peter used to read to her at Ketel's Parlor, she had once thought that if he ever blessed her with his love, she would find her highest self in giving hers to him. But this dream had quickly vanished, been dispelled by his attachment to her sister. She saw little of him then, and less of him for some time after his marriage. Not till the night-school started did she realize how much of mutual pleasure the new relationship allowed. And thus, innocent in heart, and unaware of her power, she had thrown the spell of her personality over Peter. He influenced her also much more than she was aware of, so they

drifted towards a realization which must come sooner or later, and shake their natures to the foundation.

From week to week Barbara looked forward to the day of the night-school. She wakened in the morning with a sense of exhilaration; her methodical movements received an energy that made the daily duties hum. Since Jan Straw's death an additional man and maid had been employed upon the farm. This set Barbara free to take up the duties which Lucy so willingly laid down upon her marriage. Old Mistress Lynn found the change admirable; though she had demurred at first, when she thought of the extra mouths to feed and wages to pay. But Barbara stood firm. Now everything ran smoothly. Her great-grandmother was happy, and no longer disturbed by Lucy's flighty temper. She said that she desired to ride at anchor upon an even tide, until the last sailing orders came for her frail old bark to put to sea.

One evening Barbara went down the dale, her mind, as usual, in a glow of anticipation. It was early autumn and the nights were starry, unlike the nights of summer, whose radiance was dimmed by a heat haze, and a sun that seemed to set one moment but to rise the next. She welcomed the stars back to the sky. They greeted her from up yonder like well-kent friends, and were rich compensation for the lengthening hours of darkness. Before leaving the dale to follow the road through Cringel Forest, Barbara cast a glance at the Northern Crown. She liked to link it to her own fate. It was very bright tonight, no veil of cloud obscured the glitter of its jewels, and when it was bright she said that she was happy.

She entered the forest. Far away, shining dimly through the waving branches, was the light of the schoolhouse. She ran. On every side the leaves came fluttering down, and caught on to her hair and shawl. She shook them off, but they still trundled after her. Then she heard music and paused to listen, her senses stolen away by the sweet sounds. Peter was playing his flute in the schoolroom. She did not know the tune; she had not heard it before. It had a haunting cadence, that returned again and again, coming sadly at the end of a trumpet note. She thought that the music ought to have words; perhaps it had; it sounded like a song. She would ask Peter to play it for her when the school was over.

Then the melody ceased abruptly.

She opened the door and went in. The dead leaves swirled past her, and began to dance in the middle of the floor, like live things. Timothy Hadwin and Peter were sitting by the fire talking, the latter had his flute still between his fingers.

"Just look at the leaves," said Barbara, "there was a sharp frost last night and they are coming down in showers."

She fetched a besom from a corner to sweep them up.

But Peter stopped her.

"Nay," he replied, "they come so eagerly to school it would be a shame to turn them out."

Laughing, she put the besom away.

"What a bairn you are," she said. "I really believe that you and Timothy think they are little bits of human souls blowing about."

"Well," replied the old man triumphantly. "You don't know what they are, any more than you know what Barbara Lynn is."

She sat down on a bench, and propped up her chin with both hands.

"I admit that I don't know what I am," she answered.

"No, nor yet what a leaf is. I daresay a leaf has the power to remove mountains, like faith, but, like human beings, it doesn't know how to use it."

"You're a romancer, Timothy," said Peter.

"Young man, do you know why of all the leaves in the forest not two are alike? Is it not because there is a spirit of freedom in life however lowly?"

"Does anyone understand what life is?"

"Ah!" said Timothy, "once men knew more about these things than they do now. Long ago they healed the sick by laying their hands upon them, but here am I spending my time making potions, and electuaries, and powders. Well, good-night, children, I must go. Jake's son Joe has been eating sour apples!"

He went away with a laugh.

Barbara took her usual seat, and several men came in.

Peter's night-school was more successful than he had dared to hope. Those were days when education had to be fought for by the peasant, and books were sealed caskets, which might, or might not, contain treasures he desired to have. So to the little forest school came a few keen and curious souls, all inspired by one motive, a sincere thirst for knowledge. From among the hills, over bog and brae, through mist, rain, and hurricane trudged a shepherd with a passion for logarithms—he afterwards gained distinction as a mathematician. Thither, also, came the village cobbler, trying to piece together a theory of life more satisfactory than that offered by a very intimate knowledge of his own mind. Jake, the rat-catcher, spent a hard perspiring hour once a week, learning his alphabet. There were others also, full of eagerness to acquire, and a conviction that even a nodding acquaintance with letters was worth having.

Barbara was the only woman who glimpsed the light and strove to win it. The men would have resented her presence there had she been of a different make. As it was they shared the bench willingly with her, and she added considerably to the interest of those strenuous nights, when they wrestled with the mighty, and the trees hummed in the wind overhead, or the rain battered on the roof, or the snow blew under the door.

Peter had given a wide invitation to the village folk to come, and he promised to teach them whatever they most desired to know. He laughed at his audacity but was not ashamed of it, for he had a sincere purpose, and hoped to lead many to the fountain, from which he drew refreshment and inspiration.

Tonight he seemed to be tired. When the nightly tasks were over, he usually read aloud for half an hour; he liked to send his scholars away with the rhymes of Pope, or the quaint prose of Malory, or the great verse of Shakespeare ringing in their ears. But this evening he read listlessly, although the book was the noble and joyous history of King Arthur.

When all had gone, he still sat dreamily looking at the open page.

"Play to me," said Barbara, taking the book from his hand.

"Play! What shall I play?"

She told him how she had heard his flute as she came along the forest road.

He took the instrument, and sitting in the shadow played the haunting little melody that had held her spellbound earlier in the evening.

"Is it a song, Peter?" she asked.

"Yes, I made it."

"What about, Peter?"

He smiled, but she thought that his smile was sad.

"Only my own thoughts," he replied. "Now read to me. I've a mind that you should read to me instead of I to you, for a change."

This was the part of the day that Barbara liked best of all, when, before going to the mill-house to sup with Lucy and her husband, he and she read together or talked of those things that interested them most.

"I think you're too tired tonight, Peter," said Barbara. "Let us go, and study again another time."

"Read," he said imperiously.

"What shall I read?"

"The book you took away from me when you asked me to play. Begin where I left off. There's something in King Arthur that suits my present mood."

She leaned back in her chair, and her full voice rose like the steady tolling of a bell, as she read the tale of the Fair Maid of Astolat, who came sailing down broad Thames in a black barge with a letter in her hand to that most worshipful and peerless knight, Sir Launcelot of the Lake.

Peter shaded his eyes and watched her. He set his thoughts free from the restraint under which he had been keeping them, and gave himself the pleasure of listening to a pure, nature-voice. There was no vehemence in Barbara's tones tonight; the words came slowly and simply like the flow of a river. He glided away upon them from the schoolroom in Cringel Forest to the silver shine of Thames. He saw it glide by many a gray wall and steal dreamily under the trees. He was borne upon its waters by many a fair town. From Oxford to Westminster he went, and if the barge, clothed over and over in black samite, floated beside him part of the way, he forgot it, lulled into dreamy reminiscences of his college days.

How long ago it seemed to be since he had bidden them farewell, and come riding back to his native hills. He had learned much since then, much which was a bitter daily meal to him. He was dissatisfied with himself. He had meant to be so peerless, and he felt that he had failed. He partook, in a way, of the knight's fate, for it seemed as though he must be overcome in spite of himself.

So the girl's voice, flowing smoothly like the Thames, which carried the Fair Maiden of Astolat down to Westminster, took Peter from Oxford still further away—into the ocean of self-communion. But a new inflection in Barbara's voice roused him. He heard her read the answer to the king, when he said that he loved not to be constrained to love

"That is true," said King Arthur and many knights, "love is free in himself and never will be bound. . . ."

The girl looked up from her book, and met the eyes of Peter. Her hand dropped to her side, and there was silence. They knew each the mind of the other.

The revelation came suddenly. It seemed as though an aggrieved fate had got weary of seeing two honest hearts striving to hide their real feelings, and had pulled the veil aside.

They gazed across the bare floor, their thoughts leaping to mingle, and their bodies stiff like images of wood.

At last Peter made a movement.

"Barbara," he said, "you asked me if the music I played was a song. I made it out of my own thoughts. They were my thoughts about you."

A wonderful light crossed the woman's face. She knew now what it was that appealed to her in the melody. She knew that he loved her as she loved him.

She was dazzled for the moment, as by the rising of a great sun; about her voices seemed to sing; her heart was filled with an inrush of the joy and beauty of life. But he was filled with dismay, and yet a strong temptation to satisfy his passion by a touch of their hands and lips. There was nothing but the bare floor to keep them apart; no hand to strike down the arms, which they might have stretched out to each other; no one to forbid them the fervent expression of their love. Was there nothing? Their whole life lay between, a true friendship, actions which

had always been honest. These stood by them in their need.

Then Barbara laid down the book, and with a brief good-night went out into the darkness and the sighing of the forest.

Under the trees there was no light, for the starshine could not pierce the screen of branches, and the moon was late in rising. But here and there the glow-worms were out in wandering bands, carrying their green lanterns, and, to the discerning eye, shedding a tiny search-light upon the delicate veining of fern and leaf. Barbara noticed them, for every sense was sharpened tonight. She thought of her own thoughts, which clustered about her brain like glow-worms, and made the darkness glisten. She heard the trees rustling in the wind, and the sound was musical to her ears. When it blew through a hollow it reminded her of the tones of Peter's flute. The air had a violet hue and seemed to throw a soft cloak over her.

She was exultant. She could not but rejoice to know that Peter loved her as she loved him. They had seen and recognized their kinship at last—not the kinship of sister with brother, but the kinship of soul with soul.

In this packed world of men and women they two had found each other. The bliss of realization was hers tonight; the tragedy of realization would be hers tomorrow. Tonight she accepted that which was offered to her with a thankful heart, conscious of a sacrifice which she must soon prepare.

They loved each other. Nothing could rob her of the rapture of that knowledge. She felt herself lifted up and set upon a throne. Was this the crown that Timothy Hadwin had promised she should wear? How proudly she would place it on her head, though none could see it but herself.

When she left the trees and stood in the open dale, she looked again at the Northern Crown. It was fading; all the stars were fading; a milky mistiness was over-spreading the sky. She went on, still stepping lightly, heedless of the ruts and stones through which she passed.

Suddenly there was a leap of light behind her, and her shadow fell at her feet, black and grotesque. She turned, and saw swimming out of a dip in the hills, a great silver moon.

When Barbara left Peter, he remained in the deserted room, staring into the fire. He felt no exultation, nothing but great weariness, and distaste of life. He felt that he had failed, and he had striven so hard to attain. He had injured Barbara; he had injured Lucy; but never wittingly. He would have sacrificed himself if by so doing he could have saved them from pain. He had walked along a perilous path certain of his own strength and integrity, and he had never given a thought to possible disaster. He was involving others in his own ruin. He blamed himself bitterly.

He plunged into thought, wondering if there was not some way in which he could cut the net of a malicious fate from about their feet.

But he must not linger any longer in the empty school, or Lucy would think that something had happened to him or Barbara. He put out the light and locked the door. The moon was just rising but he did not see it, so dark was his own mind.

When he got home, he found Lucy sitting on a stool before the hearth, goffering the frills of a muslin cap. The room was bright, warm, and cheerful, and the supper table was set. She glanced up impatiently as he came in and said:

"How late you are. Where's Barbara?"

"She's gone home," he replied. Then he let his hand fall upon her hair, and stroked it gently. It was an appeal

which she could not be expected to understand. He felt that he must make amends for his involuntary injury of her in his own heart.

She drew her head away, and opened her eyes wide in surprise.

"Why has Barbara gone home?"

Peter stood looking down at his wife. She was neat and dainty, from her head to her feet. But her face was pale and listless, like the face of one who sat too much indoors.

"Take a walk up the dale tomorrow, Lucy," he said, "and see Barbara and your great-grandmother. You don't often go, I think, and a walk would do you good."

"I've been out tonight," she replied.

"Up to Greystones?"

"No, silly, only for a walk under the trees. I heard you playing your flute."

Lucy had been to Forest Hall. She sometimes found an excuse for going to see Mally Ray, and look at the portrait of Joel's grandfather, because it was so like Joel himself.

"I'm not hungry," she said, "I don't want any supper, but you'd better get yours. It's a pity Barbara didn't come to keep you company."

He sat down in silence, while she continued to crimp her frills, apparently absorbed in the occupation.

"Oh," she remarked at last with studied indifference, "I forgot to tell you. I met Mally Ray tonight and she says Joel is coming home. He's expected soon, that's if he took the ship he meant to take when he wrote. He's made his fortune—lucky man."

She stole a glance at her husband. He looked old and tired and careworn. She rose slowly, not spontaneously, and sat down beside him, and patted his hand.

"Poor Peter," she said, "that night-school takes too much out of you. You should give it up."

"Shall we go away, Lucy?" he asked, almost eagerly. "Shall we shut up this house, and leave High Fold?"

"I'm not tired of it if you are," she said lightly.

She did not want to go away now that Joel was coming back. Yet she was afraid to meet him. Ever since she had written in answer to his letter she had lived in daily dread and daily hope of seeing him again.

She wondered how he would greet her.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WARDS IN WAR-TIME.

By a Red Cross Pro.

VIII. Orderlies.

At six o'clock on chilly winter mornings shivering orderlies, drawn up outside the barrack-room to answer roll-call, think regretfully of the happy days in the pit they have left behind, and wonder vaguely if life is worth living. This is the beginning of the day's work.

An orderly's life is not a very enviable one, although the patients are pleased at frequent intervals to remind him of the softness of his job. As a matter of fact, it consists of a daily grind unrelieved by any of those exhilarating moments which are known to the more belligerent branches of the Service.

"I should like to be a night orderly," M'Vean remarked once meditatively. "I should spend the night sleeping in the bath. No one would ever miss me." For the cause of the infrequent appearances of orderly during the night was one of the standard subjects of discussion in the ward.

There were nearly a hundred and twenty orderlies at Blacktown, and

they were employed in the grounds, in the theatre, and on day and night work in the wards. There were also a few unfortunates who acted under the sergeant-major's special orders, and were detailed off for any duty which happened to be most pressing at the moment.

The fire brigade was recruited from this class, and was brought up to strength by the inclusion of the joiner, the carpenter, the assistant engineer, and any of the ground orderlies who could be spared at the moment. Fire practices were held at the discretion of the chief engineer, and, after ample warning had been given, the brigade assembled in front of the engine-house and studied the indicator until it sounded the alarm. When the moment for action came, six stalwart orderlies hauled the hydraulic engine from its shed and propelled it at full speed through the grounds to the stand-pipe nearest the burning block, while the remainder of the brigade raced alongside with buckets of water.

"It is the funniest sight in the world," remarked Kilbride, after watching one of these practices. "The fellows burst through the gate with their engine before the alarm had hardly begun to sound. They must have been standing ready in their places. What would happen if they were called out without warning I can't imagine."

On Saturday mornings another terror was added to life in the form of Special Parade. At nine o'clock the Colonel, or in his absence the Quartermaster, inspected the orderlies. The Colonel, who had been an eminent local practitioner before the war, took the military duties which had devolved upon him very seriously. Boots, belts, and buttons came in for minute examination, and the owner of an unbuttoned pocket, a soiled belt, or a loose puttee would receive scathing castigation. After these pitfalls of the slothful had been surmounted the parade became more or less a matter of form, but one Saturday morning Judson received an unpleasant shock.

Of all the orderlies, Judson was the one who prided himself most on his appearance, and took most pains to secure successful results. His boots, belt, and puttees were always in a state of perfection, and the additional half-hour he devoted to his toilet on parade mornings seemed to his contemporaries purely an act of supererogation.

"There's old Judson waking us up again," they would grumble. "What's the sense of getting up in the middle of the night to see if a button has grown tarnished. I'd sooner let the Colonel give me C. B. than stay up all night getting ready."

On this particular Saturday morning the Colonel's temper had been ruffled by the receipt of a peculiarly tactless letter from the War Office at breakfast time—"a letter no one but a fool could have written"—as he explained when passing the offending missive to his wife, and in consequence Special Parade became more unpleasant than usual.

After penalties for boots, belts, and puttees had been inflicted on a liberal scale, the Colonel gave the order—

"Rear rank fall back two paces."

The rear rank obeyed, and the Colonel made a leisurely progress in the intervening space.

"Fall out," he cried, after inspecting the back of the immaculate Judson.

Judson obeyed with alacrity, under the impression that he was being singled out to serve as a model to the entire company.

"What do you mean by having your hair as long as a ballet-dancer's?" growled the Colonel. "It does not cost you a pound to have it cut; there is a shop three doors down the road"—and

the crestfallen Judson was thankful to retire to his place in the rank.

Makin, the orderly in Ward B., had left his work in a pit on the Tyneside to join the R.A.M.C. during the early days of the war, attracted by the glamour of a khaki uniform, and in the belief that he had found a short cut to "the Road to Glory." For he shared the general belief that the war would be over by Christmas. But Christmas came and went without bringing the war to a close, and experience showed that the wearing of khaki brings penalties as well as glories in its wake. As the days went by, Makin would often sigh for his old life at Tyneside.

"Give me the pit," he would say, whenever he could get anyone to listen to him. "It is something of a life. Here it is nothing but fetching and carrying all day long, and getting put on special duty by the sergeant-major whenever you happen to get half a day off."

At first Makin found work in the wards very irksome, as a tyrannical ward-maid kept close watch over his doings, and endeavored ceaselessly to bring home his shortcomings to him, lest the burden of them should fall upon herself. But careful observation and native ingenuity soon enabled him to discover that considerable alleviations could be introduced into an orderly's life, and that repeated calls and words of anger have little effect if the delinquent is not there to receive them. "The Elusive Orderly," Ward B. soon christened him, and a smile would pass round the ward when after repeated calls of "Orderly, Orderly," no answer was forthcoming.

"It is like the Hunting of the Snark," said Kilbride with a smile one day, when the calls had been more repeated than usual. "The fellow is really quite clever in his own way. Whenever he is wanted, it is found he has 'softly and suddenly vanished away.' "

When the wards were swept, Makin would disappear to the cook-house in search of the patients' breakfast, and after bringing it into the ward, would rapidly, in partnership with the ward-maid, consume any surplus porridge or eggs, bending low over the sink while so doing, to give the appearance of pursuing his daily round with unabated activity. By the time this was finished it was usually 8 o'clock—the official breakfast-hour—and Makin, after obtaining the Staff Nurse's permission, would vanish to the Barracks and be seen no more until 9 o'clock.

During the interval the patients had generally cleared away the breakfast things, swept the wards and cleaned the brasses, and Makin would find a clear field on his return. But the next quarter of an hour would prove to be the busiest in his day, and armed with a pail of water and a large brush, he would be seen on his hands and knees vigorously scrubbing the passage floor. This was not due to an inherent love of work nor to a newly awakened sense of duty, but to two different reasons. In the first place, at a quarter-past nine the Head Sister made her morning round of the wards, and idle orderlies did not find favor in her eyes; and in the second, while he was so busily occupied, Staff Nurse M'Tavish deemed it unwise to interrupt him to send him across with the dirty linen to the laundry.

Properly managed, the visit to the laundry was in many ways the most enjoyable part of the orderly's day, and by dint of a little calculation and care not to go too early with the washing, Makin would find on his arrival four or five orderlies already in the field. Before 9.15, the counting of the dirty linen was a pure formality, involving only a few minutes' delay, but a little later things became busy, and Makin, seated on his bundle of washing, could pass from half to three-quarters of an

hour in an animated discussion with the other orderlies on the latest football results or the best way of getting to Berlin; while Corporal Flynn and his two assistants were engaged in checking the linen brought in.

On his return to the ward, Makin would be dispatched to the cook-house with the diet sheet, and after a little rubbing of brasses already polished by patients, he would be interrupted in his work by the arrival of the Medical Officer. This was the signal for putting on a large white overall, tied with tapes at the back, or, more frequently, in the absence of tapes, pinned by the help of the patients with enormous safety-pins. By the time this complicated garment was fastened, the Medical Officer was usually on the point of leaving the ward, and orderly had to divest himself as quickly as possible and return to his routine work.

This consisted in fetching the fruit and milk for patients on special diets, and by dint of arriving at inopportune moments as many as three journeys were often necessary.

"Orderly is really very tiresome," lamented Staff Nurse M'Tavish to the Head Sister one morning when these time-wasting methods had driven her to exasperation. "He is never there when he is wanted, and this morning he wasted nearly three-quarters of an hour in fetching Sergeant Miller's fruit."

"He is always working very hard when I see him," remarked Head Sister Grayson dubiously. "You would not get many orderlies to scrub the passage as well as he does."

"But he is so slow. He is never ready to take the washing over before half-past nine, and then he has to waste half the morning waiting his turn."

"Of course, if you like to try a change," said the Head Sister, in the tone of one humoring a foolish child, "I am quite willing; but remember you may change for the worse. I have a new orderly coming to the block next week, and you can have him for your ward, if you like. But he is very young and inexperienced."

"Thank you," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish gratefully. "I should like a change, and with a young orderly I could easily train him in my ways."

So a few days later the youthful Simpson was installed in the place of the undeserving Makin, and won all hearts by his eagerness for work and his simple desire to please. The wards were swept and the breakfasts brought up in record time, and instead of dumping the tea-pail down with a clang and departing to study his private interests at the sink,—as his predecessor had been wont to do,—Simpson flew round the ward distributing plates of bacon right and left to patients long forbidden these joys. However, these mistakes were soon rectified, and Simpson, having consumed his breakfast in a bare half-hour, reappeared to polish the brasses before the patients had time to touch them. Staff Nurse M'Tavish was so overjoyed with her good fortune in securing such a treasure, and so elated to feel that the Head Sister's gloomy prognostications had proved false, that her spirits knew no bounds. But pride goes before a fall. "Orderly," she cried, "I am going to lunch now. Work hard while I am away, and don't forget to let off the fire-extinguisher three times a day."

So orderly, being a simple youth, to whom recondite forms of humor made no appeal, took her at her word, and lifting the fire-extinguisher from its hook on the wall, proceeded to read the instructions: "Strike the knob a sharp blow and direct the stream at the base of the fire." Puzzled for a moment, as there was no fire to give the requisite direction, orderly paused and then struck the knob fiercely, pointing the nozzle of the cylinder to the ground.

Instantly a turgid gray stream gushed forth, which struck the floor and ricochetted off in all directions. The walls were deluged, the ceiling soaked, and liquid streams ran down the sides of the cylinder, ploughing furrows in the red paint, and spread all over the white deal table, finally subsiding with a splash on the floor. The cylinder was guaranteed to be of two-gallon capacity, and was tested to 350 lb. per square inch, but never did two gallons seem to have spread so far and so fast.

"What on earth——," cried Staff Nurse M'Tavish, and stopped, for words failed her. A grayish pool lay nearly an inch deep on the passage floor, the walls were mottled with dirty white trickles and ugly stains, the ceiling was blotched in the same way, while the once white deal table was a network of vermilion and brown patches. The floor was beyond redemption.

"I've just let off the extinguisher," began Simpson, but he said no more, for Staff Nurse M'Tavish's volubly expressed views on culpable stupidity gave him no opportunity.

"And if you have not the sense to recognize a joke when you hear one, you had better ask whether it is one or no," she concluded. "The least you can do is to start clearing away the mess you have made."

So Simpson and the ward-maid, Mrs. Noggs, and her friend, the ward-maid from the other side, Mrs. James, all mopped and wiped and rubbed with dusters and dish-cloths and towels and anything they could lay their hands on. They worked and they worked, but the stains grew no fainter, and their tempers grew more uncontrolled.

"Making work, I call it," said Mrs. James throwing a scornful glance at the bent back of the culprit. "As if there was not enough to do already."

"Such silliness, too. Why, anyone with the sense of a child of three knows them things aren't meant to be touched," added Mrs. Noggs indignantly.

They used carbolic lotions and ether and methylated spirits and turpentine, and every other solvent within reach, but with most disappointing results. In the midst of the confusion, what Staff Nurse M'Tavish had long dreaded happened—the Head Sister arrived upon the scene. Either the combination of odors, or a vision of an irate Matron in the background, upset her temper completely, and she blamed the ward-maids for using the dish-cloths to wipe the floor, the probationer for lavish expenditure of methylated spirits in war-time, orderly for wasting the fire-extinguisher, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish most of all for indulging in a sense of humor at improper times and in unsuitable places.

"If you don't know by this time that hospitals are not places for jokes, it is quite time that you did," said Head Sister Grayson bitterly. "It must have been a queer kind of hospital where you were trained."

This is the greatest insult which one trained nurse can inflict upon another, for each knows that her hospital was perfection. Staff Nurse M'Tavish grew white with suppressed fury, but her self-control never failed, and long training as a probationer enabled her to receive the rebuke meekly.

"I think if I could have Makin back, it would be better," she suggested meekly, when the atmosphere had grown a little calmer. "You see I have trained him in my ways."

"I will see about it," said the Head Sister loftily. "But remember, if I allow him to come back, there must be no more chopping and changing. It is bad for everyone."

Next morning, Makin with a smile of quiet satisfaction on his face, was reinstated in his post as day orderly in Ward B., while the unfortunate Simpson became a supernumerary in the Barracks, and was condemned to a week of

endless window-cleaning by command of the sergeant-major.

IX. PASTIMES IN THE WARD.

"Sister, Sister," called a feeble voice, as soon as Staff Nurse M'Tavish entered the ward one December morning, "I have a spelk in my finger, and I can't get it out."

At 7.30 A.M. the wards are still shrouded in gloom in December, and it took a little time to ascertain where the voice came from. "Certainly, Jones," said the Staff Nurse briskly. "I will get it out for you. But how did you manage to run a splinter into your finger? I hope you have not been having parcels while I was away." For, by a rule of the hospital, all parcels are strictly prohibited until the contents have been censored by the medical authorities.

Jones, with the consciousness of an illicit tin of sardines reposing at that moment beneath his pillow, prudently left the question unanswered, while Staff Nurse M'Tavish made her preparations in a businesslike manner.

"Nurse, Nurse," she called, as she saw the indistinct form of the probationer hovering in the doorway. "Come and learn how to remove a splinter. Perhaps *you* may have to remove one some day."

So the probationer came, as in duty bound, and stood by the bedside, while Staff Nurse M'Tavish seized the forefinger of the puny Jones in a firm grasp with one hand, and applied the point of a surgical needle to the hidden end of the splinter with the other.

"He's swinging the lead," said Viney in a discontented voice. "He does not want to go back to the trenches so he is starting a bad finger now."

"Well, you can't talk," retorted the injured Jones, as well as circumstances permitted. "Who got the doctor to put him on chicken and stout, when he had only been in the army a fortnight?"

By this time the splinter had come clearly into view. It was very thin, pale yellow, and nearly half an inch long. Indeed, such a groan came from the victim after the application of the point of the needle, that Staff Nurse M'Tavish decided to suspend surgical operations, and trust to a combination of luck and skill to complete the work.

"After loosening the end embedded in the phalanx with a sharp needle," she explained for the benefit of the probationer, "grasp the outer end firmly and give a sharp pull."

She proceeded to put these instructions in practice, and grasping the end of the splinter began to pull. The splinter yielded to pressure, and the half-inch grew longer and longer until fully two inches were exposed to view. But the end was not yet in sight, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish was gazing at the finger in perplexity, when a suppressed giggle from the patient diverted her thoughts. She gave a more vigorous pull, and another length of splinter came into her hand. Her suspicions crystallized into certainty. Angrily dropping the finger, which but a moment before had been the center of surgical interest, she exclaimed—

"Jones, I'll no have you wasting my time like this. You are old enough to know better," and walked out of the ward.

The probationer seized the discarded finger and examined it with interest. The cause of the trouble soon became evident. The youthful Jones had unraveled a strand of raffia, and piercing a small hole in the outer skin of his finger, had introduced one of the threads. He had allowed Staff Nurse M'Tavish to pull the free end as much as she liked, while he retained the other end beneath his thumb concealed in the palm of his hand. The probings with the surgical needle had not been part of the original program, *mais il faut souffrir pour reussir*, and the success of the joke had been gloriously ap-

parent. The ward shook with laughter.

Days in hospital fall naturally into three divisions. The mornings are given up to medical treatment, the afternoons to open-air pursuits, and the evenings to indoor amusements; or, as the patients sometimes express it, the mornings are spent in waiting for the doctor, the afternoons in waiting for a motor drive, and the evenings in waiting until the next ward has finished with the gramophone. The military authorities do their best to cater for the lighter side of life, and provide draughts, cards, and dominoes for the amusement of the patients, while a benevolent public supplements their efforts by gifts of elaborate jigsaws. Occasionally two feeble invalids may be seen seated at a table endeavoring, with languid interest, to put a jigsaw together; but the complexity of these works of art, the frequent interruptions and upheavals due to the necessity of preparing the table for meals, and the almost invariable absence of certain essential parts, prevent these puzzles from taking a high place in popular favor.

Cards are great favorites, and, as hours in hospital are long, long hours, much time is whiled away in playing Solo Whist, and Cribbage. Bridge is as yet unknown in the wards, and Auction Bridge is still unheard of. Occasionally a very up-to-date patient would remark with pride that he had played a hand of Bridge once in the trenches, but his knowledge would be too hazy to allow him to initiate his fellow-patients in the mysteries.

M'Vean was a devotee of all games of cards, and, surrounded by a pile of cigarettes, would cheerfully settle down with three companions for the afternoon. Long practice had enabled them to use a bed for a table without disturbing or wrinkling the fair white surface. Once the probationer saw him in the act of handing over five cigarettes from the large pile at his side to his opponent, Kilbride.

"Now, I know, M'Vean," she cried, light suddenly breaking upon her, "why you never refuse cigarettes when they are handed round, although you never smoke."

"Weel, sister," said M'Vean guilelessly, "there's no knowing when a tab may come in handy, so it's as weel to take them when they are handed round."

On Sunday morning M'Vean and his three companions settled down to their game as usual, as soon as the ward had been swept and dusted. Staff Nurse M'Tavish could hardly believe her eyes when she caught a glimpse of the scene of depravity through the doorway.

"I'll no have card-playing in my ward on Sunday," she exclaimed furiously, as she bore down upon the culprits. "You, at least, M'Vean, ought to know better. What would your meenister say if he saw you now?"

"Shure, Sister, we will put the bed so tidy you won't know a soul has been near it the day," said O'Ryan persuasively.

But Staff Nurse M'Tavish ignored his blandishments.

"It is a very wicked thing to play cards on Sunday," she continued, "and if you don't stop this minute I'll take the whole pack and throw it in the fire."

The players, seeing that she had every intention of carrying out her threat, hastily gathered up the cards and sought refuge from the eye of wrath in the grounds. Only M'Vean remained, gazing dismally upon the scene of his discomfiture.

Next Sunday there was only one transgressor from the path of virtue in Ward B., and that was M'Vean, who, seated beside his bed, was endeavoring methodically to unravel a very complicated Patience.

When Staff Nurse M'Tavish beheld him, her fury knew no bounds. That he, her countryman, should be the one to set her authority at defiance and defile the Lord's Day, added to the bitterness of the offense. It seemed, in her eyes, an unjustifiable blot upon her national honor.

"M'Vean," she cried, "have I no told you last week that it is a very wicked thing to touch a card on Sunday, and here I find you breaking the commandments again."

"But," said the culprit in injured tones, "it's no cards I'm playing."

"M'Vean, I'll no have you making bad worse by telling me a lie. You know as well as I do the place to which liars go."

"But," repeated M'Vean stolidly, "I tell you it's no cards I'm playing. It is Patience, and Patience is a Sunday game."

Driven to exasperation by this sophistry, Staff Nurse M'Tavish, feeling that the salvation of a human soul was at stake, seized the pack and flung it into the fire. The flames licked hungrily round the cards, just in the same way, so it seemed to the agitated Staff Nurse, as the Powers of Evil would seize upon the unhappy M'Vean and devour him with fiery torments, unless he amended his evil ways.

"Now you have gone and done it, old man," cried Lamb in lugubrious tones. "How are we to get a game tomorrow?"

"Hoots," said the recalcitrant M'Vean, "it's no matter. I have another pack in my locker."

Practical jokes were the pastimes which appealed most to Jones and his friend Lamb. Often Akerman, jumping hurriedly into bed just as lights were being put out, would come in contact with a mass of prickly horse-chestnuts or holly leaves and spring on to the floor with a shout of anguish. Repetition never seemed to impair the infinite humor of this joke, nor did it spoil the other great favorite, "the Pseudo Patient." Just at bedtime a bolster, with the upper end swathed in bandages, would be arranged in the vague likeness of a human form, in one of the empty beds. As soon as Night Sister appeared in the ward her attention would be drawn to the new case, who seemed very ill, and if in the kindness of her heart she would bend, carefully shading her light, over the prostrate form, the delight of the originators of the joke was unbounded.

One day, at tea-time, Ward B. invented a new joke. Mrs. Noggs, the ward-maid, who had been hurrying round with mugs of tea for the patients in bed, was suddenly heard to utter a piercing shriek and to exclaim, "It's enough to give a body a turn, that it is. I always said Germans was nasty things, but I never knew they looked like that."

"Really, Mrs. Noggs," said Staff Nurse M'Tavish coldly, as the agitated ward-maid brushed past her with an utter disregard for the deference due to superiors which is daily inculcated in hospital, "you must not make so much noise. Remember in hospital there must be absolute quiet."

Mrs. Noggs was too much agitated to be at all chastened by this rebuke, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish, seeing her words had no effect, decided to waste no more time over the matter, and went into the ward to begin a dressing.

"Sister, Sister," called Jackson, as soon as he saw her, "would you like to see a German's finger. Callaghan has one."

A convoy had arrived two or three days before, and Callaghan had been one of the new comers to the ward. He was lying propped up in bed, surrounded by pillows of all dimensions, and on the sheet in front of him lay a little cardboard box.

"Have you, Callaghan?" asked Nurse M'Tavish; "where did you get it?"

"I brought it back with me from the front," said Callaghan proudly. "Would you be caring to see it, Sister?"

Swayed by mingled feelings of disgust, and desire not to miss anything, Staff Nurse M'Tavish hesitated. Finally curiosity won the day, and she leaned eagerly over the bed.

Callaghan slowly took off the lid and removed several layers of cotton wool. Then he disclosed to view a yellow, hideous object, nestling in a bed of white wool.

Staff Nurse M'Tavish shuddered.

"How horrible!" she cried. "What a disgusting thing to keep in your locker, and how disagreeable it smells"; and she turned hastily away.

The probationer, who happened to be passing at that moment, impelled by morbid curiosity, hastened to see the unpleasant sight.

Callaghan watched her intently.

"What a dreadful thing," she cried, "how can you keep it?" and then she stopped quite suddenly. The finger seemed remarkably plump and unshriveled, to have been carried about as a souvenir for so long, and forcing herself to look again, she detected a faint, scarcely perceptible movement in the box.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it is your own finger sticking through a hole in the box, and not a German finger at all."

"How did you guess?" cried Callaghan in surprise, "and me painting it with iodine and all. But hush, Sister, not a word, here comes Mrs. James. Just wait till you hear her scream when I show it to her."

He carefully wrapped the finger in its layers of cotton wool, and replacing the box on the bed settled down complacently to await events.

(*To be continued.*)

Blackwood's Magazine.

WOMAN'S SHARE IN THE WAR'S WORK.

On a wonderful summer's morning in mid-August, 1914, at about seven o'clock, I was one of a little group in the Square of Chelsea Barracks, when the Third Battalion of the Coldstream Guards were waiting to march out for a destination unknown. They were almost the earliest unit to go on active service, and their women folk—mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts—knew that the call of war, real war, as the first terrible stories from Belgium were telling, had come to the British Army. Farewells were said quietly and calmly, the babies and toddling mites were held up for a last kiss, girls braced themselves up to smile even as they said and heard the parting words. Every woman in that group bore herself with a superb self-restraint and a proud confidence that now, after more than fifteen months, one realizes was a true foreshadowing of the attitude of the women of the Empire during the War.

The wider word of Empire rather than the nation is used with intent. In Canada and Australia, in New Zealand and South Africa, the women have shown devotion and a readiness to help not one whit less than those of the Motherland. An awakening has come even to India's women, and the ladies of the ruling chiefs as well as those of the wealthy mercantile families of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras have supported Red Cross work for the Indian troops sent oversea, and have contributed comforts in money and in kind.

It is natural in any survey of the help that women have rendered in this

country to give pride of place to the splendid services of the nurses. After the South African War it became quite evident that, even with the system of a Reserve that the Princess Christian had brought about, the old Army Nursing Service was inadequate for any huge demand that should arise. An entire reconstitution of it took place early in the last reign, and it became Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service with a Matron-in-Chief officially installed at the War Office. Later there was linked to it in an elastic kind of way the nursing of the twenty-three General Hospitals which were part of the Territorial scheme of defense in the event of invasion. This service of Territorial nursing also had its Matron-in-Chief. Beyond that again came a system of hospitals directed by the British Red Cross Society, which were to utilize the services of Voluntary Aid Detachments that had prepared themselves in peace time for the demands that war might make.

Soon after the war cloud burst, the regular Army Nursing Service numbered 24 matrons, 104 sisters, 156 nurses, and a large reserve who could be called upon for active service. In these very early days, too, the Territorial hospitals were mobilized, and none save the matrons of the great civil hospitals will ever know the strain and difficulty those calls involved when, as in the case of the 1st London General Hospital at St. Gabriel's College, Camberwell, it was entirely staffed from St. Bartholomew's. Yet one and another adapted herself to the changed conditions, and each sister and each nurse who remained in the civilian wards cheerfully remained on duty for extra hours till readjustments could be brought about.

Even today we do not know what were the first calls made on the profession. One ship alone took away some 250 to a port in France, and before the end of September there were many large contingents sent out to reinforce them. Meantime various modifications of the original plans for the treatment of the wounded have been made. At this moment, the wounded or sick are kept no longer than is possible in the base hospitals in France, Alexandria, or Malta, but are transferred home to vast auxiliary military hospitals. The regular Army Service has been supplemented from many directions. Canadian and Australasian nurses have come over by scores and by hundreds not only to tend their own kith and kin in the special hospitals maintained for them by private generosity, but to be unreservedly at the orders of the Matron-in-Chief to go wherever they are needed.

But even were it possible to give the actual numbers of women who are tending the sick and wounded, that would be a very formal and inadequate record of their work in this direction. Through the British Red Cross Society, through organizations like the French Flag Nursing Corps, through the hospitals equipped by special efforts, this has been a truly splendid phase of woman's work. It has been recognized in the dispatches of Sir John French; we have heard of Violetta Thurston calmly going on with her almost hopeless task of mitigating the wretchedness in the Warsaw hospital with the shells dropping in the street below; we have read of the wonderful exertions by which Sister Kiddle, from Guy's Hospital, and her co-workers, transformed and made ready in a few hours a great chateau near Versailles for the reception of the wounded; we have gained a glimpse of Miss Muriel Benington and the other nurses who endured the wretchedness of that wild night in October, 1914, when the hospital ship *Rohilla* went to pieces on the coast near Whitby, and who volunteered after a few days' rest to resume

similar work on another hospital ship rather than accept less dangerous posts in a Naval hospital ashore; and we have bent our heads in humble tribute to Mrs. Percy Dearmer and those other noble women who succumbed to the epidemic of typhus in Serbia last spring.

These are the embodiments of the finely animating spirit that has run through the hundreds who have given their willing devotion. It has inspired the quiet little member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment in some humble or monotonous task in which she has served; it has led women of education to go into hospital stores and kitchens to do, if need be, the dullest of menial tasks.

We had had quite eight months of war before the Government recognized that women would have to take a much greater share in the organized industry of the country and the provision of war munitions than had hitherto been admitted. Let it be conceded to the leaders of the Suffragist movement, both Militant and Constitutional, that they had foreseen a much greater scope for women's collaboration than the heads of either Government departments or those in direction of Trades Unions. Within a very few days of the commencement of hostilities we had Women's Emergency Corps offering to supply women as lift attendants or ticket-collectors; as tram and omnibus conductors, or to take charge of delivery vans; as assistants in trades like that of grocery, hitherto reserved by men for themselves, or to act as porters, commissionaires, and so forth.

Such proposals were received at first with good-natured smiles of mild interest. But all these claims have been made good. These are the very tasks that women are fulfilling at this moment, together with many more like them. The messenger girl is bringing you the urgent communication that cannot wait for the post. In the Post Office itself there are between 500 and 600 women sorters employed in London alone, and in the suburbs are 200 post women engaged in the daily delivery of letters. The railways are availing themselves of feminine service in their various clerical departments as well as in the issue and the collection of tickets, while at the book-stall it will be from the hands of a girl that you receive your newspaper or magazine. We are quite accustomed now to seeing the milk or the bread or the meat brought to the door by a young woman, unless in the general shortage of supernumerary laborers we have had a polite request to call for and carry home these commodities for ourselves. The tea, the butter, and the cheese are no less deftly weighed and packed by the girl behind the grocer's counter than by her brother.

In farm and agricultural work they have been of real help. Men over middle age and lads under seventeen have done the heavier labor of ploughing and manure carrying on the land, but women have shown themselves capable of managing the cows and the sheep. Many girls have learned how to milk, and under the present system, by which practically all the milk is sent away to the towns, there is very little on a large dairy farm that women cannot manage. The factory system has, in fact, spread far and wide into dairying, and if the milk is not consigned to the dealers, it is taken to creameries, where in butter and cheese-making skilled women with technical knowledge are largely employed. Of course in the rearing of calves and in poultry management there is nothing that women cannot manage unassisted by men.

The schools of horticulture and gardening have never had a year so busy as this has been, and girls have wanted to learn the elements of fruit and vegetable growing in order to turn

to the utmost account any ground at their disposal. Last spring such efforts made a useful contribution to the food supplies of the country; in the coming months they will do a great deal more, especially after the encouragement that County Councils have bestowed upon such efforts. The rural clergy of the Church of England, and the ministers of the Nonconformist Churches, have often had it in their power to advise that more attention should be paid to the garden and its produce, and right well it has been exercised. Viscount Milner's Departmental Committee at the Board of Agriculture has pointed out that pigs might again be advantageously reared in connection with small holdings, and, for that purpose, the utilization of all land that will grow even coarse crops may well enjoy the consideration of women.

It was in April that the Board of Trade put forward its first appeal to women to register themselves, as willing to learn to make shell and ammunition, to do leather work and brushmaking—three phases of industry of special importance to armies in the field, and the last particularly so, from the part that motor machinery is playing in the war. The response of women at first somewhat tarried. It was an initial mistake to utilize the Labor Exchanges as the only recording agency. The Board itself always set great store by them, but the average woman, and especially the better class domestic servant, the typist, the clerk, and largely the dressmaker, regarded them as a kind of last resource when all other means of finding employment had failed.

Some, however, of the more educated women, willing to do anything that would be of service, overcame their prejudices and went to them. Then came delays, due largely to the problems of securing the exquisitely fine machine tools required in munition work, and also to the fact that the enormously enhanced demands for explosives and projectiles of all calibres meant also the erection of vast ranges of buildings when labor was constantly becoming scarcer. The great private firms as Vickers, Kynochs, Eleys, and so forth, secured women workers literally by the thousand, and those who had ministered to the "luxury trades" had only to transfer themselves to the vocations that needed them, while various measures were taken to give the preliminary instruction. It is a splendid and inspiring record to hear of what they have done in this direction for the State. None are, perhaps, in a better position to estimate the real increase in the feminine army of industry than the Young Women's Christian Association, which from the outset of the call of the munition factories for women's labor set themselves to deal with the new problems of catering and recreation that would present themselves. Their latest returns point to the fact that something over a million more women and girls are engaged in industrial employ than was the case before the war.

Another very significant fact is that the Queen's "Work for Women" Fund, started to meet the distress which it was expected would be felt throughout the dressmaking, millinery, and blousemaking trades, has been able to close all its centers, save one or two in which elderly and somewhat unhelpable women are receiving some practical instruction that would make them useful as home helps to working-class mothers. The Fund last winter rendered very useful service in utilizing the labor of those who had not adapted themselves to the new conditions, and made clothing for the destitute Belgian refugees, while it taught to many the art of re-making partly worn garments, and how children's school wear might be made on lines that would be hygienic

and comfortable to themselves and lessen the mother's labors at the wash-tub. It opened classes, too, for girls, in which to learn various skilled crafts, and the £170,000 or so that was subscribed undoubtedly helped greatly in the transition period when the old demands had passed, and the new openings had not yet been found.

So unexpected have been many of the actual results of the war, that wise people are not surprised now at any strange consequences. About thirty years ago the educationist of the day deprecated an insistence upon the teaching of needlework and knitting. We all know the line of argument. The factory has superseded handicraft; why, therefore, waste a girl's time on learning to make the things she can buy cheaper? Yet, by one of those astonishing examples of the irony of things, it has been precisely over these rather despised efforts that women have rendered help so entirely valuable that there has arisen a new department under the War Office with a Director-General of Voluntary Organizations, in the capable and genial personality of Col. Sir Edward Ward, in order that the country shall utilize to the utmost the goodwill and the stitchery of the women.

The Queen it was who first recognized that with some method and encouragement there was a latent field of energy in this direction that might be turned to the most valuable account. For many years past her Majesty has been intimately associated with the Needlework Guild. It was in fact a connection that dated from her own girlhood, and since her marriage, as Duchess of York, as Princess of Wales, and as Queen, no winter has passed without her actual supervision of the collection made in London, and its classification for the use of hospitals, poor parishes, such centers as the Bermondsey Settlement or the Crossways Mission, and other religious and philanthropic organizations. Thousands of useful garments were contributed year by year, and the Queen was therefore in possession of knowledge as to the capacities of women to collaborate in meeting the new needs certain to arise.

The appeal was put forward within ten days of the outbreak of the war. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild was to be the great clearing-house of all that women were prepared to make, and the first need was that of flannel shirts. The supplies were insufficient for the men being hurried out to France. Some three days later nearly every woman was struggling with the intricacies of "band and gusset and seam," and the range of sizes sent in would have enabled a pygmy or a giant to be fitted. But the average Englishwoman has the saving grace of common sense, and it occurred to not a few when they compared their amateur efforts with the shapely and well fitting garments of their husbands' or brothers' wear that it might after all be better either to buy them ready-made or to pay expert workers to make them. Thus was distress averted and suitable shirts came in to St. James's Palace, the headquarters of the Guild.

In the autumn of 1914, the fear of paralyzed industries and want of employment, with consequent widespread distress, were gloomy anticipations that affected the character of the work sent in. Clothing for poor women and children it was thought would be widely needed, and as a fact, before the smooth working of the system of separation allowances, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association distributed something like 62,000 useful items of attire to wives and children of those called at short notice to the front. In the months now concluding entirely changed needs have had to be met. Taken all round, the working-class woman, including the soldier's wife, is better off

than she has ever been before. In fact, the difficulty of the "pushing" outfitters in populous districts has been that they cannot, on account of the shortage of women workers, get the smart little frocks and jackets, the velveteen suits and the colored jerseys that mothers in their comparative affluence are wanting for the girls and boys. The marked improvement in the general standard of children's clothing has been noticed over and over again by experienced school teachers.

That does not, however, imply that the activities of the Queen's Guild have ceased. On the contrary, there are greater needs than ever, which are exercising women's skill in a wholly new direction. In January last it occurred to a little group of ladies and gentlemen living in Kensington that they might usefully undertake to supply bandages, night shirts, and similar hospital requisites. They made a successful start, and then the borough of Marylebone thought they could do something of the same character. In their midst lived Miss Ethel McCaul, R.R.C., one of the most experienced of war nurses, who had been all through South Africa, and who through Queen Alexandra's special intervention was attached to the Red Cross Service of Japan in the war with Russia. An influential committee was formed, and she was called in as honorary organizer. She knew, of course, all the subtleties of "many tail" and "T" bandages, she knew the lines that a night shirt for a helpless case should follow, she understood what was wanted in pneumonia jackets, or ward shoes to cover feet swollen and bandaged to perhaps four times the normal proportions.

Very gladly did a band of ladies at first work under her directions. More and still more, however, wanted to come and assist, until the fine mansion in Cavendish Square of Lord Crawford was none too large to take in the workers in the several departments. The Queen gave her recognition to this work by constituting it the Surgical Branch of her own Guild, but out of it now has grown a colossal work of mercy. Up and down the country have sprung up something like fifty Surgical Supply Associations, all of which are in affiliation with it, and each one represented on the Central Council. More recently still, the British Red Cross Society has turned its attention to this branch of service, and the President and Council of the Royal Academy have set apart a number of the Galleries at other times devoted to the year's modern art, or the loan collections of the old Masters, for this beneficent labor of mercy. Both these bodies as well as the Order of St. John are working in the most complete accord with the new department of Voluntary Organization.

Obviously, if surgeons and nurses are to be practically assisted, it is necessary that everything made should conform to the standard patterns of the leading hospitals. Without central control, working parties would have made things on the lines and the proportions they imagined to be right, and when it came to the dressing of a shattered shoulder and chest, the "many tail" might have proved just too short or too narrow for what was wanted. Moreover, should a call come from one of the bases for 500 pneumonia jackets or 10,000 of some particular shape of sterilized swab, the new department knows where any working party has specialized in those directions.

The final distinction that these women, working so quietly and without fuss or parade, have won is that of earning a war service badge. It will not be bestowed for less than three months of regular effort in connection with one of the organizations officially recognized by the Director-General, and the worker must be recommended

for it by the responsible head of the workroom committee, as the Mayor or Lord Lieutenant of the town or county center. It is the tribute that the gentle, the more homely means of aid, have gained before many more showy and assertive efforts, and its significance is undeniable.

Medical women have rendered very valuable aid, and in so doing have advanced their own position in a marked degree. Their useful help in France under Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray led the Army Medical Department to recall these ladies to take up the greater responsibility of the Military Hospital of 520 beds in Endell Street, and this was their first triumph; their second was when the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit was stopped in the Mediterranean on the voyage to Serbia to take charge of the wounded who were being brought to Malta from the Dardanelles. But even among those now rendering the most devoted service to the victims of the war, there is a sense that this is but a passing phase of what they have accomplished. When the special calls on behalf of the sick and wounded have ceased, their real advance will be found in the opening—never to be closed again—that they have gained in the house appointments of the great hospitals. They have come to their own, by rising to the opportunity when it presented itself.

We shall never be able to reduce to cold figures and statistics the work of our women. There is not a parish up and down the land in which the clamant needs of our men have not brought all together, regardless of the church they attend, to work in the way that seemed most useful. Congregations have made themselves responsible for the comfort of perhaps three or four men who formerly worshiped with them, and who in the trenches, or more still in the prisoners' camps in Germany, have been thankful for the comforts in clothing or the welcome boxes of provisions supplied through feminine organization and goodwill. The Young Men's Christian Association enlisted the support of Princess Victoria in their truly great work of supplying huts at the railway termini here and at the camps in France, and new influences have been quietly at work that have led many a man to think far more seriously on those things which belong unto his peace.

It is no very alluring task, to come down night after night to a buffet on a draughty railway platform or even in a hut to serve men with coffee and other refreshments. Yet for months ladies accustomed to comfortable and luxurious surroundings have done it. One recalls Mr. Kipling's mention of a French Countess whom he knew when she thought life impossible without two maids, a manicurist, and some one to look after her pet dogs. When he met her on his last visit to France she was spending all her days and a good part of her nights mending and disinfecting the clothing of soldiers.

Of the individual acts of heroism that the war has brought forward on the part of women there are enough to fill volumes. Not the least splendid have been some of those of the French Sisters of Mercy. They have won the distinction of mention in Army Orders, while other French nurses have done wonders. Quite recently the King conferred the Cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem on Mademoiselle Juliette Caron, who rendered the most valuable help to the wounded in the retirement after Mons, and who has linked her name with one of the British Army's immortal deeds of valor by saving the survivors of the dauntless L Battery of Royal Field Artillery. Further, the French War Office has mentioned the names of over twenty nurses for specially splendid services in dis-

patches, and has conferred the medal—only won for very exceptional care and devotion—for nursing infectious diseases upon fourteen dauntless women. An English nurse, Miss Florence Cross, who received her training at the Middlesex Hospital, has also earned a Medaille d'Honneur while with the French Flag Nursing Corps which has rendered such fine service to our Allies. It came to her with a diploma personally signed by M. Millerand, the French War Minister, and this refers to the devotion she displayed during an epidemic of diphtheria which she contracted herself almost to the loss of her own life.

The Empire may well thank God it has women of the type of Edith Cavell, who for all time will take her place amid the noble army of martyrs. Less would one speak of the quiet calm of mind which could be grateful to her jailers for ten weeks in which to think, for the true spirit of faith that realized there was something even beyond patriotism, and that would not take a bitter thought to the grave and gate of death, than of the universal tribute of recognition of all these qualities. For this has shown that certain manifestations of cynicism, things that seemed to some a passing of the sense of reverence, a tendency, perhaps, to belittle the ideal and the spiritual, were mere bubbles on the surface. It is good to realize that as a people we still venerate a great example of duty well fulfilled in life and the Christian courage in death. When the noble memorial that Sir George Frampton is designing as a labor of love to be expressed in the beautiful marbles and metals that the "Shilling Fund" of the *Daily Telegraph*—one of the most immediately successful that the paper ever had—is providing for his use, it will be one of the highest of the inspirations that will have come out of the suffering and sorrow of all the war.

There are, too, the many acts of self-denial and kindliness that never earn any record in writing. No fame and no distinction is to be earned by going to read the paper daily to some elderly folk who have a grandson at the front; it is quite commonplace to take charge of a group of boisterous youngsters in order that their mother may attend an intercessory service; it may be thankless work to act as a woman-patrol in the vicinity of a camp on dark and gloomy evenings. "I am trying to do my bit" is the only explanation that you will hear if you comment on what may seem some particularly arduous and irksome task.

These are not yet the days to predict the social and economic results to follow the war. But we do know that many extravagances of dress, and personal luxury and indulgence have been checked, and that the calls to avoid all waste in household expenditure have enjoyed the most intelligent acceptance by women. They have realized with a clearness of vision that a few months before the war would have seemed impossible that the conservation of our food supplies may have very important bearings as the war goes on. The wise outlay of money that shall maintain the volume of trade that is desirable, and at the same time avoid what is useless and unnecessary, has led them to consider these problems from wholly new points of view.

"The women are splendid," has been said by more than one observer of their work, whether in nursing or industry, in providing for the comfort of the men, and in keeping the social organization at its best efficiency. Some few have wished there had been a more outwardly marked religious revival as a result of all these weeks and months of strain. But in this direction people do not perhaps look sufficiently below the surface. The attendance at public worship is distinctly better; and there is

most certainly a more thoughtful and inquiring feeling as to the deep things that matter. These are points that the more pessimistic will admit. Others like Rupert Brooke, are satisfied—

Blow! bugles blow! they brought us for our dearth,
Holiness lacked so long, and Love and Pain;
Honor has come back as a king to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And nobleness walks in our ways again,
And we have come into our heritage.

As yet we do not know the fullness of the uplifting. But there has been a passing of much materialism, a truce to many factions not to be reopened again. Women have "found themselves" as never before, in a world torn by stress and suffering on which they have looked with calm, sturdy perception to discover paths that are to lead them to yet greater service to humanity. They have responded to every call made upon them, and it will not be until we can measure their efforts in the full light of what they have meant in the final reckoning with our enemies that the work can be well and truly appraised.

Mary Frances Billington.

The London Quarterly Review.

BLUEBEARD.

"Dear, o' dear o' me!" groaned Mrs. Lipsett for the fortieth time. "Daddy, I don't know however we're to get along. I'm that stiff!"

"Ah," retorted her husband unconsolingly, "ye're like to be at our age."

He was so gnarled, dried-up, and discolored with age that he might almost have been mistaken for a log of wood; Mrs. Lipsett, too, seemed incalculably old—a little, withered, bat-like Margery-of-Quether kind of creature. Her garments, of nondescript shape and of a kind of earthy hue, gave an uncanny suggestion of loosened mummy-wrappings. As she went about her household tasks, tacking about the kitchen with feeble energy, she looked for all the world like a huge withered leaf, blown hither and thither by the wind. Mrs. Lipsett was obliged to tack, launching herself from the table, proceeding across the flagged floor at a kind of trot, and bringing up against the dresser, to which she would cling for support until such time as she felt strong enough for another sally. If she wheeled round too suddenly, or paused without support in the middle of the floor, she was apt to "come over giddy," on which occasions she would turn feebly round and round until she fell down. Daddy would then bestir himself, heave up his crooked stick, and hammer at the wall. The neighbor, who was about the same age as the old couple and almost equally decrepit, would hobble in, and would endeavor, usually without success, to hoist that pathetic little bundle of rags on to its feet again. When she failed to do so, it was necessary for her to toddle at the best pace she could to the end of the row and rouse old Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins, when once upon his feet, could go at quite a prodigious pace, and it would now be his duty to amble down the lane and fetch "the young woman"; this personage, a thin rheumatic spinster of sixty-seven or so, would then start off at a stiff run, and in due course the exhausted Mrs. Lipsett would be hauled upon her feet again and propelled into a battered elbow-chair, facing her helpless husband.

Heaven knows what the little community would have done without "the young woman," Martha Whitley. They were all so old! The cluster of cottages, tucked away in a corner of Kent-

ish down land, built of clay and weather-boards, had been intended for the housing of farm laborers. Adam Lipsett could remember when they were known as the "New Cottages," and when the tilled land came up to the edge of the lane. But somehow the marsh had encroached again, sliding wet fingers underneath the rows of sickly wheat; the farmer's gold sank in those unplumbed depths, and the land went back to reedy pasture.

The rent of the cottages was low, the track leading to them from the village grass-grown. "The young woman" would go down it on Saturdays to do the marketing for all, and once or twice a year of a Sunday she would tread it on her way to church. Rent collectors and relieving officers were the only visitors who ever set foot in it, and the chickens of the cottages bathed in the dust, undisturbed by fear of horse or wheel, from year's end to year's end. Some of the old couples, the Lipsetts among others, had borne and reared children in the far-away years of their youth. But these, like birds, had long ago fluttered out into the world, and had not been heard of for many a day. The postman never came up the path now.

"I doubt our children are all i' their graves, daddy," Mary Lipsett said one day. "I could wish to have buried them myself, as we did our Annie. Do you remember our Annie?"

"Eh?" said the old man, and when she had repeated the question in her shrill cracked voice, he nodded his head.

"Yes, to be sure, yes, Annie! She were the one wi' yaller curls; you used to do 'em round your finger."

He craned his head forward like an old tortoise to peer at his wife round the flap of his chair. "It do seem long ago. Times I gets mazed sitting here and thinkin' back on it all."

"Ah, well, daddy, we're nearin' the end ourselves now," remarked Mrs. Lipsett contentedly. "The Almighty's good to have left us together. There's John Whitley now, a widow these thirty years, and Jane next door as has lost two husbands."

"True, Mary, true. We have a lot to be thankful for," murmured the old man.

A quick footfall sounded without, and at every step something rang sharply on the stones. A tap came at the door.

"Come in," called the old couple in quavering duet. Mrs. Lipsett made a trembling run at her own chair, clutched the back, righted herself, and was pulling herself into it hand over hand when the stranger entered.

It was a young—a very young—officer. His first act was to fly to the aid of the old woman, his spurs clanking as he crossed the flagged floor.

Mrs. Lipsett burst into cackling laughter when she found herself lifted bodily on to her chair; as a rule it took her several minutes of crab-like scrambling before she could settle herself.

"Well, daddy!" she exclaimed.

"Now you mustn't let me disturb you," said the boy. "I only just came to tell you—I only want to know if you can take in one of my lads here."

"Your lads!" ejaculated Mary. "Why what age are you yourself?"

"Oh, I don't mean a child," explained the young man, a fiery blush mounting to his already heated brow. "One of my troopers you know—soldiers."

Daddy Lipsett emitted a wheezy chuckle.

"But what would we do with one o' them here?" asked Mary alarmed.

"Well, I really meant to go to the cottage at the corner," replied the soldier, "but there was no one at home, so I thought I'd see if I couldn't get a billet for him here. It's only one," he added encouragingly. "I've got all the others in the village."

"Do you mean to sleep here?" gasped Adam. "Why, we haven't but the one bed."

"Oh, he won't want any bed," cried Captain Windrow quickly. "But of course I won't put him here—it would be too much for an old pair like you. Don't you worry; I'll try next door."

"But Jane's a sight older nor we are!" exclaimed Mary, not without triumph. "I daresay we're the youngest in the row, aren't we, daddy?"

"What!" ejaculated the young man.

"Yes," chimed in Adam complacently. " 'Twas the young woman's house as you went to first, sir, but ye sees she be gone down to village to get all our pensions today. Ah," he continued proudly, "we be all getting the old age pension, only Martha, and she do fetch the money for us."

"Well, 'twould be nice to have a young youth about, daddy, wouldn't it?" queried Mary. "It 'ud put us in mind of our own. We've a nice room too, an' I'm sure our soldiers is welcome to all we have."

"I don't think he'd give much trouble," said Captain Windrow. "But perhaps it would be too much for you"; he spoke dubiously.

"We'd do our best," Mrs. Lipsett observed. "When would ye be sending him?"

"Well—tonight," he hesitated.

"Tonight!" exclaimed the old pair in horror.

"Now, just you let the boy do everything for himself and don't you bother about him," said Windrow; "I'll look in tomorrow, and if you can't do with him I'll shift him."

Shortly after the officer's departure, there came another tap at the Lipsetts' door. Then it was set ajar, and the dusty, sunburned face of a young trooper was thrust, shyly grinning, into the aperture.

"Mun I come in?" he asked. "Is this Lipsett's?"

"Yes, come in, ye're welcome," said Mary, trying to get on to her feet, while Adam twisted his neck in the vain effort to catch a glimpse of the new-comer.

The trooper backed out again and was presently heard vigorously wiping his feet on the grass outside. Presently he entered, walking gingerly, and paused just within the door. He carried a sausage-shaped bundle under one arm, and in the other hand bore his mess tin, into which his rations had been packed indiscriminately.

After a glance at the clean floor, he dropped his kit, sat down on it, and, having unwound his puttees, began silently to unlace his boots. The Lipsetts watched him, somewhat alarmed. Having taken off his boots, the soldier dropped them outside the door, and, coming back, picked up his bundle.

"Now then, missus," he said, "would ye mind showing me where I'm to put this 'ere?"

"That's the room, through there," cried Mary, pointing, "but I haven't had time to do anything to it yet."

"Reet," said the soldier. Having flung his belongings through the door indicated, he returned in his shirt-sleeves, picked up the bucket which stood in the corner, and went out. The creak of the well could be heard, and then a sound of sousing and splashing.

"You ask him his name, daddy, when he comes back," urged Mrs. Lipsett.

The trooper presently reappeared, very red as to face and very moist as to hair.

"Won't ye catch cold without your boots?" ventured Mary.

He grinned. "You'd soon have ye'r nice floor mucked up if I'd kep' 'em on," he remarked. "Mun I fill kettle?"

He strode to the hearth in his stout gray socks and weighed the kettle in his hand.

"What's your name, young man?" queried daddy.

"I'm called Ned Birch," said the soldier. "Mun I fill kettle?"

"Oh, don't you trouble yourself, Mr. Birch," returned Mary. "The young woman 'ull be in directly. I'm sorry not to be able to get about an' see to things."

"Aw," remarked Ned, in a deprecating tone. He gazed at his hostess and then at the kettle, and finally went out to fill it without further words. The old couple could hear him shuffling into his boots and duly kicking them off again on the threshold.

Daddy suddenly began to chuckle and rubbed his one serviceable hand on his withered knee.

"Mother," he said, leaning forward, "Mother, I'll be able to have a smoke by and by. The young chap'll make my pipe draw for me."

Daddy, being exceedingly short of breath, could seldom accomplish this feat unaided.

Mrs. Lipsett did not answer. She was engaged in toppling out of her chair on to her feet, with the intention of laying the tablecloth. The trooper, however, frustrated her.

"See 'ere, missus," he observed, with a roll of the head. "Just you set down an' tell me wheer to find things. Theer's no call for you to upset yoursel'."

"You're very good, I'm sure, Mr. Birch," said the old woman tremulously. "I see you've cut some sticks too."

"Nobbut a two-three to make kettle bile," said the trooper. "But I'll chop ye a nice few at arter."

He grinned at them encouragingly, and then squatting on his heels, proceeded with clumsy goodwill to build up the fire.

When the young woman presently arrived, and paused, panting, in the doorway, her nostrils were greeted by the pleasant smell of hot toast.

The old people were each munching a thick slice, and a large young man in a gray shirt and khaki breeches knelt on the hearthstone with a third slice of bread balanced on the point of the breadknife, and his countenance heated to a fine shade of purple.

"This is Mr. Birch, Martha," called Mary excitedly. "He've a-made us some toast. Come in and have a drop o' tea, do. Mr. Birch, this is the young woman as does for us."

Ned acknowledged the introduction by a slight widening of his grin and a clearing of his throat.

"Well," Martha gasped. "Dear, I be warm! I made sure as ye'd be wantin' your tea, and I hurried never so. But I see ye've done nicely without me today."

She had indeed hastened to the cottage, filled with contrition for her delay in the village, and now, finding her compunction unnecessary, was inclined to be aggrieved.

She sat down, however, and threw back her bonnet strings. Ned startled her by suddenly shooting out his arm in her direction with the knife and the bit of toast at the end of it. She gathered that he intended the delicacy for her consumption and was instantly appeased.

Presently the tapping of a stick was heard without, and old Tom Jenkins appeared in the doorway.

"I thought I saw the young woman come in," he observed, fixing his eyes on the opposite wall and feigning to ignore the presence of the stranger, "so I thought I'd just drop in an' ask if she'd chanced to remember my screw of peppermints."

Here, in spite of himself, his eyes wandered to the soldier with uncontrollable curiosity, but he sternly drew them back to the wall again.

"We've got a visitor, ye see," remarked daddy, proudly.

"Eh!" ejaculated Jenkins, "they've never been an' gone an' billeted a soldier on you?"

"They have, though," Mrs. Lipsett retorted.

As she was still speaking "the neighbor" looked in from next door.

"I thought maybe ye'd be at a loss with Martha gone to town," she observed. "But I see ye have company."

She stepped back reluctantly but genteelly, as though about to depart.

"Come in a minute, do, Mrs. Moat," Mary besought her hospitably.

"An' just ax the others to step in along with ye," put in daddy sarcastically, "and then we can have the door shut."

Strange to say Mrs. Rabbit and her sister and old Andrew Goble and his wife did happen to be lingering about outside. They eagerly availed themselves of the invitation, and crowded into the tiny kitchen.

"Mun I make toast for them all?" inquired the trooper in a hoarse whisper, with a dubious glance at the remains of the loaf. "Tell ye what, missus! If I'd knowed as ye was giving a party I'd have made ye a tater cake."

When Captain Windrow called on the following evening the door was open and a pleasant scene met his eyes.

Trooper Birch was washing up the tea-things in a tin bowl and Mrs. Lipsett was wiping them; at the same time he kept an eye on daddy. The old man would take a few feeble whiffs at his pipe and then, when it presently began to go out, hand it over to the other, complaining petulantly that it didn't draw right, and Ned would puff away with great solemnity and presently hand it back, with the remark that it seemed to be goin' a bit better now.

Birch stood up with a sheepish smile when his superior entered, clearing his throat several times with all a Lancashireman's embarrassment at being caught doing a kindness.

"Well, how are you getting on?" Captain Windrow asked. "Can you put up with him, do you think?" He waved his cane in the direction of the trooper, who was now hanging the cups on the dresser hooks with considerable clatter.

"Very nice," Mrs. Lipsett replied gravely, but with a twinkle in her eyes. "Yes, thank you, sir, I think we'll be able to put up with him."

She glanced at daddy, and they both broke into cackles of delighted laughter.

* * * * * *

"He's a deep 'un, he is," chuckled Trooper Aughton, indicating Ned Birch with a jerk of his mess-tin. The said mess-tin was filled to the brim with a decoction of strong syrupy sea, but owing to its having been indifferently cleaned, the taste of Ceylon was varied by alien savors, of which that of Irish stew predominated. Aughton took a gulp of tea, paused with a critical air, and then, detaching the handle, churned the beverage energetically while delivering himself of the following sentiments:

"Now theer's some lads as has a kind o' a look in their eye as makes you set 'em down as rascals straight away—"

"Same's you," put in Ned, hastily stowing an enormous bite of bread and jam into his cheek; his enunciation being somewhat muffled in spite of this precaution.

"But theer's others," went on Aughton, raising his voice, "as looks as though butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, and mind you, chaps, them's the worst."

"We's bahn to hear some sermon now," remarked Birch.

The rest of the little company waited; there was sure to be "a bit o' fun" when Aughton, the wag of the troop, "got agate." The pause was filled with audible munching and grinding.

"Now yon lad, theer," proceeded Dick Aughton, sure of the attention of his audience. "Eh, lads! To see him supping up pop i' th' canteen ye'd never believe he were sich a blaggard."

"Aw, go on," interrupted Ned, feebly

"Eh, Ned," cried the other wagging his head. " 'Owever can yo' 'ave the 'art to treat the poor lasses so? I welly believe theer's a dozen of 'em as he writes to so constant, and each wench thinkin' hersel' the only one, I'll be bound,"

"Give ower," said Ned, grinning.

" 'Ark at him!" went on Dick. "Tell ye what, mates, he's worse nor yon chap what's his name, as 'ad sich a many wives."

"Solomon, do ye mean?" cried one.

"Or was it 'Enery the Eighth?" inquired another.

A third mentioned the name of a famous criminal, and a fourth suggested Bluebeard.

"He's a reg'lar bloomin' Bluebeard, that's what he is!" exclaimed Dick in scandalized accents. "I believe he's got a letter to one of 'em in's pocket now. Eh, Ned, why cannot thou keep to th' half-dozen? That's enough for any man."

"Aw, howd thy din, do!" returned Birch indignantly.

"First theer's Eliza," said Aughton. "He writes to Eliza o' Toosdays. Wednesday and Thursday is the widders' days, aren't they, Ned? At least I 'ope they're widders—"

"I wouldn't be too sure o' that," put in a comrade. "Ye never can tell wi' these here desperate fellows. Has he a day i' th' week for each one, Dick?"

"Aye," replied the other. "He did 'ave. But now he's got agate o' doublin' them."

A shout of laughter greeted this sally and from that moment, had Birch been less easy-going and good-tempered, his life would have been made a burden to him. Even the seven special cronies whose tent he shared would rouse him in the morning with queries as to whose turn it was that day. At breakfast he would be greeted with solicitous inquiries as to the health of his fair correspondents, and his neighbors at morning stables would vary the monotony of their tasks by facetious offers to sell him notepaper, or hilarious suggestions as to the best mode of popping the question.

Birch remained unmoved and continued to write his daily postcard, taking all his friends in unvarying rotation. Every Sunday he slowly and painfully scrawled a letter to Mrs. Lipsett. Had these missives been compared they would have been found to be practically identical; nevertheless they cost Ned fresh agonies of composition each time, and every one afforded its recipient delight as new as though the sentiments it expressed had not been conveyed in slightly different order in the epistles of many previous Sundays.

"Here, lads!" shouted Aughton one morning. "We're bahn to have a weddin' at last. Ned's up and axed for a day's leave. I'll lay any of you half-a-crown to a penny," he declared, "as I'll find out wheer yon owd bird goes o' Saturday, and which o' the girls he's walking out wi'."

"Done," replied Corporal Cookson, between two gulps of beer, his voice sounding hollow out of the pot in which his rubicund face was buried.

"Here, who's on?" cried another man. "Bluebeard *v.* Dicky Douse. Coom! What's the odds?"

Most of the betting appeared to be on Dick, newly christened "Douse" or cunning.

On the appointed day Dick therefore borrowed a bicycle and cautiously followed in Birch's wake.

It was a true Kentish day. There was a sharp east wind blowing in his face, and whirling up eddies of dust. The road where it dipped into the hollow was nevertheless deep in mud. Ned Birch seemed impervious to these adverse conditions and pedaled away at a great rate, never once looking behind him.

Mile after mile passed, and Augh-

ton grew more and more apprehensive.

"Well, he'll 'ave to stop when he cooms to the sea, that's one comfort," Dick told himself. "I welly believe naught 'ull stop him nobbut th' wayter!"

At last, however, when the gray sky appeared suddenly to be split in twain by a curving line of deeper gray, Trooper Birch turned briskly inland, and Dick, rounding the corner too, perceived him pushing his bike up a steep hill at feverish speed.

Aughton paused at the brow to wipe his heated face. His comrade had vanished from sight, but the wavering track of his tires showed up plainly, and Dick presently discovered familiar landmarks. That queer little church with a leaden steeple set a-top of a square tower, the farm on the hill with its black and white beams and ruddy-tiled oast-houses, he had seen them before.

"Ba gum!" gasped Dick. "It's yon little place what we come to for the shooting course."

He hastened down the hill, feeling sure that he was near the end of his journey. He remembered now that he had never seen Birch's billet. They had all been sorry for the lad, stuck away by himself, and thought it very bad management on the part of the billeting officer. Dick paused now at the angle of the road leading to the village, whence a steep stony little track wound away to the right, between green grass edges. This was the way Bluebeard had taken; the wind was but just smudging the fresh tracks in the dust.

Well, he was a close chap was Ned. As like as not there was a snug little pub up there, that the troop had known nothing about. It was there doubtless that Birch had spent all his evenings. Aughton propped his bicycle against the hedge and strolled slowly up the hill—he might as well allow Bluebeard time to get agate. Dick had no qualms as to the part he himself was playing. He fully expected to find Birch comfortably installed in an inn parlor, exchanging witticisms with several buxom barmaids.

"The chap must be properly gone on one o' them," he reflected with a grin, "to come all this road for an arternoon's sweethearting."

Another bend in the road, where a twisted willow leaned out from the bank, every twig graced with its wide-open yellow catkins, filling the air with the smell of honey. It looked almost as though a flight of canaries had settled on the tree, so bright were the catkins, and so airily poised, like birds for flight. Beyond was a straggling row of cottages, with fowl scratching about the doors—large fluffy mother hens, for the most part, clucking to their broods. A bicycle was leaning against a flowering currant beside an open doorway; Dick Douse advanced a little nearer and then paused; through the door he could see a row of bent shoulders and old hunchy backs; all the heads seemed to be turned one way.

"Dash it!" said Trooper Aughton to himself, "I must ha' followed the wrong bicycle. This don't look like a place as Bluebeard 'ud come to, It mun be a prayer-meetin' or summat o' that mak'. Theer's an awful lot o' chapel folk i' the South."

He approached the house cautiously, and keeping close to the wall, peered in through the window. The little room was indeed filled to overflowing, and in the midst, before a roaring fire, sat Bluebeard, surrounded, as Dick had expected, with womenfolk. Not indeed the fair ladies of the bar that Dick had pictured to himself, but females of almost incredible age and decrepitude. One witchlike little creature was handing him a cup of tea, and propping herself on his chair-back the while. All the withered faces, toothlessly

smiling, were turned towards the young soldier, who was intent on lighting a pipe, which he presently handed to an old man huddled in an armchair by the hearth. Another man, leaning on a stick by the table, was packing away a bundle of letters into a candle-box; his spectacles were still perched on his nose. Mr. Jenkins had, in fact, been entertaining the company by reading aloud the Lipsetts' letters from Bluebeard, while they waited impatiently for their hero to appear. The table, Dick noted further, was hospitably spread. A large cake, heavy in consistency, pale in color, but, thanks to the lavish contributions of all the little community, rich in dripping, graced the center. It was flanked on one side by a bristling dish of prawns, and on the other by a bowl of stewed prunes. A large brown tea-pot was simmering on the hob, and, judging by the variety of the crockery, each crone had brought her own chipped cup and saucer. The youngest of the party, a woman of some sixty-five years of age, was cutting bread and butter.

"Ah, dear!" she cried, with a sudden joyous cackle of laughter. "Do you mind that first evening as you made the toast?"

"I'll make some now," cried the young man, leaping to his feet. "Daddy, is your pipe drawin'? Reet! We's mak' some toast! Martha, gi' us a hold o' that fork."

"That's the toasting-fork as you sent!" cried one old lady.

"I've a-made 'ee a pair o' socks," quavered another.

"We was pleased as you liked the muffler so much. We all took a hand at it," cried the young woman, from the table.

"An' there are all your postcards," put in a fourth voice, and hands were pointed at the gay row, decorating the chimney-piece.

Bluebeard stood up, his fair head reaching nearly to the ceiling, and gazed round at all the beaming old faces. If he perceived the form of the interloper darkening the little window, he paid not the smallest heed to it.

"Ah," he said, squatting down before the fire, the toasting-fork in one hand, the other reached out for the old man's pipe. "It's gradely to be here again for a spell. I reckon I's do now,"

Dick Douse withdrew from the window, and retreated with clumsy caution down the lane, swearing softly to himself the while.

* * * * *

All the attempts made by the troop to discover what really had occurred on that Saturday afternoon proved fruitless, but when any member of it tells the story of Dicky Douse and Bluebeard they always end with a puzzled shake of the head and the remark:

"But the funny part of it is as them two chaps is as thick as thieves now."

Agnes M. Blundell.

The Cornhill Magazine.

CONTRASTS: BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN

It was my privilege one Sunday evening in July, 1893, to hear Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, deliver from the pulpit in Westminster Abbey his renowned sermon containing a parallel between John Bunyan and Spinoza, the two remarkable contemporaries who never met, probably never heard of one another, who represented two opposite poles of thought, and yet, in independence of character and in intellectual earnestness were singularly and sincerely akin.

The fascination of comparing and contrasting two remarkable and contemporary characters is very great, and

reading in Monypenny's Life of Beaconsfield (so ably combined by Mr. Buckle) his narrative of the astonishing brilliancy of Disraeli's early life, it is greatly interesting to contrast it with the early life and career of one of his greatest contemporaries.

While the youthful Disraeli was storing his receptive mind and brilliant intellect in long and deep reading in his father's well-stocked library at Bradenham, and while he was gaining a practical knowledge of the work of an eminent firm of solicitors in the Old Jewry, dining with Murray in a literary circle or touring on the Continent among the ancient cities of medieval Europe, a close observer of men, a dilettante, a connoisseur of art, and an epicure in hotel menus and delicious wines, another youth, six years his junior, was toiling with his father in the outermost fringe of civilization, clearing a spot in the primeval forest, engaged in the gigantic toil of felling trees, and building, without help of any other machinery than their axes and their own strong arms, a log-hut, in which, without door or window, only open spaces for these, they lived through the severity of some American winters, clad, or half clad, in the most primitive garments of deer skins and local flax.

Each of these remarkable youths rose to the highest place in their respective countries, the two great English-speaking nations, and each, surmounting the greatest obstacles, carried by sheer strength of character, force of will, boundless courage and untiring patience, became the trusted leader of a great nation.

The father of Disraeli was literary to the finger-tips, the chosen type of a bookworm and a scholar, whose only recreation from his study and his literary pursuits was to pace the terrace before his comfortable and well-furnished house, in contemplation of his intended writings, or a visit to bookshops and libraries.

The father of Abraham Lincoln was wholly illiterate. Until he had married, we are told, he could not even write his name. He had a passion for pioneering, a man of great courage, strength, and simplicity; whose own father had been killed by Red Indians before his sons' very eyes while clearing or tilling land in the backwoods.

Contrast Disraeli, the life and soul of the most brilliant circles of London society, the wonder and astonishment of old time-worn politicians such as Lord Melbourne, Lord Lyndhurst, and Sir Robert Peel; as great a *beau* and dandy as his chosen friend Count D'Orsay (who, by the way, had more of the deeper and weightier qualities beneath his superficial brilliancy than has generally been conceded to him), wholly unknown to any kind of sport or manual exercise, save that he was a bold and fearless rider, and, given a mount, followed for a spell or two the hounds with all the zest of the field.

Contrast Disraeli in early manhood, dressed in black velvet and the most gorgeous of created waistcoats, his fingers covered with rings, his delicate hands enveloped in long lace cuffs; haunting the most brilliant salons; a wit among wits, the darling of fashionable circles—contrast him with Abraham Lincoln, who, until the age of twenty-one, had for education a few desultory interviews with an occasional pioneer schoolmaster, who instructed his eager intellect in the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic to the Rule of Three—practising himself in these before the fire of a log-cabin, dressed in rude scarecrow garments, writing with charcoal on the back of a wooden shovel, to be shaved with a knife to afford a fresh surface for study. Wholly free from the smallest affectation in dress or appearance—simplicity itself, deeply earnest to learn, having

for literature, besides a few borrowed books, only the Bible, *Aesop's Fables* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which however his mind was deeply stored and his wonderful intellect developed. His days spent in gigantic labor. His gaunt figure, six feet four inches in height, and his prodigious strength, which made him known among that backwoods community as a champion wrestler and lifter of huge weights, but more renowned still for his character—intense love of fair play, generosity to opponents which made him concede every possible claim or advantage to them, imperturbable good temper, gentleness and amiability, with a very clear-headed insight and *savoir faire*, a ready capacity to lead without the smallest self-assertion, and a truthfulness of character which gave him the nickname of "Honest Abe."

In early manhood Disraeli's lavish expenditure, needed to maintain his eager determination to shine as a central figure in the "smart set," and to attract attention and achieve notoriety by the startling splendor of his display in clothing and jewelry, brought him into serious trouble with creditors and money-lenders. He then had recourse to the pen—would sit down and write a sensational and piquant romance, as *Vivian Grey*, *Henrietta Temple*, or *The Young Duke*, obtaining from a publisher a check to relieve the pressure of immediate pecuniary embarrassment, or to enable him to start on a foreign tour to avoid it.

When Lincoln at the same period of his career needed fresh primitive garments he had recourse to the axe, and engaged in a little contract with a tailoress to spin him so many yards of flax, and to make him a strong and long and hard-wearing suit, paid for, on his part, by splitting some 600 rails from the forest timber which he furnished her for the fencing of her land, as his part of the bargain.

Here was a somewhat vivid contrast in ways and means adopted on the part of the future Prime Minister and the future President respectively.

Both these remarkable men were superior to money, save as a means of advancing their talents. Each regarded money as merely a working expedient quite beneath their nobility to trouble themselves particularly about. It is deeply interesting to witness this trait, and its clear manifestation in their widely contrasted circumstances, and its clear evidence in their several lives.

It was the possession of this quality of greatness which enabled Benjamin Disraeli to bear lightly the burden of debts which for long years encumbered his early life. It was the confidence in his inner capacity to advance, the sure security which he possessed that he would succeed, and that pecuniary embarrassment need only be patiently regarded as a burden to be temporized with, until he should, as he certainly would, be able to part with it easily in due time. This hopefulness, this long-suffering confidence it was that supported and sustained him through all those early years of defeat and distrust, which he perseveringly and persistently spent in living down the prejudice, and surmounting the opposition that were very widely nurtured against him in the higher circles of rank, wealth, and political power. These he set himself diligently to win over completely to his support and political allegiance, and eventually he entirely succeeded.

His money difficulties would assuredly vanish when the strength of his character and the force of his talents had convinced men of his ability and his worth. He had been to Abbotsford and visited Sir Walter Scott, and lived up to his brave motto—"Time and I against any two." Each had a soul above pelf.

Abraham Lincoln applied for an appointment as land surveyor, and

acquired adequate instruction to become efficient in this occupation, as he said, to keep him in sufficient bread for his sustenance. And this was merely a working expedient to gain time to think, to study, to reason for the right, to argue for the truth in every place where, in those rough backwoods, two or three were anywhere gathered together; among the race of independent pioneer men, for whom the rough expedients and experiences of daily contact with primitive Nature remote from civilization took the place of education.

"Extremes meet"—here was a signal instance of the endless application of this deep proverb; here, where all men were necessarily obliged to take their own part, without supervision of police or Justices of the Peace, to maintain the right, to enforce fair play, to be each in his own sphere the asserter and defender of primeval justice. Here in these forest communities, in these backwoods settlements, on the fringe and border-ground of life, farthest from all the comparative culture and established government of the Atlantic seaboard; here was the training-ground, and here the preparation which nourished the sagacity, and completed the character of one who, unknown to the relatively high civilization of the Eastern States, of New York, or of Boston, was to arrive almost a stranger, even in name, there in their visible presence as their Elected President. To emerge from the pioneer settlement of the West, whose profound confidence he had completely won; to impress them with the strength and honesty of his character, and the clearness of his mind by one or two sound and convincing speeches, and then to proceed to the seat of Government; to assume quite unostentatiously the Presidential chair, to take up the reins of Governmental control, and to steer the ship of State, in the teeth of an impending hurricane, through four years of civil war in a colossal struggle for National Unity against Slavery and unfathomable national degradation.

Before Lincoln was nominated for election as President, his only travels beyond the Western Pioneer States had been down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. Here only had he touched a long-settled community or seen the sea. What a contrast was this to the preparation of Disraeli, who had wandered through Europe and nourished his brooding intellect over the remains of ancient civilizations and vanished empires in Spain, Italy, Greece, and Egypt. Without public-school or University education, self-read, self-taught, developing an original character on its own lines; taking time to think, to observe, to weigh, and to ponder on the means of using his gifts and talents to win a place for himself to which he deemed they entitled him.

In these strikingly contrasted schools and circumstances, in their several continents, was each of these two young men preparing to become the greatest political leader or political genius of his time and country.

Their equipment in culture and preparation and outward conditions was as vivid, as violent in contrast as could be found or perhaps imagined on earth. Their underlying qualities were, in most respects, essentially the same: profound belief in the clearness and strength and foresight within them, infinite courage, coolness, and resource, imperturbable patience and long suffering, tenacity of purpose and deep insight into character.

If we could imagine them knowing one another, they might have wondered to see how, by different roads, they had arrived, if not quite, yet nearly, at a common end.

In contrasting or comparing Disraeli with Abraham Lincoln it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Lincoln

was far more the representative Englishman of the two in character and action. But for the accident that his ancestors for a few generations had been transplanted to the American continent, Lincoln came from a pure-bred British stock. His persuasive oratory was the clear expression of his love of fair play, his deepest trait perhaps. His speeches had always a way of taking the audience into his confidence, appealing to their love of fair play and common sense, and guiding and inspiring them with these qualities. "Come now, let us reason together in this matter," was always the basis of his speech, and he guided while he convinced all men of the soundness of his reason and its justice. It was "the most perfect type of a true English mind, in its best possible temper," which thus always won his case and carried the day.

Humility, simplicity, truthfulness, disinterestedness, entire absence of envy or malice, were the attributes of this philosopher and Christian.

Personal ambition, which perhaps was Disraeli's chief incentive, was almost entirely absent in Lincoln. His great incentive was benevolence, and a desire to give fair play full play in the guidance of State matters, and in the settlement of all national concerns.

Lincoln was the more disinterested, the more modest, the more self-denying of the two, and perhaps the field of his action, in his day, called forth these qualities more than did that of Disraeli's battle-ground.

Disraeli was great, was pathetic, was fascinating in his speech on Lincoln in the House of Commons, when on the 1st of May, 1865, he seconded a vote for an address to the Crown of condolence with the United States Government and nation on the occasion of Lincoln's assassination.

Mr. Disraeli said:

There are rare instances when the sympathy of a nation approaches those tenderer feelings which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the individual, and to be the happy privilege of private life, and this is one. Under any circumstances we should have bewailed the catastrophe at Washington. Under any circumstances we should have shuddered at the means by which it was accomplished. But in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history, and the ceremonial of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations, and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind. (Cheers.) Whatever the various and varying opinions in this House and in the country generally on the policy of the late President of the United States, all must agree that in one of the severest trials that ever tested the moral qualities of man he fulfilled his duties with simplicity and strength. Nor is it possible for the people of England at such a moment to forget that he sprung from the same Fatherland, and spoke the same mother-tongue. When such crimes are perpetrated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity, for it is ignorant alike of the causes and consequences of such deeds. But it is one of our duties to reassure them under unreasoning panic and despondency. Assassination has never changed the history of the world. I will not refer to the remote past, though an accident has made the most memorable instance of antiquity at this moment fresh in the minds and memory of all around me. But even the costly sacrifice of a Cæsar did not propitiate the inexorable history of his country. If we look to modern times—to times, at least, with the feelings of which we are familiar, and the people of which were animated and influenced by the same interests as ourselves—the violent deaths of Henry the Fourth of France and the Prince of Orange are conspicuous examples of this truth.

In expressing our unaffected and profound sympathy with the citizens of the United States on this untimely end of their elected chief, let us not, therefore, sanction any feeling of depression, but rather let us express a fervent hope that from out of the awful trials of the last four years, of which the least is not this violent demise, the various populations of North America may issue elevated and chastened, rich with the accumulated wisdom, and strong in the disciplined energy which a young nation can only acquire in a protracted and perilous struggle; then they will be enabled not merely to renew their career of power and prosperity, but they will renew it to contribute to the general happiness of mankind. It is with these feelings that I second the address to the Crown.

"The motion was then put and adopted unanimously."

Whether it be true that "assassination has never changed the history of the world" or not, or how far the history of their respective countries was altered by the cruel blow which struck down Henry of Navarre, or William the Silent, or Abraham Lincoln, it were difficult matter to weigh, and perhaps an idle one to conjecture, seeing that it is quite beyond the range of human intellect or ability to determine. But the words of Disraeli show that he had, at that hour, already realized, when Lincoln was yet so little known in this country, the supreme burden borne by him, and the wonderful moral courage which sustained him to the end and has made his career one of the chosen instances in history of "simplicity and strength."

Here was the point where these wonderful careers came into their nearest contact—and Lincoln was perhaps one of the greatest examples of the motto that Disraeli chose for himself—"*Forti nihil difficile.*"

Hugh Sadler.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS."*

I.

Only a man harrowing clods
  In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
  Half asleep as they stalk.

II.

Only thin smoke without flame
  From the heaps of couch grass:
—Yet this will go on just the same
  Though dynasties pass.

III.

Yonder a maid and her wight
  Come whispering by;
War's annals will fade into night
  Ere their story die.

Thomas Hardy.

The Saturday Review.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S "ENVOY TO EUROPE."

"There have been few missions like it in the history of nations," purrs the official communique. We may well believe it. For the suave Texan colonel is no shirt-sleeves diplomatist, but the President's *alter ego*—an ambassador to Ambassadors who are possibly out of touch with "the feeling and sentiment of the country from which they have been so long absent." Dr. Page, for instance, "the most violent Anglophile," according to the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, now an angry sheet. "We can expect nothing from him which would be of any use to Germany. . . . Unluckily Herr Page's attitude so completely squares with

*Jer. LI: 20.

that of the President that he will remain at his post during the war." So Colonel House is to warn Herr Page—who has been "grossly imprudent," it seems—"to walk more circumspectly."

The shrill organ of "empty Hamburg" sees the American envoys at sixes and sevens in their sympathies—Page in London, Gerard in Berlin, Penfield in Vienna, Nelson Page in Rome, Morgenthau in Stamboul, and Van Dyke at The Hague. Dr. Van Dyke is hailed as a friend—one who sees in the mist new visions of German-American amity and painted peace. The lesser men are also "mixed," among them Mr. Brand Whitlock, late of Brussels, who became a *persona non grata* to the invader after his report on Edith Cavell's case.

That the State Department in Washing wants its envoys instructed afresh admits of no doubt. Official America was vexed at our publication of Mr. Whitlock's story. Its effect was to bring the Minister's usefulness to an end in Belgium, besides hindering those extensive relief measures upon which—and with good reason—the United States prides itself. The State Department was also embarrassed by the publication of Mr. Gerard's strictures on German internment camps, and the complaint of British prisoners therein. Remember always that American diplomacy is *not* of the "uniformed" variety. It is often served by outspoken men, unfettered by tradition and with no great command of tongues other than their own. Not only Consulships, but also minor Legations and Embassies are the reward of political service. Newspaper men are specially favored, as we saw some time ago when Petrograd was offered to an Indiana editor. He was to have at least one year of splendor at an impressive Court, with little to do but mark and earn, and wonder. The whole correspondence was rather unkindly published—to the State Secretary's annoyance and the complete extinction of the would-be-Ambassador to the Tsar.

Of course London is the premier post, and calls for the best man obtainable. Dr. Page was a New York publisher and editor of the *World's Work*, *Country Life*, and similar high-class periodicals. American envoys, well aware of their country's detachment from Old World problems, permit themselves *a sans gene* denied the ordinary diplomat. Now this was well enough in the long peace, whereas free thought and free speech in the present tumult does make for friction and storm. You'll understand me better when I point to that bout of fisticuffs between George Meyer and Truxton Beale at the Metropolitan Club in Washington. "Mr. Meyer lost blood," says the telegram briefly. "And the affair has created a social sensation." Truly these are delicate days in the Capitol, with Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, demanding an embargo on our munitions, unless we relax our blockade and let Germany have the cotton which a teeming South stacks up for her in mountains. Then Senator John Williams, of the "black" State, Mississippi, broke a lance for the Allies, engaged in a life and death grapple for liberty and right. "Do you think they'll sit down like curs under the ukase of a Congress that's backed by only 90,000 soldiers?" So goes the war in America.

But what of those club protagonists? Well, George von Lengerke Meyer needs no more introduction than his name as a fierce pro-German. He was Ambassador in Rome for five years, in Petrograd for two; then he entered Mr. Taft's Cabinet as Secretary for the Navy. It was Mr. Meyer—the successful son of a German immigrant—who outshone Dernburg himself as a propagandist. He warned his people

through the Press that Germany could strike as well as talk and plot. "Woe betide the nation that joins the enemies of the Fatherland!" Such was the note of an ex-Cabinet Minister of America. Mr. Truxton Beale, who swapped punches with this dignitary, is a San Franciscan with large knowledge of men and things. He has been U. S. Minister to Persia, Greece, Roumania, and Serbia. Little need to ask where *his* sympathies lie, after contact with "Deutschtum" in these lurid fields! And Mr. Beale—as charming a type of Westerner as Colonel House himself!—has traveled extensively in Siberia, Central Asia, and Chinese Turkestan.

You will gather from all this that feeling runs high in official America, both at home and abroad—from Rio to Rome, and from Berne to Bogota. Hence the Texan colonel's mission—not to the Latin Republics, for reasons I shall give, but to European storm-centers, from the Neva to the Thames. That mission set all America guessing, and the gossips angered Dr. Wilson, who inspired the soothing communique with which I opened. "His mission," we are told, "is not to sound the nations upon peace, nor to interfere in whatever bickerings there may be between American diplomats. . . . All reports that Colonel House is going to reprimand Ambassadors are made out of whole cloth. He does not go to Europe to read the Riot Act to anybody, nor to play the inspector or spotter. The Colonel goes to give information—and to get it.

"The President has found that no matter how fully he expresses himself by letter, he falls short. On his last trip Colonel House was able to correct misconceptions of our policy. Now he has a larger mandate for better understanding and closer harmony. It is no less necessary to keep our Ambassadors headed right than to keep the Chancelleries properly guided. And, since the President is aware that we probably misunderstand Europe as much as Europe misunderstands us—we, too, shall be able to correct our program by the new light Colonel House will bring back as to foreign opinion and purpose."

It is as though all our Embassies abroad took sides in some burning question, and Sir Edward Grey himself set forth upon an Odyssey of soothing to each stirred-up envoy and every troubled Court! This personal turmoil was inevitable. It is but one of the symptoms of America's struggle to steer clear. It is Washington's open secret that Colonel House's mission can be expressed in two words: "Trust Wilson!" The President faces next autumn's election with quiet confidence. He knows that the Republican platform can only be one of criticism, whereas he has kept the nation out of war, first with Mexico and then with the Central Empires of Europe, whose Dumbas and Von Papens had their fling and passed, leaving the United States roaring with riches and more resolute than ever to "Keep Out." So "Trust Wilson" and "Keep Out" is the double-barreled message of the Texan colonel, who goes from city to city primed with shrewd reasons for the faith he holds. If you would grasp America's attitude you must pay no heed to men like Professor Trumbull Ladd, of Yale, nor to any of the "intellectuals." You must ignore Senator This and Representative That—who represents nobody but himself, although reported at length by the London papers.

America is horror-struck at the world-war. She answers all Roosevelt's goading—"Any man with an ounce of red blood in his body," etc.—with Bryan's "We have no right to make war against a madhouse!" This is America's voice. She cares nothing for the veiled scorn of both sides—who yet look to her for wheat and meat, cotton and hides,

copper and all munitions. America will judge no *Baralong* case, no Gordian riddles of right or wrong between belligerents. She views them all with the "horror and fear" which Herr Dernburg found in her contemplation of "German deeds of heroism." If State Secretary John Hay—a statesman of real vision—"would rather be the dupe of China than the Kaiser's chum," we find him struggling in 1900 to prevent the Republican Convention "from declaring in favor of the Boers and of the annexation of Canada!"

At no time has the United States loved European institutions. Today it surveys our Continent as "a madhouse." It sends Colonel House to steady the nerves of American envoys, bidding them stand aside while the maniacs fight it out to the end. "You're a guest, and not their keeper. Keep out, and watch War cure itself! Watch Peace rising from the ocean of blood like an autumn exhalation."

To talk of America's trade boom is to convey little idea of its fabulous activity. If war means havoc and killing to Europe, it means mushroom millionaires in America, and truly hectic prosperity in all "lines," from high explosives to steel tubes and barbed wire—which is being exported by the million tons, at 12s. a ton more than it fetched before the war. The Dupont concern alone has $320,000,000 worth of orders, so its arsenals can well afford a siege, even with five explosions in two days! "We are slaughtered," mourns the *New York World*, "if we work in factories of which Germany disapproves. Our labor is bribed, our passports forged, and the goods we send abroad carry with them bombs to blow ships, passengers, crew, and cargo to smithereens." As for Great Britain, her blockade policy is seen as downright arrogance—although Civil War precedents tie America's hands. " 'Business as Usual' is England's slogan," says the *New York Evening Mail*. "But for many of the neutral nations it is 'Business as Britain Permits.' " So America presents a stony face to war-mania, which strikes at her very heart through hyphenates "who have poured poison and disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life, debasing our policies to the uses of foreign intrigue." That voice is the President's own, and he speaks with deep feeling.

"To regard the Americans as pure materialists," says Bernhard Dernburg, ex-publicity manager of German affairs in the United States, "is a grievous mistake." And, mark me, here's a Jew of piercing insight into the American psyche in which Jewish idealism prevails. "They carry a great deal of moral baggage with them," Herr Dernburg finds. "They are anti-militarists in a sort of island world. A people of little science—excitable, imaginative, sentimental. The American mother, unlike the German, will *not* bring up her son to be a soldier. It is regrettable that the two peoples understand each other so little." Washington agrees. Hence, again, this peculiar Odyssey of Colonel House, with his dual mission to estranged diplomats and Foreign Ministers whose points of view they may have unconsciously imbibed. They must "look to Wilson," and listen to his other self and lifelong friend, who now expounds the Pan-American creed, so far removed from "predatory Imperialism and sheer abuse of might."

Pan-Americanism has now more than a "Mesopotamian" sound—blessed and vague and large. At the Financial Conference of last year Dr. Wilson welcomed his Latin neighbors. "We cannot stand definitely apart," he told the Colombian delegate, Senor Santiago Perez Triana, a man of consummate learning and grasp. If private capital could not provide physical means of communication, "then Government must undertake it." Next came the

high hope that "commerce of minds as well as goods would show a mad world the path to permanent peace." In short, Dr. Wilson's address was "America for the Americans," with the United States as leader, demonstrating the superior morality of the Western hemisphere—much as Professor Roland Usher expounds it in his recent work, *Pan-Americanism*. The United States, in fine, views the world-war with utter abhorrence. It has no desire to take sides in a desperate clash which it sees as "Right against Right"—with all belligerents utterly in the wrong! "It's no affair of ours," is Washington's distant note. "We must stay at home," as Bismarck said of Russia. "We're keen on development and dead against destruction. Perhaps you'll call on us when the blaze dies down?" This is the message of Colonel House, echoing the President's "We *must* preserve the cause of humanity." Envoys who reject that message will be summarily called home.

The Outlook.

Ignatius Phayre.

ARTEMUS WARD, PATRIOT.

To most readers of the present generation Artemus Ward is little more than a name, and even those of their elders who read and enjoyed his work in their youth are apt to regard him solely as an irresponsible humorist, whose aim was simply to make one laugh as often as possible. No doubt in much of what he wrote, and especially in his famous lectures, this view finds support and justification. He was, beyond question, a great mirth-maker. On that point some of the wisest and ablest of the Victorians were agreed—Richard Hutton and "Bob" Lowe, to mention only two. To say, as the *Encyclopædia Britannica* does, that "wit largely depends on the drollery of quaint spelling" is to overlook the solid qualities by which it was so frequently reinforced. For at the back of all these superficial aids there was a great fund of shrewdness, sanity, and "horse-sense." He had a wholesome contempt for all pretense, imposture, and self-seeking. Shakers and Spiritualists, Teetotal Fanatics and Free Lovers, Mormons and Irish-American Fenians, and importunate office-seekers all came under his lash. He was no politician—"I vote for Mr. Union!—that's the only candidate I've got"—but he claimed with good reason to have a well-balanced mind. He "wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congresser. The wus insult I ever received was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, 'My friends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?' I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct." He had the lowest opinion of salaried talkers, as may be gathered from these extremely topical comments on Congress in the middle of the war:—

"We don't lack great Gen'rals, and we certainly don't lack brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress. I venture to say that if you sarch the earth all over with a ten-hoss power mikriscope, you won't be able to find such another pack of poppycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America. Gentlemen of the Senit & of the House, you've sot there and draw'd your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin the undersined, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sumbody who can make a speech that will hit the pop'lar hart right under the

Great Public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency, and cave in the Emergency's head? Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerable devils—go home! At a special Congressional 'lection in my district the other dey I delib'ritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse."

He had no use for frothy journalists, for, after ironically complimenting Mr. Slinkers, of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, for his skill in wordy war, he goes on:—

"He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I bl'eve upon my soul, that if it wasn't absolootly necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that 'our Gov'ment is about to take vig'rous measures to put down the rebellion,'—I b'lieve, upon my soul, this illustris man would enlist as a Brigadier Gin'ral, and git his Bounty."

Charles Farrar Browne—to call him for once by his real name—was about five-and-twenty when the Civil War broke out, but his delicate health prevented him from taking an active part in the conflict, though he is said to have contributed £1,000 out of the proceeds of his lectures to the Union funds. He was marked down in youth by "the Captain-General of Death," as John Bunyan called consumption, and died in his early thirties in England. So in his assumed character of the showman he disavows all claim to be considered a fighting man. "My father," he says, "was a sutler in the Revolootion War, and once had a intervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette"—in which he asked the General to lend him five dollars. "When this wicked rebellion first broke out I was among the first to stay at home, chiefly because of my utter ignorance of fire-arms. I should be valuable to the army as a Brigadier-General only so far as the moral influence of my name went." The showman was supposed to be a man of sixty, and therefore not of military age, but his creator used the character to satirize those who were prepared to make vicarious sacrifices while taking the greatest care of their own skins. "I have already given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifice my wife's brother rather'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss comes to wuss, I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the war." And this oblique vein of sarcasm is shown in the opening of the famous paper, "The Draft in Baldinsville," which is peculiarly appropriate reading today in this country:—

"If I'm drafted I shall *resign*. Deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compeld to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under. I meanter-say, I shall have to resign if I'm drafted; everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin I should hav eventooally becum a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin and elected myself a Brigadeer-ginral quite onanimiss. I hadn't no idee there was so many of me before."

Artemus Ward had no sympathy with those who claimed the liberty *not* to fight in defense of their country. He would have liked every able-bodied man to volunteer, but he had no objection to the draft. "It caused sum squirmin," he says in another paper, "but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes." And he had a fine contempt for all who claimed exemption for fancy reasons. "One young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd

mother who supported him." Baldinsville—the imaginary home of the showman—began badly:—

"My townsmen was sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to ewade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorrer, and patritism was below Par—and *Mar* too. (A jew desprit.) I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzy of the tavoun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin four abreast, wendin their way up the street. 'What's them? Is it calvary?'—'That,' said the landlord, 'is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line between here and Scootsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!' I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand. 'The mail is hevy today,' said the landlord. 'Gin-'rally they don't have more'n half-a-dozen letters 'tween 'em. Today they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!'—'And the passengers?'—'There ain't any, skacely, now-days,' said the landlord, 'and what few there is, very much prefier to walk, the roads is so rough.'—'And how ist with you?' I inquired of the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, who sot near me.—'I can't go,' he sed, shakin his head in a wise way. 'Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpuss of announcin, from week to week, that *our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!*' I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr. Schwazey, a leadin citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he'd bin histin in more'n his share of pizen. 'Hello old Beeswax,' he bellered; 'how's your grandmams? When you goin to feed your stuffed animils?'—'What's the matter with the eminent physician?' I pleasantly inquired.—'This,' he said, 'this is what's the matter—I'm a habitooal drunkard! I'm exempt.' . . . This is a speciment of how things was goin in my place of residence. A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin, he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin in their midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents. The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin. The meetin was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin bonfire. The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein seldom marred by ingrammaticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. 'What do you expect will come of this kind of doins? *Nihil fit*—' 'Hooray for Nihil!' I interrupted. 'Fellow-citizens, let's give three cheers for Nihil the man who fit.' The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—'*Nihil fit.*' 'Exactly,' I said. 'Nihil *fit*. He wasn't a strategy feller.' 'Our venerable friend,' said the schoolmaster, smilin pleasantly, 'isn't posted in Virgil.' 'No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man, he must stand his little draft.' "

But the showman's speech is the real thing. Never was there a better justification of Horace's plea for saying grave things with a smile:—

"I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident intention of makin us a good long visit. It's goin to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too. This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too."

The showman gets a little mixed up with his metaphors about "the noble banner," but after an interruption from the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* he pulls himself together, and with occasional lapses into levity mounts steadily to a climax of passionate patriotism:—

" 'There's money enough. No trouble about *money*. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washington who turn out two or three cords of money a day—good money too. Goes well. These bank-note engravers make good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginny, more specially among the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley. My wife says so too. Then it isn't money we want. But we do want *men*, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. . . . This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down, we go down with her Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who *caused* the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe—only with steel and lead. When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut-stand, do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are tryin to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says so too. I have great confidence in A. Linkin. The old fellow's heart is in the right place and his head is clear. There's bin sum queer doins by sum of his deputies—civil and military—but let it pass. We must save the Union. And don't let us wait to be drafted. The Republic is our mother. *For God's sake, don't let us stop to draw lots to see which of us shall go to the rescue of our wounded and bleeding mother.* Drive the assassins from her throat—drive them into the sea! And then, if it is worth while, stop and argue about who caused all this in the first place. You've heard the showman. You've heard my wife too. Me and Betsy is 1.' The meetin broke up with enthusiasm. We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it."

We should have liked to quote from the imaginary interviews with Lincoln and "Jeff" Davis, but enough has been said, we hope, to prove the genuineness of Artemus Ward's patriotism. As he said himself of Washington, he never "slopped over"; but there was a vein of chivalrous sentiment in him too. He says fine things of the part played by women in the war, and his great wish in his last illness was for strength to return to his home that he might die with the face of his mother bending over him in the cottage where he was born.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Benjamin Apthorp Gould describes himself appropriately in the title "The War Thoughts of an Optimist" which he gives to a collection of brief papers and addresses on subjects related to the war; for the view which he takes of the war and its outcome is a cheerful one, and he looks for permanent good and a permanent peace as the final result. As an American for some time resident in Canada, he is able to combine both points of view and to appeal to readers of both countries. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Under the title "Why Men Pray" there are grouped six discourses or meditations by Dr. Charles Lewis Slattery, Rector of Grace Church, New York, which cannot fail to appeal to devout readers. From experience, observation and reflection Dr. Slattery deduces the great truths that all men pray, that prayer discovers God and

unites men, that God depends upon men's prayers, that through prayer we submit to the best, and that through prayer we receive God. These truths are defined and illustrated with a simplicity and earnestness which make them vital and real. The Macmillan Co.

Young people have a generous share of the latest instalment of Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.)—three of the eleven volumes falling to them. One of them is George Macdonald's "faerie romance," entitled "Phantastes," for which, very appropriately, Greville Macdonald, the author's eldest son, furnishes an Introduction throwing some light upon the purpose of the story. The other two are by Mrs. J. H. Ewing, a delightful writer whose books are less familiar to American boys and girls than they should be, but can hardly fail to be appreciated when presented in this attractive form. One contains "Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances" and four other stories; the other, which is freely and cleverly illustrated by Randolph Caldecott and Dora Curtis, contains three of the author's best known and most touching stories—"Jackanapes," "Daddy Darwin's Dovecot" and "The Story of a Short Life."

Russia holds so conspicuous a place at present in the world's thought and is bearing her part in the great world war with such indomitable courage that the time is especially favorable for reviewing her history and discovering through what changes and the working out of what forces she has come to be what she is. American readers will welcome the opportunity to pursue this inquiry through a work so comprehensive and so well-balanced as "A Thousand Years of Russian History" by Sonia E. Howe (J. B. Lippincott Co.). The author is herself a Russian by birth, though an Englishwoman by marriage, and her desire to make her native country better known and understood in the country of her adoption is natural. The thousand years which her history covers extend from the achievements of the Varangian chief, Rurik, who settled in the year 862 on Lake Ladoga, aud thence extended his rule over various cities, down to the celebration of the thousandth anniversary of the Empire, in 1862, one year after the great event of the liberation of the serfs. The period from 1862 to the present is covered by a brief summary of the principal events; and interesting chapters are added upon the Baltic Provinces, Poland and Finland. It is a story of progress—slow, often interrupted, and leaving still a great deal to be achieved, but still of progress, especially since the great step was taken of the freeing of the serfs. Mrs. Howe writes with candor and her work is the fruit of patient research. The book is illustrated with a colored frontispiece, twelve photogravure plates, numerous smaller illustrations in the text, and eight maps.

That a man makes his own mouth, Dr. Holmes's assertion, is a truth familiar to all physiognomists, but in the portraits contained in Charles G. Washburn's "Theodore Roosevelt: The Logic of his Career," one sees a whole face remodeled, passing from the gentle resolve of the young graduate, to the almost ferocious earnestness of the grandfather who will accept nothing less than full and due measure from anyone or for anyone, himself or another. The author was his classmate, and is his friend, but is no blind worshiper, and frankly states certain differences of opinion, although he rejoices over every success of his comrade, whether won by sagacity or by luck. He shows that Mr. Roosevelt's apparent impetuosity proceeds from his custom of not

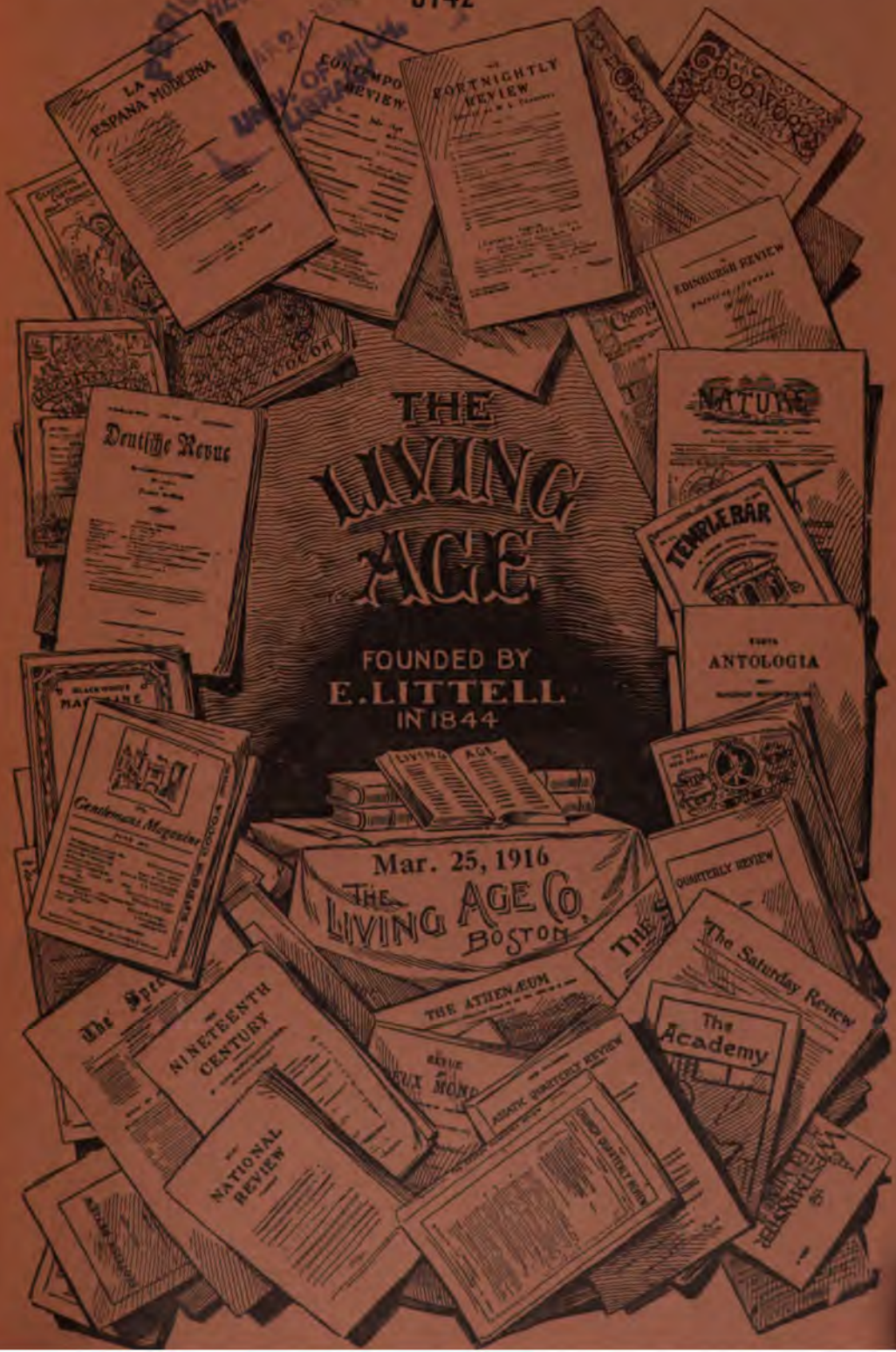
adopting any course until he has so carefully regarded it that a different view seems absurd to him. That, having adopted it, he is not afraid is known in both hemispheres. Mr. Washburn quotes liberally from Mr. Roosevelt's writings, and in an appendix, prints the whole of the speech "The Right of the People to Rule," delivered in Carnegie Hall, New York, under the direction of the Civic Forum in 1912, an address which is a general summary of his political belief. The book contains less than 250 pages but in it Roosevelt, man of letters, statesman, explorer and sociologist, lives. Houghton Mifflin Co.

There are some men who are born explorers just as others are born poets. The thirst for travel is upon them about as soon as they are able to walk alone; and they have no sooner traversed one little-known strip of territory than they plan new journeys into new lands. The Reverend J. A. Zahm, who for some reason, has chosen hitherto to write under the pseudonym of H. J. Mozans, is of this type. He began his explorations more than thirty years ago, in Mexico; and later, conceiving a strong desire to follow the footsteps of the Conquistadores, he made one journey after another up and down South America. In two earlier volumes of considerable size and intense interest he described his wanderings "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena" and "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon" and now he adds "Through South America's Southland" (D. Appleton & Co.), completing a remarkable trilogy of travel, far better worth while than many a trilogy of fiction. He was a companion of ex-President Roosevelt in what came to be known as "The Roosevelt Scientific Expedition in South America." Indeed, it was he who suggested that expedition to Mr. Roosevelt six years before the latter found it possible to undertake it; and it was he who arranged most of the plans and superintended the arrangements. Adventurous spirits both, they appear together in the frontispiece, studying a chart in the Brazilian wilderness. Mr. Roosevelt has described the scientific results of the expedition in his work "Through the Brazilian Wilderness." The present volume furnishes an admirable supplement to that narrative, for as Dr. Zahm explains in his Foreword, his interests have been rather in the history, the poetry and romance of the places visited than in material, political and economic conditions. The reader who follows Dr. Zahm through Brazil, Uruguay, the Argentine, Patagonia and Paraguay, along rivers, over mountains and through jungles, will find it an eventful and adventurous journey, full of incident and alive with personal interest. There are sixty-five illustrations from photographs.

"Roadside Glimpses of the Great War," by Arthur Sweetser (The Macmillan Co.), is the story of an American newspaper man who, in the opening weeks of the war, journeyed by bicycle from the French lines to the German, followed in the wake of Von Kluck in the German advance toward Paris, was by turns a prisoner of the Germans and the French, succeeded everywhere in extricating himself by means of his American passport, and had a close and intimate view of the horrors of the war. The book contributes nothing to the history of the war, the ebb and flow of conflict and the results of great battles; but it is a vivid picture of the catastrophe in its personal aspects and a moving narrative of personal experience.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE GREAT WAR: BY MORETON FREWEN

3742



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"WHEN THERE IS PEACE."

"When there is Peace, this land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore."
Thus do the facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be Heaven, will it be Hell,
When there is Peace?

This let us pray for—this implore—
That, all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in nobler aims excel,
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, worthier than before,
When there is Peace!

Austin Dobson.

The Spectator.

THE SOLDIER OF THE SOUTH.

(A mountain village on the French Riviera. December, 1915.)

Under the flag o' France for which he died
This child of hers we lay,
In the small church upon the mountain-side
Where once he used to pray
With her who all alone is weeping here today.

The blue, blue skies
Keep watch above the village where he lies,
But never more will gaze into his eyes;
And in his ears there ne'er again will be
The crooning song that sings eternally
The blue, blue sea.

* * * * *

O Mother France,
Thou of the steadfast glance
And grave sweet mouth!
Of all thy sons who gave their all for thee,
Hath any given a greater gift than he
Who for thy sake
His birthright did forsake
In this all-radiant country of the South?

As one who goes out from the warmth and light.
To breast the bitter night,
He left the orange groves, the olive trees
That turn to silver in the scented breeze;
He left his darling there,
A red carnation in her twilight hair;
Left love and song and sunshine—and went forth
To fight thy battle in the snow-swept North.

Mother, tho' thy brave eyes with tears be dim,
Shed one more tear for him,
And let the memory in thy heart abide
Of him whom on this day
Within his little mountain-church we lay
Under thy flag, O France, for which he died.

George Greenland.

The Athenaeum.

A SOLEMN RHYME.

The Trees have budded once again;
The April sun and April rain
Will call the lilac forth and may,
And the laburnum's golden spray.

The English orchards' holy mirth
Has heralded the glad rebirth;
And in the autumn ruddy fruit
Will tell how spring glowed at the root.

I watch a bird build in the boughs
With twigs and straws his tiny house,
And know he has no other thought
Than of the thrill the month has brought.

We only have inherited
The memory of all the dead
And thus, my love, we pay for this
Our human art and artifice.

But since we know what end will be,
And hear the beating of the sea
Upon the beach beyond the gate
Out of the garden of our fate,

Let all our days and all our joys
Have that deep tinge and equipoise
Which presage of mortality
Gives to brave hearts—to you and me.

F. S. Flint.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE GREAT WAR.

In the latest two issues of this *Review* are papers of great but painful interest by two American citizens. In the earlier the American Administration is depicted in "The Role of the Squaw" —as just frightened by the physical frightfulness now obtaining. In the other, a paper of much literary merit, "The Spiritual Crisis in America," the writer thinks that the United States is so gorged with wealth, so hybridized with non-assimilated immigration, that any decent subjectivity or sense of duty and of humanity is clean overlaid. These two papers have been very widely reviewed during the past six weeks in the Press of these islands, and are assisting to crystallize a Public Opinion which is possibly unfair and is certainly undesirable. I am not for a moment questioning the sincerity of the writers—a sincerity indeed transparent, but humiliated by the impotence of their President and Colonel Bryan with their vain repetitions to Berlin of a mere "Oh, I say, please stop!"—they believe, what we here are asked to believe, that it is in some mysterious way in the power of the Washington Cabinet to do something dignified and effective, and to do this without the risk of colossal disaster to the Republic. It is at this point I venture to join issue with these and other critics of the Washington Administration. "Provident fear is the mother of safety" Bacon declared, and President Wilson is in a position to know what his enraged and humiliated constituents do not yet know—namely, that America is herself in the very track of this cyclone. Dr. Wilson is the chief executive of the wealthiest community in the world, a community that cannot possibly protect this wealth against a German invasion for many years to come. It will be surprising if, peace concluded and Germany terribly impoverished, with perhaps foreign receivers in possession, she does not, her fleet still in being, at once pick a quarrel with the United States. Where can she so readily recoup her great war losses as in those Safe Deposit vaults in New York? Nor were Germany unsuccessful in such a raid does she risk any reprisals on the part of the United States. It is not Germany that has many thousand miles of coast line, with innumerable cities exposed to attack.

It becomes very important then, and is historically very interesting, to explore the field of American diplomacy for the past hundred years, because our student is likely to discover that this colossal War is really America's own war, and is the legacy of a vicious and incomplete diplomatic instrument —the so-called "Monroe Doctrine"; that President Monroe was tutored into this appallingly important departure which bears his name by George Canning, the most brilliant, perhaps, but the least trusted of England's Prime Ministers, and that straining at this Doctrine in order to keep her clear of European complications and "entangling alliances" the United States has yet been involved by it in *Weltpolitik* to a degree which no other policy could have possibly entailed. The Monroe Doctrine was from the very first dependent on Britain's sea-power for its maintenance. Today this is infinitely more the case than ever before. And it will have to be abrogated or, failing that, travel the whole road to an alliance between our nations. Had such an alliance existed in 1914 there could have been no war. Let us then trace to its origin this famous "Doctrine," by which our "cousins" set so much store; let us see how it has imposed a

veritable strait-waistcoat on Germany, shutting her out of her place in the sun, filling her peoples with rage and fury against England and those fleets which alone prevent Teutonic expansion into Cuba and South America. It is really this Monroe Doctrine which has filled Central Europe, conscious of disease, unconscious of the remedy, with a homicidal mania.

We must first get clearly in view what were the cross-currents in political philosophy a hundred years ago which were tributary to the Monroe Doctrine. There had been the fanatical outburst of the New Liberalism in France—the determination to individual freedom. The universe was re-cradled; the new Bethlehem was in France; and even a new Calendar attested a new birth of things everywhere, and not in France only. After the terrible excesses of the French Revolution there followed Waterloo, and a great mental and moral setback. It was Seeley who wrote "A State rests ultimately upon a way of thinking." It does, and did we know it probably the combined thought of all States at any one time, its concord or its discord, arranges peace or war. You can do "everything with bayonets except sit on them"; the ultimate recessional of States is "in a way of thinking"—some mysterious, unaccountable tidal wave of thought taking a common direction. In the second decade of the nineteenth century it seemed both to despotic monarchs and to the man in the street that the "way of thinking" France had inaugurated was too explosive, and that the sun had set on modern Liberalism. No doubt some similar reaction awaits us in the days at hand. Hence it happened that the great victors in the War—England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia—had commenced operations with an Alliance signed at Chaumont on the 1st of March, 1814. This was made permanent by the Alliance signed in Vienna the following year; and again after Waterloo there had come the Treaty of Paris, the sixth article of which provides for periodical meetings of the Allied Powers, a sort of peripatetic Parliament of Kings, the first meeting to be at Aix-la-Chapelle in October, 1818. At this 1818 meeting the evacuation of France by the Allied soldiery was arranged, and France herself admitted to the Alliance. "Tom" Reed, the great Speaker of the House of Representatives, once objected to the Philippine policy because he said "this Republic is invited to supply *canned freedom* to the heathen," and similarly in 1818 the idea was promulgated that the general administration of Europe was in future to be provided by the fiat of five monarchs, and that where Parliaments chanced to exist such bodies could attend to parochial matters. Of course the whole trend of the "Holy Alliance" was cosmopolitan and anti-national, and was entirely opposed to the spirit and tradition of the English people. Lord Liverpool said of the Emperor Alexander "the Russian must be made to feel that we have a Parliament and a public to which we are responsible, and that we cannot permit ourselves to be drawn into a policy wholly incompatible with the spirit of our Government."* Canning said of it:

> The system of periodical meetings of the four Great Powers with a view to the general concerns of Europe . . . will necessarily involve us deeply in all the politics of the Continent, whereas our true policy has always been not to interfere except in great emergencies, and then with a commanding force. . . . The people of this country may be taught to look with jealousy for their liberties if our Court is engaged with great despotic monarchs, deliberating upon what degree of revolutionary spirit may endanger public safety and

**Letters of Castlereagh*, xii, 62.

therefore require the interference of the Alliance.

Such was the position. The great mass of Europe had swung back again to autocracy and the "Divine Right of Kings," and the first business of the Alliance was destined to be with Spain. The Spanish-American Colonies, commencing with Mexico and Buenos Ayres, had thrown off the Spanish yoke. In 1820 Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain had collected an army for their subjugation to embark at Cadiz, but the army refused to embark; the country forced a Liberal Constitution on its Monarch; Portugal, Piedmont and Naples followed suit. European unrest had become sporadic; the leaven of liberal ideas was again at work. To deal with this, Prussia, Austria and Russia met in November, 1820, at Troppau, and it was decided to dispatch an Austrian army to suppress the secular movement in Naples. Naples was occupied by the Austrians and Ferdinand the Second reinstated. England, it is true, albeit a partner, had refused to join the Conference of her Allies at Troppau, and, though the Duke of Wellington did attend the subsequent Conference at Verona in 1822 which was to decide the future of Greek, Spanish and Italian aspirations, his instructions were to object to the whole plan of these armed irruptions and to render nugatory the revivalist project of the Holy Alliance, which had been signed at Paris on the 14th of September, 1815, and signed, it is important to recall, not by the Ambassadors or Foreign Ministers of Russia, Prussia and Austria, but by their respective Monarchs. It is difficult all these years after to read the few short clauses of this amazing instrument of 1822 without the feeling that we are with "Alice in Wonderland," the "Mad Hatter" at his best, and yet the Gentlemen of Verona who signed were the most distinguished statesmen in Europe. Metternich signed for Austria, for France Chateaubriand, for Prussia Bernstet, for Russia Nesselrode.

Secret Treaty of Verona.

The undersigned, specially authorized to make some additions to the Treaty of the Holy Alliance, after having exchanged their respective credentials, have agreed as follows:

Article I—The high contracting powers, being convinced that the system of representative government is equally as incompatible with the monarchical principle as the maxim of the sovereignty of the people with the Divine Right, engage mutually in the most solemn manner to use all their efforts to put an end to the system of representative government in whatever country it may exist in Europe, and to prevent its being introduced in those countries where it is not yet known.

Article II—As it cannot be doubted that the liberty of the Press is the most powerful means used by the pretended supporters of the rights of nations, to the detriment of those of Princes, the high contracting parties promise reciprocally to adopt all proper measures to suppress it not only in their own States, but also in the rest of Europe.

Article III promises support to the clergy, "and the contracting powers join in offering their thanks to the Pope for what he has already done for them, and solicit his constant cooperation in their views of submitting the nations."

Article IV—The situation of Spain and Portugal unite unhappily all the circumstances to which this Treaty has particular reference. The high contracting parties, in confiding to France the care of putting an end to them, engage to assist her in the manner which may the least compromise them with their own people and the people of France, by means of a subsidy of twenty million francs every year from the date of the Treaty to the end of war.

Article V (a clause for the coercion of Spain).

Articles VI and VII (formalities).

Is it possible that less than a hundred years ago Europe was in such toils! Canning said of the terrible emergency which England alone was hardly powerful enough to face in arms "I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies. *I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.*"* A *damnosa hereditas*, as we now discover.

Lincoln, forty years later, said of the United States, "The Nation cannot endure half slave, half free," and Canning no less recognized the impossibility in the case of Europe, that Europe could survive half Autocratic, half Democratic. If it is true that a State "rests ultimately upon a way of thinking," then England had decided her orbit of thought since the days of the Stuarts, while the very settlement of North America in the face of the greatest hardships and privations was the consequence of that thought. America was England's natural ally; it is little wonder that Canning looked to westward. With all this on his mind on the 16th of August, 1823, Canning sends for Rush, the American Minister to the Court of St. James. They talk over the immense coercive pressure on England of the other four partners to the Holy Alliance. Brougham and Mackintosh in Parliament were urging through all the splendid tenets of the new Liberalism why we should, if need be, encounter a world in arms. Was it possible, asked Canning, to steer clear of such a cataclysm—would the New World "oblige"? "Mr. Canning asked me," says Rush, "what I thought my Government would say to going hand in hand with England,"† to notify the despots of the Holy Alliance, "Hands off in South America!"

He did not think that concert of action would become necessary, fully believing that the simple fact of our countries being known to hold the same opinion would by its moral effect put down the intention on the part of France, if she entertained it. This belief was founded, he said, *upon the large share of the maritime power of the world which Great Britain and the United States shared between them*, and the consequent influence which the knowledge of their common policy could not fail to produce on the rest of the world.

There we have it in a nutshell! Canning's "balance" is contingent on Great Britain plus America jointly guaranteeing the control of the seas. Failing to live up to that guarantee—and America has clean lost sight of her share of the obligation—the Monroe Doctrine has become an appalling danger to Britain, the United States, and to the peace of the world.

Rush was non-committal; foresaw some difficulties but would consult his Government; and later Canning writes to Sir William a'Court "I have no doubt that his report to his Government had a great share in producing the explicit declaration of the President" (Monroe).

Such was the cradle stage of the famous Monroe Doctrine, and Rush's dispatch synchronizing, as it happily did, with a boundary dispute with Russia* was welcomed at Washington with open arms. The President at once consulted his predecessor, Thomas Jefferson, idol, if not of Democracy, at least of Democrats. Jefferson replies:

Monticelle, October 24, 1823.

. . . The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence. That made us a nation, this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through

*December 12, 1826.
†Rush's *Court of London*.

*Adams, Secretary of State at Washington, said as to this dispute "I find proof enough to put down the Russian argument, but how shal we answer the Russian cannon?"

the ocean of Time opening on us. . . . America North and South has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe and peculiarly her own. While Europe is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should surely be to make our hemisphere that of Freedom. One nation most of all could disturb us in this pursuit; she now offers to lead, aid and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition we detach her from the band of despots, bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government and emancipate a Continent at one stroke which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of anyone, or all, on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her then we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause.

Equipped with this benediction from the ex-President, the man who had drafted the Declaration of Independence, all the preliminaries went smoothly forward, and on the 2d of December, 1823, Monroe sends the historic Message to Congress. The Monroe Doctrine, as we know it today, he crystallizes in these few lines:

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing Colonies or Dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.*

II.

In the preceding chapter I have outlined, necessarily most briefly, the great cross-currents of diplomacy in Continental Europe: the determination on the one hand to thwart National aspirations; on the other hand the extreme hazard to England should she, single-handed, assert them. The outcome, as we have seen, was the Monroe Doctrine. Threatened by the supreme pontiffs of the Holy Alliance with excommunication, nay, but with possible extinction, Canning had forged that tremendous weapon for evil or for good! Yet only for the Sea Power of England the Monroe Doctrine, far from keeping the United States out of the cockpit of Europe, has been, and is today, more than ever a sword of Damocles which threatens the World and Time. For America, single-handed, had at no time any power to make good such a challenge, and, with every modern development, nautical and aero-nautical, piled upon the adverse scale, she is threatened with really awful consequences if at any time England decides that Monroeism is not, and has not for now fully fifty years been, any business whatever of hers. The Holy Alliance is no more; all that it once stood for is obsolete and ridiculous. The spread of Liberal principles in our day, not only in France but also in Russia, is fully as rapid as is compatible with internal well-being and with external security. In Germany what was chiefly wanted to free her from the tyranny of a military caste was some "Greater Germany"—some vacuum somewhere that she could expand into and that would send her back the slogans and the symbols of free men to her home land. The alternative, as we have seen, to expan-

*I am largely indebted for the details which I have outlined above to Professor Snow's *Treaties in American Diplomacy*, a standard work easily available.

sion is explosion, and while nothing can ever palliate *le Sadisme Allemande*, Cavell-ism, and infamies happily unique in human history, yet we ought to have foreseen that no great nation in its era of unexampled prosperity would rest content without some Hinterland where its restless units could settle down under their own flag to speak their nother-tongue. The craving of Germany for such expansion is only another aspect of this new but world-pervasive movement, to "Irredentism."* We see it in Ireland's protest against Statehood for Ulster. Because of it England fought an irredentist war in South Africa. In Canada, because, as Lincoln well said, "everybody knows more than anybody" the feeling that the abolition of the Tariff with the United States would carry Minnesota and Montana into Alberta and Saskatchewan and expose Canada to the danger of American irredentism—this subconscious conviction swept the Liberal Party out of Ottawa at the last election. The Irredentist movement everywhere coming at a time when it seemed possible in some way to avoid constitutional dangers by "thinking Federally" must complicate the mighty task of statecraft for the coming generation, and to a very perilous degree.

I revert, however, to the position of Germany returning home united and victorious after her war with France. At once and finally her political philosophy was unsettled to observe England with far-flung Dominions, world-wide; France and Russia breathing easily, with great satrapies; and even Holland, Portugal, Spain, and Belgium well provided with the vacant spaces needed in the nineteenth century. One vast Continent entirely adequate for German expansion loomed up from Patagonia to Panama. There, mighty streams, the Amazon, the Orinoco, the La Plata, drain watersheds of four million square miles. South of Panama if anywhere, German ambitions could have found a pacific settlement; only in South America, at a time when all other claims had been already "pegged out," she could have found her "place in the sun." But in this eminent domain, far more remote from Washington than Berlin is, she discovers Uncle Sam "claiming all outdoors"; waving the White Ensign of a British Admiral! And strange though it may seem, our aforesaid "Uncle," though quite unable to protect the lives and property of his own citizens close to his own home in Mexico, has thus far proved an excellent scarecrow in Brazil, notwithstanding the fact that all the important conduits of Brazilian finance are today in German hands. "Uncle Sam" is a renowned poker player we all know, but it is difficult still to believe that international relations resting on foundations so utterly insecure should have survived all these years. Nor did it require this War to demonstrate that with the implements of the modern burglar it is, given the command of the Atlantic, easier and quicker for German Army Corps to bob up serene in Fifth Avenue than in the Champs Elysees. At any time in the last ten years Germany could have picked a quarrel with America over any incident —say some trade incident in Brazil. She could have immediately occupied Cuba, not a shot fired, from which base the coast cities of the Great Republic from Galveston to Portland could have been looted and held to ransom. Is it any wonder that President Wilson yields to the terrible perils that so evidently environ him; that he sounds no certain note? Awake! Awake! Washington, for the Huns are at your gate! Germany, though beaten to her knees and forced to accept what peace terms the Allies dictate, can yet, if her Navy is still intact, be in New York

*That unless the Flag follows the settler, that settler is an outcast: a "man without a country."

Harbor in a fortnight with a dominant fleet and quarter of a million veteran troops. Relatively to the attacking fleet, the American defenders would be more helpless than was Von Spee's in the engagement off the Falkland Islands. There is no limit to the indemnity which the United States would not promptly pay, if only because there is no alternative but to pay it. True, out of material so splendid an army could be created in two or three years, but in these days when a great Dreadnought is complex as any stop-watch, it will take twenty years for America to prepare the expert personnel of a modern navy. Indeed, those who best know America are those who doubt whether the Americans can ever at any price secure a great navy. The rewards in that favored land for skilled artificers—the infinite opportunities to acquire wealth and position on land, are such that the staffing of large fleets is probably not practicable at all. The German General Staff expected to be in Paris the thirty-third day after the crossing of the Belgian frontier. And they only just failed. But in the absence of the British Fleet that Tirpitz and the egregious Boy-Ed can be in New York the fourteenth day after embarkation is hardly disputable. A gloomy vaticination! and we must take what comfort we can from the picturesque proverb of American philosophy that "there is a Providence which looks after children, drunken men, and the United States of America!"

Truly Puck, in the days long past, whether with a brogue or with gutturals, has too often come by his own when foreign affairs were under review at Washington. It was with the greatest possible difficulty that the Sandwich Islands, the Gates of the Pacific, time after time on offer to the United States, and refused by President Cleveland, were finally incorporated by President McKinley. And why again was not that lovely "Pearl of the Antilles" taken over from Spain? Commanding as she does the mouths of the Mississippi, Cuba is not less the Gate of the Atlantic Ocean. What a strange perversity is it in the Council Chamber on the Potomac that these two groups of islands, each commanding a mighty ocean, each commanding five thousand miles of American coastline, should have been rejected again and again. While Cuba remains exposed, a prize for any strong navy to attach, and an invaluable coaling and submarine base, how can New Orleans or New York ever feel secure? Nor is this incorporation in the Great Republic any less essential to the progress and prosperity of the islanders than to the security of those who dwell on the mainland.

It is really a shameful pretense that the concern of the United States in the result of this World War is merely two or three years of inflated trade balances.* Had she come into the arena the day after the *Lusitania* massacre America's share of the German assets would at least have included the whole German Fleet. Such a subtraction from Germany, such an addition to the United States, together with the immense German merchant marine today claiming a murderer's sanctuary in American harbors, would have been no excessive reprisal for those cold-blooded murders of America's women and children on the high seas.

Such is the international situation which will confront America a very few months ahead with the return of peace. Gorged to satiety is the Great Republic with mere wealth, and this in a world where all the European nations armed to the teeth are looking for the

*Professor G. B. McLellan, of Princeton University, is reported as saying "Whether one side or the other is right in this unfortunate war is, as far as we Americans are concerned, purely a matter of opinion." Is this the gentleman who not long since was Mayor of New York and high in the councils of the Democratic Party?

means to replenish their bankrupt treasuries. As we in the person of Canning steered the Republic into Monroeism and made use of her to confound our partners of the Holy Alliance, no doubt her claim upon our sea power in the event of a sudden German descent upon her coasts would before this War have carried our whole country off its feet; and if England feels all that which the writer feels, we shall always "see her through" notwithstanding the Hoke Smiths in her Senate and these utterly unworthy bickerings over some cargo of lard or of copper held up a day or two at Kirkwall, bickerings unconscionable between gentlemen. With Senator Cabot Lodge we incline to agree that the "corpse of an innocent American child" assassinated by Germany on the *Lusitania*, "is a more moving spectacle than an unsold bale of cotton." But this is apparently not the view of Senators Hoke Smith of Alabama and Stone of Missouri! How my gallant old friend George Graham Vest of pleasant memories must turn in his grave for the ambit of his successor, Senator W. A. Stone!

There is one thing, however, which stands out clearly: England should decide at once whether she intends after this War still to buttress the Monroe Doctrine, or whether in the event of its infraction by Germany our attitude will be neutral. That decision of ours most vitally concerns Washington and Westminster also. If at the moment of President Cleveland's Venezuela message in 1895 Lord Salisbury had announced that the flags which flew south of Panama no longer concerned us, at once Washington would have looked the ground over and would have offered in some shape or form "valuable consideration" in return for British sea power. Failing this, she would either have started in her shipyards to outbuild the navy of Germany or the German flag would have long since been hoisted over Brazil and the world today would have been at peace.

It is proper to point out that while we ourselves gain nothing by the Monroe Doctrine, yet, seeing it is our Fleet which alone keeps Germany out of Cuba and the New World, the "loan" of that Fleet is of transcendental importance to America. Today George Washington's wise saws have been replaced by modern instances. There are Alliances which "entangle," there are others fashioned by the needs of our common humanities and which, accepted in the first place as duties, are next discovered as the pathway to safety. Very often in our world's history has virtue proved its own reward. But if a certain coyness in the Valley of Indecision—a "craven fear of being great"—continues to work at Washington for a diplomatic isolation, it is possible that Lord Macaulay's New Zealander may be the pilgrim to Mount Vernon's shrine. Great Britain after this War—these islands swarming with her veteran soldiers; half a million more in Canada; quarter of a million in Australia; with Germany swept clean out of Africa and Asia; with a Fleet the very heir of all the Ages—how great will not be the competition from all sides in the days at hand for an Offensive and Defensive Alliance with such a Power! No one need entertain the remotest doubt any longer but that the New Day has dawned, and that British Columbia, New Zealand, Tasmania will within a period to be measured in months be at least as closely related to Westminster as California or Texas to Washington. But the United States, excepting possibly some slight frontier rectifications with our great Dominion, has absolutely nothing whatever that we want. If she invites us to an Alliance what will she pay for that Alliance? It is clearly a

majestic economy, social and financial, that for her better protection both in the Atlantic and in the Pacific she has the shield of our huge, unsleeping Fleet in being. What is that Fleet worth to her? Let us consider.

Today America has infinitely more important reasons than ever confronted Hamilton, and reasons writ across a far wider horizon, for "Thinking Continentally," while we as never before are "Thinking Imperially" or it may be Federally. What both nations want—nay, what the whole civilized world, whether neutral or belligerent, is entitled to demand, if a tithe of the atrocities alleged against Germany can be established—is that her flag shall clean disappear from all the ocean highways. That and that alone is the argument to break the heart of her Kultur. Incomparably the greatest economist of the last century was Frederick List. List apostrophizes the ocean in these deathless words:

The Sea is the high street of the Earth. The Sea is the parade-ground of the Nations. The Sea is the arena for the display of the strength and enterprise of all the Nations of the Earth, and is the cradle of their freedom. The Sea is, so to say, the rich village common on which all the economic peoples of the world may turn their herds out to grass. The man who has no share in the Sea is thereby excluded from a share in the good things and honors of the world—he is the step-child of our dear Lord God.

Should Great Britain and America, acting jointly as the trustees of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, so decide, then the Kaiser is not the patron, nor the big brother, nor the ally—he then becomes but the "step-child" of our dear Lord God. If America, North and South, and the British Empire, Central Occident and Orient, decide to close their ports to German shipping and their ships to German goods and passengers, then the Sea, in order that it may remain "the cradle of our Freedom," will have closed over the grave of the German merchant marine; *and if no German merchant marine, then too no German Dreadnoughts; and New York can sleep in its beds; the Monroe Doctrine endures at no cost to America, fully equipped, unchallengeable.* Henceforth our Great Fleet and whatever fleet America contributes to our Commonwealth will police the ocean, in wireless relation with every peaceful merchant vessel under the world's flags.

The Great War is today drawing rapidly to a conclusion inevitable when its dagger thrust in the dark miscarried in Belgium. When therefore Peace has been restored the transfer of Germany's merchant marine and of her Dreadnoughts to the United States would solve world-problems which at present appear insoluble. England could at once "scrap" older warships innumerable. The armies of Europe are already in sorrowful process of automatic reduction by the decease of her manhood. Thus Germany's disappearance from the ocean, and that only, will permit those huge economies for the want of which the whole social structure of the Western world is threatened by insolvency. After the War there should be a State trial, its importance without parallel in history. It should be in Washington. The world would doubtless leave gladly to the Supreme Court of the United States to decide, Why Louvain? Why *Lusitania*? Why Edith Cavell? The finding of a Court so illustrious, with its examination, its cross-examination, its re-examination of witnesses—the award of such a Court might well for the future "make wars to cease unto the ends of the earth." Could any punishment compare with a punishment so entirely within the police power of the Court, and of Congress

through a punitive tariff, namely, the withholding of a license from every German ship for a hundred years to sail the neutral seas? Paul Voigt, a reputable German economist of the last century, a disciple of Schmoller, wrote:

The loss of our export trade would bring starvation to the masses of German workers and compel them to emigrate and to beg before the doors of foreign nations for work and food. The collapse of our export trade would be the most terrible catastrophe in German history, and would rank with the Thirty Years' War as a calamity. It would wipe out the German nation from the great nations of the world, and might end its political existence.

I believe that the verdict of the United States Supreme Court; the Court which construes and passes upon the Constitution; the Court which has powers to override the President and Congress, and to pronounce unconstitutional the legislation of the forty-eight State Parliaments—such a verdict would be accepted within Germany itself as nothing else would. If such a Court acquitted Germany, whatever my private view, I should shrug my shoulders but accept the verdict. It is a Court of incomparable honesty, learning and competence. And its penalties could be easily graduated. Arson and the destruction of civilian property might be punished by recommending to Congress an addition of 25 per cent *ad valorem* to all the existing tariffs of all neutral nations. Assassination of women and children on the high seas, 100 per cent. The evidence of rape-gangs under the instruction of commissioned officers, Non-Intercourse—excommunication by the civilized world. In every case, proof established, no more submarines to be built by the offending belligerent. The offense against the comity of nations would rank with the forgery of Bank Notes and be far more easily detected.

Looking back upon it all "Uncle Sam" will admit a year later that, if he has escaped, it has been indeed a miraculous escape, and the lesson, a writing on the wall, is with him for all time. He has seen vast armies convoyed to the shores of France from the Antipodes—a distance twice greater than from Hamburg to New York. They have come from Auckland, New Zealand, from Melbourne, from Montreal, from Calcutta and Karachi, and these armies have reached their destination without a casualty. At least a million more men are in training, or on the High Seas now. Also he has seen a flying squadron start from Spithead under Admiral Sturdee with sealed orders for the Falkland Isles, the time of arrival at an objective five thousand miles distant not less punctually accomplished than the Chicago limited express in its journey from New York. Twelve hours after arrival Sturdee's fleet meets and destroys an inferior fleet, but a fleet not nearly so inferior as the United States fleet is the inferior of the existing German fleet. Does anyone suppose that such object-lessons as these are altogether lost on President Wilson and his advisers?

When the history of this War comes to be written, the splendid generosity of the American citizen will greatly relieve the pages of a black tragedy. Poland, Belgium, Serbia—how the citizen of the Great Republic has taken all three upon the lap of his prodigious bounty! The affectionate assiduities to our wounded and our prisoners of America's Ambassador in Berlin, of her Minister in Brussels—these have relieved the unsleeping anxiety of wives, mothers, sisters in these islands to a degree which can never be forgotten. The American private citizen has indeed behaved, as we expected, magnificently. But his State, No! The

State has, all too clearly, greatly disappointed its best elements, and has seemed to turn its back upon a great opportunity. This was, I believe, inevitable, and there will be a recurrence with historic disaster unless the Monroe Doctrine can secure at long last some rational interpretation. In the days at hand it will be found that Monroeism is not compatible with a United Germany. One or the other is destined to disappear. Yet, seeing that the doctrine is of all the American traditions that most deeply rooted, there is no end in sight.

For America, and equally for ourselves in this, the grand climacteric of our planet's destinies, Shakespeare has left us a legacy of Divine encouragement:

Let us be backed with God and with the Seas
Which He hath given, a Force impregnable;
And with this help alone defend ourselves.
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Moreton Frewen.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

To die at fifty, an age when the intellectual and creative faculties should naturally be at their richest and ripest, and yet to have lived long enough to outlast the heyday of one's success and reputation—this is a hard fate for a poet who has seen himself acclaimed with all the titles of literary immortality. It is an even harder fate when success has come, as it were, spontaneously, without pursuit or importunity. The man who has had to wait long for recognition, enduring perhaps years of uncertainty and disappointment, is already armed against the vicissitudes of fortune. What has happened before, he knows, may happen again; meanwhile the days of sunlight are sweet and commendable. But the man who achieves fame almost at his first throw is less equipped to face disillusionment. Success that comes easily seems certain to be easily retained; and when it is perceived to be slowly filtering away, the experience can hardly fail to be exceedingly bitter. The injustice of Fortune appears the more intolerable for its unexpectedness. And the brighter the triumphs may have been, the darker will prove their eclipse.

Some such experience, it is to be feared, helped to cloud the last days of Stephen Phillips, whose recent death brought to a close many bright hopes and expectations. Few men in our generation have achieved success so instantaneously; very few contemporary poets have enjoyed such high praise. The criticisms collected at the end of his books compare or contrast him, to his own high credit, with half the masters of the poetic and dramatic arts. Dante, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Milton, Webster, Chapman, Racine, Dumas, Sardou, Tennyson, Rossetti, Landor—these are a few of the names brought forward in tribute to decorate the singing-robes of the author of "Marpessa." Nor did the praise come from any inconsiderable quarter. These rich comparisons are signed by some of the most distinguished literary judges of the day; certain of them, indeed, by judges from whom it was generally difficult for a young reputation to exact approval. Churton Collins, for example, was certainly not the man to grow enthusiastic over every "new thing" that might loom above the literary horizon. He more often confronted novelty from the peak of Ebal than of Berizim. Yet it was Churton Collins who aligned Stephen Phillips with Dante and Milton, and declared that "no poet

has made his *debut* with a volume which is at once of such extraordinary merit and so rich in promise." These are brave words; but they, and all their like, did no more than reflect faithfully the prevailing critical enthusiasm of the time. Twenty years ago Stephen Phillips stood out conspicuously in the public eye as one of the two or three poets in whose care the future of English poetry might safely be permitted to repose. The approval of the critics had even been endorsed at the counters of the booksellers. For Stephen Phillips was not only talked about: his books were bought and read. For ten years or more he presented the rare figure of a poet whom critical or uncritical alike appreciate. And yet upon the day of his death there was scarcely a single obituary notice which did not adopt a half-veiled, but unmistakable, attitude of apology. For in the meanwhile the sudden change had intervened. Critical fashion, popular taste, the national standard of judgment, each and all of these constituents of fame had somehow or other shifted their ground. The poet, who had once perhaps been over-praised, was now unquestionably underestimated. The public had grown tired and ungrateful; it no longer did him justice. And the critics, reasonably discontented with his later work, had somehow forgotten or regretted their earlier confidence. It seems hard; and it is not altogether sound. Perhaps its very hardship may excuse an attempt to readjust the balance and to recall the true qualities and real achievements of a career which once set many lights ablaze and echoed to many half-forgotten but memorable plaudits. For there are some of us, among his earliest admirers in the golden days, who would be unwilling to let our memories of him close without some kindly tribute of gratitude and esteem.

I.

The bare incidents of the poet's life afford little material of interest to the biographer. He was the son of an eminent divine, and was born at Summertown, in the suburbs of Oxford. He went to school at Stratford-on-Avon, and afterwards at Peterborough, where his father was Precentor and Honorary Canon of the Cathedral; and it is said that the boy's love of poetry was first aroused in his fifteenth year by hearing his mother read "Christabel" aloud. He was intended for the civil service and was working at a well-known crammer's in Garrick Street when his passion for the stage broke loose, and he threw over all prospects of an official career to join the Shakespearean company of his relative, Mr. F. R. Benson. He was not a great success upon the stage. In such parts as Hastings in *Richard III*, Snake in *The School for Scandal*, Morocco in *The Merchant of Venice*, Sergeant Loupy in *Robert Macaire*, Gremio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and King Claudius and The Ghost (on different occasions, of course) in *Hamlet*, he proved himself a stiff actor, moving heavily across the stage and wearing his costume without ease. But he spoke blank verse with a certain sonorous fervor, which rendered his impersonation of The Ghost the best of all his performances.

It will be worth while to consider, in its proper place, the influence which this stage training exercised upon his own dramatic poetry later on. Undoubtedly the influence was not small. Meanwhile, a few years of touring in the provinces exhausted the poet's enthusiasm for an actor's life. He took up a post in an army tutor's, and for six years endured the drudgery of cramming listless young men with ingenious "tips" for examinations. By the end of that time he had published "Marpessa," "Eremus," and "Christ in Hades," and when his collected "Poems" appeared in 1897, and were recognized by the public advertisement of a prize of £100 offered by *The Academy* for

the most important book of the year, their author attracted publicity to such an extent that it was no longer necessary for him to depend upon any outside profession for a living. For his books began to sell by the tens of thousands; actor managers were at his feet, and the triumphs of his Majesty's and the St. James's Theatres made him the most popular poetic dramatist of our own generation. *Herod* was produced in a storm of applause in 1900, and *Paolo and Francesca* (published in 1899) achieved a tremendous success on the stage in 1902. There followed *Ulysses* and *Nero*, upon which Sir Herbert Tree lavished all the splendor of his elaborate stage-management. These were the years of harvesting, and a triumphant time they were for the poet's welfare. It is small wonder that his imagination flourished and fed upon itself, to the inevitable misfortune of his genius. For there are few things harder for the human soul to sustain with equanimity than a sudden and universal popularity.

II.

To a great popular success various elements are needed, but not least among them is the advantage of opportunity. The genius who appears at the right moment has his way made plain before him, and there can be no doubt that Stephen Phillips was exceedingly fortunate in the time in which he began to write. The years immediately following Tennyson's death were great years for the young poets. For a whole generation the Tennysonian tradition had kept English poetry stagnant. The example and influence of Tennyson were so predominant that almost every beginner started in his footsteps. Nevertheless, signs had not been wanting that the world was growing restless and discontented under the artistic autocracy of Farringford. For some time before Tennyson's death any poetic movement that broke away from his influence had been eagerly welcomed and acclaimed; Swinburne was an inspiration; William Morris a trumpet-call. And now that these two rebellious talents were no longer novelties, in the very hour of uncertainty which followed the break-up of the Tennysonian era, Stephen Phillips stepped firmly into the limelight, thundering out a new form of blank verse and of the heroic couplet, which was not Tennyson's, nor Swinburne's, nor Morris's, but born of the house of Marlowe, and descended through the line of the Spasmodists, a rich, sensuous, overloaded, but irresistibly powerful medium, so strong and insidious as to take the fancy captive in a mist of eloquence.

"O wine of the world, the odor and gold of it!"

It is not surprising that such glorious rhetoric should have carried us all off our feet!

Looking back now, however, when time has mellowed first impressions, it seems strange that we should none of us have recognized that, however much the author of "Christ in Hades" had imported into contemporary verse of fire and fervor, of romanticism and spirituality, he was still, as a matter of fact, very modestly restricted in the technical resources of his art. Of metrical variety he had almost none. All his best work was done in blank verse or in the heroic couplet. The lyrical innovations of Swinburne and the pre-Raphaelites might never have been heard of, for any effect they exercised upon Stephen Phillips's prosody. He began to write in a period of feverish lyrical experiment, but experiment and innovation had no interest for him whatever. Apparently he lacked the lyric impulse altogether. His long apprenticeship to the recitation of blank verse had left him careless of any other vehicle of expression. His stage expe-

rience no doubt was responsible to some extent for this limitation, but the few lyrics upon which the poet adventured do not encourage the idea that he could ever have achieved much as a singer. His ear was not sensitive, nor his sense of melody acute.

Indeed, there was one respect in which his ear was so much at variance with the prevailing taste that he soon found himself involved in a vigorous controversy with the critics. Since the days of Pope considerable liberties had been taken with the ten-syllabled line, and Dr. Johnson, who believed that English prosody could scarcely advance beyond the metallic formality of "The Rape of the Lock," would have been amazed (and perhaps disgusted) at the dactyls and anapests with which Swinburne had relieved the monotony of the heroic couplet. Phillips went a step further, or perhaps it should more correctly be said, took a step backward, and, sheltering himself under the mantle of Milton, introduced an occasional trochee in place of an iambus, for the sake of a desirable variety. Some of these lines offended contemporary taste not a little.

"Gentle and all injured. Art thou a God?"
"My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes."
"And I in silence wondered at sorrow."
"O all fresh out of beautiful sunlight."

Lines like these were naturally difficult to reconcile with the Tennysonian tradition; but Mr. William Archer and Mr. James Douglas, charging into the lists, found themselves confronted with the sturdy lance of the present Poet Laureate, shod at the fighting end with plentiful Miltonic authority. The controversy would scarcely be possible today, when the younger men care little for tradition, and such verses as

"All the enginery of going on sea,"

or

"Of a wild vinegar into our sheathed marrows,"

pass current for respectable workmanship. But there will still remain a few of us to whom

"O all fresh out of beautiful sunlight"

will stand as a stumbling-block, defying the ear. And it is by no means certain that the last word is with the innovators.

In any case, this small trochaic license represents the limit of Stephen Phillips's innovations; for the rest, he depended from the outset upon a powerful theme rather than upon a lyrical treatment, and in his choice of themes he was almost as fortunate as in the opportunity of exploiting them. Viewed historically, he seems to have joined hands with the last of the romanticists and with the first of the realists. He had not forgotten Tennyson, and yet he anticipated Mr. John Masefield. The public that was shocked at "The Wife" was not yet ready for "The Widow in the Bye-Street," but the genius that had the courage to describe a woman's sacrifice of her own honor to buy bread for a dying husband was certainly a harbinger of the Georgians. The final touch which brings the dishonored woman home too late is absolutely in the Masefield vein. The husband is dead, but the child is alive and hungry. The mother is hungry also.

"Then hunger pained: no thought she had, no care,
She and the child together ate that fare."

The younger realists have drawn no grimmer picture, nor one of a more bitter poignancy.

But we must not flatter ourselves that what first attracted us to Stephen Phillips twenty years ago was his sage prevision of future poetic movements,

or our own appreciation of his audacity. As a matter of fact, this audacity was generally regarded with suspicion, and the qualities which made his way were the poet's unfailing sense of a dramatic situation, and the splendid ardor and force with which he developed it. It was not for nothing that the author of "Marpessa" had served his apprenticeship upon the stage, for all his earlier successes were based upon the dramatic value of a single penetrating situation. Take "Marpessa," for example: the choice which is offered to its heroine is essentially dramatic in its appeal—dramatic and almost theatrical. She is wooed by Apollo and by Idas, a god and a mortal, and she decides in favor of the mortal. The motive of her choice is thoroughly Tennysonian; she foresees instinctively what Tithonus was to learn by the bitterness of experience, that human ambition and human fate are guerdon enough for humanity, and that the gifts of the gods are only too often a sheer hindrance to mortal progress. The same Tennysonian doctrine is at the back of "Christ in Hades." The Saviour of the World visits the souls in prison, and His tender pity yearns to set them free. But in the very moment when He is about to raise His hand and liberate them from bondage, He remembers that the time is not yet, that all things must await the inevitable process of Destiny, and that to anticipate the fate of man would be to run counter to the will of God. There was nothing new or startling in the philosophy of the situations, but they were none the less situations of eager dramatic effect, and the ardent imagination of the poet invested them with a splendid riot of imagery and illustration.

Here, it seemed, was a poet who was also a man, intensely and vividly alive, responding eagerly to the pagan call of passion, flooding the world of spirit with images from the world of sense, and ennobling the pleasures of sense with the dignity of a high spiritual descent. Apollo's call to the woman he woos has nothing of the god about it: he promises her immortality, but it is an immortality of the sense alone.

"O brief and breathing creature, wilt thou cease
Once having been? Thy doom doth make thee rich,
And the low grave doth make thee exquisite.
But if thou'lt live with me, then will I kiss
Warm immortality into thy lips;
And I will carry thee above the world,
To share my ecstasy of flinging beams,
And scattering without intermission joy.
And thou shalt know that first leap of the sea
Toward me; the grateful upward look of earth,
Emerging roseate from her bath of dew,—
We two in heaven dancing,—Babylon
Shall flash and murmur, and cry from under us,
And Nineveh catch fire, and at our feet
Be hurled with her inhabitants, and all
Adoring Asia kindle and hugely bloom;
We two in heaven running,—continents
Shall lighten, ocean unto ocean flash,
And rapidly laugh till all this world is warm."

It is not difficult to understand why such poetry took the public fancy by storm, especially in an hour when a new impulse was urgently demanded of the poet. The world was tired for the moment of the classic tradition, of the marble dignity of elaborate workmanship, and of what was beginning to be suspected as a cold formalism. It wanted warmth and color, which it found in this opulent and effervescing imagination. Here was dramatic dialogue which seemed to promise new life to the poetry of drama, and a new opportunity to the stage. So the theat-

rical managers cast their net over Stephen Phillips, and gave him the great chance, which was also to be the peril, of his genius.

III.

Fortunate as Phillips was in the hour of his first publication, he was even more fortunate in his first appearance as a dramatist. The great Victorians had failed upon the stage, and any man who could produce an actable poetic drama had little contemporary rivalry to contend against. It is true that there are passages of dramatic insight in "Harold" and "Becket" more subtle and sincere than anything that Stephen Phillips ever wrote for the stage; true, also, that the last act of *Strafford* contains a culminating series of dramatic moments fuller of surprise and poignancy than even the last act of *Paolo and Francesca.* But neither Tennyson nor Browning had any stagecraft, while Phillips had been bred upon the boards. What he had learned there served him at the beginning in excellent stead. It was, to be sure, only the scaffolding of the dramatist's art, and it resembled the poet's own acting in stopping short with the machinery of the business. It had no true grasp of character, no moment of instinctive interpretation. But few dramatists have understood better how a theatrical effect will tell upon the stage, or what is the sort of dialogue that will "speak well" and penetrate across the footlights. *Paolo and Francesca* is simply full of clever stage construction. The first appearance of the hero, silent among the talkers, owes its stage-craft, no doubt, to the tradition of *Hamlet*, but it is none the less masterly. The same effect is repeated in *Herod.* The protagonist, for whose first words all the house is eagerly waiting, is kept silent until the stage is cleared. An air of tiptoe expectancy is thus aroused—the very mood the dramatist needs most to evoke. It is a trick, but it never fails.

So, too, the clever contrasts be-between the coarse jesting of the soldiers and the intense but repressed passion of the love scenes; or between Francesca's native purity, on the one hand, yielding only to the necessity of an overwhelming appeal, and, on the other, the heartless philandering of the lecherous little Nita; or, again, between the rush of emotions when the murder of the lovers is discovered and the terrible, tragic quiet of the finish—all these dramatic resources showed the hand of experience, and went straight to the heart of the public. Nor was this first play, so full of fervor and romance, by any means a thing of paint and stucco alone. In *Paolo and Francesca* the poet touched with his first attempt at a stage-play his highest poetic and imaginative level. There may not be much character-drawing among the persons of the play, the motive may be elementary and plain, the tragic element itself may lean towards sentiment. Even the final lines, so highly eulogized, may have their echo in Elizabethan drama.

> "She takes away my strength.
> I did not know the dead could have such hair.
> Hide them. They look like children fast asleep."

The fancy that prompted the phrase can hardly have forgotten Webster's close-knit and terrible line,

> "Cover her face. My eyes dazzle. She died young;"

and the Elizabethan has the advantage of an unsurpassably tragic brevity. But when criticism has said all it can, it remains indisputable that *Paolo and Francesca* is simply alive with beauty and with beautiful lines.

> "PAO. Remember how when first we met we stood

Stung with immortal recollections.
O face immured beside a fairy sea,
That leaned down at dead midnight to be kissed!
O beauty folded up in forests old!
Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's knights—
FRANC. Thy armor glimmered in a gloom of green.
PAO. Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?
FRANC. Or did we set a sail in Carthage bay?
PAO. Were thine eyes strange?
FRANC. Did I not know thy voice?
All ghostly grew the sun, unreal the air
Then when we kissed.
PAO. And in that kiss our souls
Together flashed, and now they are one flame,
Which nothing can put out, nothing divide.
FRANC. Kiss me again! I smile at what may chance.
PAO. Again, and yet again! and here and here.
Let me with kisses burn this body away,
That our two souls may dart together free."

Surely no love-lyric ever exceeded the intensity of this duologue, and the beauty of the language is as deep and languorous as the moonlit atmosphere it fills.

It is sad to reflect that such a triumph was not to be repeated, but there can be little question that Stephen Phillips's first play was also his best. The simple directness of the tragedy, the keen economy of effect, the nobility of the dialogue, and the lyric variety of the blank verse raised hopes that flowered immediately into acclamation. Here, cried the critics with almost disconcerting unanimity, here is a poet who is destined to revive the poetic glories of the English stage. Poetry and drama had met together once more; the fustian of Sheridan Knowles and the hot-house exoticism of Bulwer Lytton was swept away at last! A new era was dawning for dramatic literature; the future was full of beaconing light. Well, the expectation was not unreasonable; why was it destined to be disappointed?

IV.

The little pitted speck in garnered fruit is often disregarded until it is too late; and, as it happens, there was a perilous passage towards the end of "Paolo" which might well have caused the sensitive critic apprehension:—

"O God, Thou seest us Thy creatures bound
Together by that law which holds the stars
In palpitating passion cosmic bright;
By which the very sun enthrals the earth,
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon.
Even by such attraction we two rush
Together through the everlasting years.
Us, then, whose only pain can be to part,
How wilt Thou punish? For what ecstasy
Together to be blown about the globe!
What rapture in perpetual fire to burn
Together!—where we are is endless fire.
There centuries shall in a moment pass,
And all the cycles in one hour elapse!
Still, still together, even when faints Thy sun,
And past our souls Thy stars like ashes fall,
How wilt Thou punish us who cannot part?"

Fine, fiery lines these, and not perhaps inapplicable to their context, but perilously near, even so, to the borderline of hyperbole.

"In palpitating passion cosmic bright."

It is a feverish phrase, pretentious, and all but grotesque. A little more indulgence in such exaggeration, and the decay of dignity and balance might well ensue.

Now, it is an often-repeated experience that a poet's vices are his favorite children. The purple passage is only too frequently the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire. And the worst thing that could possibly have happened to Stephen Phillips was that his next theme after "Paolo and Francesca" should be one that in its very nature fostered and fomented this passion for over-decoration and excess. Nevertheless, the evil fairy brought the fatal gift. The drama of Herod in the days of his decadence, his mind distraught with dreams of mad ambition, his heart broken by the thwarting of passionate desire, his imperial power shattered by a cataleptic seizure—this was the very theme of themes to inflame the poet's imagery to fever-point. It attacked him with all the meretricious splendor of the jeweled East. Like his own hero, he might have exclaimed in ecstasy—

"The cymbals, and the roarings, and the roses!
I seemed to drink bright wine, and run on flames."

In those days of felicitation Stephen Phillips was often compared with Marlowe, and the likeness was by no means superficial. He had much of Marlowe's boisterous virility, much too of his comprehensive imagination. But he had also the dangerous capacity for turgid rhetoric, which eventually led the author of "Tamburlane" into a desert-land of verbiage. Open Marlowe almost where you will, you will find passages that suggest the later decorations of "Herod," "Ulysses," "Nero," and the rest.

"A wound is nothing, be it ne'er so deep;
Blood is the god of War's rich livery.
Now look I like a soldier, and this wound
As great a grace and majesty to me,
As if a chair of gold enameled,
Enchas'd with diamonds, sapphires, rubies,
And fairest pearl of wealthy India,
Were mounted here under a canopy."

The fault of such imagery is not so much that it is over-fanciful as that it is violent, and when once violence invades poetry the author's critical balance begins to fall.

"And I will think,"

we can conceive our poet saying with his hero,

"in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive,
Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations
And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands,
Allure the living God out of the bliss,
And all the streaming seraphim from heaven."

In such a quest, unfortunately, the universe itself is soon exhausted. The poet looks at life through Gargantua's spy-glass, and everything, natural and unnatural, is magnified into a dream of Brobdingnag. Potentates wear a province on their finger; beauty requires the Mediterranean for a mirror; her hair falls like a cataract over the limits of the world; nothing but a universe in flames will suffice for a mother's funeral pyre. The sphere of the poet's imagination grows like a nightmare, writhing with lurid and fantastic shapes.

"He makes a compact with the elements
And here his agents are the very winds,
The waves his servants, and the night his friend."

The fervid imagery of Stephen Phillips indeed grew and grew in vehemence, until it became one coruscating, blinding glitter of stars, waves, cataracts,

meteors, and cataclysms. Everything was vast and magnificent.

"Magnificent in livery of ruin. . . ."
"Even magnificence of flattering. . . ."
"And the magnificence of idleness. . . ."
"Like a rose magnificently burning. . . ."
"A bleak magnificence of endless hope. . . ."

There are some dozens more of "magnificents" of equal scope; and their perpetual recurrence marks the poet's fall. He has ceased to take the trouble to think, and is content with the biggest, showiest word that stands ready to his purpose. But drama cannot be contrived of purple patches alone, without character or action; and the spirit of drama reluctantly but firmly deserted Stephen Phillips from the moment when he was persuaded to mistake violence for power. For a little while his inherent sense of beauty sustained him. There are noble passages in "Herod," and fine lines (though not many) in "Nero." But his construction weakened; he was content to repeat devices (such as the incident of a prophecy threatening the hero) again and again, and as he indulged his besetting passion for rhetoric, for large words and larger symbols, for comets and roses, flames, serpents, hunger, thirst, and desolation—the shy muse crept further and further from his ear, until at last there was little left of the lyric music of his early days save sound and fury, doing their best to masquerade as power, but only too often fading away in echo, signifying nothing.

V.

There is little temptation to dwell upon the decline of talent; good-will may be better employed in suggesting an explanation and an excuse. Almost certainly, then, it may be affirmed that it was the theatrical element in Stephen Phillips's work and the theatrical fashion in which he came to regard life, combined with an almost stolid lack of humor, that finally drowned out the promise of his youth. He had never possessed much sense of character, nor any considerable insight into motive. But his poetic vitality would have had the strength to counterbalance these defects, if he himself had been strong enough to resist the confusion between violence and power. His opportunity was generous. He arrived at the right moment, secured the public ear at once, was backed by the approbation of the best judgment that his time could boast; almost everything seemed possible to him. But either his head was turned, or he had no wise counselor. His tricks grew upon him; he ceased to try to break himself of them; some of his later work even suggests that he ceased altogether to take pains. It is a gray conclusion, but there still remains enough fine work to his name to protect his memory with the next generation. It must be reckoned as a misfortune for his fame that he accomplished almost nothing as a lyrist, since there is nothing like lyrical poetry to keep a name alive. The multiplication of anthologies secures it currency; but in *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* Stephen Phillips is represented by no more than one short, and not very characteristic, poem of eight lines. Nevertheless, he will not be forgotten.

The pageant and progress of poetry have often been likened to the Greek torch-race, which was ridden by horsemen in relays, each rider carrying on the torch for his appointed stage of the course, and then tossing it, alive and flaming, to his successor. In such a contest, "where is nor first nor last," there are many competitors, upon whose achievements the final triumph depends; yet only one covers the concluding stage and passes the goal. The plaudits of the crowd are his; he is the representative of his comrades; but many half-forgotten efforts have

gone to land him in the place of pride. The metaphor is a sound one. It still remains for the future to reveal the great poetic dramatist of our own time, who shall raise the stage to the glory and national honor which it enjoyed among the Elizabethans. We once hoped we had found the man in Stephen Phillips; but fortune, turning her wheel in the very hour of fulfilment, willed otherwise. Still, in the great relay race of his poetic generation, Stephen Phillips played no mean nor negligible part. Like the creatures of his own poetry, the torch that he handed on was one of brief but splendid brilliancy. It flamed to the heaven like fiery hair, blown in the wind, and the flakes that fell from it were bright with all the jewels of the Orient. It will glow forth again beyond doubt, in the hand of another, brighter for his high service, and forgetful of its period of eclipse.

Arthur Waugh.

The Fortnightly Review.

BARBARA LYNN.

By Emily Jenkinson.

CHAPTER XV.

Morning at the Shepherds' Meet.

Flames leaped up the chimney at Greystones, and filled the kitchen with a ruddy glow. The shutters had been taken down, but the night seemed still to hug the window-panes, and a black wind moaned in the sycamores.

Barbara, cloaked and hooded, and Tom the hind, sat with porringers on their knees, eating their breakfast of hasty pudding and milk, while the sheep dogs eyed them intelligently, now and then thumping the flags with their tails—the stark cold dawn, that was yet night, and the shepherd staves propped against the wall, were signs which quickened their canine hearts.

Twice a year the Shepherds' Meet was held in Girdlestone Pass, at the back of Thundergay, when the sheep that had strayed into other flocks, were brought to be claimed by their owners. A wether was missing from the Greystones' heaf, and three strange ewes had been found, which were now penned at Ketel's Parlor, where Barbara and the hind would pick them up on their way.

They had to start while it was still dark in order to reach the place of the Meet at a reasonably early hour.

Clatter went the clogs of the servant-lass, who tramped in and out with the sleep still in her eyes.

"You'll mind what I've told you, Jess," said Barbara, giving the dogs her empty porringer to lick.

The wench came to a standstill, then tossed her head confidently.

"Oh, aye!" she replied. "I'll not forget. I'll tie the legs o' the white coo, for fear she kicks over the pail—she's a spiteful creature, yon coo! And I'll give thy great-granny her tea at seven o'clock."

"The green tea, remember, Jess. And be sure the water is boiling."

"Oh, aye." Jess swung her head from side to side, and winked, when Barbara's back was turned, at the hind. She knew what to expect from Mistress Lynn if the old woman was not pleased with her ministrations.

"I'll speak soft and go quiet," she replied, tiptoeing into the dairy with no very light tread.

Barbara drew back the curtains of the four-poster, and looked in; she knew that Mistress Lynn was awake.

"I'm just off," she said, "Lucy will be up some time during the morning. Jess will look after you till then."

The old woman raised herself upon her pillows.

"Joel Hart comes back today," she remarked, her eyes brightening with pleasure.

"He should arrive about now if he caught the coach."

"I shouldn't wonder if he paid me a visit before long—eh?"

"Very likely, great-granny."

"Fetch me my best cap—the one that's rucked and trimmed with Valenciennes, and the white shawl that Peter—the wastrel—gave me."

Barbara brought the things desired and helped the old woman to adorn herself.

"Well, good luck to thee, great-granddaughter," said Mistress Lynn, smiling and well pleased with herself. "Don't let any o' them fine fellows from Dove Dale or Patterdale persuade thee that there's better farms than Greystones on t'other side o' Thundergay."

Barbara and the hind went out. The air was damp, and the mountain passes were choked with mist. Overhead the stars still shone, and an ungainly moon was in the act of tumbling out of sight behind the head of the dale, as they struck along the cattle-track to Swirtle Tarn.

Before dawn, in the fall of the year, the atmosphere is chilly and spiritless. The mystery of the night has gone, though the earth, to all appearance, is still under its rule. There is a uniform dullness on the landscape, while the stars grow dimmer, the mists cling closely, and life is sluggish. The wind—if a wind blows—is gusty; rain—if it falls—is listless. The brains of waking mortals are often oppressed with a sense of life's futility.

Barbara went along the path in some such mood. After her night of rapture had followed days of depression, when she tasted the bitterness of the cup, yet shrank back from drinking it. Like Jephthah's daughter, although she did not fear the sacrifice, she asked for a short respite to prepare herself for it. She had not seen Peter since they had read each other's souls in silence; and to Lucy, her great-grandmother, and all with whom she came in contact, she showed a serene brow. When no one was near, however, when she was alone on the hills, with only sheep and cattle to spy upon her, then her stricken face told of a pain that stabbed body, soul, and spirit, and was none the less real because it left no visible wounds. She tried to curtain her outlook and hide the years to come. A short view of life, so short that a day would compass it, was all that she held before her eyes each morning. Yet the future persisted in confronting her. With a stride it would come out of the darkness, and stare in her face, as much as to say—You shall not escape me. It was this attitude of the future that harrowed Barbara's mind. Present pain could be borne—she would brace herself to it; but the fear that endurance might not endure to the end, filled her with dread. Could the martyr be sure of his courage, martyrdom would be a state of exultation. It is the poltroonery of the flesh, and the trepidation of the spirit, that are his worst tormentors.

But, although Barbara was in a silent mood, Tom, the hind, was talkative.

"Have you heard," he asked, "that a murrain has broken out among the cattle further south?"

"Nay," replied Barbara. "Who told you?"

"A man from over the hills. He came into the Wild Boar last night, and was full of it."

This was news, and disconcerting news.

"There's many a tall hill between us and it," continued the hind, "but what's a hill to the murrain? The cow jumped ower the moon onced, so I

was told when I was a bairn. Nay, nay, if the black bane comes, it comes by the will o' God, and there's no more to be said about it."

"I once saw the Need Fire lit," replied Barbara, "and the kye driven through the smoke."

"What good did it do?" asked Tom.

"The murrain never came to Boar Dale."

"We'd better light it again," said the hind with a sceptical laugh. "But it's my belief that the murrain will go up the land till it reaches John o' Groats, and then sizzle out like a heath fire, leaving a black waste behind it. Nowt stops it but the sea."

"You're not a true shepherd, Tom," said Barbara; "if you were you would hold fast to the faith of your forefathers and trust in your own good luck."

They had reached Ketel's Parlor, and there was a gray light in the sky. The road into Girdlestone Pass ran round the top of the tarn, and on through a deep ravine, where the mist swirled and twirled, revealing one moment a patch of barren fell, then blotting it out, rolling away like clouds of dust before the feet of an army, pouring like smoke out of the clefts, and floating by like a veil torn into shreds.

The hind unpenned the ewes, and they started along the misty track—the Robber's Rake it was called, because popular rumor believed that Ketel, the giant, had used it when he made incursions upon the more fertile regions behind Thundergay.

Having rounded the tarn, they passed from twilight into the mist. The sky and the landscape were smudged out as though a wet hand had been drawn across the picture. The ewes moved slowly, and Barbara and her companion had not gone far, when they heard voices behind them, and she recognized the unmistakable tones of Timothy Hadwin and Peter Fleming.

The color came and went in her face, and her heart beat quickly. She felt mingled joy and fear—joy at the prospect of seeing Peter and talking to him, fear in case she might again betray herself, and lead him to disclose that which could not be the willing confession of so good a man.

With her knowledge of her own great love had come a consciousness of power. She knew that she held Peter's weal or woe in the hollow of her hand.

She paused and called through the mist. There was no reply for a moment. Timothy had grown deaf lately, and it seemed to Barbara that Peter, like herself, was determining upon his part.

A call came back, startlingly clear, and two blurred figures moved upwards through the mist.

"You've stolen a march upon us, Barbara," said Peter; "here's Timothy priding himself on his early rising, making sure he'd be first on the track."

It was still too dark for them to see each other distinctly, but as they went along they talked—about the state of the weather, the roads, the prospect of a hard winter, all the trivial things which fill up the greater part of human intercourse.

The mists began to boil again, and rose up like smoke, dispersing as they reached higher air, or becoming small, detached clouds, that brightened to a carnation hue, when the light glimmered along the mountains. The little company turned instinctively to the east.

It blossomed like a garden in the sky, and the rim of the sun was just visible above the hills. As they watched, it rose higher, rested for a moment, so it seemed, on the top of a craggy ridge, then heaved itself into the sky, where it hung a glittering ball of fire.

Timothy raised his hands and salaamed.

"Come away, you old sun-worshiper," said Peter, "you'll get a chill

if you stop to say your orisons up here," for a wind had come with the sunrise.

"If I were a rich man," said Timothy, "I'd build an altar to the sun on the highest hills, and make a law that all folks should go up twice a year and worship it. They should see the earth awake as from the grave, they should feel the passionate gladness of the dawn, they should receive strength for their labor, and inspiration for their minds. The Mystery of the Resurrection is celebrated anew every morning."

He turned away and walked on, but, before Peter and Barbara joined him, they looked each other unflinchingly in the eyes; where they saw nothing to make them fear.

The ravine through which the Robber's Rake ran narrowed into a steep defile on the other side of Thundergay. Looking down into Girdlestone Pass the little inn could be seen called the Shepherd's Rest, where many folk were already gathered—shepherds out of the surrounding dales, who had brought stray sheep from other flocks and were seeking their own lost ones.

The Meet was attended by everyone who could possibly get there. It was an opportunity for social intercourse, for the discussion of sheep-lore, or of politics; of their own affairs, and the harmless gossip about other people's. When the business of the day was over, the time was devoted to sports, such as racing, fox-hunting, and wrestling.

Barbara and Peter were soon separated by the crowd. There was a constant coming and going. Those who had traveled a great distance, either bringing or seeking wanderers—for a sheep will stray twenty miles over the mountains—set out at once for their far-off homes. But most of the shepherds remained, and while the sheep were being claimed, talked with friends they had not seen, and would not see for many a long day.

Such was morning at the Shepherds' Meet, a scene in which the varied emotions of mankind made melody and discord; for pride, jealousy, and affection, with all the notes that lie between, were there struck by the fingers of these honest fell-folk.

During the morning Barbara came across Timothy Hadwin.

"Are you tired?" he asked her.

"No. Why?"

"Because I am," he replied. "Come with me to the inn, and we'll drink a pot of the good wife's brewing together. She makes the best ale in the whole countryside."

He slipped his hand through her arm, and the quaint little figure in the flowered waistcoat, with the silvery curls on his shoulders, and the tall golden-headed girl moved through the throng, side by side, and drew many eyes.

The parlor and kitchen of the Shepherd's Rest were both full of men. Tobacco smoke, beer fumes, and the indescribable odor of duffle, that has been exposed to rain, sun, and wind, the wear and tear of months, nay, years upon the fells, made an atmosphere heavy and gray. A stout lass sprinkled the floors with fresh sand, and again and again took away the empty mugs to bring them back brimming and dribbling with yellow froth. All morning there had never been a moment's cessation of the smoking and drinking, the loud talking and rough jesting, that accompanied the more serious business of the Meet. The polish of the brass candlesticks grew dim, and mist settled on the windows, where it concentrated into rivulets, and ran down into pools upon the floor.

"We'll take our refection in the open air," said Timothy putting his head in at the door.

They sat down on a bench. Near them Peter was standing, surrounded by a merry group, who were shaking

him by the shoulders, and slapping his back.

"No, no," Barbara heard him say. "I've given up wrestling: I'm too old."

"Too old, art tha?" replied a burly shepherd. "Let's feel thy muscles, lad."

He began to squeeze Peter's arm.

"Nowt much to complain of there," he continued. "How's thy wind?" and he thumped the young man's chest with no light hand. "Nowt wrong there nowther," he said. "Put his name down, lads, he'll wrestle."

Peter glanced across at Barbara and smiled.

Her eyes lingered lovingly upon his figure. She thought how strong and self-reliant he looked. She knew that he was not handsome like some of the men around, but he was beautiful to her. She never wearied of studying his face, his expressions; she liked the sign of power upon his brow, and in his quiet gray eyes. She would have been proud to stand beside him in the sight of men, and claim that she was his best-beloved.

As she watched him, she felt suddenly that she was passing through a fire. Her blood tingled, and her bosom heaved as though a wild thing there was struggling to be free.

Putting her mug down she got to her feet, afraid of her own mind. A flood of passionate feeling was surging through her, sweeping away her self-restraint, her common-sense, her respect for goodness, and her fear of wrong-doing.

She fled from the Meet, from Peter, from the seduction of her own desires and turned to Thundergay, because she trusted that its cold wind would beat out the flame, which had begun to burn in her soul. She was assailed by the Harpies, those malignant powers, who would snatch her away, if they could, and make her a slave, as they had snatched away the daughters of Pandaros in the old Greek fable.

But the Harpies were part of her own nature, and raged within her. Her self was warring against herself. She had met a fiend in her own soul, and she feared to do battle with it, where all things were favorable to its victory. But Thundergay was calm, solemn, always steadfast even in the midst of storm. So she sought the mountain solitude for help.

As she climbed up the narrow defile, the ground seemed to reel around her, and fall away from her feet. She stumbled, she was blinded, she was breathless, as though the steep ascent now made too great a demand upon her; but never before had her heart grown faint. Physically and mentally she was demoralized, as many a brave man has been before an unexpected foe.

The thing that had thus startled her was her love for Peter assuming a new and terrible aspect. For it had climbed down from its lofty seat, and gnashed its teeth at circumstance, demanding its rights. Why should it live in icy silence? Why should it not give and receive as others gave and received?

She was full of bitterness and questioning. The everlasting "why" was written on her life; not only on her life, but on all things; she could not dissociate herself from her world. "Why" ran across the sky in flaring letters; "why" was engraven on rock, fell, and dale. Why was anything?

Life should be full and radiant, not stifled and stunted. It should have room to grow, and develop its manifold beauties. But her life, if she cut her love for Peter out of it, would taste like dust and ashes in her mouth. She wanted Peter; her arms wanted him; her heart wanted him. She desired to cherish the beloved one, who was not cherished by his own wife.

This was the thought which caused her so much bitterness. Lucy did not love Peter; Barbara had learned, as the years passed, why her sister had married him. Lucy had deliberately taken

something which she had soon ceased to value, but no one else had the right to treasure that which she had cast aside.

With clearer air and the silence of the mountain, calmer thoughts came. She strove to hold to the belief that life was worth having, even when it meant the denial of its keenest desires. She scorned the weakness of her own nature, which made her cry so passionately for something that she knew she could never have. She had dallied too long with an importunate master; today she must conquer it, and make such an assault impossible again.

She came swiftly down to Ketel's Parlor and on home. Her great-grandmother was sitting up in bed, still waiting for a visit from Joel Hart, and Lucy had not come to Greystones as she had promised.

"Oh, Lucy has a fine memory for forgetting," said the old woman. "She will have slept in this morning."

(*To be continued.*)

THE WARDS IN WAR-TIME.

By a Red Cross Pro.

X. Discipline from Three Points of View.

Discipline is the corner-stone of hospital life. Staff nurses, probationers, and patients alike fall under its sway, and even those august beings who sit upon Olympian heights, the Matron and the Colonel, may in some vague intangible way be under its influence too. Like all great forces, it is admirable or intolerable, according to the point of view, and in this case, as in so many others, the point of view bears a close relation to the status of the individual. For to wield despotic powers and to live under a despotism are two very different matters. So it will not do to rush into rash generalizations on the subject of discipline, but to examine the question carefully and impartially as it appears in the eyes of the representatives of the three most numerous classes of hospital life—the Staff Nurse, the Probationer, and the Patients.

I. The Staff Nurse.

When Staff Nurse M'Tavish crossed the Tweed and made her first acquaintance with military hospitals at Blacktown, she was amazed at the absence of cast-iron rules to which she had long been accustomed. The patients were regarded as individuals, not merely as numbers, and the amount of liberty which prevailed in the wards seemed to her to be bordering on license. In her eyes there was something unnatural in knowing the patients as Jones, Lamb, or Kilbride, and crediting them with individual indentities, instead of referring to them as Number 9 or Number 10, and looking at them as of interest merely from the medical point of view. Moreover, patients were allowed to laugh and talk in the wards and to work the gramophones as erratically as they pleased every evening, while smoking was allowed practically all day long, with the exception of a few paltry hours in the morning. Visitors invaded the wards three times a week, and were even allowed out of official visiting hours, if they could provide a *bona fide* reason in the fact that they came from a distance. Parcels of provisions reached the patients by this means, which were consumed at unsuitable hours, and frequently were presented without being submitted to the lawful authority. All this seemed to Staff Nurse M'Tavish deplorably lax. In the well-ordered Infirmary in which she had been trained, no noise had ever been permitted in the wards, and a cloistered stillness prevailed over the

place, while smoking was rigorously confined to between the hours of 2 to 4 P.M. The Committee had generously recognized that patients need amusement, and had provided a gramophone with carefully selected records of unimpeachable taste, which was brought into the ward for one hour each week and played to the grateful patients by the Sister in charge. That a patient should manipulate the gramophone had never been contemplated by the Committee, even in their most fevered flights of fancy.

Visitors had been allowed on one afternoon each week—Saturday,—but even so they had been deplored as a sad waste of time and as a clog in the wheel of the daily round of activities. Tremendous preparations were made for their coming, all white quilts were removed from the beds at the early hour of 1 P. M. and stuffy red blankets substituted, as the Committee harbored dark suspicions about the cleanliness of the incoming guests. In military hospitals quilts remained on the beds, morning, noon, and night, and visitors leaned upon them at will—indeed, Staff Nurse M'Tavish once found an ill-mannered girl actually sitting on the edge of a bed—an unforgettable breach of hospital discipline.

There had been none of the illicit traffic in parcels by these channels at the Infirmary, as any gift intended for an inmate had first to be left upon a table at the entrance of the ward, and after the patient had been graciously permitted to see it, it was placed in the common store. It seemed as if the great ideal of our Socialist friends—common proprietorship—had been realized on a small scale; but sad to relate, the patients, instead of glorying in the fact that they were living exponents of a long-contested theory, viewed their parcels with languid, almost gloomy interest, and were heard to mutter darkly, "I doubt it's a sair waste of good money bringing those eggs. Most likely the nurses will get them."

In Staff Nurse M'Tavish's opinion the probationers in Blacktown led a pampered existence, and received none of that excellent grounding which the Infirmary gave to newcomers. In her early days she had been accustomed to sweep, scrub, and polish, and perform various other work with which charwomen are generally associated. But in Blacktown there were orderlies to sweep the wards, clean the windows, and scrub the chairs, while ward-maids cut the bread and butter, scrubbed the lockers, and polished the gas-stove, and the probationers were asked to do none of these things.

"You probationers don't know what work is," she would remark sadly. "Why, in my hospital I did nothing but cleaning for the first six months. How can you expect to be a nurse unless you go through the mill?"

But if there was this sad want of discipline as regarded the patients and the probationers at Blacktown, there was at the same time an annoying amount of red tape in other ways. Forms and counterfoils abound in military life, and washing was made terrible by the use of Army Book No. 200. The Diets were even worse, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish would sit with aching head striving to evolve order out of chaos. Who could guess, she would wonder bitterly, that Milk Diet was an elastic phrase, including chicken and fish. It seemed the height of madness. *Fronte nulla fides.* In this case at any rate appearances were untrustworthy. But worse still were the terrible extras which were not to be ordered at the discretion of the Staff Nurse, who knew her patients, but by command of the Medical Officer, who could be won over by side-long glances to provide desired extensions in the Menu. With fish or chicken, pudding and potatoes were not issued,

but had to be ordered as extras, and the latter had to be calculated per head in ounces, so the Staff Nurse would sit patiently repeating "Fourteen ordinaries, three fish, four chicken, that makes twenty-one, and seven extra potatoes at 8 oz. each, that is—Lamb and Jones, can you no stop that racket for a minute; do you no see I am reckoning?" Indeed the Diets were a worse bugbear than its Blue Book rival.

Another form of red tape was Breakages. This was not daily or bi-weekly like the other worries, but when it came it was more troublesome than either. It is never pleasant to break anything in hospital, and in Staff Nurse M'Tavish's previous experience it had resulted in an interview with the Matron, which ended either with a severe caution or the deduction of half the price of the article broken from the month's salary, —which is a dull way of spending one's hard-earned money, it must be admitted. But at Blacktown, when anything was broken, out came one of the inevitable Army Forms, and down went full details of the mishap and incriminating evidence against the individual concerned, which in due time were submitted to the Colonel, and at his discretion charged either to the hospital or the delinquent.

For instance, when Kilbride in an excess of zeal pressed the thermometer too heavily under his arm, the frail stem snapped beneath the pressure. This was not the first time that Kilbride had tempted Fate with a thermometer, and on one historic occasion when he was wandering across the ward, unmindful of the delicate instrument beneath his arm, to correct Akerman's exaggerated notions of the value of lance drill in modern warfare, he felt a sudden tickling about the ankle joint, and bending down, adroitly caught the thermometer in the act of descending on to the floor. Such good fortune was perhaps undeserved, but on the occasion when the thermometer broke, the fickle goddess certainly played him false; the more treacherously as he was at the moment sitting quietly beside his bed, as all good patients are taught to do when their temperatures are taken.

However that may be, the frail stem snapped, and there were various preliminaries to be performed before the loss could be made good. Indeed Kilbride seriously wished that he had bought another thermometer himself, before it was all over. First, the broken fragments had to be collected and placed in the safe-keeping of the medicine cupboard for the night, to be produced for the inspection of the Head Sister, as mute witnesses of the tragedy, when she came on duty in the morning. After careful examination, and a reprimand to the culprit for not exercising sufficient care with hospital property, an Army Form was obtained. This was an imposing document, with the Royal Coat of Arms at the head; and after close questioning of Kilbride into the manner of the mishap, it was filled in as follows:—

BLOCK V. WARD B.

Report on Equipment broken, deficient, lost, or damaged.

Article damaged	1 thermometer.
Name of person responsible for loss, damage, etc.	Lance-Corporal Kilbride.
Report showing cause of loss, damage, etc.	Lance-Corporal Kilbride inadvertently pressed too heavily on the thermometer while having his temperature taken in the axilla. He was afraid it might slip. The thermometer was accidently broken through undue pressure.

The signature of the Investigating Officer was then appended and the requisition forwarded to the Colonel, who decided, in a space provided for the purpose, whether the loss should be charged to the public or to the individual concerned. Fortunately, in this case he magnanimously decided to let the public bear the cost, and in the course of another ten days the requisition was returned duly signed by the C.O., and a new thermometer was forthcoming

But losses were not invariably made good as easily as this, and when Akerman broke a mug the question was much more involved. It was the circumstances which surrounded the case that caused the difficulty. One afternoon Akerman felt unusually thirsty, and going to the shelf to reach down a mug, happened to choose the particular mug in which Mrs. Noggs had secreted "a little sup of soup" to consume at a quiet moment. He received the contents suddenly in his face, and, staggering back from this unexpected douche, let the mug fall to the ground. There it broke into a dozen fragments, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish had to be informed of the mishap.

"If a body can't put aside a little sup of soup, in case they feel faint-like in the evening, without all this bother, I do call it 'ard," repeated Mrs. Noggs tearfully, gloomy visions of having to pay for the mug herself stretching before her eyes. "And all that grease on my nice clean floor!"

It would hardly do, as Staff Nurse M'Tavish soon realized, to write the truth in an unembellished form on the requisition—

Article damaged	1 mug.
Name of person, etc.	Private Akerman.
Cause of damage	Mug concealed on shelf, full of soup, by Mrs. Noggs, ward-maid, and dropped by Private Akerman on receiving the contents in his face.

This was veracious but unwise, as it would inevitably lead to searching inquiries by the Colonel into the ways and deeds of ward-maids; and it is the aim of every Staff Nurse to have the C.O. poking round her ward as little as possible.

So Staff Nurse M'Tavish hardened her heart to the dictates of truth, and entered upon the Form—

Article damaged	1 mug.
Name of person, etc.	Private Akerman.
Cause of damage	Private Akerman is a nervous patient, whose nerves are not always under proper control.

"For if you had had the sense not to drop the mug, we should not have had all this bother," she remarked to Private Akerman, as she cast aside the hated Army Form, thus throwing as it were a sop to her conscience which was beginning to be troublesome.

Losses are also of frequent occurrence in hospital, and almost as much to be dreaded as Breakages. It is true there is not the same hopeless finality about them, as there is always a sporting chance of making good the loss by annexing a similar article from another ward. As the time for taking the Inventory draws near, this means of making good deficiencies becomes very prevalent. Inventories are taken once a

quarter, and are most unpopular, partly because they entail a good deal of work, and partly because unrecorded losses of the past have an unpleasant way of coming home to roost. All the crockery, and such miscellaneous articles as bread bins, loading irons, and fly traps have to be carried into the ward, and every bed has to be specially prepared to show that it possesses its legitimate amount of clothes—three blankets, two sheets, and one quilt.

For days before the inventory morning, ward-maids might be seen feverishly counting their basins and mugs, and paying predatory visits to other wards in the absence of their lawful defenders. Worried staff nurses ransacked drawers and cupboards in their search for such elusive articles as saltspoons and brushes for feeding cups, and they looked into the future with anxiety as a terrible legend went the rounds of an unfortunate staff nurse, newly appointed to a ward, who was made to pay for ten blankets lost by her predecessor. Truth to tell, the victim has never been identified with certainty, but she lived on, oft quoted as a memorable example of inequity.

When the turn came for Ward B. to have their inventory taken, Mrs. Noggs left nothing to chance, and counted her crockery many times a day, but by one of those cruel blows of ill fortune which befall even the best generals, at nine o'clock on the day itself she discovered that one of her mugs was missing.

"Run downstairs and see if they have an extra one, there's a dear," said Mrs. Noggs to her ally Lamb, for even amongst ourselves it is wise to keep up appearances and cloak our meaning in terms of discretion. Lamb, however, understood perfectly what was expected of him. He and the ward-maid were the best of friends, and he had a warm affection for Mrs. Noggs, due not to external attractiveness, but to more substantial qualities in the form of smuggled tinned rabbits and potted meats.

Presently Staff Nurse M'Tavish, who was ransacking the cupboard for the third time in search of a missing eye-bath, heard Mrs. Noggs exclaim in a tone of triumph—

"Get the black enamel quick, and no one will ever know."

But long experience of hospital ways had taught her the unwisdom of inquiring into the doings of underlings on inventory mornings.

For half an hour stillness reigned, and then a murmur of the coming storm was heard.

"Have you found it yet?" asked a voice from below.

"No, I think that woman upstairs must have taken it."

By the time Staff Nurse M'Tavish had discovered the eye-bath in the midst of a pile of sheets, the storm had come ominously near.

The ward-maid from downstairs was attacking Mrs. Noggs.

"But I left it in the sink not half an hour ago, and mugs can't walk by themselves," she exclaimed.

"I have not been downstairs at all," replied Mrs. Noggs in heated tones. "I don't know if you mean to suggest that I hauled it up with a piece of string."

"I don't suggest nothing," said the injured ward-maid, "but I says it's a queer thing."

"Look in the cupboard and see for yourself; all our mugs are marked with a B, so how can we have one of yours?"

This argument, convincing as it sounded, failed to console the injured party, and she trailed dismally away to lay the matter before her own Staff Nurse.

"It's a way they have in the Army," said Lamb cheerfully. "If they lose anything, they pinch it from some one else."

But matters did not remain stationary long. A direct attack was next attempted, and Staff Nurse Brown hastened to interview Staff Nurse M'Tavish.

"I have come for one of our mugs," she began loftily.

"There are none of your mugs here. You can see for yourself all my mugs are marked," and she proudly threw back the cupboard door.

"But Mrs. Bird saw one of your men disappearing out of the kitchen with a mug about half an hour ago."

"Well, you can see for yourself there are no unmarked mugs here, so what is the sense of saying we have it."

Baffled by this impenetrable barrier, the invader hesitated, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish, with the magnanimity of the victor, added, "As you have been so unlucky as to lose a mug just when it's Inventory day, if you like to come and borrow one from here after our Inventory has been taken, and put it with yours to make up the number, I'll no be saying anything. For the amount of red tape in these military hospitals is just reediculous."

So they parted allies, sworn to defeat the ends of the nefarious military despotism under which they were working.

II. THE PROBATIONER.

Discipline for probationers consists mainly in cultivating the three great virtues of early rising, punctuality, and obedience. At first sight it may seem that the first two are one and the same thing, or that early rising is merely the means to the end—punctuality. But, as experience shows, they are widely different in practice, and on winter mornings, rising at 6 A.M. constitutes a form of discipline which stands apart and deserves to rank first in the probationer's three great duties. There is something particularly unpleasant about the early hours of dim December mornings, and closer acquaintance with that little-known portion of the day fails to reveal any hidden charms.

At other times, punctuality is more or less a matter of foresight, and can be accomplished without any very painful effort, unless differing watches surround the question with a halo of doubt, and, in this case, it is wise for the probationer to sink all scepticism and accept the standard of time given by the superior's watch as *ipso facto* correct.

To be successful as a probationer, a good deal of that valuable quality, adaptability, is necessary. Before the war, military hospitals were worked entirely by trained nurses with the help of orderlies, and Red Cross detachments were formed for quite a different purpose. The members were trained to act as stretcher-bearers and render first aid in case of invasion, the idea being that they would help to bring in the wounded from the battlefield, or apply tourniquets and elastic bandages to wounded warriors at the dressing-stations. Happily for us, England has not known the sufferings of Belgium, and Red Cross workers have been called upon to give their services in less exciting surroundings. There were no longer sufficient trained nurses and orderlies to meet the needs of the great military hospitals which were springing up in all parts of the country, and Red Cross members were asked to go as probationers to help the trained nurses, both at home and abroad. Thus, at the outset, adaptability was required to meet conditions which had never been contemplated before, and in their new work it was as much needed as ever, for every change of Staff Nurse or Head Sister brought a new series of rules, and what had been the one and only sensible way of doing things under one Staff Nurse became an act of folly under her successor.

"Nurse, that is no way to make a bed."

"But Sister Bland liked us to do it this way."

"I am going to have things done my way. It does not matter what Sister Bland did."

This was the usual form the conversation took, and very soon probationers found that working under six successive Staff Nurses was like serving an apprenticeship in six different hospitals.

Probationers are not called upon to wrestle with diet sheets and linen books, but they have to bear the unpleasant consequences which follow when anything is broken in hospital. Their troubles lie in quite a different direction, which may be summed up as the third great form of discipline—obedience. As everyone knows, obedience is the first essential of hospital life, and no one should enter the wards unless they are prepared to be absolutely obedient. In theory, it seems simple to bend your will and obey the dictates of another, but in practice the question is infinitely more complex. In hospital there are always two directing authorities, the Head Sister and the Staff Nurse, and if these give directly opposite orders, what is the subordinate to do? Is it better to obey the Staff Nurse, who is always on the spot, or the higher power, who pays infrequent but most disturbing visits?

Take, for instance, the knotty problem of boiling the scissors. Asepsis is the great aim of hospitals, as everyone is agreed, and sterilization is the recognized means to attain it. So each ward was provided with a sterilizer, an attractive metal box which gleamed like silver, in which the surgical instruments were boiled on a gas ring. In Ward B. the scissors were rapidly undergoing a process of disintegration through rapid and continuous boiling, when the Head Sister found them one morning.

"Nurse," she called to the probationer, "the scissors must not be boiled like this. Here they are absolutely ruined before there has been a dirty dressing in the ward."

So next morning the scissors remained unboiled, until they were discovered by Staff Nurse M'Tavish with deep indignation.

"Nurse, what do you mean by forgetting to boil the scissors?"

"Sister Grayson said yesterday that they were not to be boiled until there were dirty dressings in the ward."

"I'll no' have ye making excuses. Put them in the sterilizer this minute."

So the probationer took refuge in that rock of national policy—which is either the cause of our Empire's greatness or the sign of incipient decay, according to your point of view—compromise. She placed the scissors in the sterilizer in obedience to the Staff Nurse's command, but she put them in an upright position so that only the blades were in the water, thereby doing her best to obey the Head Sister.

Presently Sister Grayson was seen hurrying along, and Kilbride, who had been an interested spectator of the earlier phase of the campaign, hastened to the scene of action to await further developments. She went straight to the sterilizer, and lifting the lid gazed into the depths. At first clouds of pent-up steam obscured her view, but gradually the gray mist-shrouded form of the scissors became visible.

"Nurse," she cried angrily, "I have told you that I will not have the scissors ruined by boiling. What do you mean by disobeying?"

"Only the points are in the water, Sister," stammered the probationer, in a vain attempt to placate the Head Sister.

"That has nothing to do with it. Take them out this minute."

"But Staff Nurse M'Tavish says she likes to have them boiled, and then she is quite sure they are sterile."

"I am the person to be obeyed here, and please remember in future I must have absolute obedience."

And she bustled away.

"It is difficult sometimes to know what to do, is it not?" said the probationer, turning to Kilbride, who was still standing beside the sterilizer. "You can't please everyone. It is not being obedient that is difficult, but it is obeying two people at the same time."

"Well," said Kilbride cheerfully, looking down at the debatable form of the scissors, "I should boil them and leave them unboiled, turn about, and then you are bound to be right sometime. Put them in the sterilizer again now, as it is Staff Nurse M'Tavish's turn to pay them a visit."

And with these words he turned away, having provided the best solution in his power to the probationer's third great problem—obedience.

III. THE PATIENTS.

From the patients' point of view, discipline consists of a number of restrictions devised to harass the mind of man. In the name of discipline, smoking is forbidden during the long morning hours when the patients are penned up in the ward awaiting the visit of the Medical Officer—and only those who have experienced such restrictions can realize how great the craving to smoke can be during the forbidden hours. Indeed the numerous cases of *lapsi memoriæ* which occur every morning are truly remarkable. The same iron hand prevents patients from lying on their beds during the weary morning hours, and a glance at the hard wooden chairs provided by the authorities as part of the hospital equipment is sufficient proof of how great the temptation must be. Later in the day this form of relaxation is allowed, on the strict understanding that beds must be tidied as soon as the owners get up, but during the morning it is permitted under no circumstances whatever. Moreover, discipline debars them from playing the gramophone until half-past four in the afternoon, and what might have been a whole day's enjoyment has thereby to be compressed into three feverish hours. All these restrictions seem unreasonable and devoid of sense to the majority of the patients, although occasionally an elderly N.C.O. may be found to say a word in their defense. This was the case with Sergeant Snell, who would be heard to murmur darkly, while the ward was rejoicing over their prize—

"I hates them things, and if I had my way I would take everyone, I could find and burn it. There's neither sense nor reason in them things, and if we had much more of them I'd send a petition to the Colonel."

Such sentiments, of course, were not at all representative of opinion in general, and his fellow-patients looked upon him with contempt as an utter barbarian.

Discipline also curtails the time allotted to visitors to two short hours three days a week, and on the stroke of four they are banished by an inexorable sergeant armed with a bell, popularly known as "Muffins," no matter how engrossing the conversation might happen to be at the moment nor how many farewell messages remained undelivered.

Of all forms of discipline, tidiness is perhaps the most oppressive, and the ward would sigh with impotent fury as its kits were refolded and its beds straightened and its lockers dusted many times in the course of the morning. These efforts were redoubled on the day when the Colonel inspected the hospital, and everything possible was done to secure perfection in every detail. Friday was inspection morning in Ward B., and the inspection was rendered terrible, not by what the Colonel saw as he made his round, but by what the Head Sister found on her preliminary tours of investigation. As a matter of fact, the Colonel, with the best will in the world, had not the trained

eye needful to detect small domestic neglects, whereas the hawk-like eye of the Head Sister had been accustomed from earliest youth to find repositories of dust in wrongful places. However, the Colonel was dutifully upheld as possessing an unerring instinct for the detection of dust, and war-maids and probationers went in terror accordingly.

"Now, Mrs. Noggs, be sure you get down all the cobwebs. Remember, the Colonel always sees cobwebs. And, Nurse, be sure you tidy all the lockers. There is nothing annoys the Colonel more than to find a dusty locker."

So the patients were ordered to tidy their lockers without delay, and set to work with the pleasant feeling of having a grievance.

"It is only half an hour since I tidied mine," expostulated M'Vean.

"But it is not tidy now. What would the Colonel say if he saw it, M'Vean?"

"It is as bad as being in gaol," sighed Viney. "There is no freedom here." He was still smarting under a rebuke for having upset a bottle of brilliantine in the upper compartment of his locker. Instead of getting sympathy for his sad loss, he had been reprimanded for carelessness.

"No," said Kilbride. "It is worse. You need not be tidy when you are picking oakum."

"Sure, then, I wish it was oakum I was picking now," sighed O'Ryan, as he flapped a mixture of cigarette-ash and tooth-powder disconsolately with a duster.

Presently Staff Nurse M'Tavish appeared in the doorway.

"Who is smoking?" she inquired. "And on Inspection morning, too, when you know how angry the Colonel would be."

There was no answer, but a moment later she detected Viney with a cigarette in his mouth.

"Viney, how dare you disobey orders. I shall report you to the Colonel."

"I am not smoking, Sister," he answered in injured tones.

"What is the use of telling me a lie when I can see you with my own eyes."

Slowly Viney drew the cigarette from his mouth and held it out, still unlighted, as an indisputable witness in his favor.

There was a moment of strained silence.

"I believe you do it on purpose to annoy me," exclaimed Staff Nurse M'Tavish. "There is nothing funny in things like that."

After a morning of strenuous preparation, the Colonel's visit occupies about three minutes, and consists in walking through the wards with the Matron and paying compliments on the general aspect of the place. The patients give a sigh of relief when they realize that the inspection is over, and the staff nurses congratulate themselves that at least the Colonel has not found any dust in their ward.

In addition to tidiness, a form of discipline, which is more or less due to the initiative of the staff nurses, the military authorities have drawn up a list of Orders for Patients in Military Hospitals, which are hung in a prominent position in every ward.

Some of these deal merely with the drawing of kits and the maintenance of order in the wards, but Rule 15 possesses more interest, and reads as follows:—

> 15. Patients will under no circumstances give any portion of their diet to other patients, as each patient is ordered the diet most suitable for his disease.

This rule is the quintessence of common-sense, and it seems inconceivable that any patient ordered chicken should wish to exchange it for ordinary diet. But time works many wonders. Three months of unbroken chicken diet, with half a bird appearing with unfailing monotony day after day, may cause

even the most contented patient to hanker for a change. This is what happened to Jones, and one morning he prevailed upon Lamb to exchange dinners with him. Not that Lamb needed any persuasion, as he had observed that the Ordinary Dining Hall fare consisted of rather tough mutton, and Lamb certainly secured the better bargain, although he took care not to show that he was aware of the fact.

"Here you are, Jones," he said, as he handed over his plate of mutton. "Though I don't know whether it is the diet most suitable for your disease."

"It is a queer thing to call getting wounded for your country a disease," remarked Jones, as he vainly endeavored to cut his mutton.

"Well, cheer up, old man, and eat it before any one sees you," counseled Lamb.

Presently murmurs arose from the group round the dining table.

"I can't chew it," said Geordie, the Tynesider, despondently.

"It must have qualified for an Old Age Pension," added Kilbride.

"Here, Mrs. Noggs, bring me another knife; I've turned the blade of this one trying to cut my mutton," cried M'Vean.

But at that moment a hush fell on the assembly, as the Orderly Officer entered the ward.

"Orderly Officer, any complaints?"

"None, sir," said Kilbride, as is the way they have in the Army; and a moment later the vituperations were again in full swing.

In spite of the chorus of disapproval, Jones set to work upon his portion with an undiminished zest, and had almost finished before Staff Nurse M'Tavish realized what had happened.

"Jones, where is your chicken?" she cried. "Don't you know that you must have the diet the doctor orders?"

"But, Sister, I have had nothing but chicken for ninety-two days, and I have almost forgotten the taste of a bit of meat."

"You ungrateful boy What shall I be hearing next, I wonder?" And she promptly confiscated the scanty remains of Jones's unauthorized dinner. Lamb had seized the opportunity to demolish the rest of the chicken, so no appropriation was possible in his case.

Sad to relate, either the unaccustomed diet or the rapidity with which it had been bolted, caused Jones to suffer acute pains later in the day, and Staff Nurse M'Tavish viewed the victim with triumph in her eye.

"Now, Jones, you see what comes of not obeying the doctor's orders," she began, as she poured out a dose of medicine by the bedside. "Never let me find you again thinking you know better than your superiors."

The unfortunate Jones thoroughly chastened in spirit, drank the distasteful draught and lay back on his pillow without saying a word. *Disciplina omnia vincit.*

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. D. BERESFORD.

Mr. J. D. Beresford's own justification of his existence as a novelist will be found in the third section of "The Invisible Event," where Jacob Stahl is careful to explain that he is a witness and recorder rather than a creator. To repeat that statement is to vouch for Mr. Beresford's modesty. But it does not represent the whole truth. In the school of English realism his work is bound to occupy a high place, if for no other reason than a certain reverence he holds for the inviolate sacredness of the human spirit. To decorate your

characters, as is the manner of the romantic school with the *abra cadabra* of religiosity and the worn-out tinsel of picturesque conventions may seem very gallant, but to sentient beings, who have to build up their heaven on the concrete foundations of the commonplace, it is not very convincing. The human phenomena which Mr. Beresford presents in the course of his literary adventures bear the well-defined stigmata of actuality, with an added and sympathetic quality, provided by the artist's penetrative insight. In fine, Mr. Beresford possesses the rare gift of divination.

Because he is tremendously interested in life he approaches it in the Pauline way—to him there is nothing common or unclean. He is almost disconcertingly frank in his disclosure of the weaknesses of his characters—his heroes fail to chalk the true romantic line—if they tried to do so their sense of humor would spoil the crucial situation that led them there.

He loathes the melodramatic. Stahl himself is in a continual state of becoming—but always the author's puritanical sense of artistic fitness whisks him off what might easily become a romantic pedestal, bringing back our badly bruised but always lovable protagonist again to the shelter of our tender hearts. Jasper Thrale in "Goslings" has to go through purgatory before he receives poetic justice. Arthur Grey in "The Mountains of the Moon," is not spared a certain element of the ludicrous in his character, and Martin Bond in that masterly psychological study, "The House in Demetrius Road," is not without his trait of weakness, although his loyalty makes him always lovable.

These facts show how well Mr. Beresford has seized one outstanding truth about the art which he has chosen to practise. The value of a novel lies in the success with which it divines for us the potentiality of the age with which it deals. It should dramatize for us the different phases of thought and feeling which indicate the prevailing mood of its period. The romantic novelist has his formula of well considered rules—and his product can always be guaranteed of standard strength and warranted quality. Not so the realist—he is allowed no stage properties—it is his business to sift reality from the illusions of prosperity and present us with things as they are.

So transparently honest and so sincere is Mr. Beresford in this quest for well-attested reality that he even runs the risk of an accusation of dullness in portions of that famous trilogy, "Jacob Stahl," for the sake of telling us the essential autobiographical truth.

Turn to page 343, where Jacob Stahl is reading the *Morning Post* notice of his first novel "John Tristram," and you will find it is an exact repetition of the notice given to "Jacob Stahl," and the notice accorded to Jacob Stahl's second novel simply reproduces that given to "The Hampdenshire Wonder."

And yet there is no dearth of imagination in Mr. Beresford. One charge usually made against the modern English novelist is that he is barren of ideas. It cannot be made against the author of "Goslings," who with great daring conceives an England devastated by a great plague and practically emptied of its male population. The picture of that bevy of English Bacchantes—graceless civilized savages—dragging along a butcher in a triumphal car, cannot be forgotten—it is a piece of the most vivid imaginative realism, as well as a challenge to our vaunted civilization.

What strikes one about all the Beresford work is its quality of inevitability and inexorability. You feel that the story could not have turned out otherwise. This has happened because Mr. Beresford has built up his

stories on the rock of actual experience. The leading facts in his life can be tracked down in his novels.

J. D. Beresford was born in the rectory of Castor, a few miles from Peterborough, of which Cathedral his father was formerly a minor canon and precentor. He is the younger of two brothers—his father, who was fifty-one when J. D. appeared on the scene, had also been born when his father was comparatively old, and in his turn was grandson of a grandfather who might have been at school when Dr. Johnson died—and many have seen Fanny Burney, Boswell and Mrs. Thrale. His youthful days having been spent in a country parsonage, rather narrow in its outlook, and terribly strict in its Sabbatarian views, as might be expected of one of Mr. Beresford's temperament, his youth had its passages of spiritual unrest and elation. Managing to pick up a little education at Oundle School (where H. G. Wells's two boys now are) in the days when it suffered from the classic tradition; he subsequently wasted his time in a Norfolk private school, passing from these to the King's School, Peterborough. But he does not reckon that he was really educated until he took the task in hand himself at the age of twenty-one.

The carelessness of a nurse left the author with infantile paralysis and only one practicable leg, a fact that invalidated him for the career we spell with a capital C. The details can be supplemented from "Jacob Stahl"—at any rate the experience in the country architect's office, and that in the hospital architect's office are Mr. Beresford's own. The latter architect is still "going strong" and his office may be found in Bedford Square. Getting tired of architecture Mr. Beresford tried life insurance, only to eschew that quickly for a more or less literary post in W. H. Smith & Son's—an experience that has been immortalized in "A Candidate for Truth." The adventures of Stahl as a manager of country travelers are paralleled by their author.

Of all the plays, novels and short stories that Mr. Beresford wrote from the age of sixteen till the year 1904, not a single MS. survives—an evidence of high literary courage, although he has a certain amount of pride in having been the winner of an *Academy* Competition for the "best portrait of a street character." The *Academy* was then under the editorship of Mr. Lewis Hind, and Beresford contributed to the "Things Seen" feature. It is quite easy to understand why it is not easy to "dig out" personal details about him for publication—his name is absent from "Who's Who"—he used to be an advertising expert, but doctors never seem to believe in their own medicine.

It is scarcely five years since Mr. Beresford broke into that enchanted circle of the novelists who have arrived with the first of the famous Stahl trilogy. But before that was a time of preparation. In 1908 he contributed to *Punch*, and through the good offices of Sir Owen Seaman, Mr. J. A. Spender of *The Westminster Gazette* added Mr. Beresford to his staff of reviewers, and he has been reviewing for that journal ever since. It was the leisure afforded by this stand-by that allowed of a gestation period for the production of "Jacob Stahl," which by the way was refused by a leading firm of publishers upon the ground that it was old-fashioned!

In his spare time Mr. Beresford is addicted to carpentering—he makes furniture with a modernized Gothic touch—as he abhors the finicky character of Chippendale and Heppelwhite; and although he plays golf upon provocation, he will tell you that his most serious hobby is watching the Atlantic from the Cornish cliffs. To really indulge that hobby one has to live beside it, which he does!

Robb Lawson.

A FRAGMENT.

This is not a story, it is rather a fragment, beginning where usually a battle story ends, with a man being "casualtied," showing the principal character only in a passive part—a very passive part—and ending, I am afraid, with a lot of unsatisfactory loose ends ungathered up. I only tell it because I fancy that at the back of it you may find some hint of the spirit that has helped the British Army in many a tight corner.

Private Wally Ruthven was knocked out by the bursting of a couple of bombs in his battalion's charge on the front line German trenches. Any account of the charge need not be given here except that it failed, and the battalion making it, or what was left of them, were beaten back. Private Wally knew nothing of this, knew nothing of the renewed British bombardment, the renewed British attack half a dozen hours later, and again its renewed failure. All this time he was lying where the force of the bomb's explosion had thrown him, in a hole blasted out of the ground by a bursting shell. During all that time he was unconscious of anything except pain, although certainly he had enough of that to keep his mind very fully occupied. He was brought back to an agonizing consciousness by the hurried grip of strong hands and a wrenching lift that poured liquid flames of pain through every nerve in his mangled body. To say that he was badly wounded hardly describes the case; an R.A.M.C. orderly afterwards described his appearance with painful picturesqueness as "raw meat on a butcher's block," and indeed it is doubtful if the stretcher-bearers who lifted him from the shell-hole would not rather have left him lying there and given their brief time and badly needed services to a casualty more promising of recovery, if they had seen at first Private Ruthven's serious condition. As it was, one stretcher-bearer thought and said the man was dead, and was for tipping him off the stretcher again. Ruthven heard that and opened his eyes to look at the speaker, although at the moment it would not have troubled him much if he had been tipped off again. But the other stretcher-bearer said there was still life in him, and partly because the ground about them was pattering with bullets, and the air about them clamant and reverberating with the rush and roar of passing and exploding shells and bombs, and that particular spot, therefore, no place or time for argument, partly because stretcher-bearers have a stubborn conviction and fundamental belief—which, by the way, has saved many a life even against their own momentary judgment—that while there is life there is hope, that a man "isn't dead till he's buried," and finally that a stretcher must always be brought in with a load, a live one if possible, and the nearest thing to alive if not, they brought him in.

The stretcher-bearers carried their burden into the front trench and there attempted to set about the first bandaging of their casualty. The job, however, was quite beyond them, but one of them succeeded in finding a doctor, who in all the uproar of a desperate battle was playing Mahomet to the mountain of such cases as could not come to him in the field dressing station. The orderly requested the doctor to come to the casualty, who was so badly wounded that "he near came to bits when we lifted him." The doctor, who had several urgent cases within arm's length of him as he worked at the moment, said that he would come as soon as he could, and told the orderly in the meantime to go and bandage any minor wounds his

casualty might have. The bearer replied that there were no minor wounds, that the man was "just nothing but one big wound all over," and as for bandaging, that he "might as well try to do first aid on a pound of meat that had run through a mincing machine." The doctor at last hobbling painfully and leaning on the stretcher-bearer—for he himself had been twice wounded, once in the foot by a piece of shrapnel, and once through the tip of the shoulder by a rifle bullet—came to Private Ruthven. He spent a good deal of time and innumerable yards of bandage on him, so that when the stretcher-bearers brought him into the dressing station there was little but bandages to be seen of him. The stretcher-bearer delivered a message from the doctor that there was very little hope, so that Ruthven for the time being was merely given an injection of morphia and put aside.

The approaches to the dressing station and the station itself were under so severe a fire for some hours afterwards that it was impossible for any ambulance to be brought near it. Such casualties as could walk back walked, others were carried slowly and painfully to a point which the ambulances had a fair sporting chance of reaching intact. One way and another a good many hours passed before Ruthven's turn came to be removed. The doctor who had bandaged him in the firing line had by then returned to the dressing station, mainly because his foot had become too painful to allow him to use it at all. Merely as an aside, and although it has nothing to do with Private Ruthven's case, it may be worth mentioning that the same doctor, having cleaned, sterilized, and bandaged his wounds, remained in the dressing station for another twelve hours, doing such work as could be accomplished sitting in a chair and with one sound and one unsound arm. He saw Private Ruthven for a moment as he was being started on his journey to the ambulance; he remembered the case, as indeed everyone who handled or saw that case remembered it for many days, and, moved by professional interest and some amazement that the man was still alive, he hobbled from his chair to look at him. He found Private Ruthven returning his look, for the passing of time and the excess of pain had by now overcome the effects of the morphia injection. There was a hauntingly appealing look in the eyes that looked up at him, and the doctor tried to answer the question he imagined those eyes would have conveyed.

"I don't know, my boy," he said, "whether you'll pull through, but we'll do the best we can for you. And now we have you here we'll have you back in hospital in no time, and there you'll get every chance there is."

He imagined the question remained in those eyes still unsatisfied, and that Ruthven gave just the suggestion of a slow head-shake.

"Don't give up, my boy," he said briskly. "We might save you yet. I'm going to take away the pain for you," and he called an orderly to bring a hypodermic injection. While he was finding a place among the bandages to make the injection, the orderly who was waiting spoke: "I believe, sir, he's trying to ask something or say something."

It has to be told here that Private Ruthven could say nothing in the terms of ordinary speech, and would never be able to do so again. Without going into details it will be enough to say that the whole lower part of—well, his face was tightly bound about with bandages, leaving little more than his nostrils, part of his cheeks, and his eyes clear. He was frowning now, and again just shaking his head to denote a negative, and his left hand, bound to the bigness of a football in bandages, moved slowly in an endeavor to push aside the doctor's hands.

"It's all right, my lad," the doctor said soothingly. "I'm not going to hurt you."

The frown cleared for an instant and the eloquent eyes appeared to smile, as indeed the lad might well have smiled at the thought that anyone could "hurt" such a bundle of pain. But although it appeared quite evident that Ruthven did not want morphia, the doctor in his wisdom decreed otherwise, and the jolting journey down the rough shell-torn road, and the longer but smoother journey in the sweetly-sprung motor ambulance, were accomplished in sleep.

When he wakened again to consciousness he lay for some time looking about him, moving only his eyes and very slowly his head. He took in the canvas walls and roof of the big hospital marquee, the scarlet-blanket beds, the flitting figures of a couple of silent-footed Sisters, the screens about two of the beds; the little clump of figures, doctor, orderlies, and Sister, stooped over another bed. Presently he caught the eye of a Sister as she passed swiftly the foot of his bed, and she, seeing the appealing look, the barely perceptible upward twitch of his head that was all he could do to beckon, stopped and turned, and moved quickly to his side. She smoothed the pillow about his head and the sheets across his shoulders, and spoke softly.

"I wonder if there is anything you want," she said. "You can't tell me, can you—just close your eyes a minute—if there is anything I can do."

The eyes closed instantly, opened, and stared upward at her.

"Is it the pain?" she said. "Is it very dreadful?"

The eyes held steady and unflickering upon hers. She knew well that they did not speak truth, and that the pain must indeed be very dreadful.

"We can stop the pain, you know," she said. "Is that what you want?"

The steady unwinking eyes answered "No" again, and to add emphasis to it the bandaged head shook slowly from side to side on the pillow.

The Sister was puzzled; she could find out what he wanted of course, she was confident of that, but it might take some time and many questions, and time just then was something that she or no one else in the big clearing hospital could find enough of for the work in their hands. Even then urgent work was calling her, so she left him, promising to come again as soon as she could.

She spoke to the doctor, and presently he came back with her to the bedside. "It's marvelous," he said in a low tone to the Sister, "that he has held on to life so long."

Private Ruthven's wounds had been dressed there on arrival, before he woke out of the morphia sleep, and the doctor had seen and knew.

"There is nothing we can do for him," he said, "except morphia again, to ease him out of his pain."

But again the boy, his brow wrinkling with the effort, attempted with his bandaged hand to stay the needle in the doctor's fingers.

"I'm sure," said the Sister, "he doesn't want the morphia; he told me so, didn't you?" appealing to the boy.

The eyes shut and gripped tight in an emphatic answer, and the Sister explained their code.

"Listen!" she said gently. "The doctor will only give you enough to make you sleep for two or three hours, and then I shall have time to come and talk to you. Will that do?"

The unmoving eyes answered "No" again, and the doctor stood up.

"If he can bear it, Sister," he said, "we may as well leave him. I can't understand it, though. I know how these wounds must hurt."

They left him then, and he lay for another couple of hours, his eyes set on the canvas roof above his head, dropped

for an instant to any passing figure lifting again to their fixed position. The eyes and the mute appeal in them haunted the Sister, and half a dozen times, as she moved about the beds, she flitted over to him, just to drop a word that she had not forgotten and she was coming presently.

"You want me to talk to you, don't you?" she said. "There is something you want me to find out?"

"Yes—yes—yes," said the quickly, flickering eyelids.

The Sister read the label that was tied to him when he was brought in. She asked questions round the ward of those who were able to answer them, and sent an orderly to make inquiries in the other tents. He came back presently and reported the finding of another man who belonged to Ruthven's regiment and who knew him. So presently, when she was relieved from duty—the first relief for thirty-six solid hours of physical stress and heart-tearing strain, she went straight to the other tent and questioned the man who knew Private Ruthven. He had a hopelessly shattered arm, but appeared mightily content and amazingly cheerful. He knew Wally, he said, was in the same platoon with him; didn't know much about him except that he was a very decent sort; no, knew nothing about his people or his home, although he remembered—yes, there was a girl. Wally had shown him her photograph once, "and a real ripper she is too." Didn't know if Wally was engaged to her, or anything more about her, and certainly not her name.

The Sister went back to Wally. His wrinkled brow cleared at the sight of her, but she could see that the eyes were sunk more deeply in his head, that they were dulled, no doubt with his suffering.

"I'm going to ask you a lot of questions" she said, "and you'll just close your eyes again if I speak of what you want to tell me. You do want to tell me something, don't you?"

To her surprise, the "Yes" was not signaled back to her. She was puzzled a moment. "You want to ask me something?" she said.

"Yes" the eyelids flickered back.

"Is it about a girl?" she asked. ("No.") "Is it about money of any sort?" ("No.") "Is it about your mother, or your people, or your home? Is it about yourself?"

She had paused after each question and went on to the next, but seeing no sign or answering "Yes" she was baffled for a moment. But she felt that she could not go to her own bed to which she had been dismissed, could not go to the sleep she so badly needed, until she had found and answered the question in those pitiful eyes. She tried again.

"Is it about your regiment?" she asked, and the eyes snapped "Yes," and "Yes," and "Yes," again. She puzzled over that, and then went back to the doctor in charge of the other ward and brought back with her the man who "knew Wally." Mentally she clapped her hands at the light that leaped to the boy's eyes. She had told the man that it was something about the regiment he wanted to know; told him, too, his method of answering "Yes" and "No" and to put his questions in such a form that they could be so answered.

The friend advanced to the bedside with clumsy caution.

"Hello, Wally!" he said cheerfully. "They've pretty well chewed you up and spit you out again, 'aven't they? But you're all right, old son, you're going to pull through, 'cause the O.C. o' the Linseed Lancers here told me so. But Sister here tells me you want to ask something about some one in the old crush." He hesitated a moment. "I can't think who it would be," he

confessed. "It can't be his own chum, 'cause he 'stopped one,' and Wally saw it and knew he was dead hours before. But look 'ere," he said determinedly, "I'll go through the whole bloomin' regiment, from the O.C. down to the cook, by name and one at a time, and you'll tip me a wink and stop me at the right one. I'll start off with our own platoon first; that ought to do it," he said to the Sister.

"Perhaps," she said quickly, "he wants to ask about one of his officers. Is that it?" And she turned to him.

The eyes looked at her long and steadily, and then closed flutteringly and hesitatingly.

"We're coming near it," she said, "although he didn't seem sure about that 'Yes.' "

"Look 'ere," said the other, with a sudden inspiration, "there's no good o' this 'Yes' and 'No' guessin' game; Wally and me was both in the flag-wagging class, and we knows enough to—there you are." He broke off in triumph and nodded to Wally's flickering eyelids, that danced rapidly in the long and short of the Morse code.

"Y-e-s. Ac-ac-ac."*

"Yes," he said. "If you'll get a bit of paper, Sister, you can write down the message while I spells it off. That's what you want, ain't it, chum?"

The Sister took paper and pencil and wrote the letters one by one as the code ticked them off and the reader called them to her.

"Ready. Begins!" "Go on, Miss, write it down," as she hesitated. "Don-I-Don—Did; W-E—we; Toc-ac-K-E—take; Toc-H-E—the; Toc-R-E-N-C-H—trench; ac-ac-ac. Did we take the trench?"

The signaler being a very unimaginative man, possibly it might never have occurred to him to lie, to have told anything but the blunt truth that they did not take the trench; that the regiment had been cut to pieces in the attempt to take it; that the further attempt of another regiment on the same trench had been beaten back with horrible loss; that the lines on both sides, when he was sent to the rear late at night, were held exactly as they had been held before the attack; that the whole result of the action was *nil*—except for the casualty list. But he caught just in time the softly sighing whispered "Yes" from the unmoving lips of the Sister, and he lied promptly and swiftly, efficiently and at full length.

"Yes," he said. "We took it. I thought you knew that, and that you was wounded the other side of it; we took it all right. Got a hammering of course, but what was left of us cleared it with the bayonet. You should 'ave 'eard 'em squeal when the bayonet took 'em. There was one big brute—"

He was proceeding with a cheerful imagination, colored by past experiences, when the Sister stopped him. Wally's eyes were closed.

"I think," she said quietly, "that's all that Wally wants to know. Isn't it, Wally?"

The lids lifted slowly and the Sister could have cried at the glory and satisfaction that shone in them. They closed once softly, lifted slowly, and closed again tiredly and gently. That is all. Wally died an hour afterwards.

Boyd Cable.

The Cornhill Magazine.

*Ac-ac-ac: three A's denoting a full stop.

TONNAGE.

"Oh, dear," said Francesca, "everything keeps going up." She was engaged upon the weekly books and spoke in a tone of heartfelt despair.

"Well," I said, "you've known all along how it would be. Everybody's told you so."

"Everybody? Who's everybody in this case?"

"I told you so for one, and Mr. Asquith mentioned it several times, and so did Mr. McKenna."

"I have never," she said proudly, "discussed my weekly books with Messrs. Asquith and McKenna. I should scorn the action."

"That's all very well," I said. "Keep them away as far as you can, but they'll still get hold of you. The Chancellor of the Exchequer knows your weekly books by heart."

"I wish," she said, "he'd add them up for me. He's a good adder-up, I suppose, or he wouldn't be what he is."

"He's fair to middling, I fancy—something like me."

"*You!*" she said, in a tone of ineffable contempt. "You're no good at addition."

"Francesca," I said, "you wrong me. I'm a great deal of good. Of course I don't pretend to be able to run three fingers up three columns of figures a yard long and to write down the result as £7,956 17s. 8d., or whatever it may be without a moment's pause. I can't do that, but for the ordinary rough-and-tumble work of domestic addition I'm hard to beat. Only if I'm to do these books of yours there must be perfect silence in the room. I mustn't be talked to while I'm wrestling with the nineteens and the seventeens in the shilling column."

"In fact," said Francesca, "you ought to be a deaf adder."

"Francesca," I said, "how could you? Give me the butcher's book and let there be no more *jeux de mots* between us."

I took the book, which was a masterpiece of illegibility, and added it up with my usual grace and felicity.

"Francesca," I said as I finished my task, "my total differs from the butcher's, but the difference is in his favor, not in mine. He seems to have imparted variety to his calculations by considering that it took twenty pence to make a shilling, which is a generous error. Now let me deal with the baker while you tackle the grocer, and then we'll wind up by doing the washing-book together."

The washing-book was a teaser, the items being apparently entered in Chaldee, but we stumbled through it at last.

"And now," I said, "we can take up the subject of thrift."

"I don't want to talk about it," she said, "I'm thoroughly tired of it. We've talked too much about it already.

"You're wrong there; we haven't talked half enough. If we had, the books wouldn't have gone up."

"They haven't gone up," she said. "They're about the same, but we've been having less."

"Noble creature," I said, "do you mean to say that you've docked me of one of my Sunday sausages and the whole of my Thursday roly-poly pudding and never said a word about it?"

"Well, you didn't seem to notice it, so I left it alone."

"Ah, but I did notice it," I said, "but I determined to suffer in silence in order to set an example to the children."

"That was bravely done," she said. "It encourages me to cut down the Saturday sirloin."

"But what will the servants say? They won't like it."

"They'll have to lump it then."

"But I thought servants never lumped it. I thought they always insisted on their elevenses and all their other food privileges."

"Anyhow," she said, "I'm going to make a push for economy and the servants must push with me. They won't starve, whatever happens."

"No, and if they begin to object you can talk to them about tonnage."

"That ought to bowl them over. But hadn't I better know what it means before I mention it?"

"Yes, that might be an advantage."

"You see," she said, "Mrs. Mincer devotes to the reading of newspapers all the time she can spare from the cooking of meals and she'd be sure to trip me up if I ventured to say anything about tonnage."

"Learn then," I said, "that tonnage means the amount of space reserved for cargoes on ships—at least I suppose that's what it means, and——"

"You don't seem very sure about it. Hadn't you better look it up?"

"No," I said. "That's good enough for Mrs. Mincer. Now if there's an insufficiency of tonnage——"

"But why should there be an insufficiency of tonnage?"

"Because," I said, "the Government have taken up so much tonnage for the purposes of the War. How did you think the Army got supplied with food and shells and guns and men? Did you think they flew over to France and Egypt and Salonica?"

"Don't be rude," she said. "I didn't introduce this question of tonnage. You did. And even now I don't see what tonnage has got to do with our sirloin of beef."

"I will," I said kindly, "explain it to you all over again. We have ample tonnage for necessaries, but not for luxuries."

"But my sirloin of beef isn't a luxury."

"For the purpose of my argument," I said, "it is a luxury and must be treated as such."

"Do you know," she said, "I don't think I'll bother about tonnage. I'll tackle Mrs. Mincer in my own way."

"You're throwing away a great opportunity," I said.

"Never mind," she said. "If I feel I'm being beaten I'll call you in. Your power of lucid explanation will pull me through."

R. C. Lehmann.

Punch.

GERMANY AND THE POLISH QUESTION.

It was said of Napoleon III that success in his enterprises embarrassed him almost more than failure; the same is true of Germany with regard to the Polish Question. Russia at the very outset of the war clearly formulated her program of Polish unity in the Grand Duke's Manifesto. Austria-Hungary is known to aim at making Russian and Austrian Poland a new autonomous part of the Hapsburg Monarchy; not having the consent of Germany, she does not, however, dare to proclaim it openly as her program. Official Germany has hitherto observed a significant silence on the Polish Question. Her position with regard to the Poles is very different from that either of Russia or of Austria-Hungary. The Kingdom of Poland is an outlying province of the Russian Empire, Galicia is no part of the geographical system of Austria, but Posen and West Prussia lie close to the very center of the Prussian State, between Brandenburg and East Prussia; without them the spiritual home of the Junkers would be broken up. Under no conceivable circumstances could Prussia agree to a change in the political status of her Polish provinces. Russia can afford to hold out to the Poles the prospect of unity and autonomy, Austria would gladly promise them freedom within enlarged borders were she not frightened of her "big brother," but it is significant that among the leaders of Germany it is Hindenburg and the Crown

Prince who are credited with the desire for new acquisitions in Poland; more intelligent Germans foresee the dangers implied in the strengthening of the Polish element in Prussia. But the Austrian solution of the Polish Question (should Austria after the war still dare to call her soul her own) would hardly be much more agreeable to Germany than the Russian: in either case the recovery of Posen and Danzig would become without fail the next point in the Polish national program, and Germany's enemies would be Poland's friends. But how, then, is Germany to answer the voices demanding her approval of the Austrian solution which reach her from Vienna, and still more the voices from Budapest (as nowadays Magyar seems to be better understood in Berlin than Viennese German)? How is she to satisfy her ally, and yet secure herself against the "Polish danger" in the future?

If Germany's "war-aims" are not settled, her methods are. Where she cannot satisfy her allies at the expense of a third party, she tries to cheat and bully them; where she cannot crush her victims, she tries to divert their hatred towards a third party. Ever since the fall of Warsaw careful observers have been asking themselves by what tricks will Germany try to wiggle out of the difficulties which the successes of 1915 have created for her in Poland?

A dispatch from Copenhagen published in the *Russkoie Slovo* of December 28th (O. S.—*i.e.*, January 10th) seems to give some indication of what we might call a German scheme. It says that the plan, "of which the authors are the Kaiser, Bethmann Hollweg, and Delbruck, proposes to annex to Germany the Governments of Lomzha, Suvalki, and Courland, and to form the remaining parts of Russian Poland, together with the Governments of Kovno, Vilna, Grodno, and Minsk, into a Polish kingdom which would remain in a commercial and military union with Germany."

Whether this information is correct in its details or not, the Germans are certainly carrying on in Lithuania a policy which aims at raising Polish hopes and ambitions with regard to that country. The small and decreasing Polish minority in the four Lithuanian and White Russian Governments mentioned above is being treated far better than are the Poles in the kingdom of Poland. The procedure of the Germans in Luthuania reads like a development of the peculiar proclamation "To the Inhabitants of Vilna" published by the German General Count Pfeil on September 18th, 1915. This described Vilna as "a pearl in the glorious Kingdom of Poland," and finished with the exclamation, "God bless Poland!"—which has never yet been uttered by a German commander either at Lodz or at Warsaw. The Lithuanian comment on that proclamation is naturally indignant. "One might suppose from the style of this proclamation, where the words Poland and Polish are repeated in every line," says the monthly review *Pro Lithuania*, "that this commander wished to make himself an instrument of the Polonizing policy."

But is it possible to suppose that the German Government seriously entertains the thought of demanding from Russia the cession of about 370,000 square kilometres with nearly 23 million inhabitants? For such is the area and population of the territories enumerated in the dispatch of the *Russkoie Slovo*. Germany knows that she cannot defeat Russia; she is always ready to make any peace with her, however disagreeable to Austria-Hungary, provided it is accompanied by a solid re-establishment of German influence in Petrograd. Would Germany be so keen on peace with Russia if

she deluded herself with hopes for the realization of the "Lithuanian Scheme"? But, as a matter of fact, the German Government is not likely ever to acknowledge that scheme as their own; they merely try to insinuate it to the Poles. They want the Poles to claim in the East more than is due to them, and to forget their old inheritance in the West. They wish to start a quarrel between the Poles and Russia in which, as a point of justice and interest, the latter could never yield. By means of the Lithuanian scheme they wish to paralyze among their allies the movement in favor of the Austrian solution which at present causes them so much embarrassment; they mean to cause a split among the supporters of the latter, and, should Austria remain obdurate, to threaten her (even in case of victory) with losses where she had hoped for gains. The plot is exceedingly, indeed devilishly, clever. But will it find its dupes?

The population of the four Lithuanian and White Russian Governments, the acquisition of which the scheme described by the *Russkoie Slovo* holds out to Poland, amounts to 10 millions. According to the official statistics, the Great Russians, White Russians, and Little Russians together account among them for almost 60 per cent (about ⅔ of them are White Russians). Next come the Lithuanians with 20 per cent, the Jews with 15 per cent, and, lastly, the Poles with only 7 per cent. Some Polish writers claim the number of the Poles in those districts to be more than three times that accorded to them by the official returns. It is easy to juggle with national statistics in a backward country where the idea of nationality is as yet hardly developed among the peasant population. There are, *e.g.*, in those districts Roman Catholic White Russians, whom on grounds of religion Polish chauvinists claim as their own, just as ethnologizing German officials try to appropriate the Lutheran Masurs. If the Poles allow themselves to be led by German instigations abundant cause for bitterness and strife will be found in Lithuania. The plan of reuniting *ethnic* Poland would close the account between Russia and the Poles, and render even more urgent the question of Posen and Danzig; hence from the German point of view the need for a Lithuanian diversion.

The Austrian solution of the Polish Question is dear to the Viennese Hofburg, because, as Mr. Wickham Steed says in his book on *The Hapsburg Monarchy*, "the key to the Hapsburg heart lies in the words 'More acres.'" But the Lithuanian acres are too many and too distant ever to be coveted by Austria. Since about the middle of the eighteenth century the late geographical *jongleur* and contortionist of Europe has embraced the faith of *arrondissements*, and avoids making its own shape even more bizarre, and its existence even more unreasonable than it is at present. Should the Lithuanian idea make headway among the Poles, Austria could no longer effectively press on Germany her own "solution." There would be no room for Poland and Lithuania within the frame of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, and then even the warmest supporters of Austria among the Galician Poles could no longer find any reasons for continuing to profess their Hapsburg faith. Austria would be again threatened with the loss of Galicia. Thus, whilst hopelessly opposed to Russia, the supporters of the Polish chauvinist ambitions in Lithuania would also find themselves estranged from Austria; they would solely depend on and work *pour le roi de Prusse*. These seem to be the sense and the motives of the German policy in Lithuania. The Germans try to draw a red herring across the trail and to create confusion among

the Poles so as to be able to continue throughout the war their silence on the Polish Question in peace and in comfort.

The New Statesman.

After all, Germany knows even now that the final solution of the Polish Question will not depend on her.

THE INSECT STATE.

Michelet, in a famous passage, once expressed his sensations at his first sight of the head of an ant under the microscope. There were the enormous brain, suggestive of unlimited intelligence, the bulging eyes, the complicated arrangement of mandible and forceps, spiked leg and chiseled saw, each perfectly designed as instruments of destruction. But the thing had no face. The picture exhibited efficiency, intelligence, and control, divorced altogether from any human or moral attribute—pity, compassion, anger, affection, or regret. He imagines a world in which the limitation upon the size of these insects was removed, and creatures of intelligence without emotion walked the earth—a world whose only hope would be in speedy annihilation of a thing intolerable and unclean. Possibly the gravest danger to the future of the human race which exists today, is that Germany appears to the outside world, not as a country composed of Hans, Fritz, Gretchen, or what you will —human beings, loving, sorrowing, enjoying, all so soon to die—but as a kind of enormous insect with bulging eyes and efficient brain, utilizing for its purposes all knowledges and sciences; in which the individuals of the country are but like the separate cells which ultimately make up the fabric of the insect's being. Those who have studied the philosophy of the modern German State—a philosophy full of evil and menace to the sons of men—have known that, preached in thousands of schools, proclaimed by hundreds of professors, encouraged by the Central Government to spread, by printed and spoken word, through all the kindly regions of South and Western Germany, this "Insect Creed" was dethroning gradually all ancient religions and pieties. It is only as seen in practice, however, that the world has discovered how hideous a thing has thus been fashioned out of kindly human beings, and let loose for the destruction of the world. Here is the brain, the governing intelligence, unmoved by passion, loving not, hating not—just choosing so. Here are the peoples, educated to blind obedience to the command which such brain gives—being exonerated from responsibility or any moral judgment of their actions in war, because the command comes from above, and must be obeyed. Here are (as it were) the nutritive cells, which are guaranteed sustenance and enlargement if they will accept everything the brain enforces the fighting instruments to undertake. And here outside is a world to be conquered and consumed in order that the creature may develop and grow, and trample down all impediments, and make all other creatures subservient to its authority, or victims of its desires, or converted into semblance of itself.

That—spiritually—is modern militarist Germany. Those who recognized long ago the meaning of its State organized teaching were doubtful whether, when actually joined in conflict with the civilization of the West, the machine would break or bend. It has proved effective against all the strain put upon it, as much in the realm of ideals as in the realm of practical affairs. It was to be a State at once

remorseless and indifferent. It was to preach the necessity for war—under an autocratic *regime*—and the necessity of blind obedience in that war in order to ensure complete victory. It was to subordinate everything to the military machine, to regard international treaties as waste paper, to be entirely unmoral, to strike when the hour seemed suitable on any pretext; to exercise clemency or severity without emotion but just as each paid—the one or the other; and to bring booty, as a result of each triumph, so rich that personal losses would be forgotten, and outrage on men or nations outside condoned or approved. All the accepted moralities and standards were to perish before the sole test of success. It was the dream of a madman raised into a system of Government; "unsuited," as Bagehot said of another society, to such a creature as man, in the world in which he lives; whose development could only end in calamity or revolution.

"Frightfulness," was vital to the system; and it is "frightfulness" which has revealed to the free world outside that it is not so much up against individual torturers and murderers, as against a system where torture and murder are used—with indifference—to attain certain ends. The progress of the German Army through Belgium, for example, was not an army marching through Belgium. It was not an army conquering Belgium. It was an army whose order was, by "frightfulness" henceforth to render Belgian resistance negligible. Above all, it was an army whose order was to show that all other Belgiums would share the fate of Belgium if they resisted any marches of any German armies. The outrages and atrocities committed in Belgium—the violation and murder of women and children, the slaughter of unarmed civilians, the destruction of the villages, the burning of ancient and famous cities—these were not the products of Anger or of Terror. They were the products of Policy. Anger, as in the Reformation wars, Terror as in the September massacres, have produced "deeds done and counsels taken which, if we cannot justify, we may sometimes forgive." But a cruelty which is cold and calculating, and done for a definite object—the paralysis of a nation as the ichneumon fly paralyzes the caterpillar, with one piercing of the spinal cord, in order to produce a "host" in which to lay eggs and rear up its children out of the dying body of its tortured victim—that cruelty is something new. If triumphant, or even accepted without punishment, it carries with it the ruin of a world. It resembles nothing so much as the old stories of the Italian despot who would capture the wife or children of his opponent and then send the challenge, "Unless you yield me this territory your wife shall be outraged and murdered." "Unless you send me the keys of that town your children will be burned alive." And the great tragedy of it all is that it succeeds, at least for the moment. Every small country round Germany has its "literature," controlled by its German Minister. Every small country is waiting for the possible sting of the ichneumon fly. King Constantine of Greece propounds the dilemma to which it is impossible to return an answer. If I offend you, he declares to the British Ambassador, whatever consequences may follow, I shall yet know that my cities will not be burned, old men and children's lives will be respected, the honor of our women preserved. If I offend Germany I know that my cities will be burned, my women and children violated, hell let loose in Greece. How can you then blame me if I prefer to risk your anger and retain the friendship of Germany?

It is intolerable that such a choice should be offered to any nation in the

world, and no peace can be made until such a choice shall be madeimpossible. It is intolerable that this cold, passionless Insect State should thus be able to turn on as from a tap, now cruelty, now clemency, not because it wants to be either cruel or clement, but just in accordance with whatever pays best. In the first invasion of Serbia the Austrians committed atrocities unspeakable, of which the least was the shooting and burying alive in long trenches of noncombatants, men and women, who had been compelled first to dig their own grave. In the second invasion of Serbia (frightfulness having failed to do anything but rouse the whole people to hurl the Austrians across the Danube) the word had gone forth for "clemency," and the peasants were neither outraged nor assassinated. The Armenians were annihilated under every circumstance of horror and torture which any diseased or morbid mind could imagine, by orders directed from Constantinople, when the Government was under the control of the Germans, and one word from Berlin would have stopped the whole thing. The word was not given because the Insect State, although having no quarrel with Armenians, desired a place in the Sun which the Armenians occupied, and it was more convenient that when its ultimate triumph came, they should not be there. On the other hand, America must be treated with alternative cajolery and flattery, varied by the secret and private use of dynamite to blow up bridges and organize the burning of munition buildings by strikers. Unfortunately, here one individual cell failed the dominant intelligence of the Insect State, and Captain von Papen is revealed as writing checks of good German money to systematic liars, dynamitards, and a variety of miscellaneous criminals. This, however, is but a regrettable incident—regrettable not in the action, but in the discovery of it. And in the meantime reparation is offered for the killing of American women and children, and American professors dine with the All-Highest, and American journalists telegraph six columns of interviews with von Hindenburg, who ascribes his success entirely to Almighty God, or with pictures of von Tirpitz looking like a venerable American Baptist deacon, with a child on each knee and a benignant smile, asking if he looked like a man who would wantonly cause the death of women and children. If, on the other hand, the Insect State thought it advantageous to pick a quarrel with America, all these apologies and negotiations would vanish; and the amply fed journalists and professors be swept into the sewers; the State being bound by no accepted morality, and only concerned with its own enlargement:—"Loving not, hating not, just choosing so."

We have said that it is intolerable that a State so organized should continue to exist—to keep all Europe in terror for successive thirty or forty years—then plunge it into such indescribable calamity as that in which today Europe has little to show the world but blood and tears. But there is one worse tragedy still: if it can prove itself so powerful that all the world has to break up its free systems and accepted moralities, and organize itself into similar Insect States. One can see the process beginning already today. Reputable publicists in England are calling out for "reprisals"; because Germany has killed so many English women and children, therefore we should kill so many German women and children. The lust for revenge is thinly disguised under the plea that such "reprisals" would restrain the German system of frightfulness. Everyone who knows anything of the German governing mind knows that it is completely careless how many German women and children are killed by us.

it knows that such action would excite amongst the people it has educated into its philosophy, not a demand for no Zeppelin outrages, but a demand for more Zeppelin outrages. The controlling brain of Germany would probably be exceedingly glad for us to begin the deliberate slaughter of non-combatants. Its power would be strengthened and renewed at home by ferocity and fear, its own infamies would be paralleled today and through all time by the counter infamies of its enemies; the old reproach would receive fresh meaning, "Art thou become as we are? Art thou become even as one of us?" In similar fashion funds collected to reward sailors for "stifling their natural instincts of humanity" and allowing enemies to drown at sea unrescued, are all to Germany's satisfaction. The death of a few sailors matters nothing to the Insect State so long as it can demonstrate England allying herself with Germany in smashing to pieces the tradition and historic law of the sea. In such ways the Insect State can thus drag us down to its own level, and secure that our national life shall be poisoned, not only today, but in all future time.

No; all hope for the future lies, not in accepting German war philosophy, but in breaking the machine which has converted to that philosophy the bulk of the German people. There can be only three ends to the war. Germany may be beaten. The war may end in a stalemate. Germany may win. The first is the only one compatible with the measure of civilization and freedom which Europe possessed before the war. "A drawn battle" means all free peoples converting themselves into Insect States—an American, a Russian, a British Imperial, a Mid-European—equipped for fighting, thinking firstly and secondly and lastly of fighting, the arts of peace gradually sinking under a military caste rule, every penny which can be sucked from rich or poor devoted to the ever-increasing scientific perfection of bombs, poisonous gases, and instruments that murder promiscuously from the sky or in the depths of the ocean. It is a world, indeed, as Sir Edward Grey said in a recent speech, in which no sane man would care longer to live; the end of all the high hopes and dreams of men. We are convinced that the first issue is not impossible. We believe that we can destroy the Insect State without converting the free peoples of Western Europe into Insect States themselves. For such a consummation we should be prepared to accept all necessary sacrifices and renouncements, knowing indeed that it might carry with it the return of the people of Germany to sanity and freedom and the moral law of nations.

The Nation.

THE OLD CLO' CULT.

Everyone in the last twelve months has come into touch, in one form or another, with the old clo' cult—the notion that it is patriotic at this time to go about in frayed trousers and a shiny coat. According to this new standard of living, *ton* has to be measured inversely. A bulge at the knees is a passport to the highest circles; a slip of refurbishing velvet passed about the worn collar of an overcoat whose lines time and the omnibus have obliterated ranks, according to the *sartor resartus* of our day, with court dress or the appointments of a Brummel. Let all people who wish to show their loyalty and sense of the country's need, say these earnest counselors, cling to their old clothes as long as their old clothes will agree to cling. For the white and

shiny seams there is ink; for the soils of the passing months there is ammonia; and men in difficulty have been known to perform wonders upon shabby buttons with the silk covering of a discarded umbrella. By these means the appalling bad form of appearing publicly in anything new may be indefinitely postponed. This applies, of course, equally to the other sex. For women, indeed, who possess by nature infinitely more resource in the matter of making old things as good as new, anything which suggests even so much as a recent visit to Jay's, or Peter Robinson's, must be accounted in the worst of possible taste. According to the old clo' cult, shopping in these days, even at the sales, is the mark of a parvenu. The best people are at home. The men are ironing their trousers and the women are putting a thin disguise upon the faded fashions of last year.

The old clo' cult is at present in its infancy. It has not yet been systematized. Obviously it would be of great advantage to those who do not like to incur the odium of being out of the general fashion if they could be systematically catered for, in this new way of dressing, by their tailors and milliners. However much we may strive after the correct degree of dowdiness, there must come a time when it is necessary to order something new; and this means that for a few weeks at any rate we must consent to appear branded publicly as a band-box outsider. This must be extremely painful to sensitive followers of the mode—as painful as, in the old days, it would have been for them to appear out-at-elbows or shabbily booted. Could not the period of wearing down our clothes to the requisite degree of wear and tear be suitably provided for by the tradespeople? Why should we not have an industry analogous to the manufacture of antique furniture. When it was discovered that old furniture was chic, and that new furniture was vulgar, when it became a sign of good taste to have worm-holes in the table and a lack of geometry in the sideboard, there immediately arose, somewhere in Birmingham, an industry to supply furniture in the fashion. Furniture three hundred years old, with worm-holes and smoke stains and all the ancient irregularities, could shortly be supplied at a month's notice from the factory. Is not the analogy complete? Is there not, in the old clo' cult, a new field for tailors and milliners—an antique department where suits or costumes could be turned out at a week's notice with bulges, shiny seams, stains and frays—all defying the most expert critic to distinguish them from the genuinely worn article? Here, too, would be a new and unlimited field for the taste of the customer. He could wear his soils as the ladies of Sheridan's day wore their patches. The leaders of fashion would be able to exercise the nicest discrimination in setting the exact and golden mean of dowdiness. According as the word came from headquarters, we might order our tailors to make us a suit six months old or twelve months old. Or one would say: "I want an overcoat which will suggest that I have worn it continually for sixty-three weeks; and that last Saturday morning, when my little car broke down, I injudiciously had it on when I was trying to find out what was wrong with the transmission." With time one might even require one's suits, surreptitiously new, to be more or less autobiographical. New clothes hitherto have expressed the taste of their wearer. Henceforth they might be made to express his history.

But this is to anticipate. At present the conscientious believer in the old clo' cult, unless he be willing to buy clothes second-hand (a revolting idea which could never be really popular), has periodically to face the discomfort

of appearing publicly in a new suit with the incidental risk of being snubbed by his more correct and shabby acquaintances. But stay: there is one practical way for the time being of avoiding this unpleasantness. Why not reverse the old relations of master and servant? The valet once had a reversionary interest in his employer's wardrobe: similarly the lady's maid. Why should not the more sensitive among our leaders of fashion transpose the old arrangement? Let the valet be compelled to take his share of the wardrobe *in advance*. Let *him* be thrust into the street to incur the odium of wearing brand-new clothes. If he objects, raise his wages. Then, when the suit is judged sufficiently dilapidated to pass muster, let it be resumed by his employer.

These remarks apply, of course, only to those followers of the fashion who have become devotees of the old clo' cult. Some of us are not greatly worrying about these things just now. We are content to go on much as before the war. Never having spent excessive time or money upon fine apparel, our consciences have less easily admitted the infection of the latest craze. We look upon these troubles of the world of fashion with a certain aloofness. These little things are undoubtedly troubling some of our friends; and therefore they must needs engage our interest and sympathy. Partly one ascribes this misgiving as to new clothes to the same source as explains much of the less responsible talk concerning thrift at this time. It would seem to be a kind of reversion to mediæval asceticism. Sackcloth and ashes, translated into modern terms, appear as the old clo' cult and the down glasses campaign. Well: it is wholesome enough in so far as it rebukes the upstart spendthrifts at whom so many Government speeches have recently been leveled. But one thing, perhaps, is worth observing. This old clo' cult and all it implies is curiously indigenous to these islands. It is not, for example, in Paris; and one cannot help thinking it would not survive for very long in London if London were equally distant with Paris from the seat of war. We should not then have the time or inclination to worry as to what we should eat, what we should drink, or wherewithal we should be clothed. We should be more bitterly concentrated upon our work in working hours and less given to searching our consciences when the work was put away. The patriotism which wears old trousers in St. James Street would somehow or other find a more forcible vent in other directions. We should, in a word, be more natural. The old clo' cult is the self-consciousness of uneasy people, who are very sensible that the war is a very terrible affair, but have not yet discovered how to express their sense of it in a reasonable way.

John Palmer.

The Saturday Review.

BLACK LOOKS.

Black looks are very powerful. Most men and most women are afraid to meet them, and almost unconsciously alter their course to avoid them. They produce discomfort around them "as far as the eye can reach." As a rule they are not the weapon of those in authority. They are chiefly used in self-defense by people not otherwise armed. The black looks of a valued subordinate seem sometimes hardly endurable, especially when they are directed against the man who suggests any form of innovation. We have sometimes wondered how often an employer about to make some serious

change in the conduct of his affairs, a man with his hand, so to speak, upon the forelock of time, has loosened his hold and lost his chance because of a black look. In smaller matters, at any rate, we all do and leave undone under the influence of this tiny fear. We hardly like to say to ourselves how much we mind it, it seems so childish and absurd. Men, we think, are greater cowards than women where looks are concerned. For instance, they dare not leave a shop without buying, and that though the shopman may confess that he has not got the thing they are asking for.

One of the best arguments against the system of tips lies, we think, in the fact that they are so often nothing but the price of a look. We do not give them because the recipient has, in our eyes, deserved them, or because we want to do him a kindness, or because we would uphold a system. We give them to avoid a black look, or to buy a grateful one. Here and there we find some one for whom looks mean nothing. One sees very selfish and very unselfish people who are indifferent to a face of thunder. To a man entirely bent upon his own comfort no one's mood matters but his own. On the other hand, there are a few genial people who delight in dispelling a storm. They like to try conclusions in a temperamental wrestling match. Again, some jaunty souls are rather amused by the black looks of grown-up people just as we are all rather amused by the black looks of a pouting child. We suppose it is the contrast between the child's anger and impotence which makes us inclined to laugh, and the same thing is true of all black looks in some sense; but only exceptional persons see the humor of the situation.

But if black looks are widely detested, those who indulge in them are very frequently admired. In books, and we think in real life, men with stern and lowering countenances are flattered by the fair sex. Chronic black looks seem less odious than occasional ones. Have we not all known handsome, frowning boys whose families worshiped them, and who were certainly much run after by women when they grew up? We think, however, that the fashion is changing, and that these black-visaged heroes have for the most part had their day. It is still common to hear an old woman say of some old man upon whose handsome brow the clouds of quick-coming anger have settled permanently: "He was immensely admired when he was young. He might have married anyone. Dear me! how well I remember how much So-and-so and So-and-so were in love with him!" It is not only to men, either, that constant black looks are forgiven—and here the fashion is coming in rather than going out. Gentleness is not so much admired in the fair sex as it was. We see striking girls, whose mothers dread their black looks, who have exceptional chances of marriage. Oddly enough, it is rare to see an old maid of the particular type we are thinking of. Old maids—we except some old maidservants—seldom look threatening. They look sad, or sour, or fanatical often enough, but it is very seldom that they look black. We wonder what would be the experience of schoolmistresses in this matter. We believe they would say that the type of girls who sulk and get angry—together, of course, with the sweetest and most womanly types—all marry. The truth is that significance is an integral part of charm, and is not infrequently mistaken for it when standing alone.

Do the people who constantly indulge in black looks know that they do it? We are inclined to think that they do. We believe that they know, and seldom repent. The remembrance of hasty words is apt to be disagreeable, even if we have got our own way by their

means. Those who use them feel foolish, and possibly even remorseful, when their anger abates. But in black looks there is nothing to regret, and it may be that the sense of dignity that they give to those who put them on is pleasurable. Apart from dignity, many people take a sportive pleasure in frightening others. It is not unknown for a friend to tell a friend that a third person is much afraid of him, and occasionally the compliment would seem to be acceptable. To be able to reflect that, without having said a word, we have rendered some one else uncomfortable ought certainly not to please us, but it sometimes does. To produce fear by very subtle methods and without any reason is to many not very noble natures what, for want of a better phrase, we must call part of the social game. Such looks can perhaps hardly be called black looks, yet they partake of the nature of these, though in an ultra-refined form, and upon analysis the one can scarcely be distinguished from the other. In order to produce a discouraging effect some one deliberately excludes from his facial expression all suggestion of sympathy, geniality, or frankness, and whether we say that he looks black or he looks haughty we mean the same thing. Some difference does no doubt exist, for black looks are cast up as a rule, and haughty looks down. Real black looks, in their simpler form, are in a measure excused by temper. The other sort of disagreeable looks are without excuse.

There was an old notion, now only current in the nursery, that the human eye had power to paralyze even lions and bulls. No grown-up person believes it; but without doubt certain men of genius have had a strange power to lower the mental energy and capacity of those with whom they were in close contact by fixing their eyes upon them. This has of course been constantly said of more than one well-known statesman in the near past. Personally, we are inclined to think that this fierce and almost malevolent look was in no way connected with their greatness. It belongs to not a few small people. Can we not all think of some one—it may be a man or it may be a woman—whose eyes it is difficult to meet for any length of time? He or she does not look insolent, or critical, or interrogatory, but repels and confuses. For persons who are conscious of it, it is an absolute bar to sympathy. On the other hand, it makes an impression upon inferior natures of a kind not altogether disagreeable, and we believe those who are cursed with these looks are proud of them, partly because they share them with a few people who have much to be proud of.

But when all is said, the eye has little power to wound, though it has so much to fascinate, and can exercise so good or so evil an influence. The scars which never go away are made by the tongue. The present writer was told the other day a story of two English soldiers who were overheard in a train discussing their officer. On the whole they liked—or shall we say they kindly excused?—him. Taking everything into account, he was not, they said, a bad chap; and one man would have gone the length of calling him a good one, if "it wasn't for his d—d sarkerzam" (sarcasm). Sarcasm is a power which sometimes arouses literal hatred in its victims, though when it is accompanied by wit it is in the end generally forgiven. Inferior sarcasm, the sort which looks at first sight like nothing but a whip and which feels like one when applied, is not, as a rule, an instrument of discipline at all. Very few men use it simply to keep order. They sting their neighbors lest they should be disregarded by them. Like black looks, it is first and foremost a method of self-assertion. It is not impossible to assert oneself by kindness, even when the kindness is only verbal,

but it is likely to be a slower process. It is possible to assert oneself by looking pleasant, but it takes a very long while. A tendency to self-assertion is a very ugly quality unless it is found in conjunction with very potent virtue; then it may be transformed into ambition. Even in its lower forms it is hardly to be regarded as a vice, but it ruins what we may call the appearance of the character without fundamentally affecting the moral health.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Under the characteristically pungent title "Fear God and Take Your Own Part"—which is also the title of the opening paper in the volume—ex-President Roosevelt groups a number of his recent speeches and magazine articles relating to the great war and the responsibilities and obligations of the United States. Taken together, these dozen or more chapters constitute a Gospel of Preparedness, and a very virile and energetic Gospel it is. Mr. Roosevelt is not a master of the art of balancing phrases, and he expresses himself sometimes in a too explosive fashion, but there is never any mistaking his meaning. For example, in this: "Let this nation fear God and take its own part. Let it, at whatever cost, unflinchingly stand for the right when the right is menaced by the might which backs wrong. Let it furthermore remember that the only way in which successfully to oppose wrong which is backed by might is to put over against it right which is backed by might." And this: "That hoary falsehood which declares that it takes two to make a quarrel. It did not take two nations to make the quarrel that resulted in Germany trampling Belgium into the mire. It is no more true that it takes two to make a quarrel in international matters than it is to make the same assertion about a highwayman who holds up a passerby or a blackhander who kidnaps a child. The people who do not make quarrels, who are not offensive, who give no cause for anger, are those who ordinarily furnish the victims of highwaymen, blackhanders and white-slavers. Criminals always attack the helpless if possible. In exactly similar fashion aggressive and militarist nations attack weak nations where it is possible. Weakness always invites attack. Preparedness usually, but not always, averts it." Among the subjects which he discusses after this fashion are "Warlike Power the Prerequisite for the Preservation of Social Values," "Where There is a Sword for Offense There Must be a Sword for Defense," "America First—a Phrase or a Fact?" "International Duty and Hyphenated Americanism," and "Peace Insurance by Preparedness Against War." George H. Doran Co.

The development of the submarine as a practical engine of war has been so rapid that there are few who realize that the idea of such a craft is three centuries old—figuring as "an invisible eel" in one of Ben Jonson's plays—and that the first American submarine, the only submarine then afloat in the world, David Bushnell's "Turtle," was among the war-craft in New York harbor in September, 1776. These facts and many others are told in Farnham Bishop's "The Story of the Submarine" (The Century Co.), which after a rapid review of submarine development, describes and pictures the submarine of today, and the part which it is playing in the great war. Mr. Bishop's book, while based on full technical knowledge, is intended for untechnical readers, the man, and the boy, in the street. It is intensely interesting and there is not a dull page in it. There are sixty illustrations from photographs and drawings.